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# The POPULAR 2d

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*Another Plate Next Week!*

**A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS' FIRST DAYS OUT WEST!**



# The School in the Backwoods!



**By MARTIN CLIFFORD,**

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Taking the Stranger In.

"SCHOOL to-day!" said Bob Lawless.

Frank Richards looked up.

Frank was doing full justice to a substantial breakfast of fresh salmon, corncakes, and honey. He had been several days at the Lawless Ranch now, and he was getting used to his surroundings.

He had confided several times to his cousin Bob that he liked Canada. It was a huge change after life at school in far-off England, but he was of an age when change itself is a pleasure.

And the fresh, breezy, open life of the British Columbian ranch was pure enjoyment to him.

He was not specially pleased to hear Bob's announcement.

"Is the school far away?" asked Frank. He glanced regretfully out of the big window across the green fields and greener woods. He would have been quite willing to put off school for a few weeks.

"Only a step or two!" said Bob. "We shall ride there."

"Eh? How long is the step?" asked Frank. He was beginning to have some knowledge of Canadian distances.

"About twelve miles."

"Oh!" Frank paused. "Are we coming back here?"

"Do you want to camp out on the floor of the school-room?" asked Bob.

"Nunno. I mean—"

"Oh, it's not a boarding-school!" said Bob, with a smile. "We go in the morning and we come home at night, and we get a dinner there."

"I see."

"Not much like the school you've told me about," added Bob. "We rough it a bit out West, you know."

"I like roughing it!" said Frank sturdily. "I'm ready for anything. What about school-books? I brought mine from England with me."

"Lemme see. What are they?"

"Principia Latina—"

"Good!"

"Cæsar's 'Gallic War.'"

"In Latin?" asked Bob, with a glimmer in his eyes.

"Yes; 'De Bello Gallico,' you know."

"Famous! Now what about duds?"

asked Bob. "Did you bring your school rags?"

"Yes. I thought I'd better, as the pater said I should be sent to school here by Ulice Lawless," said Frank. "I've got two suits of Etons. I—only brought one topper."

"One which?"

"Topper!"

Bob Lawless seemed to be suffering for a moment from internal convulsions. Frank Richards looked at him rather suspiciously.

"Look here, Bob—"

"Famous!" said Bob. "You see, I thought you might have forgotten that, and it's rather important. The Head likes a fellow to be decently dressed."

"I'd rather go in a cowboy hat, of course!" said Frank. "But if the Head's particular—"

"Awfully!"

"Then it will have to be the topper."

Bob Lawless rose from the breakfast-table.

"Better run up to your room and change," he said. "It's time we were off. Mustn't be late, or the Head will jaw us."

"Right you are!"

Frank Richards hurried upstairs to his room. It did not take him long to change into his English public-school clothes.

He found Bob waiting for him outside the porch, where a Kootenay stableman held two ponies.

The Indian stared at Frank Richards. It was certainly the first time the ranchman's eyes had fallen upon an English public-school boy in Etons and top hat.

Bob Lawless surveyed him and gave him a nod of approval. Bob himself was clad in homespun, with a shady hat over his sunburnt face.

"Ready?" asked Frank.

"You bet!"

"You're not going to change?"

"I keep my glad raiment in the gilt-edged trunk at school," explained Bob gravely. "The topper especially is apt to get a bit knocked riding under the trees. You'll have to be very careful. Up you get!"

"Sha'n't we see your pater and mater before we go—I mean popper and mopper," said Frank, with a smile.

"Mater's at the dairy-farm, and pater's in the orchard," said Bob. "Won't be back for hours! Come on!" The cousins jumped on the ponies and started at a canter down the trail.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Adventure of the Plug-Hat!

FRANK RICHARDS enjoyed that canter in the sunny, breezy morning.

But certainly he would have enjoyed it more if he had been clad like his cousin Bob.

Frank was a good-looking lad, and, with the flush of health in his cheeks, he looked very nice in his neat, dark Etons and shining silk hat.

But he realised as he rode on that Etons and a topper must be a very uncommon sight on the Canadian ranch lands.

Frank was glad when the ranch was left behind, and they cantered down the trail under the big trees through the forest.

For several miles they rode on the forest trail without passing anyone or anything alive save a stray gopher.

But suddenly from another trail two horsemen rode into the path, and came trotting towards the two boys.

They were big, loose-limbed fellows, with slouched hats and tanned faces, and Frank, who was already learning to distinguish, decided that they were cattlemen.

As their eyes fell upon Frank Richards they fairly jumped in their saddles. Both of them reined in their horses in the middle of the trail, as if thunderstruck.

Frank and Bob slowed down.

The big trees encroached on the trail on either side, and they could not pass the two horsemen planted in the middle of the path till they moved aside.

"Waal, carry me hum to die!" ejaculated one of the cattlemen.

"Search me!" stuttered the other.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bob Lawless.

Frank Richards felt his cheeks burn again. The cattlemen were staring at his Etons and the shining silk hat with astounded looks.

"Wot is it, Hank?" inquired the first speaker.

"Search me!" repeated Hank. "Search me" being an American ejaculation expressive of unbounded surprise.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Frank Richards. "Why don't you let us pass?"

"It's a rip-snorter from Rip-snortersville!" said Hank. "It's a galoot in a plug-hat! Stranger, don't you know that plug-hats are condemned to sudden death on this side of the Rockies?"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the other. "This ain't a larfing matter, Bill Bloggs!" said Hank. "This hyer is serious. Hyer's a galoot in a plug-hat. There's a duty to be done. Stranger, aire you ready to pass in your checks?"

Frank Richards started, as each of the cattlemen drew a revolver from his belt.

Before the English boy could make a movement the revolvers came to a level, and two loud reports sounded as one.

Crack-ack!

Frank Richards had already heard from his Canadian cousin stories of the "bad men" and "border ruffians," but this was a surprise. His first impression was that the two men were firing at him.

He realised his mistake as the topper, struck by two bullets at the same moment, soared off his head and sailed away.

There was a roar of laughter from the cattlemen, and they pushed on their horses.

Frank Richards, dazed by the sudden occurrence, sat motionless and bare-headed on his pony; but Bob drew his steed back behind Frank's to allow the cattlemen to pass.

They rode on, still roaring with laughter, and fired several more shots at the hapless topper as it reposed in the grass.

Then they disappeared down the trail, still roaring with glee.

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank Richards.

It was only a rough joke of the cattlemen, and he realised that they were good shots, and that he had been in no danger. But it was some minutes before he recovered from the shock.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Bob is Too Humorous!**

**B**OB LAWLESS slid to the ground, and picked up the topper.

With a serious face, he handed it up to his cousin.

That handsome topper, which had come all the way from England in safety, and had survived the perils of the Atlantic and the Canadian Pacific Railway, was in a parlous state.

There were half a dozen bullet-holes in it, and the contact with the rough grass had not improved the nap.

"Better brush it a bit!" remarked Bob gravely.

The topper was carefully brushed, and Frank set it on his head again, fervently hoping that he would meet no more humorous cattlemen on the way to school.

Fortunately, there was no one else on the lonely trail that morning.

The forest trail was left behind, and they rode up the bank of a creek, and now buildings were in sight in the distance.

"Is that the school, Bob?" asked Frank.

"That's it!"

Frank Richards scanned the school curiously as they drew nearer.

He saw a large, log-built structure,

**NEXT FRIDAY! "BREAKING UP THE FAMOUS FIVE!"**

surrounded by a fence that enclosed a good space of ground.

Bob looked at him rather oddly.

"Like what you expected?" asked Bob.

"I didn't know what to expect, Bob."

"Here are some of the pupils," said Bob, with a wave of his riding-whip.

Frank looked at them.

There were fellows of all ages from nine to sixteen. Some of them were riding up from different directions, but the majority were on foot. Two or three came in canoes on the creek.

To Frank's surprise, there was a good sprinkling of girls among them.

"Girls and boys both here, Bob?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. You see, this is the only school for fifty or sixty miles round," explained Bob.

"This isn't Toronto or Montreal, you know. This is the Wild and Woolly West. East you'd find schools more like the one you're used to."

"What is it called?"

"It's the National School."

"Oh, I see!"

"Everybody comes," said Bob. "Look at that long-legged fellow in the canoe. He's the son of a rich rancher who could

enclosure, Frank's cheeks burning as he met stares and grins on all sides.

He remembered his cousin's propensity for practical jokes, and he began to suspect that Etons and a topper were not "the thing" at a British Columbian national school.

He gave Bob a sharp look, but Bob's face was quite unconscious.

"I—I say, Bob—" Frank began.

"This way!" said Bob. "Hallo, Chunky! This is Chunky Todgers, Franky! My cousin Frank, Chunky!"

Chunky Todgers, a plump youth, grinned widely, showing a splendid set of teeth.

"Where does he come from, Bobby?" he gasped.

"England!"

"I guessed so! But what—"

"Is that Canadian good manners, Chunky?" demanded Bob severely.

Todgers held out a fat hand to Frank, still grinning, and the English schoolboy shook hands with him.

Bob Lawless marched his cousin into the log schoolhouse. Behind them they left the playground in a chorus of laughter and giggles.

"Ah! Here's the Head!"

Frank Richards jumped.

As they entered the wooden porch a trim young lady, with bright eyes and a very pleasant face, appeared in the big doorway.

Frank took off his hat at once.

"Good-morning, Miss Meadows!" said Bob cheerfully. "This is my cousin Frank, from England. I've brought him along to school."

Frank stammered helplessly.

"Bob! You—you said—"

Bob grinned.

"Miss Meadows is the Head!"

And Frank Richards ejaculated:

"Oh, my hat!"

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**The First Day at School.**

**M**ISS MEADOWS gave the new boy a kind smile and nod.

She was undoubtedly astonished by his get-up, but, naturally, had a little more restraint than the schoolboys and schoolgirls outside, and she did not allow her astonishment to appear in her looks.

"I am glad to see you," she said pleasantly. "Mr. Lawless mentioned that his nephew, Frank Richards, was coming."

"I—I—" stammered Frank. He floundered helplessly, as he realised that he was the victim of another of Bob's practical jokes. "I—I— Ma'am, is it the rule here for new boys to wear Etons and toppers?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Bob, you rotter—"

"I didn't say it was, did I?" said Bob, in an injured tone.

"I—I thought from what you said—"

Miss Meadows smiled.

"You should not play jokes on a newcomer, Lawless. It would be advisable to change your clothes to-morrow, Richards; but for to-day it does not matter. Something a little stronger and more serviceable is required in this district."

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Meadows disappeared into the schoolhouse. The silk topper and the Etons in a backwoods school at the foot of the Rocky Mountains were almost too much for the gravity even of the "school marm."

Frank Richards gave his humorous cousin a ferocious look.

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

**ARE YOU  
COLLECTING  
OUR  
GRAND COLOURED  
ENGINE  
PLATES?  
—  
ANOTHER  
SUPERB PLATE COMING  
NEXT WEEK!**

buy up my dad, and never miss the money. That stumpy kid in the canoe with him is the son of his stableman. That fellow with the nose is the son of a machine-man who's settled in the district. He puts on no end of side. His name's Eben Hacke. Hallo! They seem to be interested in us!"

There was no doubt at all about that.

As the two riders came up to the open gateway in the fence every pupil of the lumber-school seemed to become rooted to the ground, and his or her eyes fastened on Frank Richards as if fascinated.

Some of the girls smiled or giggled, some of the boys chortled, and some seemed stricken dumb with surprise.

Frank noticed that nobody was in Etons, and that nobody wore a silk hat.

All were clad in the plain and serviceable garb of the frontier, and did not look much like schoolboys to Frank's English eyes.

"Leave your pony here," said Bob Lawless, jumping down.

"Tethered?" asked Frank.

"No need; they won't wander away."

Frank unhitched his bag of school-books, and the cousins entered the

"Bob, you beast, I'll jolly well punch your nose for this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from outside.

"Pipe his duds!" came in a nasal twang from Eben Hacke.

"And a plug-hat!" chortled Chunky Todgers. "A plug-hat! He's come to school in a plug-hat! What a tender-foot! Ha, ha, ha!"

A bell clanged from somewhere above, and the boys and girls began to troop into the schoolhouse.

They hung caps and hats and cloaks on pegs in the hall, and there was another gust of laughter at the sight of the silk topper prominent among them.

Frank's face was crimson as he went into the big school-room with Bob Lawless. He had never been troubled with self-consciousness, but he was troubled with it now.

Bob pressed his arm.

"Sorry, old chap!" he murmured. "It was rather steep, I know; but I couldn't resist it. You were so jolly green, you know!"

"Oh, rats!" said Frank.

"Here's your desk—next to mine."

After the rough outward aspect of the lumber school, Frank was a little surprised to see the well-made rows of desks with their ink-wells and flaps.

Everything was devoted to use, and little to ornament; but everything that was needed was there. It was evident, even to a stranger's eye, that the Canadian Government had a very keen eye on the education of the Canadian youth.

The schoolmistress had not yet come in, but a tall, slim young man, with somewhat watery eyes and gold-rimmed glasses perched upon the bridge of a long, thin nose, entered, and Frank's glance fell upon him.

"Is that a Form-master?" he whispered to Bob.

"We don't call him that," grinned Bob. "That's Slimmey, the assistant-master. Miss Meadows is head cook and bottle-washer."

"And the other masters?"

"I guess you've seen the lot now."

"What Form are we in?" asked Frank.

"You're not in a Form at all, my innocent, uninstructed youth!" said Bob. "Of course, you can call it a Form if you like. There's us and the kids, that's all. We're us, and the kids are the kids. Is that clear?"

"Quite!" said Frank, laughing.

Mr. Slimmey was evidently in charge of the younger class. He seemed a tired, patient, somewhat overworked young man.

"Fellow-countryman of yours, Franky," said Bob. "He was as green as you are when he turned up here a year ago. He's a good sort, and forgives the chaps who play tricks on him. Lots of them do. Eben Hacke lassoed him one day."

"My word!" murmured Frank.

"He's spoons on Miss Meadows," Bob further confided to his cousin. "She stands him quite good-temperedly. She's a ripping good sort. Hallo! Here she comes. This is when we dry up chin-wag."

There was evidently great respect in the lumber-school for Miss Meadows. Even Eben Hacke did not look impertinent. The schoolmistress gave her class a kind smile, and came towards the new boy.

"Have you your books, Richards?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said Frank.

"Let me see them."

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Frank showed his books, and Miss Meadows' charming blue eyes opened wide at the sight of the "Principia Latina" and "De Bello Gallico."

She gave Bob Lawless a very severe glance.

"Did you advise your cousin to bring these books, Lawless?"

"Ahem!" murmured Bob. "I—I told him they were ripping, ma'am. And—and so they are."

"Silence!" said Miss Meadows, frowning.

"Richards, I am afraid these books are useless to you here, as Latin is not one of our subjects. Lawless will bring you the books we use."

Frank gave Bob another ferocious look. A fresh cackle had swept through the class at the sight of the Latin school-books.

Bob followed the schoolmistress to her desk, and brought back the new books for his cousin.

"There you are, old son!" he said.

"I dare say you will be glad to give 'De Gallo Bellico'—I mean, 'De Ballo Gallico'—a rest!"

"You ass!" growled Frank.

Bob grinned, and took his seat.

Lessons were rather trying to Frank at first, as he did not know what to expect, and whether the knowledge gained at his school in England would be of any use to him in his new surroundings.

But he soon found that he could deal quite easily with the school work; though of a more serviceable nature than school work in an English school, it was decidedly easier.

Morning lessons passed off very well.

When school was dismissed, Frank Richards marched out with the rest. Those of the pupils whose homes were near the lumber-school went home to their dinner. The rest dined with Miss Meadows and Mr. Slimmey in a large room with windows looking out on the shining creek.

As he sat at the long table, with Bob on one side of him and a smiling girl on the other, Frank Richards found himself feeling quite at home, only still a little discomposed by the grins that went round the table, and whispered remarks concerning his "duds" and the "plug-hat" that was still hanging in the hall.

It looked as if it would be a long time before the school recovered from the effect of that plug-hat.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### A Fight to a Finish!

**A**FTER dinner, Bob led his English cousin out to see the "sights." The sights were of a familiar kind to Frank now—the clearings, the big trees, the creek, the canoes, one or two solid-looking homesteads in the distance, the great mountain tops far away on the horizon.

He also made the acquaintance of a good many of his future schoolfellows, and he found most of them good-natured fellows enough, though still tickled by his Etons and the celebrated plug-hat.

He was made acquainted with some of the schoolgirls, too, and found them very agreeable; and upon that point he was inclined to pronounce a verdict in favour of the lumber-school.

Etons certainly were ludicrously out of place amid his surroundings. But Frank looked very good-looking and well-dressed, and the schoolgirls did not seem to find his garb so ludicrous as the boys did.

There was only one fellow who gave Frank unpleasant looks, and that was Eben Hacke, who seemed to have taken a dislike to him, for some reason best known to himself; perhaps because he

suspected the English lad of putting on "side." It was a very unjust suspicion; but to that motive Master Hacke chose to attribute the Etons and the white collar and the topper.

Several times the sharp-nosed Eben bore down towards Frank, but each time Bob Lawless succeeded in steering his chum clear, and Frank noticed it after a time.

"What are we keeping out of that fellow's way for, Bob?" he asked.

"He's looking for trouble, I guess!" said Bob.

"With me?"

"You bet!"

Frank's eyes gleamed.

"And you're keeping me out of harm's way?" he exclaimed.

"That's it."

"Thanks! But there's no need to bother. If Hacke is looking for trouble, there's no reason why he shouldn't find it."

Bob looked uneasy.

"Look here, Frank!" he said. "He's nearly a head taller than you are, and he's as hard as nails. And he's plucky, in his way, though he's rather a beast. I'd rather you let him alone!"

"Rats!"

Eben Hacke hove in sight just then, and Bob Lawless linked his arm in Frank's to lead him along the creek. Frank Richards jerked his arm away, and walked directly towards Eben Hacke.

Hacke grinned, and stood awaiting him. Just then the bell clanged out, and footsteps on all sides were turned towards the schoolhouse.

Bob looked relieved. The "trouble" was inevitably postponed for the time.

"I calculate I'll see you again after school!" Hacke remarked.

"I'll wait for you," said Frank coolly.

And he went to his desk.

During afternoon lessons Hacke contrived to spill ink on Frank's trousers, and squeezed a chunk of maple-sugar down the back of his Eton jacket.

These kind attentions made Frank all the more determined to "wait" for the obstreperous Eben after school, in spite of Bob's evident misgivings.

He was glad when Miss Meadows dismissed school for the day.

The red sun was in the west, and the cool evening breeze waved the long grass, when Frank and Bob came out of the lumber-school. Bob hurried his chum out of the gate, but he had to leave him standing there while he caught the ponies with the long trail-ropes.

By the time Bob came back with the ponies Eben Hacke had joined Frank Richards, with a very disagreeable look upon his sharp face.

"Waiting for me—hey?" he inquired.

"Quite ready for you, if you like," said Frank.

"Put them up!" said Eben laconically.

"Come along the trail, then!" remarked Frank.

Bob Lawless led the ponies, and Frank walked by his side, and the lanky, muscular Hacke slouched along with them. Chunky Todgers at once joined the party, scenting what was on, and half a dozen other fellows speedily joined up.

The party walked down the trail as far as the trees, which hid them from the sight of the schoolhouse and the scholars going homeward.

There Bob hitched the ponies, and the schoolboys stepped aside from the trail to a level spot under the big trees. Eben Hacke threw off his jacket, with a swaggering grin.

"I wish you'd leave him to me!" muttered Bob.

"Rats!"

Frank did not inquire whether there

were to be rounds and rests. He realised that it was to be a rough-and-tumble encounter. He "toed the line" with perfect coolness, somewhat to Hacke's surprise.

"Go it!" growled Bob.

Hacke gave a vaunting look round, and rushed in, to finish the combat at one fell swoop.

But it did not happen like that.

Instead of the slim English lad being swept off his feet by the bigger fellow's rush, he stood his ground like a rock. His right and left came out in swift succession, and then his right again. And Eben Hacke had the impression that he had suddenly run up against a stone wall.

He staggered backwards, and fairly rolled in the grass.

"Jerusalem crickets!" he ejaculated breathlessly, as he rolled.

"Bravo!" roared Bob, in great delight.

There was a fat chirrup from Chunky Todgers, and he removed a chunk of maple sugar from his capacious mouth to cheer.

"Bravo! Bray-vo! Well hit!"

Eben Hacke sat up dizzily.

"By gum!" he said.

Then he scrambled to his feet and came on.

There were no more blind rushes after that, and Hacke was much more cautious.

Frank's turn came to go down into the grass, and he went down heavily.

Hacke grinned over him, and stood ready to knock him down as soon as he rose. But Frank gained his feet with great agility, fending off his bulky antagonist, and the fight was resumed.

Hammer-and-tongs they went at it again.

Frank's left eye was quite closed now, and his nose was streaming crimson. But Hacke's face was a curious study in damages. He could hardly see, but kept on as long as he could keep his feet.

The Western youth might be something of a bully, but it was evident that he had plenty of pluck and determination.

Frank was feeling the strain, but he stood up grimly to his burly antagonist.

Bob Lawless watched him with wide-open eyes.

It was pretty evident that his fears on his cousin's account were unfounded. It was not the first time Frank Richards had surprised his Canadian cousin.

Chunky Todgers stood, with his chunk of maple sugar in his hand and his mouth open, too keenly interested even to proceed with the mastication of his favourite comestible.

"Hurrah!" jerked out Chunky every few minutes. "Hurrah!—Go it, my tulip! One for his nob! Hurrah!"

"Good old Franky!" chuckled Bob. "Who'd have thought it?"

Crash!

Eben Hacke went down more heavily than before, and lay on his back in the grass, blinking up at Frank Richards.

Frank stood panting.

"Oh, Jerusalem!" grunted Hacke.

"Oh, holy smoke! Ow!"

"Done?" grinned Chunky Todgers.

"Nope!"

"Better call it off, Hackey!" chuckled Bob Lawless. "The tenderfoot is too good for you."

Hacke glared out of his closing eyes.

"I guess he's not!" he gasped. "I guess I'm going to make shavings of him! I guess a blessed tenderfoot can't walk over me! Oh, jiminy!"

