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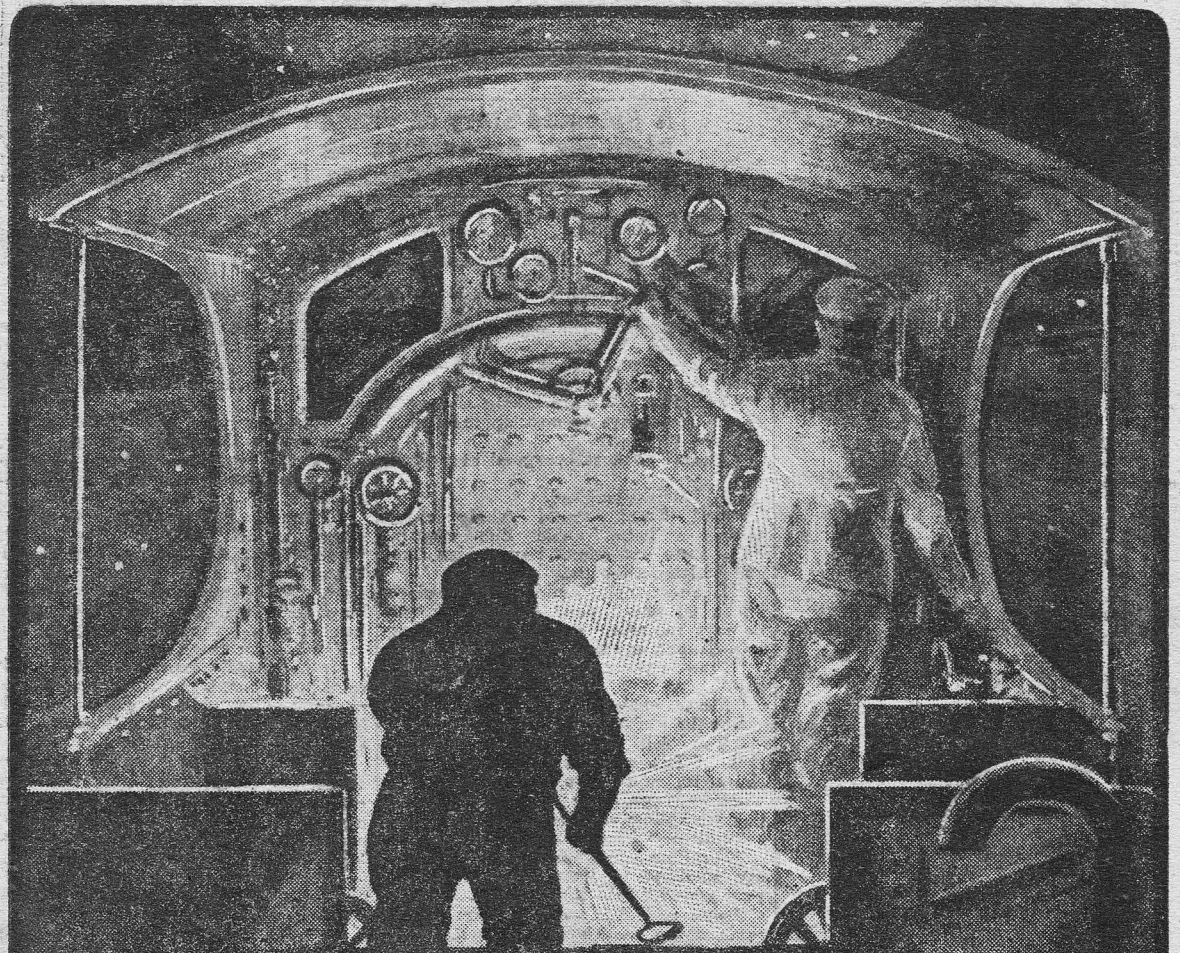
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# The POPULAR 2d

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AN EXCITING STORY, IN WHICH FRANK RICHARDS AND BOB LAWLESS PLAY A PROMINENT PART IN ROUNDING UP THE MEXICAN RUSTLER!



A Splendid Story of Frank Richards' Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada.

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD,

(Author of the famous tales of St. Jim's appearing in "The Gem.")

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### The M.P.'s!

THE M.P.'s will be here this morning!" Bob Lawless remarked, at the breakfast-table at the Lawless ranch.

Frank Richards looked up inquiringly.

"The M.P.'s!" he repeated.

"Yes. You haven't seen the M.P.'s yet?"

"No," said Frank. "I've seen some in London, but I haven't seen any Canadian M.P.'s yet."

"In London!" ejaculated Bob.

"Yes."

"Do you mean London, Ontario?"

"No; London in England," said Frank. "There are lots of M.P.'s in London. The Houses of Parliament are there, you know!"

Bob Lawless stared at him for a moment, and then burst into a chuckle.

"Oh, I see! Well, our M.P.'s are a bit different from your M.P.'s," he said, still chuckling. "We may see them before we get off to school—they're sure to be early. They're coming here about the affair of that Mexican who winged poor Beauclerc."

"My hat!" Frank Richards stared at his Canadian cousin. "Do you mean to say that M.P.'s are coming here about that?"

"I guess so."

"How many of them?"

"Three, I think."

"Well, I thought I was getting used to Canada," said Frank Richards. "But I shouldn't have expected to hear that M.P.'s were coming to look for a horse-thief. Where are they coming from?"

"Kamloops."

"And what are they going to do?"

"Take the trail after the Mexican."

"My word!"

Frank Richards went on with his breakfast, still in a state of astonishment. Mr. Lawless had gone out on the ranch before the boys were down, but he came in as they rose from the breakfast-table. The rancher had a rifle under his arm,

and a somewhat grim expression on his bronzed face.

"You're going with the M.P.'s, dad?" asked Bob, with a glance at the rifle.

"Yes, Bob. We are taking along one of the Kootenays to pick up the trail," said the rancher.

"Ahem! I'm rather good at a trail, dad."

Mr. Lawless laughed.

"And Frank would simply enjoy taking a hand," said Bob eagerly. "Can't we cut school to-day, dad, and come along after that rustler?"

"I guess not," said Mr. Lawless. "I've no doubt your assistance would be very valuable. But you're not going into danger, my boy."

"Frank's never seen a Canadian M.P., dad."

"Never, uncle!" said Frank Richards.

But the rancher shook his head.

"You will go off to school," he said.

"This man Garcia is a desperate character, and there will be shooting when he is run down. The farther away you youngsters are the better."

"But—" began Bob.

"It's time you were off, too. Go and say good-bye to Beauclerc, and get to your ponies," said Mr. Lawless.

Frank and Bob went upstairs to the room where Beauclerc lay in bed. They found the wounded boy pale, but quite calm and cheerful. He gave them a pleasant smile.

"Well, how do you feel this morning, Beauclerc?" asked Frank.

"Pretty rotten. But the doctor says I'm mending," said Beauclerc. "It will be a week or more before I come back to school. Still, I'm lucky."

"Not so lucky as I was, I guess," said Bob Lawless. "I sha'n't forget, Beauclerc, that you got in the way when that Mexican villain was potting at me at the Indian ford. I'm sorry we had a scrap the other day."

Beauclerc smiled again.

"That's all over and forgotten," he said. "I was to blame." His pale face coloured a little. "I've been thinking

a good bit, you fellows, while I've been lying here. I'm sorry I didn't get on better with you and with the other fellows. I was a bit of an ass, I'm afraid."

"Well, you were, as a matter of fact," said Frank Richards, smiling. "The fellows at Cedar Creek School were willing to be friendly enough if you had let them."

"I know! I—I was a duffer—a bit of a snob, in fact," said Beauclerc frankly. "I didn't mean to be, but there it was. When I get back I shall make a fresh start. And—and if you fellows care to be friends with me, after the way I treated you, I shall be jolly glad!"

Frank's face brightened.

He had hardly expected that from the remittance man's son. Beauclerc had never seemed able to forget that he belonged to a noble family in the Old Country.

His father was a wastrel, hanging about the camps, and subsisting upon remittances from England, but keeping up all the pride of a Spanish grandee notwithstanding; and Beauclerc had inherited all his class prejudices.

But the remittance man's son had evidently been thinking matters over while he lay ill in the ranch-house.

And Frank, who had felt friendly towards him in spite of his foibles, was glad to see the change.

He pressed Beauclerc's white hand as it lay on the coverlet.

"That's all right, old chap! We're going to be your pals, whether you like it or not. We've decided that already."

"You bet!" said Bob Lawless heartily.

"Thank you!" said Beauclerc simply.

"Your pater's coming over to see you to-day," said Bob. "Good-bye, old scout! Keep your pecker up!"

The cousins descended, and went out for their ponies. It was time to start for the school at Cedar Creek.

"The M.P.'s haven't turned up yet," remarked Frank, as he saddled his pony.

"We may meet them on the trail," said Bob. "I wish we could go with

them. Better fun trailing down a rustler than grinding verbs at school, Frank.

"Yes, rather!"  
The two cousins mounted, and rode away from the ranch.

Frank Richards was in rather a puzzled frame of mind.

The whole section had been aroused by the news of the rustler who had robbed the cousins on their way home from school the week before, and who had wounded Vere Beauclerc with a cowardly shot from the thicket.

Outrages of that kind were rare enough in the section, and the man from Mexico was not likely to escape justice very long.

Frank would not have been surprised to see a sheriff's posse on the trail, but it was surprising news to him that trailing down a rustler was one of the duties of the Canadian M.P.'s.

He half suspected that his cousin Bob, who was of a humorous turn of mind, was pulling his leg. But Bob seemed quite serious about it.

About a mile from the ranch three horsemen came in sight, riding out of the timber.

"There they are!" exclaimed Bob. Frank looked at the three riders approaching along the trail.

The schoolboys saluted the M.P.'s as they passed.

The troopers, though they had evidently been on the trail most of the night from Kamloops, looked as fresh as paint.

They returned the schoolboys salute, and rode on at a gallop towards the ranch.

Frank and Bob rode on to the lumber school, where they arrived just in time for morning lessons.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.  
The Mexican Again!**

**C**EDAR CREEK SCHOOL was in rather a state of excitement that Monday morning.

Frank Richards and his cousin were the centre of attention.