Frank Richards grinned.

It was rather a twisted grin, for his face was very damaged by this time, and he felt as if there were not an inch of it left without a bruise.



Frank Richards started as each of the cattlemen drew a revolver from his belt. Before the English boy could make a movement there were two reports, and he felt his topper soar from his head as the bullets struck it.

(See Chapter 2.)

He was feeling very nearly as bad as Hacke, but he was keeping his feet, and he was sure of victory now.

He waited for the lanky youth to rise. There was no "counting out" in that tussle, or Eben Hacke could have been counted out twice over.

The burly Western youth made an effort at last and lumbered to his feet, panting. Frank could have sent him flying as he did so, but he stood back, with his hands dropped. He would not hit out at a fellow who could not defend himself.

Hacke noted it, and his bruised face assumed a feeble grin.

"You ain't a bad sort, tenderfoot!" he gasped. "But I'm going to whip you all the same, you bet your boots on that!"

Hacke came on again.

He was making a last furious attack, and before his heavy rush Frank Richards gave ground a little.

Hacke followed him up fast. But it was only a flash in the pan. Frank suddenly stiffened up and stood firm, and Hacke's sagging drives were knocked aside, and the English lad's knuckles came with a crash on his jaw.

Hacke staggered a couple of paces and fell, with a grunt.

"Holy smoke! What a sockdologer!" ejaculated Chunky Todgers, in great admiration.

Eben Hacke made one effort to rise, and sank back in the grass, with a groan. Frank smiled faintly.

"Satisfied?" he asked.

"Yow-ow! I guess so! Yow-wow! Quite!" Hacke gasped for breath. "I reckon I woke up the wrong passenger this journey—I do, reely!"

Chunky Todgers gave him a grip and

helped him to his feet. Hacke stood unsteadily, leaning on the fat youth.

"Stranger," he gasped, "you're a more hefty galoot than I thought. You've whipped me fair and square! Shake!"

He held out his hand, and Frank Richards took it cheerfully enough. Then Bob helped him on with his jacket, at the same time thumping him on the back in delight.

"Good old Franky!" he chuckled. "Who'd have thought it? Can you ride home now?"

Bob had to help his cousin upon his pony. But, once in the saddle, Frank rode away on his homeward trail sitting firmly enough. The perforated topper adorned his head for the last time while he was in British Columbia!

"I—I say," gasped Frank, "what will your father think, Bob?"

"He'll think you've enjoyed your first day at the 'School in the Backwoods'!" roared Bob. "Ha, ha, ha!"

And Frank Richards laughed, too, as he rode on to the ranch.

THE END.

## "TO SAVE THE SCHOOL!"

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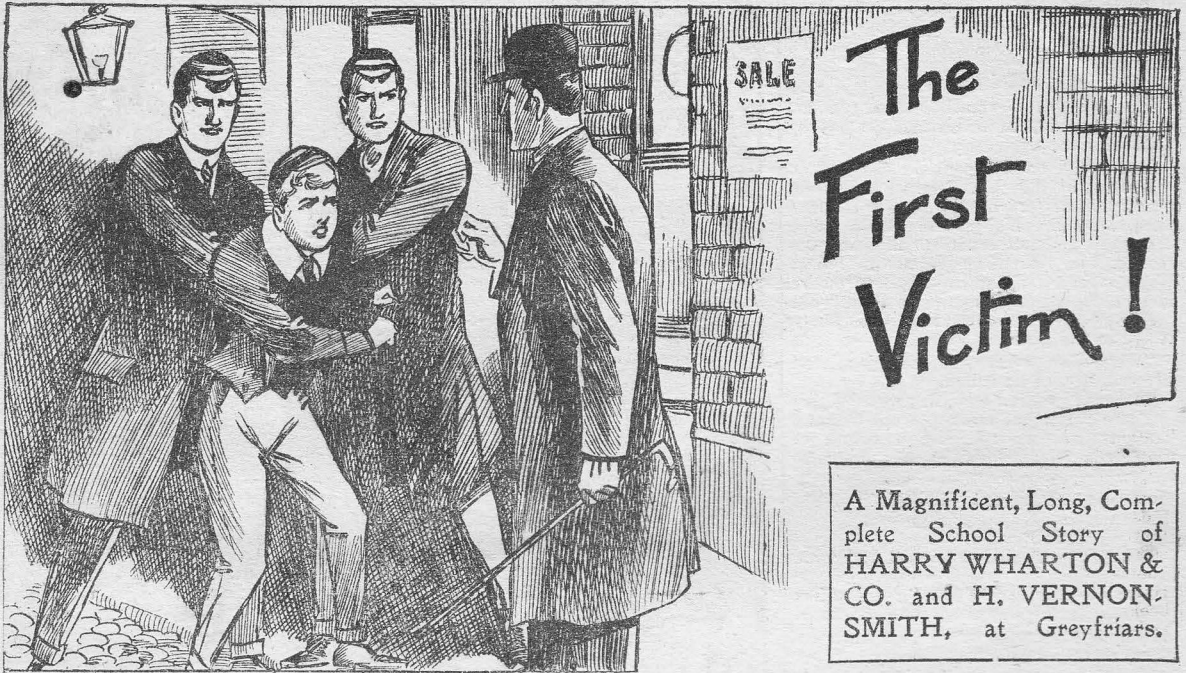
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NEXT FRIDAY:

"TO SAVE THE SCHOOL!"

A SPLENDID

VERNON-SMITH COMMENCES HIS GREAT CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE FAMOUS FIVE!



# The First Victim!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Story of HARRY WHARTON & CO. and H. VERNON-SMITH, at Greyfriars.

**By FRANK RICHARDS,**

Author of the famous Greyfriars stories in the "Magnet" Library.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

In the Night!

"**P**LAY me in the eleven, or I'll drive you and your four pals from the school!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of the Greyfriars Remove, had said that, and Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, had not taken him very seriously.

But Vernon-Smith was very serious. His threat had been answered by a flat refusal from Harry Wharton. The Bounder's sort was not wanted in the Remove eleven. And then Vernon-Smith got to work.

Nobody thought that Vernon-Smith could drive the Famous Five from Greyfriars. The Bounder had money, and, in consequence, he had many friends to whom money meant much—such as Loder, the bullying prefect of the Sixth. He might obtain some help there.

But Vernon-Smith possessed a head which might have been on the shoulders of a man many years his senior. He had a crafty, scheming nature, and he was capable of carrying out his schemes, too.

When Vernon-Smith suddenly took a liking to little Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form, the Famous Five became aggressive—and anxious. Dicky was Frank Nugent's brother, and Frank was one of the Famous Five. Moreover, Dicky was a headstrong fag, who could easily be led astray by such as the Bounder.

Frank had heard that Vernon-Smith had taken Dicky out. And the thought was very unpleasant to Nugent major. The Bounder was friendly with undesirable persons at the Cross Keys, a public-house in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars. If Vernon-Smith once got Dicky into the hands of Cobb & Co.—

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Frank Nugent shuddered at the thought. There had been a junior seen at the Cross Keys several times of late. Was the junior Dicky? Was Dicky being sent there by Vernon-Smith on some paltry excuse?

Frank decided to keep an eye on the Bounder.

Sammy Bunter, the fat minor of Billy Bunter, of the Remove, had found a certain amount of pleasure in relating a story to the effect that Vernon-Smith was going to take Dicky Nugent out. The story got to Frank's ears, and by then it was definitely stated that it was that very day which had been selected by the Bounder for the nocturnal trip.

Frank Nugent watched the Bounder when the Removites went to bed that night. What he had heard about his minor was weighing upon Frank's mind. It was useless to ask Dicky, he knew that. Dicky would tell him nothing. Dicky had taken to dodging his major. The sight of Frank coming was enough to make him scuttle off. But if Dicky Nugent was going to break bounds after lights out, as Frank suspected, it was more than probable that the Bounder was going with him. If the Bounder left the Remove dormitory, Frank Nugent meant to be aware of it.

And the actions of the Bounder were suspicious. He had brought a cap into the dormitory, and he threw it on his washstand. He did not fully undress when he went to bed, either. Frank noted those circumstances, which pointed to the probability that Vernon-Smith meant to rise again before rising-bell next morning.

It was a long time since the Bounder had broken bounds at night. For one reason, Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, put his foot down very heavily upon anything of the sort. For another reason, the Bounder was play-

ing a part of late—a part which required carefully-regulated conduct, and a careful regard for appearances. If appearances, indeed, could have been trusted, the Bounder of Greyfriars had given up his bad old ways.

Nugent did not join in the chatter of the juniors before lights-out, but he did not sleep.

One by one the Removites dropped into slumber; but Frank Nugent remained awake, with wide, watchful eyes, in the darkness.

Eleven o'clock tolled from the tower of Greyfriars, and then there was a movement in the Remove dormitory.

Frank Nugent, sleepless and alert, heard the sound of a junior getting out of bed, and he started up in his own bed.

"Is that you, Smith?"

"Yes," said the voice of the Bounder coolly.

"I knew it, you cad!"

"What's the matter?" asked Vernon-Smith calmly, his voice coming quite evenly through the gloom of the dormitory.

Frank sat up in bed.

"You know what the matter is. You were going out!"

"Out of bed—yes."

"Out of the dorm—out of the school!"

"Not at all," said the Bounder. "I can't sleep, and I'm going to walk up and down the dorm a bit till I feel sleepy, that's all."

"I don't believe you!"

"Thanks!"

"You were going to take my minor out!" said Nugent. "I've heard all about it to-day. Sammy Bunter got hold of it."

"What rot!"

"Rot or not, you're not going to the Second Form dorm for my brother!" said Nugent. "You are not going to

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"TRACKING DOWN TOWSER!"

A GRAND STORY OF ST. JIM'S. : :  
: : : :  
: : : :  
By MARTIN GLIFFORD.

leave this dorm either! If you try it, I'll stop you, if I wake the whole school doing it!"

The Bounder laughed softly.

"If I wanted to go you couldn't stop me," he said.

"We shall see. Try it!" said Frank.

"I don't want to try it. I've given up that kind of game long ago. I'm going to walk up and down the dorm till I get sleepy, that's all. I don't suppose it will make any difference to your minor's plans whether I go to the Second Form dorm or not."

Nugent started. The Bounder's words sent his thoughts off on a new track, as Vernon-Smith fully intended they should.

"Do you mean that my minor is going without you if you don't join him?" he exclaimed.

"I don't mean anything of the kind. I haven't the slightest idea of what your minor may or may not intend to do."

"I don't believe you!"

"Then it's not much good talking, is it?"

The Bounder moved up and down the dormitory as if he had spoken in good faith. He might have told the truth—that he had got out of bed because he was suffering from insomnia; but Nugent knew him too well to take his word. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry had been awakened by the sound of voices, and they sat up in bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row?" asked Bob Cherry drowsily.

"Smith's up," said Nugent.

"What for?"

"Some caddish game," said Nugent.

"I believe he's fixed it with my minor to break bounds to-night, and now he can't get out of the dorm because I'm awake. But if that young fool Dicky should go out without him—"

"Were you going to take Dicky out, Vernon-Smith?" exclaimed Harry Wharton sharply.

"Nugent says so," said the Bounder sarcastically. "He seems to know my intentions better than I know them myself."

"Will you give me a plain answer?"

"Will you take my word if I do?" was the Bounder's counter-question.

"That depends!" said Wharton.

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"Then don't ask me questions, if you can't believe the answers I give you. I won't say a word."

Nugent slipped out of bed.

"Where are you going, Franky?" asked Bob.

"I'm going to see if Dick is still in bed."

"You'll wake up the fags."

"I can't help it."

"Franky, old man, suppose a prefect should nail you outside the dorm—"

"I'll be careful!"

"Mind, you can't explain what you're out for without giving Dicky away if he happens to be out of his dorm," said Wharton.

"I shouldn't explain."

"Then you may get into trouble yourself."

"I shall be all right."

Vernon-Smith went back to bed, and drew the bedclothes over him.

"My advice to you is to get back to bed," said the Bounder. "I know that the prefects have been very suspicious lately. A fellow in a Greyfriars cap was seen coming away from the Cross Keys the other day, and they know it was a junior. You'd better be careful, Nugent!"

"I've nothing to be afraid of. I've

never done any of your blackguardly pub-haunting!" said Nugent disdainfully.

The Bounder made no rejoinder. Wharton and Bob Cherry remained in a state of uneasiness as Nugent crossed to the door of the dormitory and opened it softly. They understood his anxiety for his brother, especially with their knowledge of the harm that had come to Hazeldene under the influence of the Bounder. But what Nugent was doing now was very risky. He had been in bad odour lately with masters and prefects, and if he were caught outside his dormitory within three-quarters of an hour of midnight, it would look bad enough, and it might go hard with him. Nugent was thinking of his minor, not of himself, as he quitted the Remove quarters and made his way towards the door of the Second Form dormitory.

He knew which was the minor's bed in the Second Form-room, and he thought he would be able to ascertain whether Dicky was in bed without striking a light or alarming the other fags. But whatever happened, he meant to satisfy himself upon the point.

The dormitory passage was dark and gloomy.

Nugent moved along quickly, however; and he had reached the turning in the passage when he fairly ran into an invisible form in the darkness.

He started back with an excited cry, startled by the sudden contact.

But before he could escape, a hand reached out of the darkness and seized him.

"Who is that?"

It was the voice of Mr. Quelch.

Nugent shivered.

By the very worst of ill-luck it was his Form master who had caught him.

"Who is it?" repeated Mr. Quelch, his grasp tightening upon Nugent's shoulder.

Nugent's heart thumped hard. He was already in Mr. Quelch's black books, and the Remove master would be predisposed to take the most severe view of his action. And he could not give his reason for being out of the Remove dormitory without betraying Dicky. If his minor were really absent from the Second Form dormitory, his punishment would be severe if his absence were discovered, and Frank could not be the one to bring disgrace and punishment upon him.

He would have to be silent—and suffer. These thoughts raced through his brain in a second.

The next second he had wrenched himself from Mr. Quelch's detaining hold, and was tearing down the passage.

It was a hasty action—too hasty! By running away he had made it hopeless to explain if he were caught.

He did not mean to be caught. He ran hard in the dark, and he heard Mr. Quelch's hard breathing after him in the gloomy passage.

But the Form master did not need to depend upon speed to catch him. Frank Nugent, in his excitement, had not thought of all the possibilities. He had trusted to speed to save him, and the darkness to hide him from recognition. But Mr. Quelch did not depend upon speed to catch him. The Remove master strode after him only as far as the switch of the electric light. There he halted and switched on the light, and the passage was flooded with brilliant illumination from end to end.

Nugent paused, dazzled, half-blinded by the sudden glare. In the full light of the electricity he was plainly to be seen, and easily recognised.

"Nugent!"

Mr. Quelch rapped out his name from up the passage. Nugent made a for-

ward step, and then stopped. It was useless to run now. He was recognised.

"Nugent!"

The junior turned round.

"Yes, sir," he said hopelessly.

"Stop!"

"Yes, sir!"

And Frank Nugent stopped, and waited miserably enough for the Form-master to come up.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. More Than Suspected!

MR. QUELCH was panting as he came up the dormitory passage towards Nugent. The sudden encounter in the darkness had startled him, as well as Nugent. The junior stood silent, waiting for the storm to burst. He was outside his dormitory in the middle of the night, and he had made explanation hopeless by attempting to escape. He waited for the vials of Mr. Quelch's wrath to be poured upon his head. He did not have to wait long.

"Nugent!" Mr. Quelch was breathing hard. His eyes seemed more like gimlets than ever as they were fastened upon the junior's crimson face. "So it is you!"

"Yes, sir, it is I!" said Frank.

"You are out of your dormitory at"—Mr. Quelch consulted his watch—"at half-past eleven, Nugent!"

"Yes, sir."

"You ran away when I caught you."

"I am sorry, sir."

"Where were you going?"

Nugent was silent.

"This passage leads to the Second and First dormitories and to the box-room stairs," said Mr. Quelch. "You were not, I suppose, going to visit the Second or First dormitories at this hour? If you were going to the box-room stairs, it must have been to leave the house by the staircase window!"

"I was not going to break bounds, sir."

"Indeed! Where were you going, then?"

No answer.

"Why did you leave your dormitory, Nugent?"

"For no harm, sir."

"What was your reason?"

Silence!

"You had a reason, I suppose, Nugent, for coming this distance from your dormitory?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that reason?"

No reply.

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon Nugent's face. The junior was crimson; but his glance did not falter before the Form-master's. Nugent was in an awkward position, but he had a clear conscience, at all events.

"Listen to me, Nugent," said Mr. Quelch, after a pause. "The faults for which Vernon-Smith was at one time nearly expelled from the school have been revived—by some person unknown. A Greyfriars junior—not recognised—has been seen to leave the Cross Keys public-house by the back way. The Head, and I myself, have determined that that rascally lad shall be found, and expelled from Greyfriars before he has had an opportunity of corrupting better boys. Do you understand?"

"I know nothing of him, sir."

"For that reason," pursued Mr. Quelch, "I have made a round every night, of the passage, two or three times before going to bed, and the prefects

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TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.  
BY FRANK RICHARDS.

have also been on the watch. Sooner or later the young rascal will be caught. I have caught you, Nugent, absent from your bed, and out of your dormitory, at half an hour before midnight. Can you not see that there is only one conclusion I can come to, unless you give me some reasonable explanation?"

"Wharton and Bob Cherry know I came out, sir," said Nugent desperately. "They know I wasn't going to break bounds."

"Indeed! I will question them," said Mr. Quelch. "Follow me!"

He entered the Remove dormitory and switched on the light. There was a sound of steady breathing, mingled with snores, from the Remove beds. The juniors did not mean to be caught out by their Form-master.

"Wharton! Cherry!" said Mr. Quelch. "Snore! Snore!"

"Speak up, you chaps," said Nugent. "Oh!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ah!" said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Quelch smiled slightly. Wharton and Bob Cherry sat up in bed, blinking in the light. Two or three other fellows were awake now, and they looked on with interest and curiosity.

"Nugent tells me that you two knew he was out of the dormitory," said Mr. Quelch.

"That's quite true, sir."

"Did he go out to break bounds?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Then why did he go?"

"Ahem! Hasn't he told you, sir?"

"No."

"I—I—I can't tell you, sir," said Wharton.

"It's Nugent's business, sir."

"Are you sure, in your own mind, that he did not go out to break bounds, Wharton?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Is it some practical joke—some raid on another dormitory?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"If it was, you may tell me freely, and I will pardon it."

"It—it wasn't that, sir."

"Then what was it?"

Silence.

"Does any other boy here know why Nugent went out?" asked Mr. Quelch, looking round the dormitory.

No answer.

"Was any other boy awake at the time?"

"I was awake, sir," said Vernon-Smith.

"Do you know Nugent's reason?"

"I know what he said his reason was, sir."

"What did he say his reason was?"

Nugent gave the Bounder a furious look, and clenched his hands. The Bounder glanced at him calmly.

"I cannot refuse to answer Mr. Quelch, Nugent. You ought to tell him yourself—not that he is likely to believe you, for that matter."

"I am waiting for an answer," said Mr. Quelch.

"I was going to see my young brother, sir," said Nugent, seeing that if he did not speak out the Bounder would do so.

"Your minor?" said Mr. Quelch, in surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"For what reason?"

"To—to see if he's all right."

"Is he unwell?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Then why, in the name of all that is absurd, should you wish to see him at this hour of the night?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, with a strong air of incredulity.

Nugent reddened.

"It's about his connection with the Bounder—with Vernon-Smith, sir," he said.

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said. "I don't know what the young ass may do under Smith's influence. I—I wanted to make sure that he was safe and sound in bed, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked at him fixedly.

"Have you any reason to suppose that your minor is not in bed at this hour, Nugent?" he asked.

Nugent was silent. If Dicky Nugent was not in bed, Nugent wanted to keep the Form-master from making the discovery.

"Well, no, sir," he faltered.

"Then your excuse is a very lame one."

"It's true, sir!" said Harry Wharton eagerly. "We knew what Nugent was going for, sir."

"We both knew," said Bob Cherry.

"Then I can only conclude that there is some reason to suppose that Nugent's minor may have left his dormitory," said Mr. Quelch. "and I shall certainly proceed at once to his dormitory and ascertain."

Nugent caught his breath in alarm.

"Oh, sir, it—it's not necessary. I—I hadn't any real reason to think anything of the sort. I—I— If you will punish me for being out of the dormitory, sir, I don't mind. I—"

"I intend to know the facts," said Mr. Quelch.

"But, sir, I—I—"

"I shall return in a few minutes," said Mr. Quelch. And he quitted the Remove dormitory.

The Remove were all awake now, and they looked at one another in dismay. Mr. Quelch was evidently on the war-path, and either Nugent major or minor was booked for serious trouble. Frank Nugent turned a savage look upon the Bounder.

"You cad!" he muttered. "You sneaking cad! If Dicky gets into trouble—"

The Bounder laughed.

"Dicky won't get into trouble," he said. "Dicky is fast asleep in bed; I know that. It's you that will get into trouble for not making up a better yarn when you're caught breaking bounds."

"Breaking bounds!" exclaimed Nugent, staring. "What do you mean? You know well enough why I left the dorm!"

"Yes, I know; and I know it wasn't the reason you gave," said the Bounder.

"What's the good of fibbing among ourselves, Nugent? You know as well as I do what junior it was that was seen leaving the Cross Keys. You'd better not let Mr. Quelch know—"

"You cad!" shouted Nugent, rushing towards the Bounder's bed.

"Nugent!"

Mr. Quelch's voice rapped out sharply. The junior halted.

"Quiet, Franky, old man!" Bob Cherry whispered anxiously.

Mr. Quelch frowned severely at Nugent. He had seen his hostile rush towards the Bounder, which he had entered only just in time to stop.

"I have been to the Second Form dormitory," he exclaimed. "I have seen your minor, Nugent. He was in bed, and fast asleep."

Nugent drew a deep, deep breath of relief.

"Very well, sir," he said.

"Do you repeat to me now, Nugent, that it was anxiety concerning your minor that led you to leave your dormitory this night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I shall not refuse to take your word, Nugent. But your conduct is suspicious—most suspicious. I shall

keep an eye on you, Nugent; and I warn you to be very, very careful."