The story of the Mexican rustler was known there, and the Cedar Creek fellows were keen to hear all about it.

After morning classes the cousins were surrounded in the school grounds by a crowd of inquirers.

"Tell us all about it," said Chunky Todgers.

"I guess we want to hear the yarn," remarked Eben Hacke. "I hear that that guy Beauclerc has got drilled."

to handle under his Canadian cousin's tuition. But Bob called a halt.

"Let's get the hosses," he said.

"All serene. We've got an hour before afternoon classes," said Frank.

"Where shall we go?"

"Dad didn't seem to want our help in trailing down the rustler," grinned Bob. "But there's no harm in taking a ride over towards Indian Ford, to see how they're getting on. They're bound to pick up the trail there, as it's the last place where Garcia was seen."

"Good!" said Frank. "But they've had all the morning, and they're pretty certain to be gone long ago."

"I guess we may see some of the fun if we hustle," said Bob. "Anyhow, we'll take a trot that way. You're not scared of the greaser?"

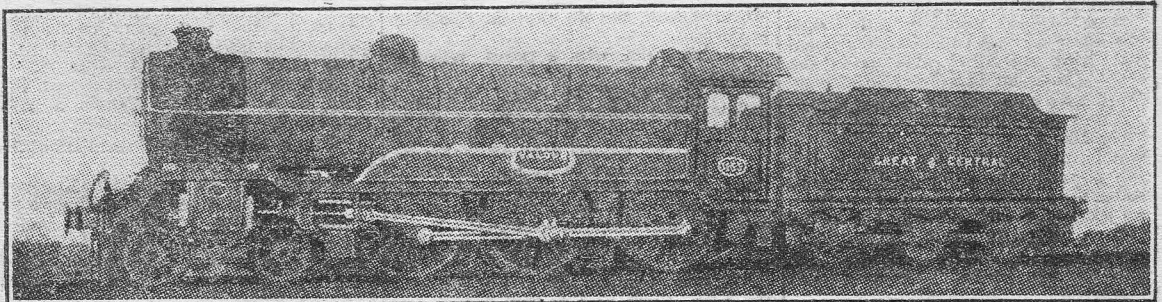
"Rats!" said Frank cheerily.

The chums rode away from the lumber school at a trot. But as soon as they were out of sight of Cedar Creek they broke into a gallop.

The Indian Ford, on a fork of the Fraser River, was some distance from Cedar Creek, but the wiry Canadian ponies covered the ground in good style.

The schoolboys came in sight of the ford at last, and halted on the spot where

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They were splendidly built fellows, each over six feet in height, and burly and broad-shouldered. He noted that they were in uniform, with rifles on their backs. They were young men—the oldest certainly not over thirty.

"My hat!" exclaimed Frank. "And they're M.P.'s!"

"I guess so."

"They look more like soldiers than members of Parliament."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Bob Lawless roared.

"I don't see where the cackle comes in," said Frank. "You told me they were Canadian M.P.'s."

"Ha, ha, ha! So they are!" roared Bob. "But in British Columbia M.P. stands for Mounted Police, not Member of Parliament."

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank. He understood now.

The three horsemen in uniform were members of that famous body, the Canadian North-West Mounted Police.

That famous corps, few in number but great in quality, kept law and order in the vast regions between the Great Lakes and the Yukon.

"A bit different from your M.P.'s in London, hey?" grinned Bob.

"Yes," said Frank, joining in the laugh. "Quite."

"How did it happen?" asked Lawrence.

Frank Richards explained.

"The Mexican was in the timber when we went home from school last Friday. He robbed us of our horses, and we got them back—or, rather, Bob Lawless did. The chap laid for Bob afterwards at Indian Ford, and shot at him from the timber, and Beauclerc got between, and got the bullet. That's all."

"By gum!" said Hacke. "Beauclerc is the real goods, and no mistake!"

"One of the best!" said Bob.

"I calculate he's got sand," said the American youth, "and I reckon I'll let him off the walloping I was going to hand him—just a few."

"And what's become of the rustler?" asked Chunky Todgers, his round eyes wide open.

"The Mounted Police are after him."

"Then I guess he's a goner," said Hacke confidently.

Miss Meadows, the schoolmistress, called the cousins into her room to hear an account of their adventure; and then Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, had to be satisfied. Then it was dinner-time.

After dinner Bob Lawless and Frank left the log schoolhouse together.

Frank was heading for the creek, where lay the canoe he was learning

Bob's fight with Beauclerc had taken place two days previously, and where the remittance man's son had fallen to the Mexican's treacherous shot intended for Bob Lawless.

There were many hoof-prints on the grassy bank and tracks among the timber, but there was no sign of the Canadian North-West M.P.'s.

That the Mexican was not far away, and that he had not yet been captured, was evident from the sounds that came, on the wind, from down the creek.

Frank Richards listened, with his heart beating.

Crack-ack-ack!

The reports were faint in the distance, but unmistakable. Down the creek, beyond the timber, rifles were busy, and every few minutes a report was borne faintly on the wind to the listening ears at the lumber school.

"He's corralled somewhere, I guess," said Bob; "and he's holding up the Mounted Police. Treed, perhaps."

Crack-ack!

"That's the Mounted Police rifle," said Bob. "The greaser's only got a shooting-iron, I reckon—only a revolver. That's a rifle-shot. They're peppering him, somewhere. On the island, perhaps."

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

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

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"GUNTEN'S LITTLE GAME!"**

The chums stood and listened to the distant firing.

Frank's heart was beating with excitement. To the English lad, it was a strange and thrilling experience.

His eyes met Bob's, and their expression showed that the same thought was in both their minds.

"I'm not going back to the school yet," muttered Bob.

"Just what I was thinking," Frank set his lips. "Look here, Bob, that swarthy villain shot down Vere Beauclerc. It's up to us to help lay him by the heels—if he can help."

"I wonder!" said Bob slowly.

"Hark! They're firing again!"

"There's only two shooters going now," said Bob, listening intently. "I guess one of the M.P.'s has been winged."

"Oh, Bob!"

"Looks like it to me. He's a desperate scoundrel, Franky. This means ten years for him, at least, if he's rounded up. He won't stick at much to get clear. Look here, we're going to see what's going on. Are you game?"

"What ho!"

"Then here goes!"

Bob Lawless, without waiting to think farther, jumped off his pony, and tethered it to a tree.

Frank Richards did the same.

In a minute or less they were in the timber by the creek, and out of sight of the lumber school.

"Miss Meadows would be rather mad if she knew we had vamoosed," grinned Bob. "But she won't miss us in the crowd. That's all O.K."

Crack-ack! came faintly on the wind.

"Follow on, Franky."

"Right ho!"

Bob Lawless led the way.

The chums tramped along the creek, keeping their eyes and ears wide open.

An occasional shot still rang out in the distance, louder to their ears as they advanced.

"Here's the hosses!" muttered Bob suddenly.

In the timber they came upon three horses tethered on a trail-rope, cropping the herbage by the creek. They were North-West M.P.'s steeds. The fire was close at hand now.

"He's on the island, as I reckoned," said Bob.

Standing on the bank, close to the water, the chums looked along the creek.

Almost in the middle of the stream, a small island rose from the water, thickly covered with spruce and larch. Round it the waters raced, for it was not far above the rapids.

Past the island drift logs scurried past on the current. Somewhere amid the foliage of the little river-isle lurked the Mexican horse-thief. There was no doubt about that.

For from both banks of the river rifle-shots came from the timber, the bullets tearing into the foliage on the island.

One of the troopers had crossed the creek, evidently to cut off the escape of the Mexican on that side.

From both sides that fusillade was kept up, and the bullets tore through the spruce on the island, forcing the Mexican to lie very low in cover.

"He's there right enough," said Bob. "I guess he can't know how to handle a Canadian canoe, the clumsy greaser. I reckon he came to grief on the island, and the canoe's gone over the rapids. My birch-bark canoe. The thief! I dare say I'll find it at the camp below to-morrow—what's left of it. They've got the rustler fairly fixed."

The POPULAR.—No. 166.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"GUNTEN'S LITTLE GAME!"

Crack-ack!

The bullets seemed to be searching out every corner of the little islet, which was not more than a dozen yards across. No sound came from the desperado hidden there; his revolver did not answer the rifles.

"Why doesn't he shoot, Bob?" muttered Frank.

"Keeping his lead for a rush, I guess. His popgun wouldn't be much use at the distance, but at close quarters—"

The rifles rang out again. A sudden yell sounded from the island, though nothing but the green spruce could be seen. A bullet had gone very close to the hidden rustler.

The schoolboys pressed on along the bank. A stalwart Canadian who was lying behind a tree, with a rifle before him bearing on the island, sprang to his feet.

It was the Mounted Police sergeant. Close by him a trooper sat against a trunk, with one arm thickly bandaged, and his face pale under its tan. The rustler's revolver had claimed one victim, at least.

"All serene, sergeant!" exclaimed Bob Lawless hastily, as the big man swung round on them.

"Young Lawless! What are you doing here?" growled the sergeant.

"I guess we came to see how the circus is getting on," said Bob coolly.

"All O. K., Mr. Lasalle. We're not afraid of lead, and we know how to keep in cover."

The sergeant, with a grunt, reloaded his rifle.

"He's winged," he said. "Twice, I reckon. The clumsy guy ran the canoe on the island, and I reckoned we had him. But he winged Dave with his revolver, and we had to let up. He could shoot down a dozen men from there, before they could set foot on the island. But he's corralled, the scoundrel. Johnson's crossed over to the other bank to keep him busy from there."

Sergeant Lasalle threw himself into the grass again, and opened fire on the island through the thickets.

The schoolboys, keeping well back among the trees, watched breathlessly.

It seemed certain that sooner or later the searching fire would find out the hidden desperado on the island, and either disable him or force him to show himself and surrender.

But now the sun was beginning to sink towards the Pacific.

"I guess he's waiting for dark, Franky," Bob muttered. "Once it's dark, he'll swim for the bank and chance it."