And with that solemn warning Mr. Quelch extinguished the light and withdrew from the dormitory.

Bob Cherry whistled softly.

"You're well out of that, Franky," he said.

"And I'm under suspicion!" said Nugent bitterly. "Under suspicion of breaking bounds to visit a pub! My hat!"

"Why not?" said the Bounder.

"Oh, shut up!"

The Bounder chuckled, and then there was silence in the Remove dormitory.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER A Dog With a Bad Name!

ALL Greyfriars knew on the morning what had happened in the Remove dormitory. They did not know the story quite rightly.

All kinds of reports were spread, especially in the lower Forms. Billy Bunter and his minor were the chief newsbearers in the Lower School, and news seldom lost anything in their repetitions. Probably the Bunters were responsible for the story that both the Nugents had been caught in the act of breaking bounds, and dragged back by main force. Another story was that only Frank Nugent had broken bounds; but, according to one version, he had got as far as the Cross Keys in Friarade before he was recaptured. When the story had had time to amplify a little, it appeared that Nugent had been brought back to Greyfriars decidedly the worse for drink. What to believe, and what to discredit, in the stories the fellows hardly knew—even the Remove did not know wholly. Nugent himself, when applied to, showed bad temper, and told the inquirers to go and eat coke. Vernon-Smith & Co. held the opinion—and made no secret of it—that Nugent had really intended to leave the School House if he had not been caught by Mr. Quelch. Nugent heard that the Bounder had expressed that opinion, and he ground his teeth. He knew that the Bounder did not believe anything of the sort. But the Bounder was entitled to express an opinion, and he had expressed it. And Nugent had expressed his opinion of Vernon-Smith often enough, and plainly enough, to have created a precedent of very plain speaking.

Nugent was annoyed and exasperated over the whole affair. Everything he did of late seemed to draw more odium and suspicion upon him from the powers that were. In his own mind, he traced it all to the Bounder; but he would have found it very difficult to prove anything of the sort.

Nugent was showing up in a bad light; there was no doubt about that. His chums stood by him manfully, but they could not stem the tide. If the Bounder had broken bounds, it was only what one would have expected of him, and he had never pretended to be better than he was. But Nugent was one of the best set in the Remove—one of the fellows who had always held themselves above the Bounder and his reckless ways—and now it was Nugent, Frank Nugent of the Remove, Nugent the immaculate, who had been bowled out!

It was useless for Harry Wharton & Co. to repeat that he had not been bowled out, that there was nothing to bowl out. The fellows opined that there was no smoke without fire; and Nugent's ungracious replies to inquiries incensed a good many of them.

They did not understand the lad's high and proud spirit, and the humili-



tion it was to him to be even suspected of unworthy conduct.

That day Nugent had evidence enough that he was regarded with deep distrust by the masters and the prefects. He asked Wingate for a pass to go down to Friardale, and was refused in the bluntest way. He only wanted to see about a football he was purchasing, but he could not get the pass out, and he had to entrust the mission to Bob Cherry. Even Bob did not easily get permission to leave the school. It seemed as if the shadow of Frank Nugent's supposed delinquencies had fallen upon his intimate associates. Indeed, some of the fellows did not seem very much at their ease in speaking to him; and the Bounder & Co. held themselves ostentatiously aloof.

Give a dog a bad name, and hang him, is an old saying. Nugent was becoming a dog with a bad name. Without a fault on his side, excepting some sallies of hasty temper and over-anxiety for his minor, he had thrown himself into his enemies' hands, and they were taking every advantage of it to lay the mine which was to shatter his prospects; to carry out that apparently reckless threat of the Bounder—that he would drive his rivals, one by one, from the school.

Whatever accusation might be brought against Frank Nugent now, it was certain to find ready and credulous believers.

Wingate stopped him and spoke to him as the Remove came out of the Form-room after lessons that Friday afternoon.

"You asked me for a pass out of gates to-day, Nugent?" he said.

"Yes," said Frank.

"You are not to go out of gates at all; you're not to ask for a pass again—either from me or any other prefect! You're gated till further notice! Do you understand?"

"What for?" he exclaimed. "What have I done?"

"You know best what you've done!" said Wingate dryly. "There's no proof against you, but it's clear enough to satisfy most people!"

"You think that I was going to break bounds last night, then?" said Nugent bitterly.

"I think it looks exceedingly like it. You yourself seem to have suspected your minor of it, if your account was true. Well, your minor is much less under suspicion than you are. This order about gating comes from the Head, not from me; but I've got to see that it's obeyed. It's for your good; if you have been fool enough and rotter enough to get mixed up with those rascals at Friardale, the sooner you're stopped the better. It may save you from getting sacked from the school."

Nugent bit his lip.

"I suppose it's no good my talking," he said. "You can gate me if you like. I don't want to go out of gates specially that I know of."

"Keep inside them, and it will be all right!" said the captain of Greyfriars. And he passed on.

Nugent's chums had paused while the captain was talking to Frank. The junior glanced at them with a bitter smile.

"This is getting rather thick, isn't it?" he said. "I'm gated now!"

"I wish you'd stayed in the dorm last night, Frank," said Harry Wharton uncomfortably. "You can hardly blame Mr. Quelch for being suspicious, especially as he knows that a Greyfriars junior has been seen at the Cross Keys."

Nugent shrugged his shoulder.

"Oh, I don't care!" he said recklessly. "I'm getting fed-up with this. It all comes from the Bounder, and I'll make him smart for it!"

Nugent went out into the Close. The early February evening had set in, and deep dusk was creeping over the leafless old elms and the grey school buildings.

Most of the fellows preferred to remain indoors, in their studies, or the lighted passages, or in the cheerful Common-room with its bright fire.

Nugent tramped in the Close, over the fallen leaves, with his hands deep in his pockets, and a gloomy frown upon his usually sunny brow.

In the dusk of the Close a fag passed Nugent, going towards the gates. Nugent recognised his minor, and ran after the fag, and caught him by the shoulder.

"Are you going out?" he asked. Dick Nugent had his cap and coat on, and it was evident that he was going out.

"Yes, I am!" said Dicky defiantly. "It's locking-up at dark," said Frank. "I've got a pass."

"A pass! From whom?"

"Loder, of the Sixth."

Frank set his teeth. Loder, the black sheep of the Sixth, was on the best of terms with Vernon-Smith. Loder found the millionaire's son very useful when he was in want of a loan; and Vernon-Smith was quite well aware how useful the friendship of a prefect was to him.

At a hint from the Bounder, Loder would have given Dicky a pass. Perhaps Frank was growing over-suspicious—certainly he seemed to see the hand of the Bounder in everything.

"Where are you going, Dick?" he asked, as gently as he could

"Down to Friardale."

"What for?"

"Fetch a paper for Smithy."

"Oh, Smithy! It is Smithy?" said Frank fiercely.

"Yes, it is!"

"Is that all you're going for, Dicky?"

"Of course it is!"

"No tobacco or cigarettes for Smithy—"

"Of course not!"

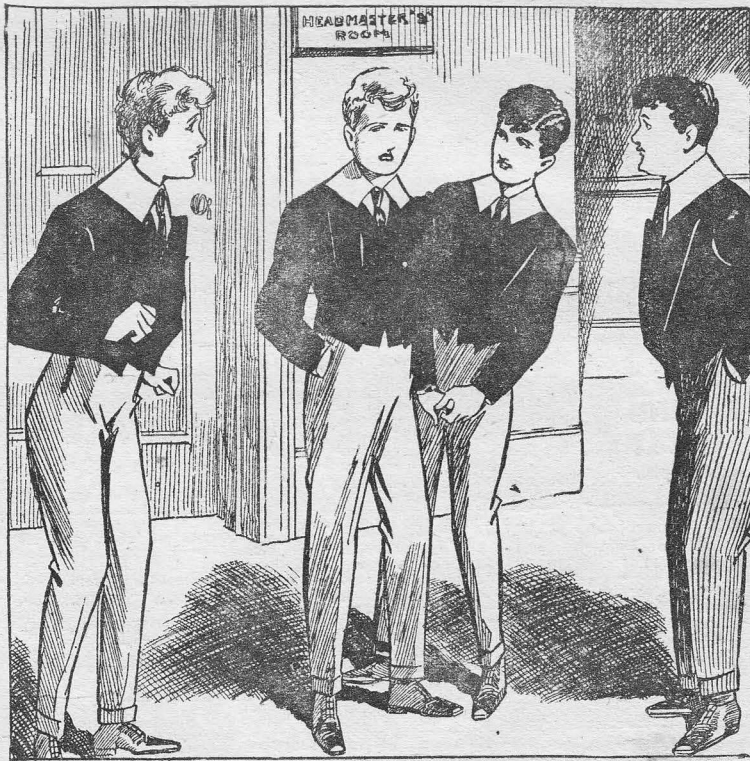
"No message to the Cross Keys—"

"No!" growled Dicky. "Dash it all, can't you take my word, Frank?"

"Not since you've chummed with Smithy!" said Frank quietly. "I remember how he made Hazel reel out strings of lies, Dick. A chap seems to lose all his decency when he gets under the Bounder's thumb!"

"That's enough!" said Dicky. And he shook off his brother's hand, and walked away.

Frank made a movement after him, and paused. He had no power to stop the fag, when he was going out with a prefect's pass. But to let him go—unwatched! Frank felt morally certain that the fag was concealing something. Was it likely that Vernon-Smith had sent him to the village, and troubled to get a pass from Loder, simply to get a newspaper? The idea was absurd on the face of it. There was something more than that in it. Either on his own account, or on Vernon-Smith's, Dicky had some other mission; and Frank remembered that a Greyfriars junior had been seen hanging about the Cross Keys. He felt that, if his eyes could have followed Dicky through the mists as far as he went, he would have seen him halt



The Head's door opened at last, and Nugent came staggering out, pale and dazed. Harry Wharton clapped him on the shoulder. "Frank, what's happened?" "Sacked!" said Frank Nugent. "The Bounder's done this. You remember he said he would drive us from the school. I'm the first to go!" (See Chapter 5.)

at the Cross Keys, and sneak in at the side path, either on a message from Vernon-Smith, or on his own business.

That Vernon-Smith had set out to bring the reckless fag to ruin, as a score over the Famous Five, Frank was convinced. Was he to stand by and see it done without interference? And if Dicky were caught at the public-house—

Frank knew that the Bounder would think nothing of abandoning his victim—leaving him to face the music alone, as he had done before with Hazeldene. The Bounder would go scot-free. Dicky would be sent home—spared expulsion, perhaps, on account of his tender years; but certainly sent away from Greyfriars. Frank thought of his father's dismay and anger, his mother's tears and reproaches—reproaches, for she would say and think that he might have saved his minor if he had taken better care of him! That thought spurred Frank Nugent on, as he hurried down to the gates a few minutes after his minor.

He had been gated, but he did not think of that now. He would be back before calling-over. The gates would be locked, but he could get in over the wall, and escape notice—at least, so he hoped. At all events, if there were punishment to face he would face it for his brother's and his mother's sake.

Gosling, the porter, was coming down to the gates in the dusk to lock up as Frank hurried out. The Removite paused in the road, and looked round for his minor. Dicky had vanished. Probably the fag had known or guessed that his brother would follow him, and as soon as he was outside the school he had run for it.

Frank tramped down towards the village with a moody brow till he saw the signboard of the Cross Keys, in a flare of light, on the outskirts of the village of Friardale. Beside the public-house was a dark alleyway that led to the garden at the rear.

If Dicky Nugent had gone there, he would come back that way; he would never dare to use the front entrance. Frank Nugent drew into the shadows of the narrow lane, under a thick tree, and waited. From the public-house came the sound of voices raised in a raucous chorus as the Greyfriars junior stood there in the silence and gloom, waiting and watching.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Caught!

"WHERE is Nugent?" Wingate asked the question as he looked into Study No. 1. Harry Wharton was there, and Bob Cherry and Mark Linley and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had dropped in to speak to him.

Wingate's brow was stern, and boded trouble.

"I don't know," said Harry. "Do you want him particularly, Wingate?"

"Yes, I do. He's been gated, and I suspect that he's gone out, all the same. I told him specially not to go out, and I think he's gone."

"He wouldn't go out after that," said Wharton uneasily.

"That's what I'm going to find out."

Wingate went frowningly along the Remove passage, inquiring for Nugent. No one had seen him. Vernon-Smith suggested that he might have gone with his minor, who had a pass to go down to Friardale.

Wingate frowned, and decided to wait for Nugent minor to come in. Dicky came to Vernon-Smith's study with the paper while Wingate was there, and the captain of Greyfriars questioned him.

Dicky shook his head. Frank certainly hadn't gone out with him. He had passed his major in the Close as he went out. He had run most of the way to Friardale, and most of the way back, and hadn't seen Frank since passing him in the Close.

"Very well," said Wingate grimly.

He went down, and put on his coat and cap. Gwynne of the Sixth, similarly arrayed, joined him. Mr. Quelch met them as they were going out, and looked inquiringly.

"We are going to look for Nugent, sir," said Wingate. "He seems to have gone out—at all events, he can't be found, and he was specially gated by order of the Head!"

Mr. Quelch frowned. "Where are you thinking of looking for him, Wingate?"

"Where a junior was seen skulking the other day, sir."

"At the Cross Keys?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; that should settle the matter once and for all," said the

Remove master. "Wait a moment, Wingate, and I will join you!"

Mr. Quelch donned coat and hat, and left the School House with the two prefects. They walked down the dark lane together in grim silence.

The flare of lights from the windows of the Cross Keys fell across the lane, amid the shadows of the high trees. The Remove master and the two prefects paused at the open gateway that gave admittance to the side-lane beside the public-house.

"Will you enter, sir?" Wingate asked. "Most decidedly!" said Mr. Quelch.

"If a Greyfriars boy is there, Cobb will hardly dare to deny it. Ah!"

"Ha!"

Wingate made a sudden spring into the shadows.

He reappeared, dragging a junior by the collar.

"Nugent," thundered Mr. Quelch, "why are you here?"

Frank was silent. For all he knew, his minor was at that very moment within the walls of the Cross Keys, and not a word of his should betray him.

"Have you nothing to say, Nugent?"

"No, sir—excepting that I am innocent of wrong-doing."

"Why are you here, then?"

Silence!

Mr. Quelch waited for a moment or two for the answer that did not come, and then turned to the prefects.

"Bring him to the school," he said. And he strode away towards Greyfriars.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Sacked!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. saw Nugent come in. He walked between the two prefects, and Mr. Quelch brought up the rear, as if to guard against the possibility of escape. Harry Wharton ran forward as he saw him.

"Frank, what is it? What has happened?"

"Nugent has broken bounds, and has been discovered secretly leaving the Cross Keys," said Mr. Quelch. "Nugent, follow me to the Head!"

Nugent followed him.

Harry Wharton & Co. were left horror-stricken.

"It's not true!" exclaimed Bob Cherry fiercely. "There's some rotten mistake!"

"Some ghastly mistake!" said Johnny Bull.

The Famous Five waited in anxiety and dismay for Nugent to come out of the Head's study.

The Head's door opened at last, and Nugent came out. He was deadly pale, and he walked unsteadily. He seemed dazed. Harry Wharton clapped him on the shoulder.

"Frank, what's happened? What's the verdict?"

Frank looked at him dazedly.

"Sacked!" he said.

"Sacked?"

"Yes; sacked from the school!"

"Frank!"

"I'm sorry," said Nugent huskily. "I—

I'm sorry to leave you and the fellows and—the old school, Harry! It can't be helped! I—I've got to go! Harry!"

He sank his voice. "The Bounder's done this. You remember he said he would drive us all from the school one by one. I'm the first to go! He planned all this. He played on my anxiety about my minor, and I fell into the trap. Harry, when I'm gone, you'll keep an eye on Dicky, won't you?"

(Continued on page 23.)

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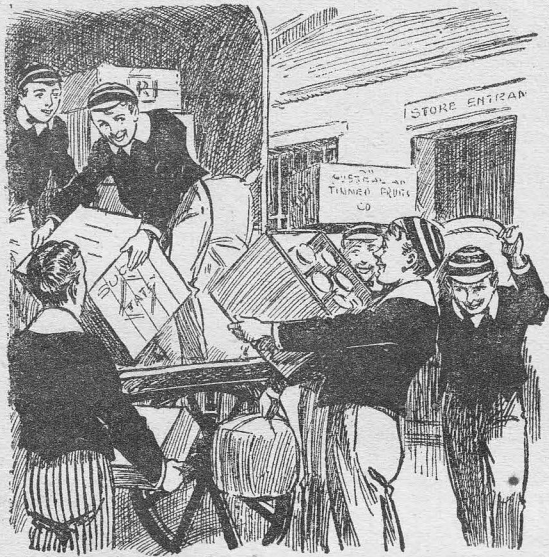
THE POPULAR—No. 162.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"TRACKING DOWN TOWSER!"

A GRAND STORY OF ST. JIM'S. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A NEW COMPLETE STORY OF TOM MERRY & CO.



**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**Rather Awkward!**

**"MERRY!"**  
Tom Merry, leader of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, turned as he heard his name called. He was just about to enter his study in the Shell passage, and Mr. Lathom, master of the Fourth, had seen him and called to him.

"Yes, sir?" said Tom.  
Mr. Lathom came up to him.  
"If you have nothing better to do, Dr. Holmes wants you to go over to Wayland and see what is the matter with Messrs. Drying, the provision dealers," said Mr. Lathom. "It is a half-holiday this afternoon, I know, but observing that it is Dr. Holmes' wish that you should go, I hope you will not feel that you are being deprived of your liberty."

Tom Merry looked surprised.  
"What is the matter with the provision dealers, sir?" he asked.

"They have not delivered any provisions since Monday last," explained Mr. Lathom. "It is highly necessary that a quantity of provisions should be obtained at once, I learn that the school stock has run very low. You are to ask Messrs. Drying why they have not delivered the goods as per custom."

"Has—the Head telephoned, sir?" asked Tom.

"He has tried, but he has been unable to get any reply," said Mr. Lathom.  
"Pray proceed at once, Merry."

"Very good, sir," said Tom. "We haven't a footer-match this afternoon, so we may as well go to Wayland as anywhere else."

"Just so," said Mr. Lathom, with a nod of his head. "Then I will tell the Head you are starting at once!"

"Very well, sir," said Tom.  
And, with another kindly nod, the master passed on his way.

Tom Merry went into his study, and found congregated there a number of juniors. All of them were looking more or less miserable, and Tom chuckled as he glanced at them.

"Of all the miserable-looking asses," he said, "commend me to you chaps! I've never in all my life seen such a—"

"Have you fixed the footer-match with Figgins?" asked Jack Blake, who was leader of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

"No; Figgys says he's got lines to do, Fatty is feeling a bit seedy, and Kerr has been detained for biffing over Monteith," said Tom. "So, altogether, the New House Co. are down in the dumps—like you chumps!"

"What's the good of having a half, if there's nothing to do, you dummy?" howled Manners of the Shell.

"Let's have a thumb-twiddling race!" suggested Monty Lowther sarcastically. "That would just about be cheerful enough for Tom."

"I'm going out," said Tom.  
"Going out?" snorted Manners.  
"What's the good of going out when there's only just enough funds left for tea?"

"I've been ordered out," said Tom calmly.

The other juniors looked at one another, and the miserable expressions left their faces, to give way to a grimness that even Tom understood.

"You've two seconds!" said Jack Blake grimly.

"And one's gone!" said Herries, with a snort.

Tom Merry chuckled.  
"I'm going to Wayland as an emissary—" he began.

"A whatter?" gasped Blake.

"An emissary!" repeated Tom Merry firmly. "The giddy grub hasn't arrived for to-morrow, and Dr. Holmes has instructed me to go and find out the reason."

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, speaking for the first time. "Am I to undahstand, Tom Mewwy, that we haven't any breakfast for to-mowwow?"

"There's something happened to Gussy," said Monty Lowther seriously.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Now, there must be, Gussy," said Lowther solemnly. "When you begin to understand the big words used by your betters—"

"Bai Jove! I regard you as a silly ass, Lowthah!" said Arthur Augustus, with a snort of disdain.

The other juniors chuckled. The irrepressible humorist of St. Jim's was constantly pulling the Swell of St. Jim's aristocratic leg.

Tom Merry took his cap and coat from

the peg, and prepared to proceed on his errand to Wayland.

"Anybody coming with me?" he asked. "If Lowther starts pulling Gussy's leg, there's sure to be trouble, and that'll mean lines all round. Get your caps and coats, and come along with me. We'll walk, as it's so cold."

"Think we're going to let you go alone, fathead?" growled Manners.

The Fourth-Formers went to their studies, and secured their caps and coats, and the party met at the gates. From there they turned towards Wayland.

Once they were out in the open air, the chums of St. Jim's soon forgot that time had hung heavily upon them. They forgot all about being miserable, and Arthur Augustus had kindly forgotten that Monty Lowther had made a disparaging, if humorous, remark.

After a long, sharp walk they arrived in Wayland, and proceeded straight to the biggest stores in the town, which were controlled by Messrs. Drying.

They entered the shop, and noticed at once that it was unusually full of customers. The stores had a good name, and had many customers on their books, but seldom had the chums of St. Jim's seen the big shop so packed.

"My hat!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "A giddy sale on, I should think."

"Remnant day, perhaps," said Monty Lowther solemnly.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy turned his monocle upon the humorist of the Shell with an expression that suggested both surprise and pity.

"Gwocahs do not have remnant days, deah boy," he said.

"Don't they sell what's left of the rashers, bits of cheese, and crumbs of cake and stuff?" asked Lowther, in amazement.

"Of course not, deah boy," said Gussy, and his solemnity was so genuine as to bring a roar of laughter from the juniors.

He looked at them wonderingly. Then he flushed, and his eyes gleamed behind his monocle.

"Lowthah, I believe you were pullin' my leg, you beast!" he said warmly.  
"Bai Jove, you wottah, I shall have no resource but to undahstah—"

"A feahful thwashing!" Monty

THE POPULAR—No. 162.

# The St. Jim's Carmen!

A New and Thrilling Complete Story of Tom Merry & Co. the Famous Chums of St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Lowther finished the sentence for him, chuckling, and dodged after Tom Merry and Manners, who were pushing their way through the crowd of people towards a door which bore, in thick, black letters: "Manager.—Private."