"And he'll get clear," said Frank. "Nobody could track a man through these woods in the dark, surely."

Bob shook his head.

"I guess not. It means the hunt again to-morrow, and if the rascal gets into the hills, he may get clear."

Crack-ack!

The rifles were ringing out in unison again. Still no sound or movement from the island. It was possible that a bullet had already found its billet, and that the Mexican desperado lay stretched in death amid the thick spruce.

But it was more likely that he was watchful and alert, and hoping that a rush would be made, which would enable him to use his revolver with effect.

Two lucky shots would have rid him of his pursuers, and enabled him to flee in security. As he lay low on the island the Mexican must have been longing for the troopers to attempt a second rush.

But the North-West M.P.'s did not

intend to play into his hands in that way.

The dusk was deepening on the creek now, and the timber was growing dim.

Frank Richards stood watching the silent island, and the drift logs that washed down to it on the current.

A sudden thought flashed into his mind, and he caught Bob Lawless by the arm.

"Bob! A good swimmer could get to the island—"

"And get a bullet through the head half-way!" growled Bob.

"Swimming behind one of those logs, Bob," said Frank, his eyes gleaming. "Look here, I could swim and shove a log along in front of me. The Mexican's got to lie low while the firing's going on, and he wouldn't see!"

"By gum!" said Bob, struck by the idea.

Sergeant Lasalle turned on his elbow, and looked up at the chums in the growing dusk.

"Would you be willing to take the risk, young greenhorn?" he asked, with a curious glance at the English lad.

"Yes, I would," said Frank. "That villain shot down a pal of mine, and I'd do anything to help get him collared."

The burly sergeant laughed.

"Well, I guess you won't be allowed to do anything of the sort," he said.

"Oh!" said Frank, a little crestfallen. The big M.P. rose to his feet.

"But I guess it's a cinch!" he said. "I reckon that I'm going to try that game. The greaser is playing for time. After dark he may get clear if we haven't winged him before; and he's lying close. Can you handle a rifle, Bob Lawless?"

"Can a duck swim?" said Bob disdainfully.

"I guess I'll ask you to take my gun, then, and keep it up for me," said the sergeant. "The greaser won't notice any difference then. I'll get across and have a word with Johnson, and then we'll see. Take the rifle, and let's see how you shape."

He handed the rifle and bandolier to Bob Lawless.

The Canadian lad loaded the weapon at once, and dropped on his knee in the thicket, where the sergeant had lain.

The rifle came up to his shoulder, and the barrel peered through the leaves, bearing on the island across the stretch of dusky water.

Crack!

The bullet tore its way through the foliage on the island, scattering twigs and leaves as it whizzed on its way.

"Good man!" said the sergeant approvingly. "Keep that up, kid!"

"I'm your man," said Bob.

The sergeant disappeared through the trees, going up the creek. The two schoolboys were left alone, with the wounded trooper.

Bob Lawless, lying in the thicket, kept up the fire on the island with the sergeant's rifle, and Frank Richards watched him and waited. The wounded trooper lighted a cigarette with his undamaged hand.

"I guess that Mex is a gone coon!" he remarked. And he smoked quietly, heedless, apparently, of the wound that made his strong right arm helpless.

THE THIRD CHAPTER, Rounding Up the Rustler!

FRANK RICHARDS peered out from the trees with alert eyes, his heart thumping with excitement.

The sergeant had gone up the creek,

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

where, out of shot of the island, he could cross to the other side and speak to his comrade there. That could not have taken him long. What was he doing now?

Frank watched the driftwood on the stream with alert eyes.

He would willingly have taken the risk himself, for the purpose of bringing to justice the lawless ruffian who had shot down Vere Beauclerc.

But, at least, his suggestion had been acted upon. It was the last chance of corraling the desperado before the fall of darkness gave him an opportunity to escape.

Scan the stream as he would, he could not make out a swimmer. But at last he gave a sudden start, and his heart thumped faster.

"He's there, Bob!" he muttered.

"Good!" said Bob; and he pumped out another bullet at the island.

Down the stream a large mass of driftwood came floating on the current, directly towards the island, in the centre of the stream.

It was composed of several saplings, with branches, and a mass of drenched foliage, and looked like many other masses of driftwood; but Frank guessed that the sergeant had lashed the fragments together.

For behind the driftwood a bare head was discernible on the surface of the water.

The sergeant was swimming steadily, only the top of his head showing, and the mass of driftwood completely concealing him from view of the island. From the banks only could he be seen.

Had the Mexican mounted one of the trees on his isle of refuge he could have spotted the sergeant in the stream. But the Mexican was lying low, deep in the thick spruce and larch, to escape the bullets that were humming every few minutes over him.

The trooper on the other bank had evidently received instructions similar to Bob Lawless. The firing was faster than ever now, and the man on the island could not have stood upon his feet without imminent danger of being "plugged."

But, crouching low among the spruce, the ruffian was watching the river, ready for the rush he expected and hoped for, revolver in hand, and savage ferocity in his breast.

But the fierce, unrelenting eyes did not specially note the driftwood, like so many others, that kept steadily to the centre of the stream, and floated down slowly but surely upon the refuge.

Frank Richards watched it breathlessly.

The sergeant swam steadily, but he had no need of much exertion, for the driftwood half-supported him, and the current floated him on.

Bob Lawless could see him now without turning his head. He went on steadily reloading and firing into the foliage on the isle.

The North-West M.P. was taking his life in his hands. For if the Mexican had suspected the trick, if he had seen some slight sign to arouse his suspicion, he could have riddled the driftwood with revolver-shots from where he lay, and Sergeant Lasalle would have floated down to the rapids a dead man.

But to the Canadian sergeant danger was an old acquaintance, and he was carrying out his perilous task as calmly as if he were strolling long the High Street of Edmonton.

Closer and closer to the island drew the drifting mass, still hiding the head of

the swimmer from the watchful eyes of the Mexican.

Frank Richards' heart beat almost to suffocation as the driftwood, swirling on the current, bumped on the shore of the little island.

The Canadian sergeant had reached his goal.

Still keeping in cover of the driftwood, he was wading in shallow water till he could keep in cover no longer, and then a sudden, desperate bound carried him ashore, and into the spruce thickets.

Instantly the firing from the banks of the creek ceased.

men who were fighting desperately there out of their sight.

There was a splash in the creek as the trooper on the other bank plunged into the water and swam for the island.

The schoolboys saw him scramble ashore; then, dim in the thickening dusk, Frank Richards made a movement towards the creek, and Bob Lawless joined him, throwing down the rifle.

"Come on, Frank!" he breathed.

The chums plunged into the water together, and swam on the current to the island. But the sounds of strife had ceased before they dragged themselves



**WOUNDED!**—The schoolboys pressed along the bank. A stalwart Canadian, who was kneeling beside his wounded comrade, sprang to his feet as Frank Richards & Co., appeared. "Young Lawless!" he growled. "All serene, sergeant!" exclaimed Bob cheerfully. (See Chapter 2.)

Another shot at the island was as likely to hit the sergeant as the Mexican rustler now.

A shout was heard across the darkening creek—a shout of rage from the Mexican, who understood at last how he had been tricked, as the Canadian sergeant plunged ashore.

Crack-ack-ack!

It was a sudden staccato outbreak of revolver-shots.

Bob Lawless sprang to his feet. His face was pale and set. It was a moment of tense anxiety to the chums of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards set his teeth hard.

From the island, across the silent waters, came the sound of crashing in the thickets, and further pistol-shots.

It was man to man now—the big Canadian sergeant against the desperate Mexican rustler—man to man, hidden by the dusky thickets.

The shooting ceased suddenly, but the sounds of a struggle could be heard in the evening stillness. The chums could hear the breaking of twigs, the trampling of feet, and even the fierce panting of the

ashore there. They plunged into the spruce thickets breathlessly.

On the ground the Mexican desperado lay, with his arms bound down to his sides, his teeth showing like those of a wild animal, and his black eyes glittering with rage and hatred.

The trooper was knotting a cord about his arms quietly and methodically. Sergeant Lasalle was wiping blood from his face, where a revolver-bullet had gone very close.

"Got him!" panted Bob.

The Canadian sergeant laughed quietly.

"I guess I have!" he remarked. "He won't get loose again in a hurry. By gad, it was a tussle, all the same!"

"You're wounded!" exclaimed Frank.

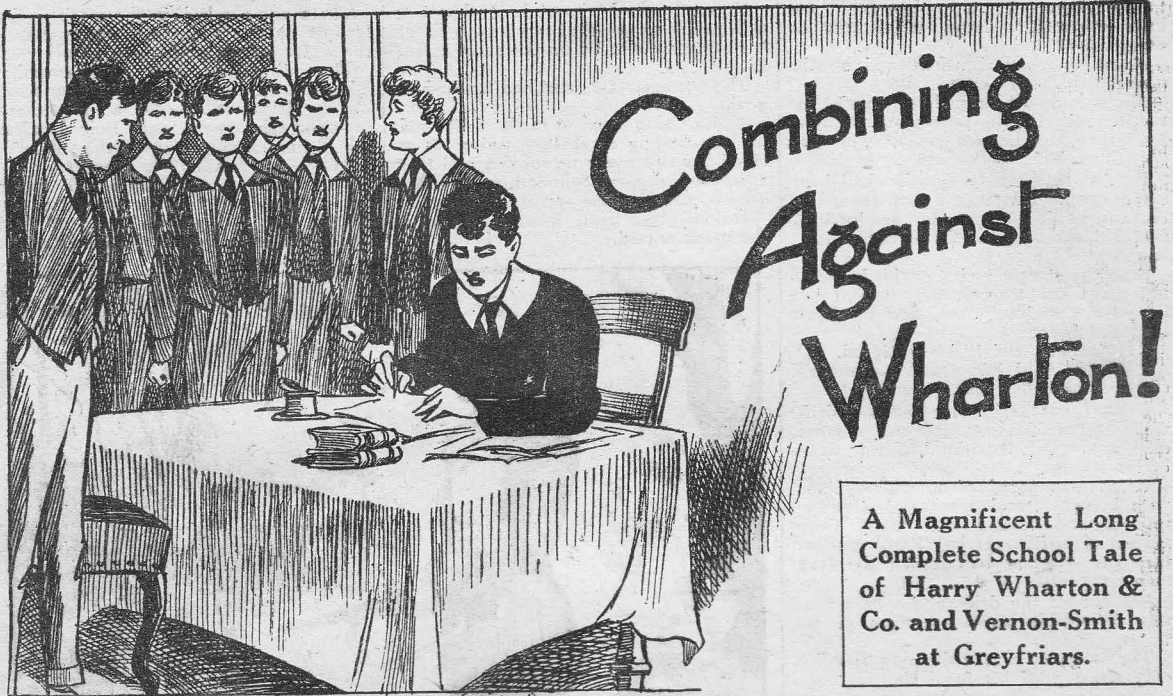
"Only a scratch, sonny, though another inch would have done the business; but I was too close on him." The big sergeant smiled down at the savage captive. "Ready to travel, Mr. Greaser?"