"I'll—I'll slay that dummy!" muttered Arthur Augustus, as he pushed his way after the other juniors as they followed Lowther.

"Not in a public stores, Gussy!" said Blake. "We don't want Monty Lowther served up at breakfast at St. Jim's as prime sausage!"

"It would be pork sausage, anyhow!" said D'Arcy, with a withering glare at Monty Lowther's back.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Must tell Monty that one," said Blake, grinning. "Gussy's getting quite smart in his old age."

By this time Tom Merry had reached the door, and had tapped upon it. There came no answer. Tom tapped again, and he heard a grunt of dissatisfaction from within. He took the grunt to mean permission to enter, so he turned the handle of the door, and the juniors streamed into the office.

They found Mr. Dryling, senior partner of the stores, sitting at his desk. The ruffled state of his hair suggested that his fingers had been constantly rubbed through it. His face suggested that he was annoyed, and certainly his first words bore out the latter suggestion.

"What do you want?" he demanded surlily.

"Grub!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "The Head has been trying to ring you up—Dr. Holmes, of St. Jim's, you know."

Mr. Dryling looked across the office, and the juniors, following his gaze, discovered why Dr. Holmes had not managed to attract the attention of the stores. The receiver of the instrument had been taken off, and left off. Thus no call could be put through.

"I had to do that," said Mr. Dryling, half apologetically. "The whole blessed county has been ringing me up to-day, and during the last two days. I was so sick of the sound of a telephone bell I took off the receiver."

"Why? What's the matter?" asked Jack Blake curiously.

"My carmen are on strike, and I can't get any goods to St. Jim's or anywhere else!" said Mr. Dryling.

"My hat!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Ain't we going to get any grub for to-morrow?" asked Monty Lowther warmly.

Mr. Dryling shook his head and rubbed his fingers through his hair again. "No," he said; "not unless you boys care to carry the stuff over!"

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**St. Jim's to the Rescue!**

"WELL, here's a go!" said Tom Merry emphatically. "What the dickens is going to happen now? We can't carry all the stuff over by ourselves. Got any barrows, Mr. Dryling?"

The grocer shook his head.

"Got rid of them all long ago," he announced dismally.

There was a thoughtful frown on the noble brow of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. He was the only junior who was looking

thoughtful. The others were looking more concerned than thoughtful.

It certainly was rather awkward. The stores could not supply St. Jim's with the provisions if they had no means of getting them to the school. And no stores meant no grub, as Herries lugubriously expressed it.

"What's the matter with the carmen?" demanded Blake warmly.

"They want extra pay for going outside a two-mile radius," said Mr. Dryling, and his eyes gleamed angrily.

"They won't get it! My brother and I will close the stores before we give way to such an outrageous proposal! The business won't stand it."

"My giddy aunt!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "Have you explained that their demands are unreasonable?"

"Of course. But they are in an unreasonable mood. They are decent fellows enough at heart, but they have allowed themselves to be led away by a paid agitator," said Mr. Dryling grimly. "They are very well paid. They get higher pay than the carmen in London on similar work. We believe that by trusting them generously we have our employees' warmest interest in the business, and consequently better trade. They'll come round, but the question is when?"

The juniors had heard of taxicab-drivers having a limited radius to which they were bound by law to take passengers. They had never thought that carmen would try and get a similar law passed by themselves for their own benefit.

"Well, it's rotten, that's all I've got to say!" said Digby, with a snort. "We want our grub up at St. Jim's!"

"Exactly!" agreed Mr. Dryling. "But you see the position, young gentlemen. Fortunately—unfortunately for me at the moment—there's not the unemployment prevalent here that there is elsewhere. If I were to get more carmen in I couldn't find accommodation for them. So I've got to wait until the men give in. All my customers are personally attending to their needs to-day, for I haven't been able to deliver a packet of tea for days!"

The juniors nodded, and looked thoughtful. It was then that Arthur Augustus placed his monocle firmly in his eye, and surveyed the merchant with a superior sort of smile upon his lips.

"Weally, deah boy, there's a vewy simple wemeddy," he said quietly. "I've thought it all out!"

The position was so serious that even Monty Lowther refrained from passing a jocular remark when D'Arcy said that.

"I should be glad to hear it, sir," said Mr. Dryling wearily. "I've tried to think of a way out for days, and I'm just where I started!"

"It's quite simple, weally," said D'Arcy, with a grin. "We take the provisions to St. Jim's ourselves, deah boys!"

"See me walking miles with a bag of flour on my back!" said Tom Merry, with a grunt.

"And myself with a string of sausages round my neck!" added Herries. "I'll take a few bones back for Towser—"

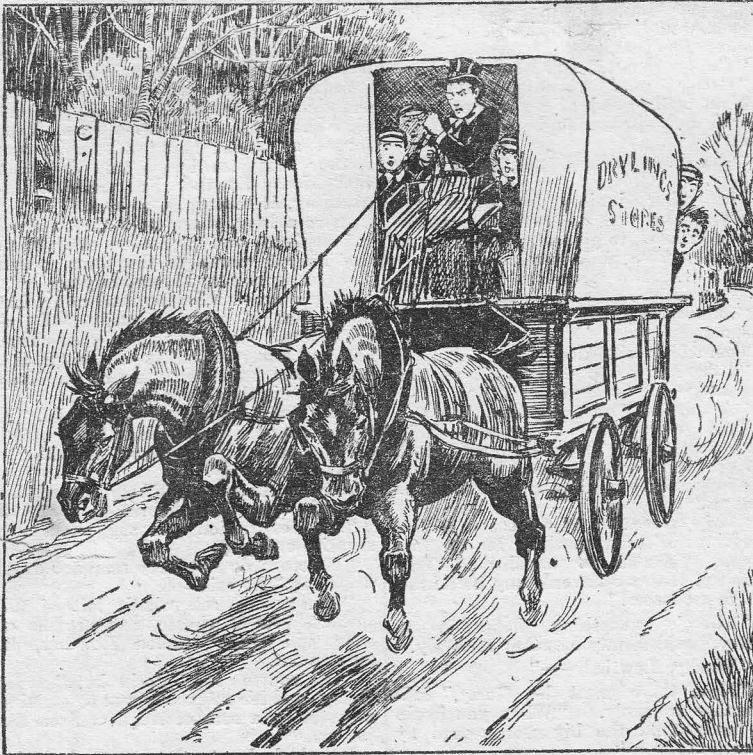
"Blow Towzah!" said Arthur Augustus severely. "It would do him good to go without for once!"

"Look here, you dummy—" hooted Herries indignantly.

"Peace, gentlemen, peace!" broke in Mr. Dryling. "I've enough war on my hands now without any more cropping up under my nose. You were going to suggest something, Master D'Arcy?"

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!" said

(Continued on page 17.)



Down the lane, from one side of the road to the other, the van was drawn at a terrific speed. The horses broke into a gallop, and D'Arcy lay back on the reins, tugging with all his might. "Bai Jove!" he panted. "We—I—they won't stop, deah boys!" (See Chapter 3.)



# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Sr. 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.

## TUBBY MUFFIN'S TOBOGGAN ADVENTURE!

By VALENTINE MORNINGTON.

"FOR months we've been praying that it would snow," said Jimmy Silver. "And now we've got snow with a vengeance! Just look at it, you fellows!"

Lovell and Newcome and Raby joined Jimmy Silver at the study window.

The quadrangle at Rookwood was heavily carpeted with snow. No light snowfall this—no mere sprinkling. It was as if the clouds had suddenly opened, and disgorged millions of tons of snow.

The snow lay deep, but it was not "crisp and even." It lay in huge mounds. There were hillocks of snow all over the quad.

"Sufficient snow there to make a regiment of snowmen!" exclaimed Lovell. "I've never seen anything like it!"

"We ought to have some sport on an afternoon like this," said Raby. "Who says tobogganing?"

There was an eager chorus of assent. "Where are the toboggans coming from?" inquired Jimmy Silver at length.

"We can hire 'em in the village," said Newcome. "Then we'll go along to Steephill Down and have a great time!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. found plenty of reinforcements.

There had been no tobogganing in the snow for a long time, for the simple reason that there had been no snow. Now, however, there was a surfeit of it. It was just the afternoon for such a rare sport as tobogganing.

Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern Side joined the party. And Kit Erroll and Teddy Grace and Conroy also came along, wearing mufflers round their necks, for it was intensely cold.

Tubby Muffin also elected to be one of the party. Tubby's appearance caused general amusement. He looked very much fatter than usual, and in imminent danger of bursting.

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "You're like a blown-out balloon, Tubby! What's happened?"

"It's a cold day," said Tubby. "But the cold doesn't cause you to swell, does it?"

"No, ass! I've put on three shirts, two waistcoats, and a sweater!"

"My only aunt!"

"It's as well, I consider, to take precautions," said Tubby "I don't want to get laid up with pneumonia, or herpes, or anything like that!"

"Ha, ha! He means pleurisy!" chuckled Lovell. "Poor old Tubby, always getting hold of the wrong end of the stick! Coming with us to Steephill Down, Tubby?"

"Of course!"

"But you won't find a toboggan that will fit you," said Teddy Grace. "They'll all be too small!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"



**JIMMY SILVER COMES A CROPPER!** Jimmy Silver shot downwards and managed to remain on the top of the wall for a few yards. Then the toboggan skidded and shot into space!

Tubby Muffin paid no heed to the chaff. He rolled along beside his schoolfellows as they tramped through the snow to the village.

The toboggans were duly hired, and dragged to the top of Steephill Down.

This occupied nearly an hour, for Steephill Down was a very lofty eminence. It was not one clean slope from top to bottom, but consisted of a number of small hills, ranged on top of one another.

On the topmost hill, the Rookwood juniors came to a halt with their toboggans.

They were breathing hard with their exertions. Tubby Muffin was practically winded.

"Now, you fellows," said Jimmy Silver, when he had sufficiently regained his breath, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Down the face of this top hill, we'll erect a solid wall of snow. The top of the wall will be about a yard wide."

"But what's the idea?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"We'll slide down the wall on our toboggans. The idea will be to try and keep on the wall, instead of shooting off it and landing in the snow. It's a competition, you see. Something like walking the greasy pole. The fellow who slides the farthest distance down the wall will be declared the winner."

"Good wheeze!" said Lovell.

The juniors at once set about the task of building the wall. They scooped up snow in large quantities, and banked it together.

At the end of an hour's labour the wall was complete. It was about four feet high, and it ran down the slope of the top hill, finishing on the ledge below.

"I say, you fellows," said Tubby Muffin. "I'm going to win this competition! I've got a feeling in my bones!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby's entry into the contest was not taken seriously. Tommy Doyle predicted that the fat junior would shoot a yard or two down the wall, and then turn a somersault into the snow beneath.

"Who's going first?" asked Raby. "I'll set the ball rolling," said Jimmy Silver.

He mounted his toboggan on the top of the wall of snow, and was assisted into it.

At a given signal the fellows who were holding the toboggan suddenly let go, and Jimmy Silver shot downwards.

For a dozen yards he careered, and managed to remain on the top of the wall by means of skillful steering.

Then the toboggan skidded abruptly to one side, and it shot into space. Jimmy Silver,

(Continued on the next page.)

## TUBBY MUFFIN'S TOBOGGAN ADVENTURE!

(Continued from previous page.)

owing to circumstances over which he had no control, accompanied it.

"Twelve yards!" said Tommy Cook. "You can beat that, Dodd!"

"I'll have a good shot at it, anyhow!" said Tommy Dodd.

But the leader of the Moderns was unfortunate. He came to grief almost at once. Directly the other fellows removed their restraining hands from his toboggan it sped downwards. Tommy Dodd tried to steer a straight course, but the toboggan was too quick for him. He shot off the top of the wall, and Tommy was precipitated into the snow beneath.

"Rough luck!" said Tommy Doyle. "Faith, an' I'll see if I can beat Silver's effort!"

The Irish junior failed to beat it. And the others failed in turn. It was no easy matter, to steer the toboggan successfully to the end of the snow wall.

Tubby Muffin was the last to compete. It was with great difficulty that the fat junior was hoisted up to the top of the wall and seated in his toboggan. Tubby is no light weight, and the additional encumbrance of three shirts, two waistcoats, and a sweater did not render the weight-lifters' task any easier.

At last, however, all was in readiness for Tubby to commence his descent.

"Give him a push!" murmured Lovell. Tubby was propelled from behind, and his toboggan shot forward.

Everyone expected to see the fat junior shoot into space, as the other competitors had done.

But Tubby managed, by a miracle, to steer a perfectly straight course. He went farther than Jimmy Silver had gone; in fact, he went right to the end of the wall.

There was a wide ledge there, on which the spectators expected to see Tubby's toboggan come to a halt.

But the toboggan had gathered terrific speed by this time. It flatly refused to halt. It fairly leapt over the ledge, and continued its downward career. Down and down it went—down and ever down—until it was almost lost to sight.

To the juniors watching from the summit of Steephill Down, the toboggan seemed a mere speck.

"Great Scott!" gasped Jimmy Silver, turning pale. "Tubby's gone right to the bottom!"

"There's nothing in the way," said Jimmy Silver. "Nothing whatever to check him! He'll shoot right down to the bottom!"

"This hill's a frantic height, and the toboggan's going at a rate of goodness knows how many miles an hour!" said Conroy. "Poor old Tubby! He'll be terribly smashed up!"

And that was the general fear.

With pale, anxious faces, the juniors descended the series of hills.

The descent was naturally accomplished much more quickly than the climb.

As they neared the foot of the lowest hill, the juniors heard a voice which caused them to brighten up at once.

"I say, you fellows—"

"He's alive, at all events!" said Jimmy Silver, heaving a deep sigh of relief.

"I say, you fellows, I've had the shock of my life!" said Tubby Muffin. "I whizzed down those hills at such a rate that I believe I must have lost consciousness. But, as you see, I finished up in a snowdrift, and it was a soft landing. I was horribly afraid that there might be a brick wall or something at the foot of the hill!"

"We're awfully glad there are no bones broken, Tubby!" said Tommy Dodd.

Tubby Muffin pulled a wry face.

"I'm not so sure about that!" he said. "I believe I've fractured my thigh, and got curvature of the spine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fact that Tubby Muffin was on his feet and walking about clearly proved that he had neither of these disabilities.

"You've won the competition, anyway!" said Jimmy Silver. "Jolly good, Tubby! We'll stand you a feed for that! You can come along to the bunshop in the village, and order anything you like to name!"

Did Tubby Muffin immediately decline that handsome offer?

Not much!

THE END.

THE POPULAR—No. 162.



— By —  
Ralph Reckness  
Cardew.

**D**ON'T misunderstand me, dear readers. When I speak of "cats" I cast no reflection upon quarrelsome flappers or aggressive mothers-in-law.

I refer to the four-legged, fur-covered felines which prowl around in search of mice.

Now, a cat is popularly supposed to be able to catch mice and put them permanently to sleep.

My personal experience of cats is that mouse-hunting is the last thing they think about.

I was working late the other evening in my study—I had a stiff imposition to write for old Railton—when suddenly I heard sounds of scratching and squeaking.

The sounds came from the cupboard. I leapt to my feet, and, rushing to the cupboard, lunged it open.

Three mice—not three blind mice, for they certainly saw me—promptly scuttled away through a hole at the back of the cupboard.

"Confound those beastly rodents!" I growled. "They've made off with half a currant-cake! And they seem to have had a jolly good nibble at everything in the cupboard!"

I was intensely annoyed. It isn't nice to have one's grub mauled about by mice.

None of the food left in my cupboard was eatable. I'm not fastidious, but I can't touch stuff which has been sampled by mice.

I scrapped all my supplies, and got in a fresh lot next day.

In the quad I ran into Monty Lowther.

"Tell me, Brother Montague," I said, "how can I protect my grub from the attentions of mice?"

"Set a trap, of course!" said Lowther. "You can buy a mousetrap from Taggles, the porter, for a mere song. Bait it with cheese, and plant it in your cupboard, and to-morrow morning you'll be in a position to hold an inquest on the body of an unknown mouse."

"But what's the use of killing one mouse?" I protested. "That's no remedy. It's like putting a plaster on a cancer!"

"If you capture one mouse in your trap," said Lowther, "the friends and relations of that mouse will keep their distance. The untimely fate of their colleague will warn them of the danger of raiding your grub."

I decided to put Monty Lowther's suggestion into practice.

Taggles sold me a mousetrap for a few pence, and I set it, and placed it on the shelf on which most of my grub was stacked.

"Now, my friends," I said, addressing an invisible army of mice, "there's going to be a death in your family to-night!"

Early next morning I went to my study to investigate.

Would you believe it? The mousetrap was just as I had left it overnight, and the piece of cheese with which it was baited was intact!

Yet, when I examined my food, I found it had all been tampered with! That was the second lot of grub which had to be destroyed.

"Confound you and your mousetrap suggestions!" I said to Monty Lowther, next time I met him.

"Didn't the thing work?" asked Lowther, in surprise.

"Of course not! The mice simply laughed at it, and gave it a wide berth. How the dickens am I going to get rid of the little pests?"

Lowther's next suggestion consisted of two words.

"The cat," he said.

"Eh? Which cat?"

"The kitchen cat. Ripping mouser," said Lowther. "Caught over a thousand mice in 1921, and it's going to beat all records in 1922. Borrow the kitchen cat this evening, and shut it in your study. Leave the cupboard door ajar, so that when the mice arrive the cat can pounce in upon 'em."

It seemed quite a good suggestion. I could find no flaw in it. So I bought yet another supply of food, borrowed the kitchen cat from the cook, and shut her (the cat, not the cook) in my study.

Next morning I confidently expected to find the carpet littered with dead mice.

No such luck!

What I did find goaded me to fury.

I had purchased a small chicken, likewise a pound of sausages, from the butcher's in Wayland.

That wretched cat had appeased its unhealthy appetite in the silent watches of the night by devouring both chicken and sausages!

I knew that the mice couldn't have got through such a quantity of food. The cat was the culprit. There was no question about that.

To add insult to injury, the misguided animal had made itself comfortable on my sofa; moreover, on my best cushion.

The cat had been moulting, I believe. Anyway, it had shed long white hairs all over cushion and sofa.

But this was not all. Whilst foraging in my cupboard, the clumsy creature had knocked my one and only tea-service off the shelf, and smashed a crowd of cups and saucers.

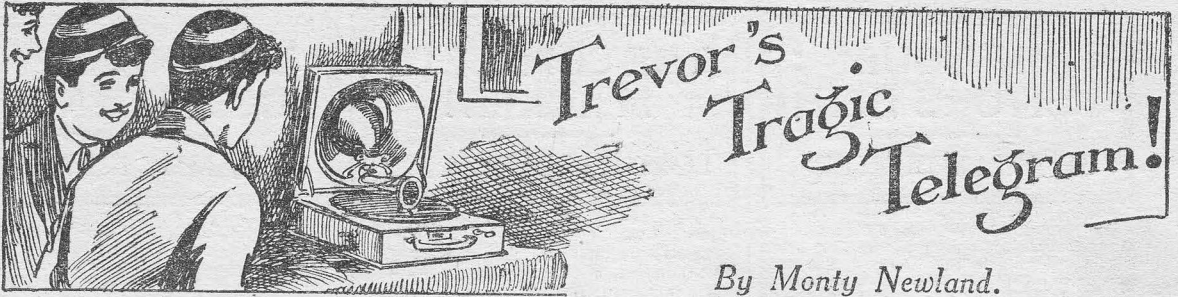
I had a very short way with that cat. I gave it the order of the boot instanter. As it slunk towards the door my boot galvanized it into speedier progress.

The mice still raid my cupboard. They always will, I suppose. I'm resigned to it, just as a fellow resigns himself to a carbuncle, or a wart on his nose.

Talk not to me of cats! I have no faith in them. Apart from the fact that they make night hideous with their shrill songs, they are no use whatever as mouse-destroyers.

The next time I see the kitchen cat I expect it will fly for its life. And Monty Lowther, at whose suggestion I made use of the animal, will also fly for his life—if he sets any value on it!

[Supplement II.]



"**W**E'RE playing Beverley College to-morrow," said Bob Cherry. "Jove, what a journey! It's somewhere near Land's End, isn't it, you fellows?"

"It's a six-hour railway journey, anyway," said Harry Wharton. "We've got to catch the seven fifty-five from Friardale in the morning."

"Which means getting up in the middle of the night!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"And bolting our brekker in about two ticks!" growled Nugent.

"The boltfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous brekker," said Hurree Singh, "will be terrific!"

Football matches between the Greyfriars Remove and the Fourth Form of Beverley College took place only once a year. Which was a blessing, for the distance to Beverley was considerable.

As a rule, the Removites were tired and travel-stained by the time they reached their destination, with the result that Beverley always gave them a licking.

This annual match always saw the Greyfriars Remove go under. Sometimes they lost by six goals to nil, sometimes by only a couple of goals; but they always lost. This year they were hopeful of breaking their run of bad luck.

"If only we could get something to cheer us up on-the journey!" said Bob Cherry. "It wouldn't be so bad then. We shouldn't feel so stale and tired when we get to the other end."

Wharton nodded.

"Can you suggest anything that will enliven the journey, Bob?"

Bob stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"We might have some music," he ventured.

"What price Browney's gramophone?" exclaimed Nugent suddenly. "Let's borrow it, and have it in the carriage with us. It gives us the pip to hear it when we're in our study, trying to do prep or write stories; but in a railway carriage it would be a boon and a blessing."

"Yes, rather!"

"Let's go and ask Browney if we can borrow it!" said Wharton.

The Famous Five went along to Tom Brown's study.

They found the New Zealand junior lying rather limply on the couch.

There had been a Form match on the Wednesday, and Tom Brown had been crooked. On this account, he would be unable to play against Beverley, and his place at full-back was being filled by Tom Redwing.

"Browney, old sport," said Bob Cherry, "wilt do us a favour?"

"Any mortal thing!" was the reply.

"Lend us your gramophone to-morrow to cheer us up in the train?"

"All serene," said Tom Brown. "Look here, I've got a dozen new records that are dearer to me than life itself. You'll take great care of them, won't you? It would break my heart if anything happened to them. Three of them are Caruso records."

"We'll be very careful," promised Wharton.

"Awfully, fearfully careful!" said Nugent.