"Carambo!"

(Continued on page 18.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

HARRY WHARTON HAS A VERY UNPLEASANT TIME WITH THE WHOLE FORM UP AGAINST HIM.



# Combining Against Wharton!

A Magnificent Long  
Complete School Tale  
of Harry Wharton &  
Co. and Vernon-Smith  
at Greyfriars.

**By FRANK RICHARDS,**

Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars now appearing in the "Magnet" Library.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Mysterious!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Who's that?"

The mist had rolled up from the sea, and it was thick in the old Close of Greyfriars. Evening had set in, and the grey mist shut out the light of the stars. Through the mist, the lighted windows of the School House gleamed into the Close. Two juniors were crossing the Close towards the School House—Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry of the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars. It was Bob Cherry who suddenly halted, with a sharp exclamation.

Harry Wharton paused, too. Bob was peering round into the mist, and he had his head cocked a little on one side to listen.

"What is it, Bob? I didn't see anybody," said Wharton.

"Well, I did," said Bob Cherry, "and heard him, too. I had an idea that somebody slipped in after us when the gate was opened."

"Phew!"

The two juniors looked and listened. There was no sound from the grey mist that filled the Close. Wharton and Bob Cherry had been down to Friardale, and Gosling, the porter, had just let them in. Bob Cherry had a parcel under his arm, containing good things from Uncle Clegg's shop in the village.

"Might be one of the fellows japing us," Harry Wharton said.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Listen!" he muttered.

There was a sound of a boot grinding on the gravel path. Bob Cherry made a sudden rush, and there was a gasping cry.

Then a shout from Bob Cherry.

"Got him! Lend a hand here!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

"Let me go!"

"No fear!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "You've got to explain what you are doing here first, my pippin!"

Harry Wharton dashed towards his chum. A man of slim and lithe form, with a swarthy face half-hidden under a thick muffler, was struggling in Bob Cherry's grasp. The man was a stranger in Greyfriars, and it was clear that he had taken advantage of the mist to get in when the gate was opened. He returned grasp for grasp, and Bob Cherry, sturdy junior as he was, reeled back in his hands and shouted for help:

"Buck up, Harry! He's too strong for me!"

Wharton was grasping the fellow the next moment. He dragged him off Bob Cherry, and they went to the ground together. Bob Cherry piled on him the next moment, and the stranger was extended on his back, with the two juniors sitting on him, and pinning him down by their weight. There was a clatter as a thick cudgel dropped from his hand.

"Got him!" said Bob Cherry calmly. "Now, my friend, will you kindly explain what you are doing here?"

The man gasped for breath. The juniors could only see him dimly, but they made out a dark, foreign face, and two glittering black eyes and a black moustache. The man was not English, that was clear, though the words he had spoken were good enough English.

"It's some giddy tramp, and he sneaked in for what he could lay hands on in the fog," said Bob Cherry. "Jolly lucky we spotted him!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Let me go!" panted the man.

"Rats!"

"I am doing no harm here. I am not a thief. I—I came to see someone—someone who is at this school."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"I'm afraid that's rather too thin, my son," he said, taking a more comfortable position on the stranger's chest. "Visitors to Greyfriars don't generally sneak in in the fog, and try to keep out of sight."

"I—I had a reason!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I dare say you had! Sit on his head if he wriggles, Wharton! We've got you, my infant, and you may as well give in!"

There was a shout from the direction of the School House, where the lighted windows glimmered dimly in view. The noise of the struggle and the voices had been heard.

"What is the row there?"

It was the voice of Coker of the Fifth. "Giddy burglar!" shouted back Bob Cherry. "But we've caught him!"

"My hat!"

"Come and lend a hand, Coker!"

"Is this one of your rotten japes, you young sweeps?" asked the Fifth-Former suspiciously, as he came through the mist. "What have you got there?"

"Look at him!"

"My aunt! Some foreign chap!" said Coker. "What do you want here, you rascal?"

"I am not a thief!" cried the fallen man, excitedly. "Carambo! My name is Diaz. I am an honest man! I came here to see a boy!"

"Which boy?" grinned Coker.

"Senor Vernon-Smith."

"Phew!" said Coker. "Smithy of the Remove! You came to see him?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then why didn't you ring at the bell in the usual way, if you've only come to visit one of the chaps?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Because I was afraid I should not be admitted. I think perhaps Vernon-Smith would not care to see me."

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"Sounds jolly fishy," said Coker, with a shake of the head. "More likely a sneak-thief who was going to pick up things in the fog."

"Yes, rather!"  
"Take me in to see Vernon-Smith!" exclaimed the stranger. "He will recognise me. He has seen me at his father's office in London."

"By Jove! He sounds as if he's telling the truth," said Harry Wharton, with a puzzled look. "May as well let him see Smiddy."

"Oh, good! Bring him in, but don't let go of him."  
"Right-ho!"

The man was allowed to rise to his feet, Wharton and Bob Cherry keeping a grasp upon his arms. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, had all sorts of acquaintances outside the school—the kind of acquaintances schoolboys are by no means supposed to have. It was quite possible that this was one of them. The foreigner was evidently labouring under an intense excitement, and it struck the juniors that he was speaking the truth. But what his business might be with Vernon-Smith was a mystery.

"Bring him along," said Coker of the Fifth, taking the direction of affairs into his own hands—a little way he had. "Mind he doesn't bolt."  
"Right you are!"

And the man was marched into the School House. A score of fellows gathered round to look at him as he came in. Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, came up to ask what was the matter. Harry Wharton explained.

"Well, no harm in Vernon-Smith seeing him, at all events," said the Greyfriars captain. "It sounds fishy enough. One of you fetch Smiddy."

"Faith, and I'll have him here in a jiffy," said Micky Desmond.

And he rushed into the junior Common-room. He returned in a few moments with Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. The Bounder was looking very puzzled.

"What's wanted?" he exclaimed.  
"Senorito!"

The Bounder stared at the stranger, and gave a start.

"Hallo! What do you want here?" he exclaimed.

"You know him?" asked Wingate.

"I've seen him," said the Bounder carelessly. "Blest if I know what he wants at Greyfriars, though. I've no business with him. He's got something to do with a mine in South America that my father is interested in."

"Oh, if he's not a giddy burglar, it's all right," said Bob Cherry, releasing the South American. "From the way he sneaked in, I thought he was."

The Bounder laughed.

"Oh, he's not a burglar!" he said.

The South American, as he was released, made a hurried step towards the Bounder. Vernon-Smith looked at him coolly.

"Senorito, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, here I am," said the Bounder.

"You are Vernon-Smith, the son of the millionaire?"

"Yes."

"I must speak to you—not here—it will be better in private," panted the South American.

Vernon-Smith looked at him sharply.

"Come up to my study," he said. "I suppose he can come up, Wingate?"

"It's all right if you know him," said the prefect.

"Good! This way, Diaz."

The South American followed Vernon-

Smith upstairs to his study in the Remove passage, leaving the juniors in a buzz of surprise.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Combine!

**H**ARRY WHARTON and Bob Cherry gave no further attention to the man. He was a decidedly peculiar visitor for a Greyfriars fellow, but that was no business of theirs. They followed Vernon-Smith and his visitor upstairs, and passed the Bounder's study on their way to No. 13, Bob Cherry's quarters. Wharton's study was No. 1, but he usually had his tea in No. 13 since Frank Nugent had left Greyfriars. He did not like solitude. Things had changed of late in the Remove Form at Greyfriars—misfortunes had happened to the famous Co., and their numbers had been sadly thinned.

Frank Nugent had gone, Johnny Bull was gone, and Mark Linley was gone. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry missed their old chums sorely, and they were not without hope that the trio might be able to return to Greyfriars. It was owing to Vernon-Smith's machinations that they had gone; the Bounder had done them that injury. And the contest between the Bounder and the Co. was not over yet.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, and little Wun Lung, the Chinese, were in the study as Bob Cherry and Wharton came in. Bob Cherry pitched off his overcoat and muffler.

"Tea ready?" he demanded.

"The readyfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in his peculiar English, which he had not learned at Greyfriars. "The kettle is boiling, and the honourable toast is made. We have been waiting for our august chums."

"Hear, hear!"

Bob Cherry deposited his parcel on the table. He uttered an exclamation as he cut the string and opened it.

"What's the matter?"

"The jam!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Look at it! This is what comes of wasting time upon Vernon-Smith's rotten visitor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The jamfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The jar of jam in the parcel had evidently been smashed in the tussle. The contents had spread over the rest of the good things, and the sausages were jammy—in fact, the jamfulness, as the nabob remarked, was truly terrific.

Bob Cherry's face was a study as he glared at the jammy parcel.

"M-m-my hat!" he gasped.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Never mind, Bob. A little jam won't hurt the cake, and we can wash the hands."

"All through the Bounder!" growled Bob Cherry. "When he's not making trouble himself, he has rotten visitors who make trouble. Blow!"

And Bob Cherry began scraping off the jam. There was a tap at the door, and it opened, and a fat face, adorned with a very large pair of spectacles, looked in.

"I sav, you fellows—"

Bob Cherry turned a wrathful glare upon Billy Bunter. He was not in a humour to be bothered by the Owl of the Remove just then.