"Right you are!" said Tom Brown. "I'll let you have them solely on that condition."

"Many thanks!"

The Remove footballers were up betimes next morning.

They were taking Trevor with them as a reserve player, in case of emergency. Trevor, usually something of a slacker, had been showing good form of late, and Harry Wharton had no hesitation in selecting him as twelfth man.

Tom Brown sat up in bed as the early risers prepared to leave the dormitory.

"I say, Trevor," he said, "if anything startling happens, you might send me a wire."

"Certainly!" said Trevor.

The footballers took their departure. A hasty breakfast had been gobbled, and they were soon speeding westward in the train.

Tom Brown's gramophone was opened and set in motion. And it contributed greatly to the gaiety of the party. So much so that they scarcely noticed the long journey.

Each record was put on in turn, and then the whole dozen were used again. Great care was taken not to damage them in any way. They were the apple, so to speak, of Browney's eye, and the juniors knew how upset Tom Brown would be if anything happened to them.

When the train reached Beverley the Remove footballers could hardly realise that they had been traveling six solid hours.

"The time's gone in a flash!" said Wharton.

"Thanks to Browney's gramophone!" said Nugent.

"And to think of the times we've sung a hymn of hate at Greyfriars when we've heard this gramophone going!" said Peter Todd.

"It'll cheer us on the journey back, too."



The ball came chest high, and Harry Wharton met it and breasted it into the net. "Two up!" chortled Bob Cherry.

said Vernon-Smith, "especially if we lick Beverley for the first time in history."

"Yes, rather!"

On reaching the college the juniors found that Beverley were fielding practically a reserve team, the regular eleven being sadly depleted owing to an outbreak of influenza.

Brooks, the skipper, and one of the few who had not fallen a victim to the 'flu, smiled ruefully as he shook hands with Harry Wharton.

"Afraid we shall go under to-day," he said. "Poorest team we've put in the field for some time."

"I'm sorry," said Wharton. "Beastly nuisance, this 'flu!"

"Of course," said Brooks, "we're going to play up like fury. You'll have all your work cut out to beat us."

It was a fast, keen game.

The Remove forwards played dashing football, and the Beverley goal was early in danger.

Dick Penfold, playing at inside-right, was the best of an excellent set of forwards. And it was Penfold who opened the scoring ten minutes from the start. He drove in a

fast ground shot which left the goalie helpless.

Having drawn first blood, the Friars continued on the offensive.

Hurree Singh, tricking three opponents in turn, sent across a delightful pass. The ball came to Wharton chest high, and the captain of the Remove, without waiting to trap it, breasted it into the net.

"Two up!" chortled Bob Cherry. "We're getting our own back on Beverley at last!"

Just before half-time, Bob himself scored. He tried a long shot, and the goalie was utterly deceived by the flight of the ball.

With the Remove three goals up at the interval, it seemed a hopeless case for Beverley. They attacked desperately in the second half, but the Remove defenders—Bulstrode, Bull, and Redwing—offered a stout resistance.

The score remained at three-nil until a few minutes from the end, when Dick Penfold broke away twice in quick succession, and netted each time.

The Remove came off the field victorious, happy, and glorious. They had won by five goals to nil, and Dick Penfold had performed the hat-trick.

Trevor, who had been watching the game from the touch-line, darted away in a state of great excitement to the village post-office. Here he despatched the following telegram:

"Brown, Remove, Greyfriars, Friardale.—Penfold has smashed all records.—Trevor."

Perhaps it would have been more explicit if Trevor had stated the actual score. But the one outstanding feature of the game was Penfold's hat-trick. He took it for granted that Tom Brown would understand that the Remove had gained a handsome victory.

On reading the telegram, Tom Brown was considerably agitated. No beaming smile illuminated his countenance; no frantic shout of joy burst from his lips. He paced up and down his study in a state of fury, and several hours later he went down to the school gates to await the arrival of the Remove team.

Presently they came in sight, carrying their bags, and chanting a happy chorus.

Tom Brown peered through the darkness until he identified Dick Penfold. Then, with a roar of rage, he rushed at Dick, and proceeded to pummel him with his fists.

"Take that, you rotter—and that—and that—"

"Great Scott!" gasped Penfold, staggering back. "Hold him off, you fellows! He's gone potty! Drop it, Brown, you ass! What have I done?"

"Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!"

"I'll teach you to smash all my records!" roared the infuriated Tom Brown.

"W-w-what!"

Harry Wharton & Co. sprang upon Tom Brown, and dragged him back.

"Calm down, old chap," said Harry Wharton. "Your gramophone records are safe and sound."

"But—but Trevor wired me—"

"I wired you that Penfold had smashed all records," said Trevor. "So he has. He scored three goals against Beverley."

"Oh!"

Tom Brown's face was a study.

"I—I thought the telegram referred to my gramophone records!" he stammered. "Oh, my hat! So sorry, Penfold, old man!"

Dick Penfold dabbed at his nose with a handkerchief.

"It's all right," he said; "but I suggest that in future you inquire first, and strike afterwards."

"I will," said Tom Brown humbly.

And the next time he receives a telegram he won't be so ready to jump to conclusions!

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

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Deer Readers,—I am still without a dickshunary, so if one or two spelling errors should cropp up in this Editorial, you must blame the bees who have raided my study!

I have been making frantick efforts to borrow a dickshunary, but in vane.

First of all I went to Mr. Prout.

"May I borrow your dickshunary, sir?" I asked.

"No, Bunter. Certainly not! If I let it pass into your hands, I mite never see it agane!"

"I'll return it as soon as I've finnishid with it, sir."

"But the trubble is, you'll never finnish with it. You will need a dickshunary all threew life. Your spelling is terribul. You will never learn how to spell korrekctly!"

I then approached Mr. Quelch. He was bizzy on his Histery of Greyfriars, and before I had time to pop the question he ordered me out of his study.

"You no very well, Bunter," he said, "that I hate being disturbed when I am bizzy!"

"But I came to ask you, sir—"

"I don't want to here what you came to ask me! Go!"

I then went to the Head's study.

Dockter Locke was fast asleep in his chair.

"I won't disturb him," I muttered.

"Their's a dickshunary on the top of his bookshelf. I'll climb up and get it."

I mounted a chair, and, standing on tip-toe, tried to reach down the dickshunary.

Alass! I brought down the hole blessed box of trix!

The bookcase came down with a mity crash, and the Head started out of sleep.

He thought at first that it was a nertquake, and then he caught site of me.

"Retched boy!" he eggscialmed. "You are trespassing in my study! You were about to sirlorn one of my books!"

"Oh crumms! I—"

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

I reseved six stinging cuts with the cane, and sorrowfully referened to my editorial sanktum—still minus a dickshunary!

Your morntul chum,

**Your Editor.**

**THE COMPLETE  
SLACKER!**

By **LORD MAULEVERER.**

Some fellows, in and out of school,  
Indulge in jape and jest and "rag."  
But I, begad, don't play the fool—  
It's too much fag!

Some daring souls explore the cliffs,  
And nimbly leap from crag to crag.  
I don't go raiding with the rest—  
It's too much fag!

The study-raider goes in quest  
Of tuck, or else a heap of swag.  
I don't go raiding with the rest—  
It's too much fag!

Some chaps assemble at debates  
And never cease to jaw and nag.  
Such arguments my spirit hates—  
It's too much fag!

Leap-frog is played by many a chump  
Within the box-room, or the Rag.  
Such sport, dear boys, gives me the hump—  
It's too much fag!

There are some precious swankers, too,  
Chock full of boast and bounce and brag.  
I never talk of what I do—  
It's too much fag!

Some of these boasters, 'pon my word,  
I'd like to suffocate and gag.  
I've thought of it, yet never stirred—  
It's too much fag!

Some fellows from the footer-field  
Their tired and aching tootsies drag.  
To such a fate I'd never yield—  
It's too much fag!

Give me a quiet corner-seat  
Where I may sit and read a mag.  
Don't ask me, boys, to jaw or eat—  
It's too much fag!

**MY UNHAPPY  
EGGSPERIENCE!**

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

It is a trajjick tall of woe that I have to relate this week, deer readers.

The other afternoon I was returning from Friardale, when I saw, standing outside the gate of a private house, a try-sickle.

You no what a try-sickle is, of course? It's a bi-sickle with three legs. It is generally ridden by very old jossers with the gout.

Well, I stood looking at this tri-sickle for a long time. I thought it looked rather lonely. Nobody seemed to own it.

"I'll ride it back to Greyfriars," I said, "and keep it at the skool until the owner comes and claims it."

With that object in view, I clambered into the saddle.

My legs are so short that my feat didn't touch the peddles. But that was no dror-back, for the try-sickle stood on the top of a steep hill. I just gave it one push, and it shot forward at a terriffick speed.

I fairly flew down that hill, nocking over everything and everybuddy that stood in my path.

People shouted at me, but I took no heed. I tried to apply the breaks, but they wouldn't act.

Fortchune favored me, however. I slowed up before I reached the skool gates, and was able to dismount without diffikulty.

My bruther Billy met me in the Close.

"Wear did you get that try-sickle, Sammy?" he demanded.

"You go and fry your face!" I retorted.

"Nun of your cheek!" said Billy sharply.

While we stood chatting a man came hobbling threw the skool gateway. He was a man with a flowing beard, about eighty years of age (the man, not the beard). He evidently suffered from pneumatics, for he carried a crutch.

"My try-sickle!" he eride. "Har, har! I have run the thief to earth!"

And then, rushing at me like a whirlwind, he prosceeded to belaber me with the crutch.

Whack, whack, whack!

When the castigation was over, the old man rode away on his try-sickle, ballancing his crutch over his sholder.

As for me, I lay groaning in the Close, covered from head to foot with wheels and broozes and bumps.

THE END.

**PEEPS INTO THE  
FUTURE!**

By **George Kerr.**



**AUBREY RACKE.**

**CANDID CONFESSIONS!**

Collected by **MONTY LOWTHER.**

	<b>TOM MERRY.</b>	<b>FATTY WYNN.</b>	<b>ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.</b>
What is your greatest ambition?	To lead a British Expeditionary Force.	To live on the fat of the land.	To sit in the House of Lords, bai Jove!
Who is your favourite author?	R. L. Stevenson.	Mrs. Beeton.	Mr. Whyte-Spatts.
Which was the most awkward moment of your life?	When I set a booby-trap for Lowther, and it descended on the Head's head!	When, instead of cooking a chop, I got hold of an axe and started chopping the cook!	When Herries' bulldog fastened its fangs in the seat of my Sunday bags, and refused to let go.
Which was your proudest moment?	When I led the St. Jim's junior eleven on to the field for the first time.	When I joined the O.T.C (Official Tuck-hunters' Corps).	When my tailor named a new waistcoat after me!
Whom do you regard as the biggest ass at St. Jim's?	Gussy!	Gussy!	Tom Merry and Fatty Wynn (dead heat).
What is your pet aversion?	"Rats!"	An aching void.	That beastly bulldog afore-mentioned.
What do you think of "Billy Bunter's Weekly"?	A "weakly" production.	A Wynn-er all the way!	A budget of balderdash, bai Jove!
Which is the best pastime going?	Footer.	Feeding.	Buying togs in Bond Street.



**THE ST. JIM'S CARMEN!**

(Continued from page 12.)

Gussy. "I suggest we take the provisions to St. Jim's in one of the vans."  
 "My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "You mean drive the giddy horses ourselves?"

"Not exactly, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "I meant I dwive the horses, Tom Mewwy!"

"Jingo!" ejaculated Mr. Dryling. "Have you young gentlemen any idea of how to drive? There's little or no heavy traffic in this part of the world, so there would not be any great difficulty!"

"I've dwiven a pair, deah boy," said D'Arcy quietly. "In fact, I've dwiven a four-in-hand!"

"Good!" chuckled Mr. Dryling, rubbing his hands. "Good! Splendid! Magnificent! Master D'Arcy, allow me to congratulate you on what is undoubtedly a very smart idea!"

Arthur Augustus bowed gracefully. In less than ten minutes the juniors were at the back of Messrs. Drylings' yards, where an enormous supply of provisions were being loaded into a big van by the store's employees.

The horses had been harnessed without much difficulty, although some of the buckles had puzzled the juniors as to their use for a few moments. D'Arcy, however, knew more than a little about harness, and had come to the rescue.

When the van was ready to move off the big gates of the yard were thrown open. Quite a little knot of people stood outside, and there was a murmur as the elegant junior from St. Jim's drove the van out.

But the presence of the other juniors, all of whom were crowded into the van, kept the carmen on strike from stopping the progress of the van.

The van was allowed to go on down the road, and into the country lanes of the surrounding district. Tom Merry climbed up beside Gussy, and Manners clambered up and took up a position on the opposite side.

There was a frown upon Gussy's noble brow. He looked uncomfortable and ill-at-ease.

"Better let me have the reins, Gussy," said Tom Merry. "You look as if you were going to a funeral. What's the matter?"

"The blessed gee-gees want to go opposite roads, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus. "One wants to go to the wight, and the othah to the left!"

Tom Merry looked down at the horses. Certainly they appeared to be trying to run away from one another. One of the horses had his head turned towards one side of the road, and the other was looking in the opposite direction.

The Shell leader chuckled suddenly. "I know what's wrong," he said. "You've got the horses on the wrong sides of the shafts, Gussy."

"Bai Jove! Pewwaps you're wight, deah boy!" said Gussy. "I'll pull up and we'll change them ovah!"

He pulled on the reins as he spoke, and lay back in his seat. He was strapped up to prevent himself from falling forward. But the horses did not stop.

They opened their mouths wide as the bits pulled against them, but they went faster than before.

"Whoa—back, you wottah!" said Gussy hotly.

"Whoa!" shouted the juniors, in chorus.

The horses did not "whoa." If anything, they went faster still. Tom Merry and Manners gripped the reins, and gave their weight to pulling in the animals. But the hard mouths of the horses, though wide opened by the tight reins, merely opened wider.

"M-m-m-my hat!" said Monty Lowther. "Pull the beggars in, you chaps!"

"We're—we're trying to!" panted Manners and Tom Merry together.

Gussy did not speak. He was tugging at the reins with all his might. The horses went on.

Down the lanes, from one side of the road to the other, the van was drawn at a great rate. The horses broke into a gallop, and the gates of St. Jim's loomed up almost before the juniors realised the fact.

"Bai Jove!" panted D'Arcy. "We—I—they won't stop, deah boys!"

There was a little crowd of fellows at the gates. Figgins & Co. stood there, Fatty Wynn being well wrapped up in a big coat and a thick muffler.

"Whoa, you fellows!" shouted Figgins. "This is the place for the giddy grub!"

Manners, Merry, and Gussy tried their utmost to pull in the horses. They failed dismally, and the gates of St. Jim's and the juniors around them were left behind.

Clatter, clatter, clatter!  
 The van horses were still steadily galloping along. They appeared to find enjoyment in the work.

"The horses like work better than their masters!" said Herries, who was enjoying the little comedy.

"Whoa, you uttah bwutes!" shouted Gussy.

"Don't tell us you can drive again!" snorted Digby. "You dummies! You ought to have left them to me!"

To tell the truth, the three juniors in front were beginning to have the same idea. They would rather anybody had the horses but themselves.

They turned a corner suddenly, and Monty Lowther, who was looking out at the front of the van, was nearly thrown head foremost out of the vehicle. And

then his head struck a small shell-case which was suspended from one of the cover supports, and it gave out a bell-like clamour.

"M-m-m-my hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "We'll get to Land's End—"

The next moment he was nearly cast from his foothold. The horses, with one accord, stiffened their hind legs, and fairly slid along the ground.

The strap round Gussy's waist saved him from being thrown on top of the horses. The juniors inside the van were thrown on to the floor, and Monty Lowther, who had been rubbing his head and pouring forth threats what he would do to the horses, was given the opportunity of rubbing the other side of his head as he collided with a huge bag of flour.

Then the van stopped. Gussy, panting for breath, and with his eyes gleaming behind his monocle, turned triumphantly to his chums.

"Theah you are, deah boys!" he said proudly. "I thought I would win in the end."

"You—you thought you—you would win in the end!" stuttered Monty Lowther furiously. "You fatheaded dummy!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"You burbling chump!" roared Manners, rubbing his shoulder and glaring at the swell of the Fourth.

"Weally, Mannahs—"

"You great big bungler!" hooted Herries. "You've nearly busted my back!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy peered about in a state of high indignation. He, in his opinion, had saved the juniors a long journey by diligently sticking to the reins, and pulling in the horses, although they had gone far past St. Jim's.

He glared at the chums, speechless. Without a word he got down from his seat, and turned the horses round, holding them by the rings on the outside of their bits.

The animals swung the van round, and came to a dead stop. Then Gussy climbed back into his seat, strapped himself in, and chirruped to the horses to start. But they remained motionless.

"Gee up!" shouted Tom Merry. "Gee up, you mules!"

The animals refused to "gee up." They stood perfectly still, panting from their labours. With a grunt, Tom Merry clambered down from his lofty perch and caught hold of the bridles. Pulling upon them, he tried to urge the animals forward. He might have tried to shift the summit from Mont Blanc for all the impression he made upon the horses.

"Come up, you—you—"

Words failed Tom Merry. He could think of nothing bad enough to call them. Manners clambered down and lent a hand. Together the two chums of the Shell pulled at the bridles, but still they could not move the horses.

D'Arcy, in sheer desperation, gave the animals a light cut with the whip. They jumped at that, but they made no attempt to go forward. The other juniors climbed out, some taking the wheels and heaving with their shoulders, whilst the others went to assist Tom Merry and Manners.

Their assistance failed to make the slightest difference.

"Now the giddy horses have gone on strike!" said Monty Lowther dismally. "My only aunt! What are we going to do?"

That was what the juniors all wanted to know.

THE POPULAR—No. 162.

YARN OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.  
 By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



NEXT FRIDAY! "TO SAVE THE SCHOOL!"

A SPLENDID YARN OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.  
 By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
The End of the Strike!

**G**ET up, you brutes!" Monty Lowther, angry and hurt, swung the shell-case upon which he had struck his head, and felt much inclined to bang the horses with it. The juniors had been examining the case when the horses had suddenly stopped.

Suddenly he dropped the case, and again the musical chime rang out. He picked it up, and dropped it again. At the sound of the second chime the horses suddenly gave up their obstinacy, and moved forward at a gallop!

Tom Merry and the other juniors in front had to dodge nimbly to one side to avoid being run over. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made no effort to stop the horses this time. He wanted to get to St. Jim's before the animals took it into their heads to stop again!

The juniors, who had been left behind, dashed after the van, but it was going at such a rate that they had no chance of catching it.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Monty Lowther. "No wonder the carmen went on strike!"

"Those horses want boiling and baking!" growled Manners. "My hat! This is some way of spending an afternoon!"

They went on, breathing fire and vengeance.

Soon the gates of St. Jim's loomed up again, and D'Arcy tried to pull up. He failed as dismally as he had failed before. And he had neither Tom Merry nor Manners to aid him this time.

"My onlay Sunday toppah!" muttered Gussy. "Whoa, you bwutes!"

Monty Lowther put on a spurt, and threw the shell-case well forward, hoping that when it dropped in front of the horses they would stop.

Clang!

The shell-case dropped on the ground just in front of the animals, and they did exactly what Lowther had hoped for. They stopped, and then Gussy moved them round again.

Tom Merry and Manners dashed up, panting.

"We'll walk 'em to the school this time!" said Tom Merry grimly. "Come up, you idiots!"

The horses refused to budge. Monty Lowther had gone forward to recover the now battered shell-case, and came back with a thoughtful expression on his face. Suddenly he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors stared.

"Going potty—pottier than ever, that is?" inquired Manners pleasantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ass!" said Tom Merry witheringly.

"Ha, ha, ha! You want to move the horses again?" asked Lowther, doing his best to stifle his merriment.

"Oh, no!" said Herries sarcastically. "We want to stop out here all night!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monty Lowther, still laughing, stepped up to the van, and tapped twice upon the wheel with the shell-case. Immediately the horses moved forward.

"Well, I'm blessed!" gasped Tom Merry.

"They're old bus horses, you chumps!" explained the hilarious Lowther. "Ring once and they stop, ring twice and they move forward! Look!"

He tapped once with the shell-case, and the horses stopped almost at once. Then the juniors saw the joke, and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE POPULAR—No. 162.

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"TRACKING DOWN TOWSER!"

A GRAND STORY OF ST. JIM'S. : :  
: : By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Bai Jove! I wegard that as weally funnay, deah boys!" chuckled Gussy.

It was some time before the hilarious juniors could stop laughing and get the van into the school premises. There they found many willing juniors to help them to get the provisions off, encouraged by Fatty Wynn of the New House, who had almost suffered collapse at the mere idea of going without food for a day.

Then, knowing the secret of how to move and stop the old bus horses, they took the van back to Messrs. Drylings. And when Tom Merry explained their little adventure the merchant simply roared with laughter.

"Of course," he said, after a few moments, "I ought to have told you! Those horses are very old, and were employed by a London bus company for many years before the motors came and rendered the horse bus obsolete. Doubtless the regular driver of the van was aware of this, and used the shell-case to imitate the omnibus bell. Anyhow, you

**LOOK OUT**  
FOR  
**ANOTHER**  
**GRAND**  
**COLOURED**  
**ENGINE**  
**PLATE**  
**NEXT WEEK!**

young gentlemen have broken the strike, for not long after you had gone the men wanted to return to work. You had gone too far, however, for me to send them after you. You see, the men suddenly became aware of the fact that people will get their provisions, even if they have to drive the van themselves. So, rather than prolong a struggle which could only mean misery to themselves, they gave in, and apologise! Thank you very much for your valuable help!"

Late that afternoon a huge case came to the school for Tom Merry & Co., a case packed with every delicacy one could think of. Messrs. Dryling had sent it by one of the carmen who had only that afternoon been on strike.

Needless to say, Tom Merry & Co., with Figgins & Co., and many other juniors, soon made short work of the contents of the case!

THE END.

(There will be another long, complete school story of the chums of St. Jim's in our next issue, entitled "Tracking Down Towser!" By Martin Clifford. Readers will oblige by ordering their copy of the POPULAR in advance.)

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

**THE "PRINCESS MARY" LOCOMOTIVES OF THE G. W. R.**

By A RAILWAY EXPERT.