"Clear out!" he roared.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Buzz off!"

"I looked in to see if I could make some toast or anything for you," said Bunter, with an injured expression. "I really think you might be decent, Bob Cherry."

"What are you talking about, you silly ass?" growled Bob Cherry.

Bunter blinked at him.

"I'm going to have tea with you," he said cheerfully, rolling into the study. "Can I help you with that stuff, Cherry? You've got it rather jammy. I don't mind jammy cake—in fact, I rather like it."

Bob Cherry burst into a laugh.

"Oh, stay if you like, you bounder!" he exclaimed. "There's enough for a dozen, and as we're only four, there will be just enough for the lot of us, with you."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You can make the tea, as you're here!" growled Bob Cherry. "If you jaw, I'll shove this jam on you. It's no good for anything else."

Billy Bunter made the tea. Wun Lung had been cooking chips over the fire in a frying-pan, and the smell of his cookery was most appetising. The jam was scraped off the ham, and the ham was washed, and then, if a faint flavour of jam remained upon it, it could not be helped, and it did not bother the hungry juniors very much. Harry Wharton & Co. settled down to tea. Billy Bunter's jaws were too busy on ham and chips to leave him leisure for talking at first, but presently he made a remark.

"You chaps seen the Combine?"

"The what?"

"The Combine," said Billy Bunter.

"What on earth's that?" demanded Bob Cherry, puzzled. "Sounds like an American word. Is it some new dodge of Fisher T. Fish's?"

"Well, it's the name that was suggested by Fish," said Bunter, blinking over the ham and chips. "But the idea's Vernon-Smith's. As you fellows have pressed me to stay to tea, I don't mind putting you on your guard. It will give Wharton a chance to climb down in time."

"What?" exclaimed Harry, frowning. "Chance to climb down in time," repeated Bunter.

"Do you want to go out of this study on your neck?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Nunno! No!"

"Then shut up!"

"But, I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry. And he looked so dangerous that the Owl of the Remove shut up, and went on sulkily with his chips and jammy ham.

There was a knock at the door, and it opened. Fisher T. Fish, the American junior in the Remove, came in. He nodded coolly to the chums of the Lower Fourth.

"I guess you've heard?" he said.

"I've heard a silly ass come into this study and begin to jaw!" said Bob Cherry crossly.

"About the Combine, I mean."

"Oh, great Scott! Have you got it, too?"

"It's a combine—what you call combination in your queer lingo," Fisher T. Fish explained. "It was my idea. We're all in it—all but two or three."

"And what are you combining for?" demanded Harry Wharton. "It seems to me that a combine in the Remove has something to do with the Form captain. I haven't been told anything about it, so far."

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"You're out of it," he explained.

Wharton's eyes gleamed. His position as Captain of the Form had become somewhat shaky of late, and he knew it, but he did not like to hear the fact stated.

"You see, the fellows are combining

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against you," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I put them up to it. They're fed up with too much Wharton."

"You cheeky ass—"  
"It's a question of the footer eleven," said Fish. "You've steadily refused to play Vernon-Smith and Bolsover major. Now that Nugent and Bull and Linley are gone, there are three vacancies in the team, and you've filled them with poor hands. You've left out Vernon-Smith and Bolsover because they're on bad terms with you. You've left me out—"  
"You?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yep!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Blest, if I see where the cackle comes in," said Fisher T. Fish. "I can tell you I've played ripping footer over there." "Over there" was the United States, the land that was honoured with the citizenship of Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I've wanted for a long time to show you Greyfriars chaps how footer should be played."

"I guess you'll have to go on wanting," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You ass, you can't play footer for toffee. Smithy can play, though he's too unreliable to put into a team. Bolsover major can play, though I wouldn't have him swanking in my eleven at any price. But you can only swank."  
"I guess—"

Fisher T. Fish was interrupted. There was a sudden uproar down the Remove passage. It came from Vernon-Smith's study. There was a crashing, as of furniture being knocked violently over, and then the Bounder's voice was heard, shrieking:

"Help! Help!"  
"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "The Bounder's having trouble with his visitor! The Dago has gone for him!"  
"Help! Help!"  
"Come on!" cried Wharton.

Wharton forgot at that moment that the Bounder was his enemy. The shrieking voice showed that Vernon-Smith was badly in need of help. Wharton dashed down the passage towards Vernon-Smith's study, with Bob Cherry at his heels. Fisher T. Fish picked himself up and walked in the opposite direction. Fisher T. Fish was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Good for Bunter!

"HELP!"  
"Crash! Crash!"  
"Help!"

Harry Wharton flung open the door of the Bounder's study. The Bounder's cries had been heard up and down the passage, and there were fellows running from all quarters, but Harry Wharton was there first. Wharton dashed into the study.

Two figures were struggling violently upon the floor. The Bounder was on his back, and the South American was kneeling on him, clutching at his throat. The man's dark face was convulsed with fury, and his black eyes gleamed and glittered. Harry Wharton caught him by the shoulders with both hands, and dragged him by main force away from his victim. The Bounder was gasping for breath.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Wharton. "Let me go!" shrieked Diaz. "Let me go! The rascal—the ladrone! The son of a ladrone! Let me get at him!"  
"Lend a hand, Bob!"  
"What-ho!"

"The what-hofulness is terrific!"  
The South American was struggling to THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

get at the panting Bounder. Vernon-Smith was sitting up dazedly on the carpet, too dizzy to rise. He blinked stupidly at the frantic South American and his rescuers.

"Hold him!" he gasped. "Hold the murderous villain!"

Wharton and Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh were grasping the foreigner. Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, dashed into the study, followed by Micky Desmond. They laid their grasp upon the South American, and his struggling ceased.

"I think you must be potty, my man," said Bob Cherry. "What did you go for Smithy for? You might have throttled him."

"Oh!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "Throw the villain out! I believe he meant to kill me!"

"Oh, rot!" said Wharton. "He seems an excitable beggar, though. What have you been doing to him?"

"I? Nothing!" growled the Bounder. "Then why did he go for you?"

"Some idea he's got in his silly head, I suppose. He's got the worst of some business deal with my father, I think, and he wants to take it out of me," grunted the Bounder. "Throw him out! He's not safe!"

"I have been robbed," panted Diaz. "That boy's father—and he—he is just as bad! They are two villains!"  
"Oh, cheese it!" said the Bounder, rising to his feet and dusting his clothes with his handkerchief.

Vernon-Smith had recovered all his coolness now that his strange visitor was in safe hands. "You're off your rocker, I think. I have nothing to do with my father's business matters, and I couldn't interfere if I wanted to. You must have been mad to come here, I think. Smith's Consolidated isn't run from a junior study in Greyfriars School, you fool. Now, you can either get out of the place, or I'll telephone for the police and give you in charge for assault and battery. I think I could get you three months, with these fellows as witnesses."

"We should want to know what he tackled you for first, Smithy."

"Oh, rats! Shift him out."

"You'd better get out, my man," said Harry Wharton, not unkindly. Now that the fit of rage had passed, the foreigner seemed white and weak, and he was like an infant in the hands of the sturdy juniors. "Whatever Mr. Vernon-Smith had done to you, you can't come here and go for his son. That's not in the game."

"I am a ruined man!" said the foreigner huskily. "I have been swindled!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Bob Cherry. "We had a chance once of seeing something of the respected Vernon-Smith methods of business. But you'd better go my man. You can't do anything by staying here and if the masters found what you'd been up to you'd be given in charge of the police."

The man nodded wretchedly.  
"Thank you, seniorito! You—you are a gentleman—different from that ladrone."

"Thank you!" said Bob Cherry. "What or earth's a ladrone?"

"It is as you say—thief."  
"Oh, it's a thief, is it? Then I dare say a ladrone is a very suitable name for Vernon-Smith senior."

"You cad!" yelled the Bounder. "If you call my father a thief—"

"I haven't forgotten the time he had the Head under his thumb over money-lending bizney," said Bob Cherry scorn-

fully. "If extracting interest from a borrower till he's paid three times the loan isn't thieving, I don't know English. But it's no business of mine, and you had better get out, my hot-headed friend."

"Si, si, seniorito, I will go!"

"We'll see you off the premises, I think," said Harry Wharton, with a glance at his chums. "I would rather see the gates locked on him."

"Yes, rather."

"Ah! I shall not return," said the South American. "It was my last hope, coming here—a fool's hope. The son is as greedy and merciless as the father. Let me go!"

"And think yourself lucky to go without the handcuffs on and a bobby's paw on your shoulder!" sneered the Bounder.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry led the South American away. They kept hold of his arms, in case he should break out into violence again. The man had acted with almost murderous violence towards Vernon-Smith, yet they could not help feeling a tinge of sympathy for him. He acted, and looked, like a man who had been wronged, and they could easily believe that the poor wretch had been ruined by Samuel Vernon-Smith, millionaire and moneylender, and that he conceived the idea of appealing to the son to use his influence with his father to obtain mercy. They smiled grimly at the thought of such an appeal being made to the Bounder of Greyfriars. If anything, Vernon-Smith was harder and colder than his father, the millionaire.

The South American's violence all seemed gone. He walked between the two juniors with his head bowed, heedless of the curious glances cast upon him from all sides. They crossed the Close in the mist, and Bob Cherry knocked at the door of Gosling's lodge. The school porter blinked out into the mist.

"Wot's wanted?" demanded Gosling.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Let this chap out, Gossy!" said Wharton.

Gosling stared at the South American in amazement.

"Ow did he get in?" he demanded.

"I didn't let that man in!"

"Through the bars of the gate," Bob Cherry explained gravely. "But he's taken a deep breath since then, and he can't get out again. So you will have to toddle out and unlock the gates, Gossy."

Gosling snorted, and came out with his keys. The South American looked at the two juniors as the gate swung open.

"I am sorry to have alarmed you, senores," he said in his soft voice. "I have been wronged, more than you can understand. But it was folly to come here. Carambo! The son is as great a reptile as the father! Adios, senores!"

"Good-night!" said Harry Wharton. "I say, if you are hard up—"

He put his hand into his pocket.

The South American shook his head.

"I am penniless," he said; "but I am not a beggar! Adios!"

He disappeared into the mist on the road towards Friardale.

The juniors went back towards the School House with thoughtful brows. The strange visit of the South American had given them food for thought.

They remembered their unfinished tea in Study No. 13, and returned there. But the tea was finished now. They had left Billy Bunter there, and Billy Bunter had not lost time.

Little Wun Lung was curled up in the armchair, and Billy Bunter was at the table—just finishing. He rose to his feet as the chums of the Remove came in.



"Thanks awfully for that feed, you fellows!" he said.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Have you scoffed the lot?"

"Oh, really—"

"You haven't left a giddy sardine for us!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Well, you see—"

Billy Bunter dodged round the table as Bob Cherry rushed at him, and bolted for the door. Bob Cherry dashed after him, and his boot reached Bunter just as Bunter reached the doorway.

The fat junior rose gracefully on the end of the boot, and landed in the passage.

Then the door slammed.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Up Against Wharton!

**T**HE next day it was easy for Harry Wharton to see that there was something "on" in the Remove. Some of the fellows looked very mysterious, and there was a great deal of whispering, in the Form-room and out of it. The Combine was evidently going strong.

Wharton waited for the storm to burst, and after lessons that day it burst. The captain of the Remove went up to his study after school, to write out an imposition for Mr. Quelch, and he was in the middle of it when Bob Cherry came into Study No. 1 looking very serious.

"It's coming," said Bob Cherry.

"What is?" asked Wharton, looking up from his impot.

"Trouble!"

"That rot that Fish was talking last night, do you mean?" asked Wharton, frowning.

"It isn't rot," said Bob, with a shake of the head. "Of course, the Bounder's at the bottom of it—and it's serious trouble, Harry."

"Well, I don't care, for one."

"It's about the Redclyffe match tomorrow," said Bob Cherry, regarding his chum in rather a peculiar way. "It's the old question of putting Vernon-Smith into the eleven."

"I'm fed up with it," said Harry.

"You haven't changed your mind?"

"No."

"Since Nugent and Johnny Bull and Marky have left the team has been weakened a lot, Harry. It wants bucking up."

"That's no reason for putting in the cads who plotted against Nugent and Johnny Bull and Mark Linley," said Wharton. "They're not going to play for the Form so long as I'm skipper. I said that at the start, and I stick to it!"

"I dare say you're right," said Bob, drumming uneasily on the table. "But the whole Form is wild about it. Unless you put in the best men we shall be beaten by Redclyffe, same as we were last week by Courtfield and the week before by the Fifth Form."

"Possibly!"

"Well, Harry, that isn't footer, you know," urged Bob Cherry. "We want to win. We don't want to pile up a record of lickings for the Remove this season. I agree with all you think about Smithy. I know he worked it so that our pals had to leave. I know he'd do as much for us if he could. And I know everything will come right in the end, and we shall all be in a better position than ever. All the same, Smithy is one of the best wingers we have, and Bolsover major is one of the best backs. If you put them in, we shall have a good chance of licking Redclyffe. If you don't, we may as well scratch the match, because we're booked for a licking."

"There's a good chance, if the team plays up," said Harry. "We've got some good men—you and Tom Brown, and myself, and Inky, and Newland. Morgan is a good back, too, and Micky Desmond can play half."

"Yes, yes. But the members of the team don't want to be licked, and they all want Smithy to play."

"They'll be disappointed, then."

"The fact is, Harry, they won't play unless Smithy does. That's the meaning of their precious combine. They're coming here to tell you so."

Wharton looked very grave.

"So it's come to that?" he said.

"Yes. If you refuse their demand, they're going to appeal to Wingate, as Head of the Games, to order you to play Smithy and Bolsover major."

Wharton set his teeth.

"They tried that before, and Wingate didn't interfere," he said.

"He will interfere this time."

"Let him!" said Harry.

"Then you won't give way—even to Wingate, the skipper of Greyfriars?"

"No!"

"Oh, my Aunt Polly Anu!" murmured Bob Cherry, in perplexity.

He took two or three turns up and down the study, his brows wrinkled. Harry Wharton went on steadily writing out Virgil. Wharton's brow was black and moody, and there was no sign of surrender in his face.

It was difficult to say whether Harry Wharton was in the right or the wrong.

Vernon-Smith had plotted against his chums with such success that they had to go. Wharton knew that. Vernon-Smith & Co. wanted to fill the vacant places in the Form eleven, and on their merits

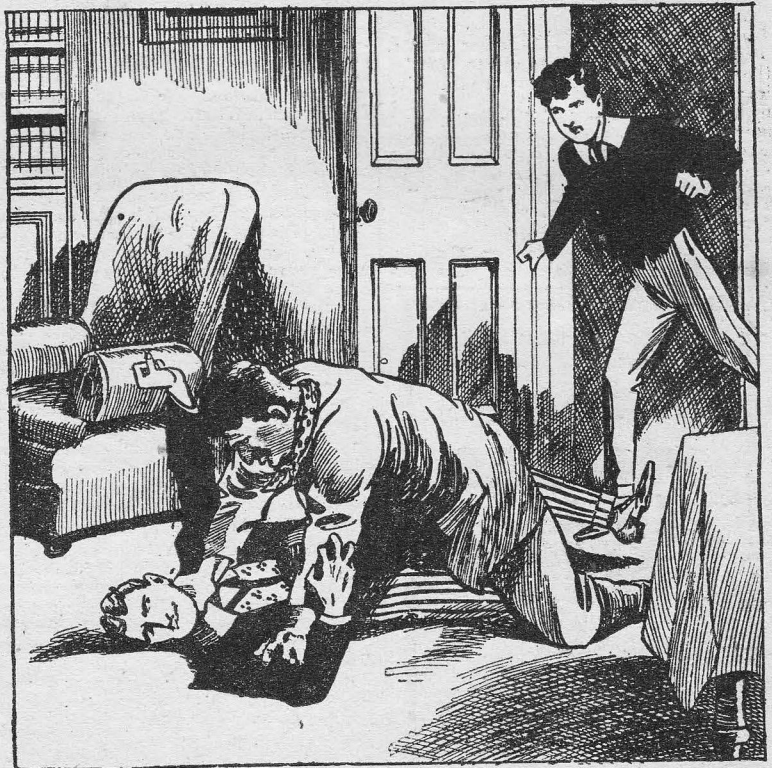
they should have done so. But Wharton had a very natural objection to giving Nugent and Johnny Bull's places to Vernon-Smith and Bolsover, who had schemed against them and driven them out of the school. So long as he was football captain in the Form he was determined that Vernon-Smith should not have his way.

But the rest of the Remove were far from looking at it in that light. For the personal quarrel between the Bounder and Harry Wharton & Co. they cared not two straws. They wanted the Form to put a winning eleven into the field, and outside the footer ground the rivals of the Remove could rag one another as much as they liked. And it was difficult to say that the Removites were wrong in the view they took.

Three successive defeats had been the result of Wharton's policy, partly owing to the exclusion of Vernon-Smith and Bolsover from the team, and partly owing to the fact that Bulstrode and Russell and Ogilvy stood out of the eleven in sympathy with them.

Wharton was left to make up the best team he could, when three of the best footballers had left, and three more were standing out and two were excluded. It was not easy to make up a winning eleven under such circumstances. And it was not surprising that even the fellows he had chosen to play were dissatisfied. They wanted to play for the Form, but they did not want to play in a losing team. There was not much fun in playing in a match which was booked in advance for defeat.

Harry Wharton was captain of the Remove, but his position was very shaky now. The Removites still hesitated to



**TROUBLE FOR THE BOUNDER!**—Harry Wharton rushed into the study. The Bounder was on his back and the South American was kneeling on him, clutching at his throat. "Help, help!" cried Vernon-Smith. Harry Wharton dashed forward to the rescue of his old enemy! (See chapter 3.)

turn him out of the position; they all knew that he was the best footer captain they could get. But unless he came round to their way of thinking, his fall was pretty certain.

But he was not likely to come round. He believed that he was in the right; but right or wrong, he was too grimly determined by nature to yield an inch to the enemy.

Wharton's pen travelled steadily over the paper, while Bob Cherry moved uneasily about the study, trying to think of some plan for convincing Wharton that it would be advisable to give way. The dusky face of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked into the study, and it was unusually grave.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Are they coming?"

The dusky junior nodded.

"The comefulness is terrific," he said.

"Look out, Wharton!"

"Let them come!" said Wharton.

There was a tramp of footsteps in the passage. Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove, came into the study with his heavy tread, and a crowd of fellows followed him. Snoop and Stott and Hazeldene and Bulstrode, all firm backers of Vernon-Smith, marched in, and after them came a crowd of the Remove. Harry Wharton did not even look up from his paper. He had a dozen more lines to write, and he went on writing them. The Removites crowded into the study, and crowded in the doorway, and there were still more behind in the passage.

Bolsover grunted.

"We've come to speak to you, Wharton," he said gruffly.

"I guess we're here," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

Wharton glanced up.

"I am busy," he said.

"So are we," said Bolsover major.

"We've got something to say to you."

"You will have to wait till I've finished, then."

And Wharton continued to write.

The juniors exchanged exasperated glances. Bolsover thumped the table.

"Look here, Wharton—"

"I guess that's cheek, you know—"

"Wharton, you ass—"

"Wharton, do you hear?"

Wharton's pen travelled on steadily.

Bolsover clenched his hand. He was

strongly inclined to knock the inkpot over on that imposition. But Bob Cherry was watching him, quite ready to hit out. There was nothing for the Combine to do but to wait.

Wharton wrote his last line with perfect calmness while the juniors fumed and muttered and then laid down his pen. He rose to his feet.

"Now what do you want?" he asked.

Bolsover scowled.

"We've come to talk to you about the footer," he said. "The Remove aren't going to put up with your cheek any longer. We're all fed up with it. Unless you put Vernon-Smith and Bulstrode and me into the team for the Redclyffe match to-morrow there's going to be trouble."

"Hear, hear!"

"Then there will be trouble," said Wharton calmly. "For I'm certainly going to do nothing of the kind."