**F**AR ahead of other famous trains is the "Riviera, Limited," of the Great Western Railway. Famous for several reasons, principally because it performs the longest non-stop run in the whole world—running from Paddington to Plymouth—a distance of 225½ miles without once stopping on the way. This long non-stop run is the admiration of railwayists all over the world, whilst the high speed at which it is performed, day in and day out, wet or fine, gale or calm, is only rendered possible because of the remarkably fine and powerful locomotives employed.

The "Riviera, Limited" is "hosed" by the splendid six-coupled (4-6-0 type) express engines of the G.W.R., one of which locomotives "Princess Mary," No. 4046, is illustrated in the exact colours of the original on the splendid plate presented with this issue.

This engine has four cylinders, each 26in. stroke by 14½in. diameter. An immense volume of steam is required to work so big an engine—whose heating surface amounts to over 2,000 square feet. The steam is superheated, and the pressure is 225lb. per square inch.

A big supply of coal must be carried to enable "Princess Mary" to run such a long distance without a stop, her tender holds six tons, and very few of the black diamonds remain in the tender when she draws up "on time," and sometimes before time, at North Road Station, Plymouth, after her 4 hours 7 minutes non-stop run from London.

Important as is the supply of coal, water is equally important, and no engine could run half so long a distance with a heavy train if all the water required for conversion into steam had to be carried in the tender from the start.

"Princess Mary" replenishes her water supply several times on the journey.

At places where the line is level and straight, narrow, shallow troughs filled with water are placed 'tween the rails. As the engine passes over the troughs a scoop is let down below the tender into the trough, and the speed at which the train is travelling forces the water up the scoop into the tender.

In the broad gauge days of the G.W.R., when the express engines had single driving wheels of the immense diameter of 8ft., the fastest trains had to stop at Newton Abbot to change engines, a sturdier type not capable of sustained high speed, being substituted there for the 8ft. singles.

The trains in those days were light in weight, and 1st and 2nd class only. Nowadays, the "Princess Mary" type of engine, with six-coupled wheels of 6ft. 8½in. diameter, and weighing with their tender over 115 tons, hauls the "Riviera, Limited," often a train of twelve or thirteen long bogie corridor coaches, each weighing over 30 tons, or well over 400 tons, exclusive of passengers and luggage.

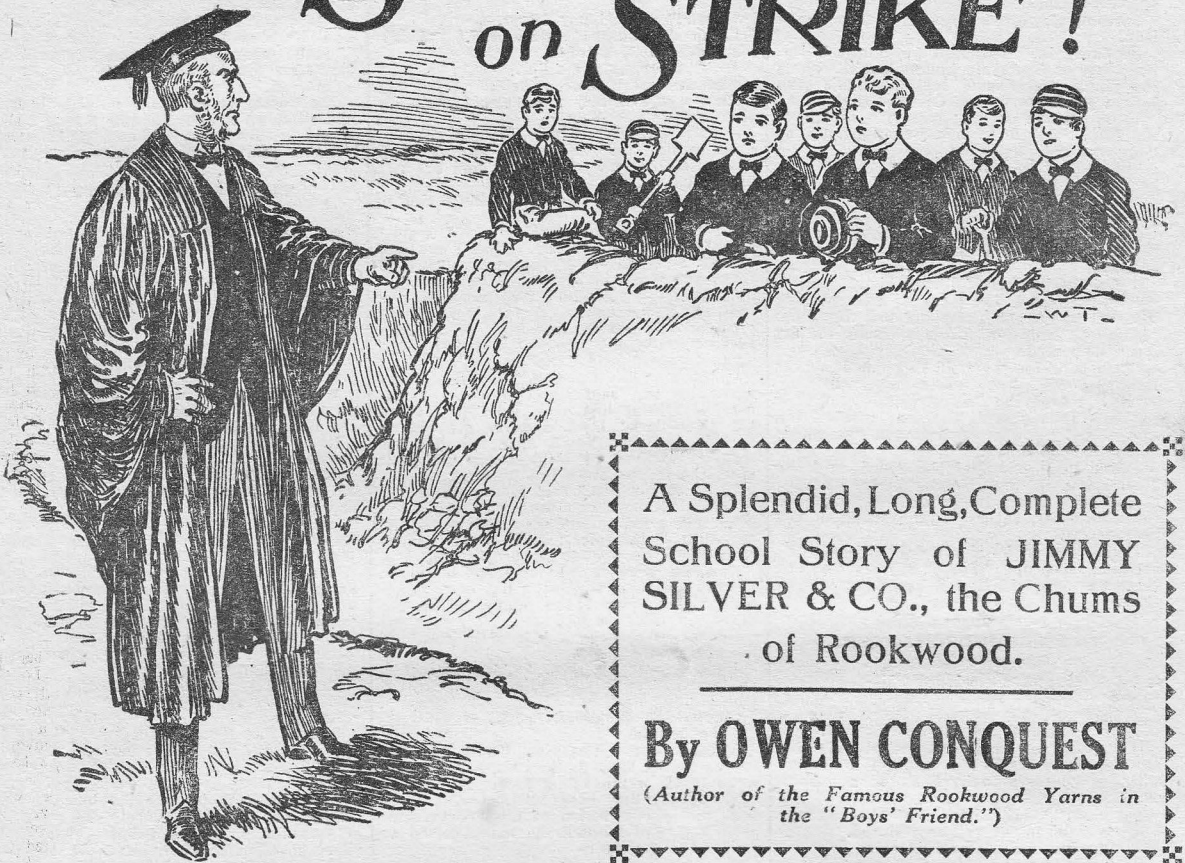
Some coaches are slipped at Westbury, at Taunton, and at Exeter, but eight or nine coaches are hauled right through to Plymouth, over the steep gradients. The speed attained by these engines is remarkable. From London to Plymouth an average speed of 54 4-5 miles an hour is necessary to perform the journey on time.

Many slacks have to be made—some as low as 15 miles an hour—at junctions, through stations, etc., so that on various parts of the journey an average speed of 60 miles an hour is necessary continuously for many miles, which means that long stretches are run at 70 miles an hour or more.

(There will be another interesting and instructive article dealing with next week's Grand Free Coloured Engine Plate.)

A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story of a Great School Rebellion!

# SCHOOLBOYS on STRIKE!



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

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Yarns in  
the "Boys' Friend.")

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Schoolboy Rebels.

**H** ALLO, 'Erbert!"

'Erbert—otherwise Mornington H. of the Second Form at Rookwood—came to a halt.

The fag was coming from the direction of the School House, with a letter in his hand, when Jimmy Silver hailed him.

It was a bright, clear, frosty morning. Most of the Forms at Rookwood were preparing to go into the Form-rooms. But the Fourth Form was an exception.

The Fourth Form were gathered in the entrenched camp on the school allotments, where the flag of revolt was waving—metaphorically, of course.

Around the camp ran a deep trench, four-square, and deeply dug, with the excavated earth piled up on both sides of it.

The rebels of Rookwood had "dug themselves in" with great effect.

Jimmy Silver stood on the inner parapet and waved his hand to the fag, who stared at him.

"Oh, Master Silver!" ejaculated 'Erbert. Jimmy was still "Master Silver" to him, as in the days when 'Erbert had been a little wail.

"Top of the morning, 'Erbert!" smiled Jimmy Silver. "How's the Head?"

"The 'Ead was looking rather waxy when he went into the Sixth Form room," said 'Erbert.

"I fancy he will be still more waxy by the time we get through," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell complacently.

"What-ho!" grinned Raby.

"Have you come to join up, kid?" asked Newcome, with a laugh. "No fags allowed in the ranks. You're not of military age yet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, are you really barring-out the 'Ead?" asked 'Erbert, evidently in a state of great astonishment.

"We are—we is!"

"Oh crumbs!" said 'Erbert.

"Britons never shall be slaves!" remarked Conroy.

"Oh! Is Erroll there?" asked 'Erbert.

"Here I am!" answered Kit Erroll cheerily, jumping on the earthen parapet. "Anything wanted, 'Erbert?"

Mornington H. held up the letter.

"This 'ere's for you," he said.

"Oh, good!"

"It's from Master Morny," explained 'Erbert. "It was put in the rack this morning, and I saw it, and I thinks to myself I'll bring it to you. You wouldn't 'ave had it otherwise, you see. The 'Ead won't send the postman round 'ere."

"Ha, ha! I suppose not!"

"Pitch it across, kid!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Look out—there's Carthew!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

"Look out, 'Erbert!"

Carthew of the Sixth was running from the direction of the house.

Evidently the Rookwood bully had espied the fag in communication with the rebels.

'Erbert looked round quickly.

He threw the letter hurriedly towards Erroll across the trench, but the wind caught it and whirled it back again almost to his feet.

The next moment Carthew reached him and caught him by the ear.

"Erbert gave a loud yell.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed the prefect.

"You know the Head's orders—nobody is to come here and speak to those mutinous young scoundrels!"

"I didn't know! Yow-ow!"

"Well, you know now!" said Carthew grimly, twisting the fag's ear till the unfortunate 'Erbert yelled with pain.

Whiz!

A clod of damp clay came whizzing across the trench from Kit Erroll's hand.

It smote Carthew of the Sixth on the side of the head, and there was a terrific yell from Carthew.

The missile fairly bowled him over, and he released 'Erbert and sprawled on the ground.

There was a delighted roar from the camp of the Fourth.

"Well bowled!"

"Out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow!" gasped Carthew dazedly. "Oh—ah—yah!"

'Erbert rubbed his ear and grinned.

Carthew sat up breathlessly, clawing clay away from his face.

"The letter, 'Erbert!" shouted Oswald.

'Erbert made a dive at the letter.

Carthew grasped him again as he did so, and held on to him.

"Give me that letter!" he panted.

"It's Master Erroll's!"

"Give it to me, you young hootigan!"

"Quick!" muttered Jimmy Silver. "The plank!"

The long plank which was kept in readiness in the camp was run out across the trench.

The moment it rested on the opposite parapet, Jimmy Silver ran lightly across.

He had a mop in his hand.

He came down the sloping parapet with a run, with the mop at the charge, like an old-time lancer.

THE "POPULAR"—No. 162.

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

NEXT FRIDAY! "BREAKING UP THE FAMOUS FIVE!"



shall take drastic means of enforcing their obedience."

"Very well, sir!"  
Mr. Booties retired, wondering what the "drastic means" were going to be.

A little later Dr. Chisholm left the School House and made his way with stately dignity to the schoolboy camp.

A myriad eyes watched him go and there were many suppressed chuckles.

The fags, at least, were enjoying the situation.  
Jimmy Silver was a tremendous hero in the eyes of all the fags.

Even Aigy Silver, who was on rather bad terms with his Cousin Jimmy, was loud in his admiration of the captain of the Fourth for once.

Aigy would willingly have joined the rebels. Some of the more daring fags followed the Head at a distance to look on, ready to dodge if he should glance round.

Dr. Chisholm arrived at the camp, and found its occupants hard at work with spade and fork and pick.

They rested on their labours as the word passed round that the Head was there.

Jimmy took off his cap very respectfully to his headmaster.

Jimmy wanted it to be quite clear that the rebels were only standing up for right and justice, and that anything like "cheek" did not enter into the matter at all.

Impertinence to the Head was bad form, and Jimmy frowned upon it very severely.

Dr. Chisholm fixed his eyes upon the ruddy face of the rebel leader

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy.  
"I have given you time to think over this matter. Have you decided to return to your duty?"

"We are doing our duty here, sir."  
The doctor's eyes glinted.

"We're ready to come back, sir, as soon as Lattrey is turned out of Rookwood!" chimed in Lovell

"I am not here to discuss that matter, or any other matter, with you!" said the Head icily. "I am here to order you back to your duty!"

No answer.  
"It appears," continued the Head, "that you have provided against losing your meals by robbing the school-shop overnight."

Jimmy Silver flushed.

"We have not robbed the shop!" he exclaimed hotly. "We have a list of all the sergeant's goods, and they will be paid for to the last penny!"

"The bill will be sent in to you, sir!" said Conroy.

"What!"

"We think you ought to pay it, sir," said Jimmy Silver; "but if you do not we shall. The sergeant shall lose nothing."

There was a long silence.  
The juniors waited for the Head to speak again.

It was a strange situation enough.

The Head, accustomed to seeing juniors tremble at his frown, could not get used to having his direct orders disregarded by those same juniors. It was because he had placed himself in the wrong, but he was not likely to admit that, even to himself.

The headmaster spoke again at last.

"You must be aware, Silver, that this state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue," he said.

"I hope you will do what we have asked, sir. We only want that ruffian Lattrey turned out of the school."

"Kindly refrain from impertinence, Silver. It is my duty to re-establish authority over this rebellious Form. Since you will heed no argument but force, force will be used."

Jimmy Silver smiled involuntarily, remembering the ignominious defeat of the Sixth-Form prefects the previous day.

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips.

"You understand me, Silver? Force will be used, and I fear that some of your misguided dupes may be hurt. There is still time for you all to submit to just authority, and save me from this painful alternative."

"If you will agree, sir—"

"Enough!"

Dr. Chisholm turned and strode away, and there was a scattering of fags who had been staring on from a distance.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"The Head means bizney!" remarked Van Ryn.

"And so do we!" answered Jimmy.  
And the rebels chimed in:

"Hear, hear!"

As both sides were equally determined, it was the old story of the irresistible force brought to bear upon the immovable object. It was only a question which would "give."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

An Attack in Force!

CLANG! Clang! Clang!  
Pick and spade and fork rang merrily under the frosty sunshine.

The dug-out was growing deeper and deeper, and the mounds of displaced earth were growing higher.

Jimmy intended to have the dug-out finished that day, as a shelter for the garrison during the winter night.

But, while the work went on, two or three fellows paraded the walls, watching for the enemy.

The Head's threat was not taken idly. Jimmy knew that a move would come sooner or later.

He expected it, too, while the school was at lessons; for the Head was certain to want

natural gentlemen for the purpose of putting down the school rebellion by force.

Probably he expected that the sight of such a formidable array would be sufficient to reduce the rebels to obedience.

"Looks like bizney at last!" grinned Conroy. "This lot will be rather more trouble than the prefects yesterday!"

"Sure, ye're right!" said Tommy Doyle. "Faith, it's going to be a broth av a shindy! Hurroo!"

The Head stopped just outside the parapet, and his followers came to a somewhat disorderly stop.

Dr. Chisholm was looking at the grinning rebels on the earthworks.

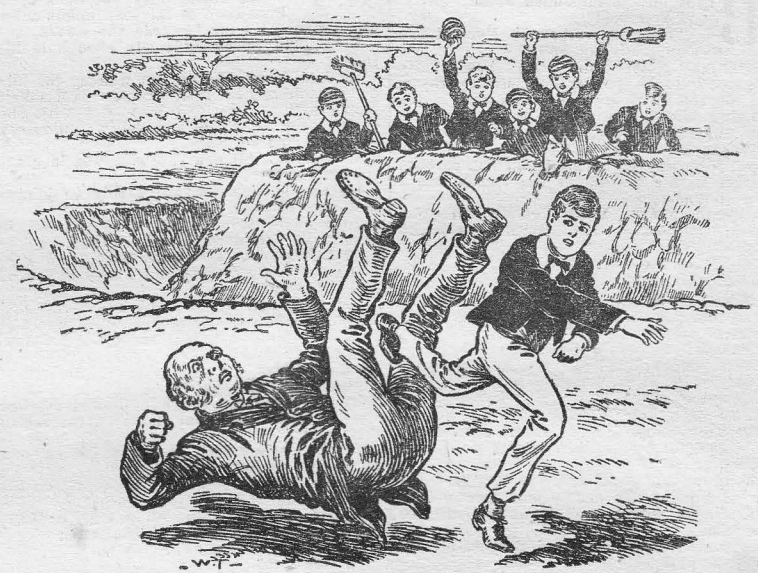
"Silver, come out of that place at once, with all the rest, and return to the School House!" he rapped.

"Sorry, sir."

"Will you obey me?"

"No, sir."

"You see these men," said the Head. "They are here to remove you by force if you do not go. I hope, my boys, that you will make such a very unpleasant scene of violence unnecessary by returning to your duty at once."



With a violent shove Erroll sent the sergeant sprawling on the ground. "Yooop! Ow!" gasped Sergeant Kettle dazedly. "Oh, you young limb!" Then, with the speed and fleetness of a deer, Erroll sped away towards the beeches, leaving the sergeant to stagger to his feet, panting for breath. (See Chapter 2.)

to get the affair over as quickly as possible. There was a sudden call at last from Dick Oswald, on sentry-duty.

"Cave!"

"Here they come!" shouted Jones minor.

"Line up!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

The juniors came scrambling out of the dug-out, throwing down their implements, ready for the fray.

In a minute, or less, the parapet was lined with eager, excited rebels.

From the direction of the House the Head was approaching, and he was not alone.

Following him there came fifteen or sixteen burly labouring men.

Jimmy Silver & Co. eyed them keenly.

They knew some of the men by sight, having seen them at work in the fields around Coombe.

"My hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "The Head's going it!"

The new contingent were all grinning as they came towards the camp. Sergeant Kettle was with them, and appeared to be in command.

The sergeant was solemn enough, and the Head was grave and dignified, but the new recruits seemed to be taking the matter humorously.

Most of them were burly fellows, and most looked ruddy and good-tempered men.

Evidently the Head had gone to the village in search of help, and had enlisted agricul-

"Not unless you turn Lattrey out of the school, sir."

"Silence!"

"Well, that is our answer."

Dr. Chisholm turned round.

"Sergeant, with the assistance of these men, you will remove the juniors by force from this spot."

"Yes, sir!" grunted the sergeant.

"I leave the matter in your hands."  
The Head retired, with a set face.

It was a very uncomfortable expedient he had adopted, and he did not like it, but there was nothing else to be done.

Force was the only argument that could now be used.

"Now, then—attention!" rapped out the sergeant, feeling more at ease when the Head was gone.

"Oh, cheeze it!" said several voices.

"You— you— you swipes!" roared the sergeant.

"Swipes yourself, sargint! You old Prooshian, you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. "Give it to him, Hodgey!"

"Talk to me!" resumed Mr. Hodge indignantly. "Think I'm a conscript that you can talk to any'ow you like? For two pins, Sergeant Kettle, I'd give you a oner on the jore!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sergeant suppressed his feelings. He was purple with wrath, but the independent Coombe labourers did not care twopence for the wrath of any sergeant in the three kingdoms.

So the sergeant had to consume his own smoke, so to speak.

"Come on!" he rapped out at last.

"Well, you lead the way, bein' a military man!" jeered Mr. Hodge. "Show us 'ow it's done! We'll foller arter!"

Sergeant Kettle had a nasty temper, but he had the courage of a lion.

He had rushed Boer trenches in South Africa in his time, and he was not likely to think much of a schoolboy trench.

He strode on haughtily, quite ready to show these "dashed civilians" the way.

And the grinning yokels followed him, evidently regarding the matter as a huge joke, and an extremely easy way of earning ten shillings apiece that afternoon.

But it was not to turn out such a joke as they anticipated.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Britons Strike Home!

"**B**UCK UP!" commanded Jimmy Silver.

"You bet!"

"Come on, sergeant! I've got this mop ready for you!"

Sergeant Kettle did not heed. He clambered manfully over the outer parapet, and, on top of it, paused for breath.

Before him lay a trench nearly a dozen feet wide at the top, as the inner parapet sloped back.

And from the top of the banked-up earthen parapet to the bottom of the trench was a drop of nine feet.

Sergeant Kettle plunged down into the trench, and the agricultural gentlemen plunged after him.

"Fire!" shouted Jimmy Silver

Whizz, whizz, whizz!

Clods of earth and clay rained on the heads below, and there were yells of pain and angry protests.

"Yaroo! Stoppit!"

"You young limbs!"

"Oh, my 'ead!"

"Gerrooogh!"

"Yow-ow! Stoppit! Yooop!"

But the juniors did not stop. The enemy had chosen to attack, and they had to take the consequences.

To allow the position to be captured for fear of hurting the enemy was not an idea that Jimmy Silver & Co. were likely to entertain.

Sergeant Kettle clambered desperately up the inner parapet.

His followers attempted to do the same.

But above them mops and sticks smote and smote and smote again. There were fiendish yells from the assailants.

The sergeant clambered on regardless of blows.

Lovell grasped him by the hair as his flushed and furious face rose over the parapet, and Raby laid hold on his ears.

The sergeant roared like a bull. He had not much hair left, and he felt as if he were losing what he had.

"Leggo!" he raved.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Kettle clambered on desperately.

With a mighty heave the juniors sent him spinning back, and he rolled in the bottom of the trench.

Three or four of his followers had a hold on the parapet, and were clinging on, and hitting out angrily. Tempers were up on all sides now.

But the defenders did not stand on ceremony.

"Give 'em socks!" roared Lovell, laying about him recklessly with a cricket-stump.

"Yaroo!"

"Oh! Elp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The scramble at the parapet was soon over. The position was far too strong to be taken if the defenders were resolute—and they were resolute enough.

The assailants rolled and tumbled down into the trench, most of them aching from doughy whacks, and plentifully adorned with bumps and bruises.

Whizz, whizz, whizz!

The party were now scrambling frantically out of the trench.

They had had enough. And as clods of

earth rained on him the sergeant clambered out, too.

Whizzing clods followed them, and Mr Hodge & Co. fairly fled. But the sergeant, disdaining to flee, marched off as if on parade, like a sulky British lion.

And the victorious juniors, respecting pluck, forbore to whizz any clods after Mr. Kettle.

"This looks like a win for us!" chortled Lovell. "I wonder what the Head will think when he sees that crew?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There he is!" grinned Newcome.

In the distance the Head could be seen. He met the fleeing villagers as they came round the School House.

He looked at them, and he looked at the camp, and then he disappeared.

The Head of Rookwood was finding that his Fourth was a tougher proposition than he had ever dreamed.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Caught!

"**H**ERE we are, Morny!"

It was Kit Erroll who spoke.

The winter dusk was thick upon Rookwood as the two juniors came along Coombe Lane towards the school.

Erroll had succeeded easily enough in his task.

He had found Mornington waiting for him on the drive at Sir Rupert Stacpoole's home, and a note had been left with the lodgekeeper for Morny's guardian; and they had departed together.