"You prefer the Remove to be licked?" demanded Bulstrode.

"I've explained the position before, but I don't mind doing it over again," said Wharton wearily. "I won't play Vernon-Smith in Nugent's place, because he got Nugent sacked from the school by a rotten trick. I know you fellows don't believe it, but it's the fact; and he's not going to have Nugent's place. Besides that, he's a rotter, and not to be depended upon. I won't play Bolsover major because he's a bullying cad, and can't learn his proper place in the team. I won't play Bulstrode because he resigned from the eleven just before a match, and left us in the lurch, and he might do it again. That's all quite clear, I think. So that's settled."

There was a roar.

"It's not settled."

"Rats!"

"Members of the team, trot in!" called out Bolsover major. "Come and talk to the rotter, and let him see that we mean business. We've combined over this matter, Wharton, and if you stick out against the whole Form you'll have the team against you as well as the rest of the Remove. Come in, you fellows!"

Newland, the goalkeeper, Morgan and Treluce, the backs, Leigh and Vane and Micky Desmond, the halves, and Tom Brown, the inside-left, came in. They were seven members of the eleven, the other four being Wharton, Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Penfold. Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh were sticking to their captain, and Penfold was not to be seen.

Wharton started a little as he saw Micky Desmond and Tom Brown, the New Zealand, among the enemy. They had backed him up through thick and thin so far, and he had not expected them to join the other side. Both of them looked very sheepish as they caught his glance, but quite resolved.

"Well?" said Wharton coldly.

"I'm sorry this has happened, Wharton," said Tom Brown, in his frank way. "We think you're in the wrong, and we don't want to count a licking against the Remove in every footer match this season simply because of your personal differences with Vernon-Smith."

"That's how it is," said Micky Desmond. "Sure, and you can't say we haven't backed you up, Wharton darling. But there's a limit."

"And we've got to the limit," said Newland, the goalie. "Three lickings, one after another, are quite enough."

"Faith, and ye're fight."

"We're all sorry about Nugent and Bull and Linley leaving," continued Tom Brown. "But we think their places

ought to be filled with the best men. We want to win matches."

"Hear, hear!"

"And we think you ought to give in, Wharton."

Wharton compressed his lips.

"I shall not give in," he said.

"Then we're going to appeal to Wingate, as Head of the Games," said Bolsover major.

"Go ahead!"

"Well, Wingate will order you to play Smithy," said Tom Brown, "and you can't disobey an order from the captain of the school."

"That's true. But I can resign and stand out of the match, and I shall do that."

Tom Brown looked troubled.

"I hope you won't do that," he said.

"You know you're the best centre-forward in the Form, and we can't spare you."

"You can choose between Smithy and me."

"Smithy, then," said Bolsover major.

"We can spare you all right. Go and eat coke!"

"I wish you'd think over it, Wharton," urged Tom Brown.

"I have thought over it, and I've decided."

"Then look out for squalls," said the New Zealand junior, losing patience.

"I'm fed up with lickings at footer, and it's time we had a change."

"Hear, hear!"

"You can go!"

"Nuff said," said Bolsover major.

"March!"

And the juniors, in a decidedly angry and exasperated frame of mind, marched out of the study. Tom Brown lingered, for he was a chum of Wharton's, and one of his firmest supporters, and it was only a strong sense of duty to the team that had caused him to stand out against his old skipper.

"Can't you think over it, Harry?" he said.

"Whatever your private troubles are with Smithy, you can put them out of your mind on the footer field, can't you?"

"No," said Harry.

"Well, I don't call that playing the game," said Tom Brown sharply; "and it seems to me that the sooner the Remove gets a new skipper the better."

And he swung angrily out of the study.

Bob Cherry gave a comical groan.

"Now all the fat's in the fire," he said. "They mean business, Harry."

"I know they do."

"And it doesn't make any difference to you."

"No."

"Well, firmness is a good quality."

Bob Cherry remarked, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "but there's such a thing as being pig-headed."

"Bob!"

"All serene," said Bob. "I'm backing you up."

And Bob Cherry left Study No. 1 with a very glum brow.

Bolsover & Co. did not go at once to Wingate. They hoped that when Wharton saw that practically the whole of the Remove was against him he would give way.

They did fully appreciate Harry Wharton's obstinate nature, and even if the whole of Greyfriars combined against him it is doubtful if he would give way.

THE END.

(There will be another long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. in next TUESDAY'S issue, entitled "A Victory At Last!" Order your copy to-day!)

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"A VICTORY AT LAST!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

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ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY THINKS OF A SCHEME TO RELIEVE ST. JIM'S OF THE MEAT SHORTAGE!



# CONDEMNED IN ERROR!

*A Splendid, New, Long, Complete  
Story of TOM MERRY & CO.,  
the Chums of St. Jim's.*

**By MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Gussy's "Wabbits"!**

**W**ABBITTS!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, uttered that one word very seriously—extremely seriously. There was a frown upon Gussy's noble brow, and wrinkles upon his forehead.

Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby were doing their prep. Gussy should have been doing his prep. But he was not. He had not even opened his books that evening.

Blake looked up, and he frowned, too. It was not a thoughtful frown; it was one of annoyance.

"Shut up, Gussy, there's a good chap!" he said. "You'll get it in the neck if you don't finish your prep soon!"

"Wabbits!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy again.

"Eh?" said Blake darkly.

"Wabbits!" said Gussy firmly. "I'm convinced that wabbits are the thing!"

Blake looked at Digby, and Digby turned to Herries. Blake touched his forehead significantly.

"He's got 'em again!" he said.

D'Arcy came to earth suddenly, and heard Blake's remark. He turned his head, and looked Blake up and down in a severe manner.

"If you fellahs will wot when the country needs our help—" he began.

"Help!" exclaimed Blake. "Have the Huns broken loose again?"

"There's a shortage of fweash meat, deah boys," said Gussy patiently. "I vegard it as up to us to do our best to help the country out. I wepeat—wabbits are the thing!"

"The things, you mean!" said Herries.

"What about rabbits, Gussy?"

"I am goin' to keep wabbits, deah boys—"

"Where?" demanded Blake.

"Weally, Blake, that is a mattah upon which I have not given any thought so far," said Gussy. "As a mattah of fact, deah boy, I shall keep them in the studay—"

"What!" shrieked Digby, Herries, and Blake in unison.

"Pway do not get excited, deah boys," said Gussy, frowning slightly at the apparent hostility in his chums' expres-

sions. "Wabbits are weally nice little animals, and I sha'n't want more than half the studay."

"Only half?" asked Blake sarcastically.

"Yaas, wathah," replied Gussy innocently. "If Hewwies would be so kind as to move Towseh's biscuit-box—"

"I'm likely to do that!" snorted Herries, who was the owner of the only bulldog at St. Jim's. "Towser's biscuits have to be kept in a dry place, let me tell you!"

"Theah's the kitchen, deah boy," suggested D'Arcy. "I hope you're not goin' to waise a lot of silly objections—"

"Objections?" hooted Blake. "Let me object your blessed rabbits in this study, my son! I'll—I'll—I'll jolly well bring Towser in!"

"Towser loves rabbits," said Herries thoughtfully.

"Weally, Blake— Howevah, there will be time enough to talk about that when the wabbits awwive," said Arthur Augustus.

He was evidently determined not to get excited that evening. He usually showed distinct signs of uneasiness when Towser's name was mentioned. Towser had a liking for trousers—Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's trousers in particular. The mere sight of Towser was enough to cause Gussy to make a strategic retreat.

And, to avoid further conversation, D'Arcy went out of the study.

Blake & Co. looked at one another in amazement for a moment.

"The chump!" said Blake.

"The ass!" grunted Digby.

"The jabberwock!" snorted Herries.

"Rabbits in the study! My hat! He'll want to keep pigs in here soon!"

Blake grunted again.

"Better get on with our prep," he said. "Gussy'll get it in the neck when Lathom takes the Fourth in the morning!"

And Blake & Co. settled down to work again.

D'Arcy came back a quarter of an hour later, still thoughtful and preoccupied. But he sat down to do his prep without another word concerning rabbits. Blake & Co. did not mention it. They hoped

their elegant chum had forgotten all about rabbits.

Gussy was a good-natured fellow, with very high ideals, and he took the country's troubles very much to heart.

There had been trouble amongst the cattle, which had led to a temporary shortage in the Rylcombe district. Gussy had heard all about it, and, in his usual good-natured manner, he had given the matter serious thought.

Rabbits were the outcome of much thought. Blake & Co.'s hopes were not likely to be realised.

After morning classes the next day, Blake & Co. went to their study. When they opened the door they saw a huge packing-case on the table—a packing-case in which many holes had been bored.

"My hat!" said Herries excitedly.

"Some hamper! Who's the lucky dog?"

"I expect it's for me!" said Blake eagerly. "Lemme see the label, you chaps."

He looked at the label, and frowned. The address upon it was St. Jim's right enough, but the name was not John Blake. It was that of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"It's only for Gussy!" said Blake lugubriously. "From Eastwood, Gussy. Get it open, my son. I'll fetch a crow-bar if you like!"

Gussy held up a restraining hand.

"Pway do nothin' of the kind, deah boy!" he said. "The case must be opened with the gweatest care."

"Glass?" asked Blake. "Jam, perhaps?"

"Wabbits!" said D'Arcy firmly.

"Don't see why there shouldn't be some jam in it," said Blake, with a grunt.

"Wabbits!" said Gussy, raising his voice a little.

Blake started.

"Rabbits!" he ejaculated. "My hat! Are—are you going to tell me that you've got the rabbits here, after all?"

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. "The country needs—"

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets!" gasped Blake.

Digby and Herries did not speak; they were beyond words. They merely stared.

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"GRUNDY'S GREAT DAY!"**

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



**GUSSY'S RABBITS ARRIVE!**—Immediately the lid of the box was raised the study became alive with little furry rabbits. They jumped in every direction, and the Fourth-Formers started back. "My only topper!" shrieked Blake. "They'll get away! Stop 'em!" (See this page.)

grinly at their elegant chum, who smiled serenely back at them.