Mornington, blind as he was, was in great spirits.

He was looking forward keenly to joining in the barring-out.

"We shall have to be a bit careful in getting in," went on Erroll. "They may be on the look-out. I suppose they know that I got out this morning, and I may be looked for. This way."

"If they hail us, you cut and run," said Mornington, with a laugh. "They won't hurt me—poor afflicted youth, you know. By gad, I'm lookin' forward to takin' a hand, though!"

"Come on, old chap!"

By devious ways the two juniors reached the old stone wall that bordered the school allotments.

Erroll climbed first, and gave his chum a hand, and drew him to the top.

He lowered Mornington down gently on the inside of the wall, and joined him.

He stood silent for a minute or two, gazing about him in the thick gloom.

"All serene?" asked Mornington

"I think so."

They moved on through the beeches. Erroll with his guiding hand on the blind junior's arm.

As they came out from the trees Morny suddenly halted.

"Somebody's comin'" he whispered.

"I can't see—"

"But I can hear!" Morny laughed softly. "I'm usin' my ears so much that I can hear a pin drop, Kit. Listen!"

Erroll bent his head to listen. But he could hear nothing save the sough of the branches in the wind.

"I think you're mistaken this time, Morny."

"I'm not. Listen! There!"

"By Jove, you're right!"

Erroll could hear a footstep now. A light flashed out in the gloom.

"Collar them!" shouted a voice.

It was Carthew of the Sixth.

The sergeant was with him, and they made a rush together at the two juniors. Erroll could have eluded them, but the blind junior was helpless to run.

He pushed Erroll away from him.

"Cut!" he whispered shrilly.

"I'm sticking to you, Morny," said Erroll quietly.

"Cut, you ase. You'll get flogged, and I sha'n't!"

"Got the young rascals!" exclaimed Carthew, as his grip fell on Morny's shoulder.

"Take the other, sergeant! Two of them, at least! Hallo, it's Mornington!"

"Come along, Master Erroll! 'Ead's orders!" said the sergeant, taking Kit Erroll by the shoulder.

Erroll set his teeth.

He had succeeded in conducting Mornington to Rookwood, and they were on the point of joining the rebels in the camp when this stroke of ill-luck fell—

Erroll understood that the Head was anxious to separate the rebels, if possible, and any stragler from the schoolboy camp would be prevented from returning to the fold.

The sergeant marched him away, taking good care that the junior did not escape him as he had escaped in the morning; and the prefect followed with Mornington.

In the darkness there was a faint glow from the shed in the camp on the allotments.

The stove was burning there, and candles and bike lamps were lighted.

There was a glimmer of light, too, from the lanterns where Jimmy Silver's followers were still at work on the dug-out.

The captured juniors were marched on, passing within a dozen yards of the camp as they were taken across to the House.

At the nearest point Erroll suddenly uttered a sharp, clear whistle. It was the agreed signal with the mutineers.

The whistle was answered from the camp at once, and Jimmy Silver leaped on the parapet.

"Rescue!" shouted Erroll.

"Hallo!"

"That you, Erroll?"

"Come on, you young sweeps!" muttered Carthew angrily. "Hurry on, sergeant, or we shall have those young rascals round us like hornets!"

But the stolid sergeant did not hurry. He was not going to run from junior schoolboys, not if he knew it!

"Rescue!" shouted Erroll again. "Morny's here! We're taken!"

"Rescue, the Fourth!" roared Mornington. Carthew dragged him on.

"Shut up, you young cad! Oh!"

Carthew yelled as Mornington's fist swung round and struck him in the face. He released the blind junior for a moment.

"Oh! Ah! I—I'll smash you!" he yelled

The bully of the Sixth grasped Mornington and struck him savagely

Erroll, with a tremendous effort, tore him self loose from the sergeant and sprang on Carthew like a tiger.

The prefect had to defend himself as Erroll attacked him, but so fierce was the junior's attack that the Sixth-Former staggered back, barely able to hold his own.

Mornington groped round him blindly. Never had he felt so bitterly his affliction.

He gritted his teeth with helpless rage.

"Oh, you young villain!" panted Carthew, closing with Erroll at last. "I'll smash you!"

Erroll curled round him like a cat, still hitting out fiercely and savagely.

There was a shout from the camp, and a rush of feet. Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming to the rescue.

Knowles of the Sixth loomed up in the gloom.

"What's the row? Carthew—Hallo!"

"Lend me a hand with this young fiend!" panted Carthew.

The Modern prefect seized Erroll.

The junior resisted fiercely, but in the grasp of the two Sixth-Formers he was helpless.

They rushed him away towards the School House, half-carrying and half-dragging him. Before the sergeant could follow with Mornington the rescuers had arrived.

Sergeant Kettle was hustled away without ceremony, and he stalked off the scene with as much dignity as he could muster. Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the shoulder

"Morny, old scout—"

"Where's Erroll?" exclaimed Raby.

"They've got him!" shouted Mornington.

"Carthew and Knowles—they've got him! Oh, if a chap could only see—" He broke off with a gasp of rage.

Jimmy set his teeth.

"We'll have him back! Get Morny into the camp, some of you!"

"Never mind me—get on!" exclaimed Mornington impatiently. "Erroll will be flogged and stuck in the punishment-room if they get him to the House. Get a move on, for goodness' sake!"

But Jimmy Silver & Co. were already getting a move on. They dashed away in the dusk after Erroll and the two prefects.

Dick Oswald slipped his arm through Mornington's.

"This way, Morny," he said.

He led Mornington, chafing, to the parapet, and helped him over the plank laid across the trench.

A dozen juniors had followed Jimmy Silver

to the rescue, the rest were on guard in the camp.

Mornington walked across the plank without hesitation, blind as he was.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver & Co. were hot in pursuit.

But Knowles and Carthew had a good start, and they had reached the School House, with Kit Erroll still in their grasp.

### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

#### Erroll's Sentence!

**W**HAT—what—  
Mr. Bootles had heard the shouting, and he was looking out of the School House doorway when the two prefects arrived with Kit Erroll.

The breathless junior was bundled into the House.

Mr. Bootles blinked at him over his spectacles.

"Bless my soul! It is Erroll!"

"We've caught one of the young blackguards, sir!" panted Carthew.

"What—what! Kindly do not use such expressions to me, Carthew!" snapped Mr. Bootles.

"Well, the Head ordered us—" began Carthew sullenly.

There was a rustle as the Head came on the scene. His eyes glinted at Erroll.

"You have done very well, Carthew," he said. "This boy is one of the most blame-worthy, I am assured."

Erroll stood erect as the prefect released him, taking care to keep between him and the door, in case he should attempt to bolt.

Dr. Chisholm looked at him grimly.

"We found him with Mornington, sir," said Carthew.

The Head started.

"Mornington! He is at his guardian's home, Carthew!"

"Erroll seems to have brought him back. We found them together."

"Is that correct, Erroll?"

"Yes, sir," said Erroll quietly.

"You have brought Mornington here!" exclaimed the Head, in astonishment. "Without asking his guardian's permission, I presume?"

Erroll smiled slightly.

"I don't think Sir Rupert would have been likely to give permission, sir," he answered.

"I presume not. However, Mornington will be sent away again. Where is he now, Carthew?"

"With the rest of the Fourth, sir, I think," said Carthew.

"Oh!" said the Head. He paused a moment. "Erroll, I understand that you are one of the leaders of this outrageous outbreak of the Fourth Form."

"I am as much responsible as anyone, sir, certainly," replied Erroll. "We are all in it together, though."

"You will not be together much longer," said the Head grimly. "It is my intention to flog the ringleaders of this mutiny, and expel them from the school. You will be the first, and I trust that your punishment will be a warning to the rest."

Erroll did not answer. He had expected it, and he did not flinch.

The Head looked at his watch.

"There is time for a train this evening," he said coldly. "Carthew, may I request you to take charge of this junior and conduct him to his home? I cannot trust him to make the journey alone. I should take it as a favour, Carthew."

"Certainly, sir!" said Carthew at once.

Erroll's handsome face grew a shade paler. He was thinking of his father. Captain Erroll, almost recovered now from the wound he had received early in the war, was making preparations to rejoin his old regiment.

What would he think when Erroll came suddenly home, without warning, and with such an explanation as the Head was likely to send?

Yet he could not feel sorry that he had answered Mornington's appeal, though it had brought him to this—condemned, alone, to disgraceful expulsion, far from the help of his comrades.

He cast a hopeless look round. Knowles and Carthew were at hand, watching him, and there was no chance to bolt.

From the staircase a fag was looking down at him, with a rather sarcastic grin. It was Algy Silver of the Third Form. Erroll glanced at him, but only for a moment.

He did not expect any sympathy from the young rascal of the Third.

"Wait here, Carthew, while I write a letter for you to take," he said. "See that that boy does not escape."

"Very well, sir."

And the Head rustled away to his study.

### THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

#### All Serene!

**D**ISHED!" growled Jimmy Silver.

The rescuers halted at a little distance from the School House. The big door had closed, and Kit Erroll was on the inner side of that door.

Jimmy Silver's eyes were gleaming with wrath.

"They've got him!" muttered Tommy Dodd disconsolately.

"Poor old Erroll!" said Lovell. "He'll get it fairly in the neck! I—I suppose we can't rush the place?"

"Fathead!" said Conroy. "If we even show ourselves we shall be cut off from the camp, and it will be all U P!"

There was a footstep in the gloom, and the juniors hushed their voices. A diminutive figure loomed up.

"Only little me!" came the voice of Silver II. of the Third; and a chuckle followed.

"Algy!" exclaimed Jimmy.

He looked rather grimly at his cousin as the fag joined them. Algy was grinning.

"I reckoned I should find you hanging about," he remarked. "I'd have come round to the camp otherwise."

"Have you seen Erroll?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes; they've got him!" Algy Silver jerked his head towards the School House.

"He's sacked, and he's going to be taken home by a prefect, with a letter from the Head!"

"Oh!" muttered Jimmy.

"That's why I came," grinned Algy. "You've got time, if you like."

"What?" Jimmy Silver caught his arm. "What do you mean, Algy?"

"Carthew's going to take him, to catch the next train from Coombe," said the fag coolly. "It's pretty dark round the gates, if you wait for them there. Catch on?"

"My hat!" said Conroy. "The kid's right! You're a little brick, Algy!"

"Thank you for nothin'!" answered Algy carelessly.

"Well, thank you for something, Algy!" said Jimmy Silver. "It's jolly good of you to come and tell us this. I never expected it of you."

"You never know what to expect, do you?" remarked Algy sarcastically. And he walked away, whistling.

"I suppose the little beast isn't spoofing us?" observed Lovell doubtfully.

Jimmy shook his head.

"I'm not sure. Come on! There's a chance yet! They won't get Erroll out of Rookwood if we can stop them!"

"What-ho!"

The juniors hurried away through the darkness to the gates.

The gates were closed and locked, and old Mack was in his lodge, from which a faint glimmer of light proceeded.

It was dark enough by the gates, and it was easy for Jimmy Silver & Co. to take cover there.

They waited and watched breathlessly.

There was a glimmer of light at last from the direction of the School House as the big door was opened.

"Here they come!" murmured Raby. Footsteps were heard in the gloom. Keeping close in the shadow of the old stone gateway, the juniors watched eagerly. Two dim forms loomed up, and stopped at the door of the porter's lodge.

They could see that between the two was a smaller figure, and they did not need telling that it was Erroll, in charge of a couple of prefects.

Knowles was with Carthew, who, on second thoughts, probably doubted whether he was quite equal to getting Erroll to his home unaided.

Carthew knocked at the lodge.

"There they are!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "They want Mack to come and let them out. I fancy they're not going out in a hurry!"

There was a breathless chuckle.

"Come on!"

Silently the juniors ran out of the shadow of the gateway for the lodge. Just as old

(Continued on page 28.)

## THE FIRST VICTIM!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Yes, yes! But—"

"He's a troublesome young cub, but mother—you understand? Keep an eye on him, and don't let the Bounder make a rotter of him like Hazel."

"Frank, you sha'n't go! I'll see the Head! I'll explain."

Nugent caught his arm.

"Useless, Harry! I've explained all I can. You can't alter the fact that I went out after I was gated, and they caught me hanging round that pub."

"Nugent," said Mr. Quelch's hard voice, "pack your box at once! You have to leave Greyfriars in half an hour to catch the train. I shall take you to the station!"

"Yes, sir," said Frank dully.

"Mr. Quelch," exclaimed Harry, "Nugent is innocent!"

"The matter is closed, Wharton. The Head has decided!"

Mr. Quelch swung away. The chums of the Remove, white and miserable, went with Frank to the dormitory, and helped him pack his box. There was no help for it. They might hope in the future; in the present there was no hope.

The fiat had gone forth, and Frank Nugent had to leave Greyfriars!

Dicky Nugent, looking very white and scared, crept into the dormitory. Frank looked round him, with a bitter smile.

"Frank," gasped Dicky, "is it—is it true—you're sacked?"

"Yes."

"Great Scott! What will they say at home?" gasped Dicky. "Frank, I'm awfully sorry!"

"You've caused it," said Frank. "I went to the Cross Keys to see if you were there—"

Dicky began to blubber.

"B-b-but I've never been there, Frank!" he said. "Honour bright, I've never!"

Nugent nodded.

"I take your word for it, Dicky, now! The Bounder has played me for a duffer all along. He knew how anxious I was, and played on it. He's too deep for me. I've been beaten all along the line. Don't blub, Dicky! It's not your fault; it's my own as much as anybody's. Don't blub, kid!"

Mr. Quelch looked into the dormitory. "Are you ready, Nugent?"

"Yes, sir!"

It seemed like some evil dream to Harry Wharton & Co. The last goodbye was said, there was a sound of hoofs, a grinding of wheels, on the gravel path. Frank Nugent was gone!

Harry Wharton went up to his study—so lonely now without his chum!

Frank Nugent was gone—expelled—sacked! He could scarcely believe it yet. But realisation forced itself into his mind, and he sat, staring into the dying fire, the tears welled up into his eyes, seldom so wetted—tears for the staunch chum who had always been faithful, loyal, and true, and who was now sacked from the school!

#### THE END.

(Frank Nugent is the first of the Bounder's victims. So far Vernon-Smith is successful in his campaign against Harry Wharton & Co. Who will be the next to go? See next week's grand story of Greyfriars, entitled "Breaking Up the Famous Five!")

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TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY! "BREAKING UP THE FAMOUS FIVE!" A SPLENDID

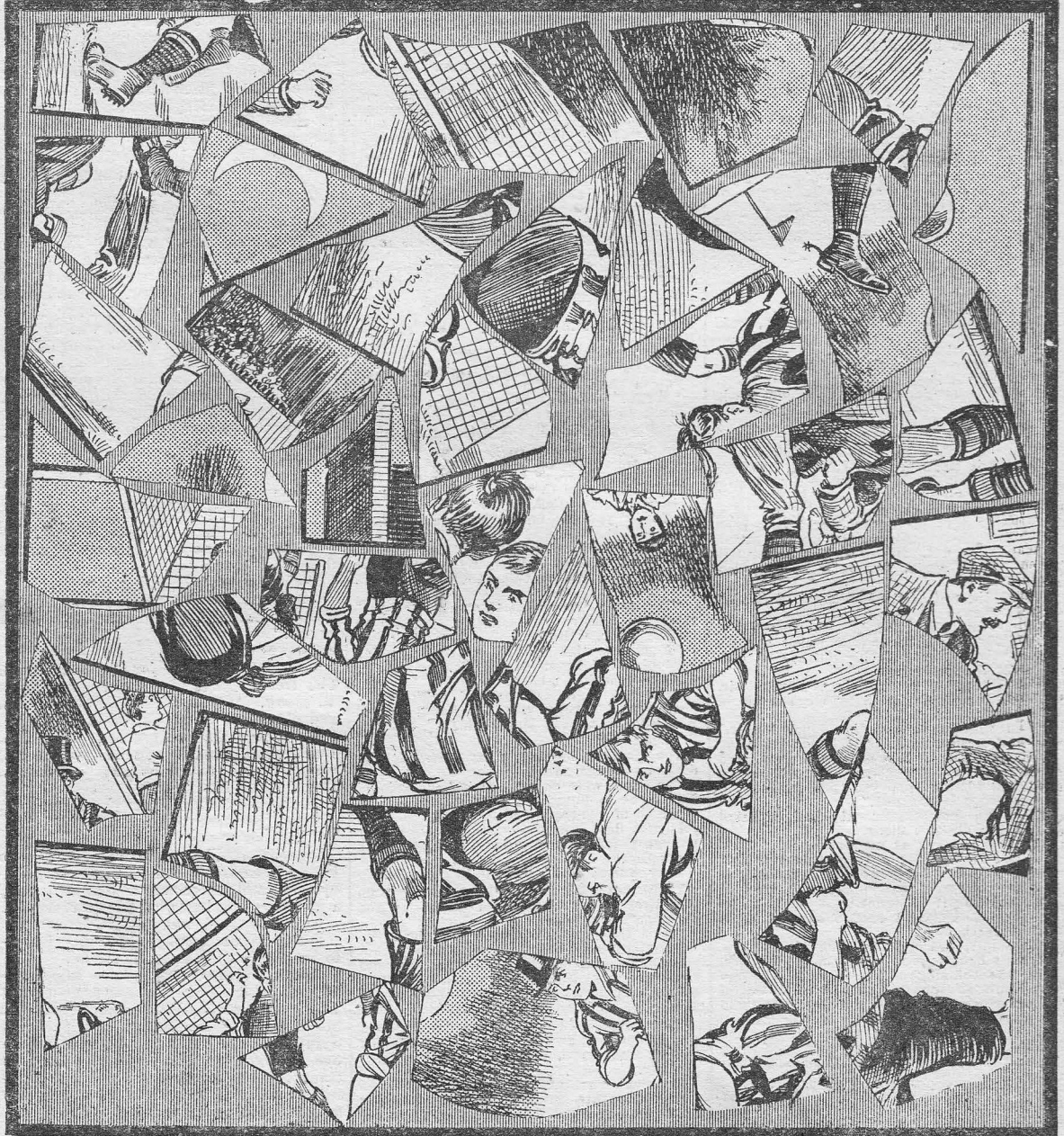
# JUST A GAME—BUT WITH MONEY PRIZES FOR SKILL!

It was the Editor's intention to present this jigsaw puzzle to readers solely for their amusement. However, he asked the artist to make a number of mistakes in the picture, and that has been done. So, to see how observant and skilful are readers of this paper the Editor offers a Prize of FIVE POUNDS for the correct—or nearest correct—number of mistakes which appear in this and the three succeeding pictures, which will be published in the next three issues of the POPULAR. There will also be awarded TEN PRIZES OF TEN SHILLINGS EACH to the next nearest solutions.

Faste the sketch on a piece of cardboard, let it dry, carefully cut out the pieces, and fit them together to make a picture of an incident in a football match. Then look at it, and see how many mistakes you can discover in the picture. Sign the coupon at the bottom of the page, attach it to your solution, and KEEP THE SOLUTION by you until you have instructions where and when to send it.

There will be three more pictures, remember. Points will be awarded, and the prizes go to the readers who earn the most points. Thus, if you find 24 mistakes in the first picture, you will get 24 points for the list. The next picture might show you only 15 mistakes, so you score 39 points, and so on.

**SOLVE THE JIGSAW PUZZLE, AND FIND OUT ALL THE MISTAKES!**



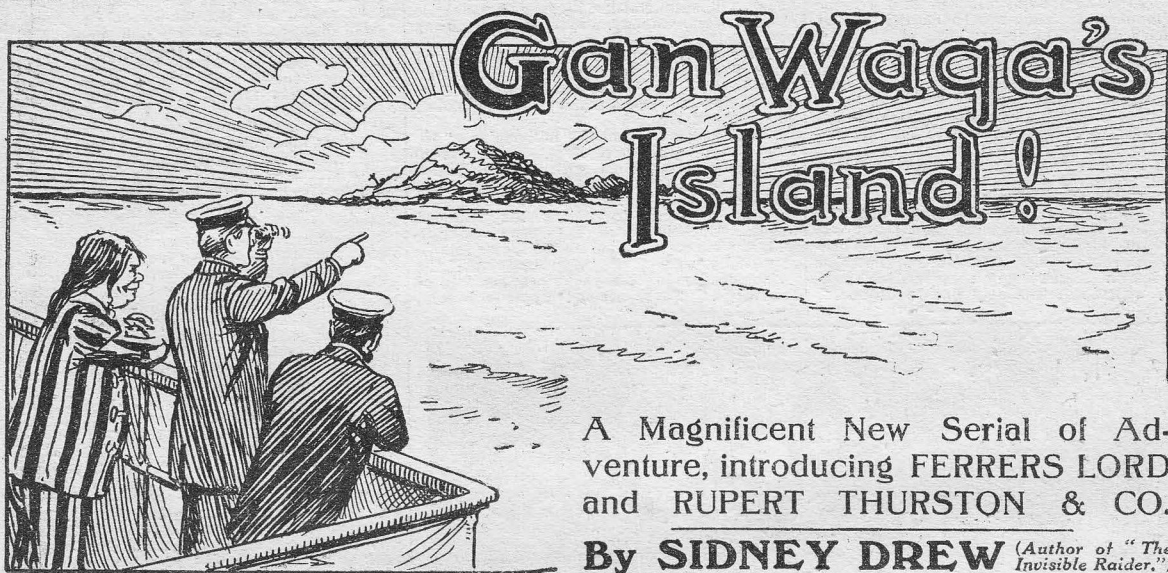
(Fill in this Form before sending in.)

Name.....

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**IMPRISONED IN A GIGANTIC ICEBERG!**



A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing **FERRERS LORD** and **RUPERT THURSTON & CO.**

By **SIDNEY DREW** (Author of "The Invisible Raider.")

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.**

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great German treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought off the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once tying with Ching Lung, Gan Waga has the great luck to win the island.

On the way south, the yacht is overtaken by a terrific storm, which is so great that they are unable to make headway through it.

(Now read on.)

**THE CRYSTAL CAVERN!**

**I**N that nightmare storm they could only go on. The yacht would have turned turtle if they had attempted to bring her round and face the hurricane. She swept on, buffeted and beaten and drenched by heavy seas, heading into the unknown. There was no light now except where the great surges frothed white in the intense blackness, with the whistling of the wind and the mad tumbling of angry waters. To attempt to steer a course was beyond human power. All they could do was to keep the yacht moving and keep her from being pooped, for the hurricane was piling up seas behind her that, had they reached her, would have cleared her from stern to stem, and carried her funnel away like a cork in a mill-race.

"Seas of peril!" muttered Ferrers Lord, dashing the spray from his eyes. "What lies ahead?"

Someone climbed up beside him. In the darkness he could not see who it was, but he recognised Prince Ching Lung's voice. To make himself heard at all, Ching Lung had to shout.

"Where are we heading?" he asked. "The compass has gone as mad as the barograph, and is jumping all over the place. Don't crumple us up on Desolatia, Chief."

"I only know we're going south," said Ferrers Lord. "We can do nothing else. I'm not anxious to hit Desolatia, or anything else that's hard. The searchlight would be no good, and probably it's smashed. Do you think you can manage to put a few star-shells up, Ching. I'm more concerned about other things than Gan Waga's island."

"I think I know what you mean, Chief," said Ching Lung. "That earthquake must have shaken a lot of big stuff loose, but I hope we're not south enough to bump into any of it."

Ching Lung was not fated to fire any star-shells. He was making his way forward, bracing himself by almost leaning against the wind and trying to keep his foothold, when something came whizzing out of the darkness behind. It was only a sou-wester, but it struck the prince on the back of the head with such tremendous force that for an instant, to him yacht, sky, and boiling sea seemed to be lighted with crimson flame.

Then came darkness unutterable as he toppled over unconscious on his face, and an ice-cold wave rolled him into the scuppers. Hal Honour was in the engine-room. Drakehurst was the yacht's chief engineer, a little bald-headed man with a grizzled moustache, from which drops of perspiration hung like glistening beads. As the yacht danced and pitched and rolled and plunged, his greasers crawled about like flies amid the flashing machinery. Hal Honour gave a satisfied grunt, nodded his bearded chin encouragingly to the chief engineer, and then made his way to the stoke-hold, where the atmosphere was like an oven, and half-naked, sweating, blackened men worked like demons. One man dropped, and, dragging him away from the roaring furnace, Hal Honour fed its hungry mouth with coal and shut the steel door with a crash.

On deck Ferrers Lord waited in vain for the star-shells. Something had happened to the dynamo and the storage batteries. The binnacle light had jumped and faded, but that in itself was a small matter, for the compass, under the influence of the magnetic storm, was useless as a guide. Enormous seas from astern hunted the yacht, and sometimes she only beat the towering masses by a fathom. But as he peered into the unfathomable darkness, Ferrers Lord thought little of what was behind. The greatest peril lay ahead.

"By honey!" cried Prout. "What's them, sir? Now we're in for it! Down, sir—down! Down, or we're done! The whole South Pole has gone bust!"

Something loomed ahead—some towering shape—and between them they wrenched the wheel over. The ghostly thing slid past, and they felt its chilly, frozen breath as it went by.

"Up, up, sir!" Prout's voice was almost a scream. "We'll smash like a rotten egg-shell! By honey! Hold hard, sir! In the name of wonder, how did we do that?"

Another of those ghostly shapes had drifted astern, and its breath was driven back by the raging wind, cold as the tomb itself. Then the sound of a shot went down the gale.

The gunner had fired against the wind. He seemed to have fired through it, and into a calmer space above, for when the star-shells burst they were behind the yacht, and

not travelling with the speed of the hurricane. They burnt blue and clearly. Even Ferrers Lord's lips tightened, and he was a man of iron. The primeval ice had burst from its moorings of untold centuries. In the gloom, the white, maddened sea seemed choked with glassy leviathans. The mighty icebergs of the Southern Pole had snapped the fetter of ages and gained their liberty. Even against the blizzard they were moving north, for they were submerged so deep that the northern flowing tide was the master they obeyed, not the wind.

In the path of these glassy, sea-buffed monsters was the Lord of the Deep, and behind her were the racing, hungry seas. And she could not turn!

Down came the darkness as the last star-shell died out, a thread of wind-blown sparks. One person alone had not seen the peril of the yacht, and that was Gan Waga, the Eskimo. He had seen the limp form of Ching Lung being washed against the rail every time the Lord of the Deep shipped a sea, and was kneeling beside him, holding the prince's drenched figure in his arms.

"Can you hold her, Prout?" asked the millionaire sharply. "Can you manage the wheel alone?"

Prout's hands were raw almost to the bone, and he ached all over as if he had been thrashed with an ashplant; but the steersman was all grit.

"I think so, sir," he answered. "By honey, if I can't it won't be for want of trying! The old yacht seems to have gone as mad as the weather, trying to pull the arms out of me."

"It doesn't matter," said the millionaire. "That is what I wanted. Whose duty is it to look after the star-shells? The prince seems to have been a long time finding them."

"O'Rooney's, sir," said Prout. "There must have been an accident, for O'Rooney isn't the sort to neglect anything like that. The prince is putting them up now, anyhow, and—Phe-ew!"

Once more it was light as the cluster of star-shells exploded below the driving clouds. To port, two enormous icebergs, shining like blue crystal, and capped with snow, jostled each other like giants in play, and at each impact there was an ear-splitting crash; masses of ice broke away and tumbled into

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the frothing sea. It was hopeless. Berg loomed behind berg as far as the star-shells could throw their light. It was as if a range of mountains had broken adrift. They dwarfed the yacht to the size of a child's toy boat. They were ahead, astern, around—everywhere. The millionaire looked back at the ravenous, hurricane-driven surges, and then ahead at that crowding flotilla of bergs.

With a wrench he tore the megaphone out of the straps that fastened it to the rail, and shouted through it.

"If anybody can hear me, keep those star-shells going. We have a dog's chance if we can only see. Keep on fir—"

He dropped the megaphone, or else the wind tore it from his hand, and there was blood on his lips when the metal mouth-piece had been freed from them. Thurston had heard. Again came that terrible darkness, with those shadowy flashes of horror

"Well, it is worth while to have lived, if only to see that," he muttered. "Few men have even seen Nature in such a fantastic mood as this. Steady, Prout, steady! Bring her over!"

"Over it is, by honey!" said Prout. "I think I'm frozen to the thing, sir. You'll have to chop my hands off to make me let go. A sight to send a man crazy if he hadn't good nerves, sir."

"Perilous seas!" said the millionaire. "We don't know where we're going, Prout, but go we must; so we'll go with a good heart. Let go, if you can, and I'll manage; but stand by."

Prout managed to unlock his stiffened fingers. He hooked one elbow round the rail, and, crouching, breathed on his frozen hands. Star-shells winged up and burst, and the millionaire headed the yacht between two of the bergs. There seemed ample sea-room,

that were leaning their massive icy shoulders together drunkenly. It was either the ravine or to crash, and the mouth of the glassy ravine was half-obscured by a smother of spray. And what lay beyond?

For one brief instant the millionaire looked into the others' eyes with a steady gaze. The light was failing. They drank in two deep breaths, and steered for the narrow passage. Spray smothered everything, and all was as black as the pit. And then, with a crash that flung them against each other, the yacht struck.

There was no tremendous shock, but it was severe enough to have started the plates of a vessel built with less strength and care. The millionaire had designed the Lord of the Deep, and Harold Honour had built her, and anything that gifted engineer attempted was as near perfection as human skill, unremitting zeal, and exquisite forethought could make it. She seemed to rebound, and then before her engines stopped she pushed ahead again as if trying to bore her nose into something tough and soft, something that was neither sand, rock, nor ice.

Behind her an enormous gun might have been in action, manned by a highly-trained crew. It boomed at regular intervals, as if timed by a watch. It was only the sound of the surges beating at the mouth of the ice-ravine, and echoing through it. Then a bell began to clang, and the engine-room staff, and the stokers poured up from below. The darkness was like black velvet till a flare was lighted aft. It showed no sky, only a roof of ice, to port and starboard only ice, and forward a great brown, shaggy mass into which the yacht had forced herself. Whether the yacht was stranded or afloat it was impossible to say; but she did not roll or shake. Hal Honour took the old pipe from his mouth and put it in his pocket.

"Light," he said, and clambered down. Honour was a magician. Within ten minutes the lights were burning again. Maddock's whistle mustered the crew. Not a man was missing. Ching Lung had recovered, and, instead of breaking his neck, Prout had escaped with a nasty bump on his head, a pair of blistered and frost-bitten hands, and a few bruises. The yacht was leaking, but not dangerously. Her bows were down under the weight of enormous masses of brown, pulpy seaweed.

"If someone would explain how we got into this pickle, he'd be doing me a kindness," said Ching Lung. "I've been down and out, and lost to the world."

"Do yourself a kindness by going below and getting out of those frozen clothes, Ching," said Ferrers Lord. "Sprinkle some ashes here, O'Rooney."

The deck was like a sheet of glass. The booming sounds still came regularly, but not with the same force. Ferrers Lord made his way to where the engineer was standing with his arms folded across his bare chest. Honour was looking at the weed that seemed to choke the end of the ice cavern from its crystal roof to the yacht's deck. Each brown pulpy frond was seven or eight inches broad, and many yards in length.

"Clear it!" said Ferrers Lord. "There's room to turn!"

Hal Honour jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and touched his ear. The millionaire understood, and spoke to Thurston, who was beside him.

"Honour thinks that the berg has either swung broadside on or that another berg has floated up and blocked the entrance," he said quietly. "Get a boat out, Rupert, and go and see, please! It must be one or the other to have lessened the noise so much. Axes, here, and clear the deck!"

The engineer was the first to attack the mass of weed. Presently twenty of the crew were at work with him. They slashed and pulled and heaved the stuff overboard. The water surged and sucked, but it was comparatively calm; and, after clearing the ice out of the blocks, Thurston quickly got a boat clear. Ching Lung and Barry O'Rooney clambered in after him. They pulled gently, the flare from the yacht lighting up the cavern.

"Bedad! This is the worst twister Oi ever had since Oi came to say! And bad luck to that same day!" said Barry O'Rooney. "For the loife of me Oi don't know where we are or how we got here, unless this old iceberg were as hollow as a rotten nut, and we crashed through the shell of it!"

"If you want an explanation from me, you'd better search me hard, Barry!" said Ching Lung. "I'm suffering from loss of



The engineer was first to attack the great mass of weeds which clung to the bows of the yacht. Then, at an order from Ferrers Lord, several more of the crew sprang forward with axes, slashing and tearing, and heaving the stuff overboard into the water. (See this page.)

looming dimly through it, the mighty bergs hard as adamant, and as cold and cruel as death itself. And in the darkness the Lord of the Deep staggered on blindly. Below men were sweating and almost fainting in the fierce heat of the stokehold; above the two men clung to the wheel, their hands numbed, and their faces almost frozen by the bitter cold, and half-deafened by the roaring wind and water, and the reverberating crash of ice against ice. All Nature seemed to have gone insane. Weird lights began to show—strange, fantastic tricks of the magnetic storm that had preceded and followed the Polar earthquake. Faint lightning played round the centre of the bergs, and luminous sparks that the wind could not drive away flashed from the two monsters that were jostling together like flint striking against steel. Up from the south, burning crimson and green, swept the aurora, setting the dark horizon ablaze, and the bergs caught its reflections and flashed them back. One great berg, as clear as crystal, caught the crimson hues alone, and burnt like a cone-shaped crimson lamp, the surges that leapt away from it rising and falling like waves of blood. Ferrers Lord's lips tightened.

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NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"TO SAVE THE SCHOOL!"

A SPLENDID  
YARN OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

memory. I remember going to fire off some star-shells, and then Gan Waga woke me up. I've made such a quick change that I believe I've put my trousers on the wrong way about."

"That's a mere thrifle, and sure ut won't worry you much as the ould rof does the nasty on us and falls in!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Bad scraw to oice and oice-bergs! Of never did loike the stuff."

"Is there a lamp here, Barry?" asked the prince.

"In the locker, sir. Maddock went over the boats, and he's sure to have put things roight."

They were almost a quarter of a mile from the yacht, and the light from her was becoming dim. Ching Lung found a powerful electric signalling torch in the locker.

As they pulled, the shadows deepened until they could scarcely make out the roof of the great icy vault, and the intense chill of it made them catch their breath.

Rupert Thurston had a little gold compass hanging from his watch-chain, not a mere toy, but a reliable little instrument on ordinary occasions. Now it was quite unreliable, for when he looked at it, it was wriggling as if some invisible hand was passing a magnet over it.

"The little chap is bewitched, and no use at all," he said. "The big berg has veered, that's one sure thing, and we've got hundreds of feet of solid ice between us and the storm. By the noise the left wall should be facing north and the other south. As the cave is pretty straight, we're pulling west, and the yacht is facing east."

This theory seemed feasible. The hurricane had come raging out of the north. Some huge barrier was sheltering them from its fury, and, if the spray-lashed opening through which Ferrers Lord had steered the yacht had not changed its position, the water of the ice cavern could not possibly have been so calm. The prince shipped his oar, and scrambled forward into the bows. He lifted the torch, and sent its bright ray shooting forward. Then, as if forced from a hose, a jet of water hissed out of the darkness, hit him full in the chest, and tumbled him over Barry O'Rooney.

"Phwat d'ye mane?" roared the Irishman. "Arrah! Help! Murder and onions! Ut's a waterspout!"

As a second jet caught the Irishman in the nape of the neck, he lurched forward between the prince's kicking feet. Thurston ducked, and the boat floated on clear of the deluge of salt water. As Barry and the

prince struggled up, Thurston secured the torch. It flashed on ice, a great, torpedo-shaped spur of it. They had come to the end of the cavern, and there was no way out. The spur closed it like some gigantic glass-stopper that did not fit too well. The leak was low down, one powerful stream forced through a crevice, but it was intermittent. Sometimes it was little more than a trickle, and a moment later it burst through as if from the nozzle of a fireman's hose. Ching Lung and Barry O'Rooney had been unlucky to encounter it when it was not a trickle.

"Bottled!" said the prince, clearing his eyes. "Bottled and corked! And there's not a corkscrew on earth big enough to draw that cork out, Rupert!"

"Pull like mad, and keep yourselves warm!" said Thurston. "Ease over to the other side, or you'll get another wetting!"

Ferrers Lord's eyebrows knitted as he heard the news, and Hal Honour, who had been doing the work of three men, rested on his gleaming axe to listen.

"Was the spur moving at all, Thurston, or was it motionless?" asked the millionaire.

"Quite a fixture, Chief," answered Thurston. "There was a lot of white, rugged ice above—frozen spray, I think. Except in one place, where the water is being forced through when a wave hits her, she looked as tight as if cemented in, and she's getting tighter. Nothing except high explosive would move her!"

"And that we daren't use, for it might bring a few thousand tons of roof down on us," said Ferrers Lord. "You are certain you reached the end?"

"Absolutely certain! The cavern is oval-shaped, and a lot wider than I like it to be. There's too big a span of roof to make me feel comfortable—too much weight."

Hal Honour lighted his pipe, and again attacked the seaweed. Though so pulpy, it was astonishingly tough. Tons of it had been cleared away, but the bows were still choked with it. Maddock, who had been taking soundings, saluted the millionaire, and made his report.

"Plenty of water aft and amidships," said Ferrers Lord. "Are we aground forward, or only jammed into this abominable weed? Try a grapnel, Maddock."

The bow'sun lashed three cod-hooks together and tied a lead to them. At four fathoms the hooks caught. Maddock tugged, and brought up a cluster of weed. Again the engineer rested on his axe. The brown

curtain of weed of unknown thickness and weight masked the whole face of the ice. It seemed to be quivering. He watched it steadily for some seconds, and then swept his left hand backwards.

"Right!" said the millionaire. "Make a trial, Honour. If it breaks away, and comes down on us, we shall be swamped and smothered!"

The millionaire went to the wheel himself. The smoke from the funnel rolled under the glassy roof in dense clouds, and reversed propellers began to churn the water, filling the hollow ice-cave with a lashing roar. Slowly the Lord of the Deep began to move astern, the great fronds of weed still clutching at her like greedy fingers, reluctant to give up their hold on her. The fronds snapped with a noise that resembled pistol-shots. Then she was clear, but still sagging down at the head under the weight of the weed. The gang dashed in, and in twenty minutes the yacht was on an even keel.

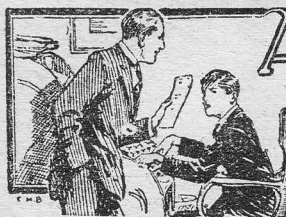
There was a little ripple on the glassy water. Ferrers Lord nodded to the engineer, who followed him to the boat. Ferrers Lord took the oars, and they pulled away in silence. What Rupert Thurston had described as a jet, followed by a trickle, had become a steady cascade. Water was pouring in steadily over the spur of ice, and hissing down on either side of it. The engineer gave his broad shoulders an expressive shrug.

"Slow, but sure, Honour," said the millionaire. "If there is no opening at the other end, and this inrush goes on, it will be very unpleasant for us presently."

There was a chance that, in the bitter cold, the leak would seal itself up. If not, and there was no outlet beyond that mysterious curtain of weeds, the atmosphere of the cavern, as the water steadily flowed in, would gradually become compressed. As yet, unless the inflow increased, this was a remote danger. The yacht was lying in the widest part of the cavern. Pulling past her through the floating weed, they approached the weed. In the chill, breathless air Honour struck a match and held it up. It burnt quite steadily, the flame scarcely flickering. Barry O'Rooney's lusty voice came bellowing through the silence.

"Pull, bedad—pull!" he roared. "Pull for your loives! Pull, Oi say!"

(What new danger is threatening the crew of the Lord of the Deep, imprisoned in the great Crystal Cavern? You must not miss the long, thrilling instalment in next week's issue of the POPULAR.)



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASSED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

## FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

First and foremost,  
**ANOTHER GRAND FREE COLOURED ENGINE PLATE!**  
 OUR SPLENDID STORIES.

There will be another magnificent programme for next week's issue of the "Popular," which will be on sale at all newsagents' next Friday morning.

There will be a grand complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, entitled:

### "BREAKING UP THE FAMOUS FIVE!" By Frank Richards.

This story deals further with Herbert Vernon-Smith's remarkable attempt to drive the Famous Five from the school. He has succeeded with Nugent. Another success comes his way, as related in next week's story. Gradually he is breaking up the Famous Five, as he said he would!

The second long complete school story will deal with the chums of Rookwood, entitled:

### "THE RAID OF THE REBELS!" By Owen Conquest.

This story concerns the exciting adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. in the progress of their strike against the Head and Mark Lattrey.

The third long complete school story is entitled:

### "TO SAVE THE SCHOOL!" By Martin Clifford,

which relates a stirring adventure which befell Frank Richards at the "School in the Backwoods."

The fourth and last complete school story will concern the chums of St. Jim's, which Mr. Martin Clifford has also contributed. The story is entitled:

### TRACKING DOWN TOWSER! and is really an extremely fine story.

There will be another instalment of our magnificent new serial,

### "GAN WAGA'S ISLAND!" By Sidney Drew,

which, as you know, concerns the adventures of Ferrers Lord and his friends. There is no one in the world who can tell an adventure story like Mr. Sidney Drew, as you will realise as you proceed to follow up the instalments of this serial week by week.

"Billy Bunter's Weekly," will appear in our next issue, as usual, but it is an unusual number. It is packed with contributions from juniors from all the schools, and the great William George, who edits the supplement, thinks that two pence ought to be charged for his "Weekly" alone!

Last, but by no means least, will be found another of our jigsaw puzzles which, although provided mainly for your amusement, affords you a chance to win a money prize for skill.

### OUR GRAND ENGINE PLATE.

Don't forget, there will be another magnificent engine plate free next Friday. There was one last week, another in this issue, and there are still plenty more to come! Boys and girls all over the country are eagerly collecting them, for they will make a grand series when completed. Never before, in all the history of journalism, has a paper given away ABSOLUTELY FREE such a number of coloured plates—and the offer is not likely to be repeated.

Go right round to your newsagent now, and tell him that you must have the "Popular" saved for you every Friday. And tell all your chums to go and do likewise!

## Your Editor.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"TRACKING DOWN TOWSER!"

A GRAND STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

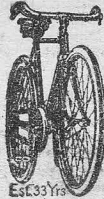
**SCHOOLBOYS ON STRIKE!**

(Continued from page 23.)

Mack opened his door, and the light streamed out. Jimmy Silver & Co. reached it. "Rush them!" shouted Jimmy. The two prefects spun round in amazement. Erroll's eyes danced. "Jimmy!" he panted. "Hands off!" roared Knowles. "You—you— Ah! Ooooop!" The juniors were rushing on, and the two Sixth-Formers were fairly bowled over in the twinkling of an eye. They sprawled right and left, and Jimmy Silver caught Erroll by the arm.

"Hook it!" he panted. And they ran. Knowles and Carthew sat up dazedly. Before the prefects could gain their feet, Jimmy Silver & Co. had disappeared in the darkness. Erroll in their midst. They did not lose a second in reaching the rebel camp. There was a shout from the parapet as they came panting up. "Hallo! Who goes there?" It was Dick Oswald's voice. "Buck up with the plank!" shouted Jimmy. "Right-ho!" Jimmy Silver & Co. hurried across the plank, and it was drawn back after them. Erroll squeezed Mornington's arm. "Safe as houses, old fellow!" "Hallo! Here's dear old Carthew!" chortled Lovell. Carthew and Knowles came racing up after the plank was gone. A shower of clods greeted them, and they disappeared, yelling, into the darkness.

And a loud and triumphant cheer rang out from the schoolboy camp. Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips when he received the prefects' report that Kit Erroll was in the rebel camp once more with his comrades, and he dismissed them with scarcely a word. For a long time the Head paced his study in deep and troubled thought. He sat down at last to write a letter, and that letter was addressed to Mr. Lattrey, the father of the outcast of the Fourth. And if Jimmy Silver & Co. could have known what was written in that letter they would have felt that they were near to victory. THE END. (There will be another long, complete tale of the Great School Rebellion at Rookwood in next Friday's issue of the POPULAR.)



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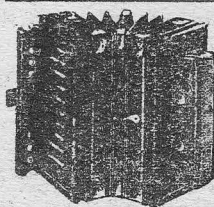
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