"I wished for them yesterday evenin', deah boys," he explained. "I asked Kildare if I might use the telephone for that purpose. Kildare's a bwick!"

"He's a fatheaded chump to allow you to use it for that purpose!" roared Blake.

"Weally, Blake— Howevah, I suggest you go and tell him that, deah boy!" said Gussy, with a chuckle. "Let us open the case and give the poor cweatuaus some more air."

Blake & Co. could not very well object to that. The case was a big one, and it was extremely likely Gussy had been as lavish as usual with his order for rabbits. And Lord Eastwood, the swell of the Fourth's father, generally responded in the same lavish way.

The chums grunted, and watched impatiently whilst D'Arcy slowly and carefully removed the lid of the case. But even Gussy was not quite prepared for what followed.

Immediately the lid was raised the study became alive with little furry rabbits. They jumped out of the case, on to the table, and thence to the floor. They jumped in every direction, and the Fourth-Formers started back.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Gussy. "My only topper!" shrieked Blake. "They'll get away!"

"Pway don't let them—"

"Look out, Gussy!" shrieked Herries. "There's one going through the window!"

"B-bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus made a frantic rush for the open window, upon the sill of which one of the rabbits had jumped.

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He grabbed it just in time to prevent it from falling to the quad below, and then he closed the window with a bang.

The rabbits, once upon the floor of the study, scampered round, looking for a way of escape or something to eat. Blake & Co. chuckled as Gussy returned the one he had rescued from an untimely end to the box, and bent down again to pick up another to serve in a like manner.

As fast as D'Arcy put them in the box, just as fast they jumped out again. In the end, Blake, Herries, and Digby were roaring with laughter, and it was not until Gussy pleaded for help that they ceased to laugh and gathered up the rabbits.

They had just time in which to return the little animals to the case before the dinner-bell rang, and the chums went into Hall. And as they entered the huge room Blake thoughtfully remarked to Herries that he thought there was trouble in store for somebody.

Herries, knowing Blake to be referring to Gussy, grinned and assented.

But there was to be trouble for others beside D'Arcy through the rabbits having been sent to St. Jim's!

#### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

##### Missing!

**F**EEDING-TIME, Gussy!"

Blake made that remark just after the Fourth-Formers had finished their tea in the study.

After much argument, and not a few threats, Blake & Co. had induced their noble chum to take the rabbits to the woodshed until such time as a run could be prepared for them.

D'Arcy had stuck out that the study was the place in which to keep the

rabbits. But Herries gently observed that perhaps Dr. Holmes, the headmaster of St. Jim's, might raise objections to there being rabbits in a junior study. That might lead to the rabbits being sent away.

That was the turning-point. Gussy saw the force of Herries' argument, and gracefully gave way. Then Blake & Co. had promised to help their elegant chum.

"Feeding-time, Gussy!" said Blake again.

D'Arcy came out of the land of dreams with a start.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "We've only just had tea, deah boy!"

"Dummy!" snorted Blake. "Feed the rabbits, you ass!"

"Bai Jove! I'd clean forgotten all about them!" said D'Arcy, jumping to his feet. "Pway accept my thanks for wemindin' me, Blake!"

"Accepted!" grinned Blake. "Come on; we'll all give a hand. How many have you got there, Gussy?"

"Just a dozen, deah boy!" replied D'Arcy, as the chums left the study and proceeded down the stairs to the quad. "I fancy that's quite enough to start with."

"Quite enough," agreed Blake. "I only hope Towser doesn't nose them out, Gussy. If he does, we'll have to write to that Greyfriars fellow, Penfold, to write us a little poem, which will commence: 'Twelve little rabbits—'"

"Pway don't be howwid, Blake!" interposed Gussy quickly. "If Towser makes away with any of my wabbits I'll jollay well slay him!"

"Let me catch you slaying old Towsy!" said Herries darkly. "Towser's bound to go for them. It's in the nature of the beast!"

Further remarks might have been passed had not Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, the leaders of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, suddenly come up. They grinned at D'Arcy, and fell into step beside the Fourth-Formers.

"Don't mind our watching you feed your little tribe, Gussy?" said Tom Merry.

"Not a bit, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "I'm glad to know that you Shell-fish take such an interest in the twoubles of the countwy."

"He's off! Politics before he gets to the House of Lords!" groaned Lowther. "Take a tip from me, Gussy, give up politics, and stick to rabbits!"

"Weally—"

"There's the little beggars!" said Manners hurriedly.

Lowther and Gussy were great chums, but their friendship was sometimes strained as the result of Monty Lowther's insatiable desire to pull the elegant Fourth-Former's aristocratic leg.

Manners diplomatically turned the attention of the juniors to the rabbits, which were running about the woodshed, feeding on the cabbage-leaves Gussy had provided for their dinner.

Gussy looked over them with a critical eye. Suddenly his eyes gleamed.

"Bai Jove!" he exclaimed. "There are only eleven, you fellahs!"

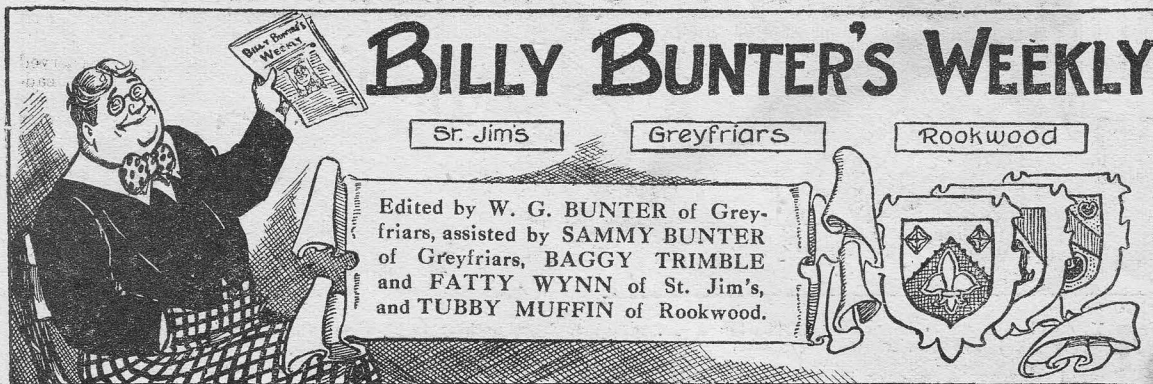
"Can't be!" said Blake emphatically. "The door has been closed!"

D'Arcy was silent for a moment while he recounted his animals. There were only eleven to be seen, and all the juniors counted that amount.

"One must have got out somehow," Blake said slowly. "Search about, you chaps. Have a look over Tagg's garden, Dig."

Digby proceeded at once to Tagg's garden. Taggles was the school porter, and his garden was often admired by

(Continued on page 17.)



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

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—I am in the wars again this week!

The Greyfriars Police Court has given me a very ruff handling. And I am innersent—as innersent as a new-born babe!

I'll tell you what happened. Bolsover major mist a plum-cake. He was quite in a fog as to what had become of it. The cake had vannished during the night, it seems, and Bolsover happened to spot it in my locker in the Remove dormitory.

How did the cake get into my locker? I'll tell you. I remember quite distinctly walking in my sleep, going to Bolsover's studdy, and taking the cake out of the cubberd. Then I carried it—the cake, not the cubberd—up to the dorm. I had no intenshun of eating it. I just slipped it into my locker, and got back into bed.

The next night I decided to walk in my sleep again. It would be good eggserise, I refleckted, and a fat fellow like me wants plenty of eggserise.

I intended to bag a rabbit-pie from Study No. 1—in my sleep, of course! But when I got there, I found the Famous Five waiting for me with cricket-stumps.

I kontinewed to walk in my sleep, till I heard Bob Cherry say, "Look out, Bunter! There's a ghost!" And then I took to my heels and raced back to the dorm as hard as I could go!

I got into bed, and hoped everything would pass off all right. But alas for my hopes! The Famous Five heaved me out on to the floor, and Wharton summoned a speshul sessions of the Greyfriars Police Court. I was konvicted of theft—theft, mark you, when I had been walking in my sleep! Oh, the monstruss injustiss of it!

A sleepwalker gets no simperthy. He is treeted like a common krimminal.

I was tossed in a blankitt about a hundred times, and at the finnish I dropped from a height of about five hundred feet, and sustained a severer konkusshun. But noboddy was sorry for me. Noboddy ever is. They're beests, that's what they are—boollying beests! I hate them all!

Your doleful pal,

**Your Editor.**

**THE GATE PORTER'S  
SONG!**

Written by **DICK PENFOLD.**

Wheezed by **WILLIAM GOSLING.**

I've been here for seventy year.  
Trust I make my meanin' clear?  
I have guarded this 'ere gate  
From early mornin' until late.  
I reports the late young rips—  
Unless they likes to give me tips.

\* \* \*

I be nigh on ninety-six,  
I don't stand no monkey tricks.  
And folks may live as long as I  
In other parts of Kent, sir.  
But what I says is this:  
It is my grim intent, sir,  
'To punish them as breaks the law,  
'Refusin' to repent, sir.

\* \* \*

A smart an' sober man be I,  
Though Cherry says that I'm a guy.  
But Cherry is a cheeky monkey  
To thus insult an honest flunkey.  
'Gossy, you're a guy!' he said,  
I'll report 'im to the 'Ead!

\* \* \*

I be nigh on ninety-six,  
I don't stand no monkey tricks.  
And folks may live as long as I  
In Sussex or in Surrey.  
But what I says is this:  
When kids become a worry  
I'll 'aul 'em up before the 'Ead.  
They'll get it 'ot as curry!

\* \* \*

William Gosling is my name,  
Far an' wide has spread my fame.  
I 'ave guarded this 'ere gate  
Seventy year, as sure as Fate.  
I shall soon be pensioned off,  
Then I'll live just like a toff!

\* \* \*

I be nigh on ninety-six,  
I don't stand no monkey tricks.  
And folks may live as long as I  
In other parts of Britain.  
But what I says is this:  
An' be it 'ereby written,  
That them what gives me any cheek  
Will be severly smitten!

**SAMMY IN THE  
STOCKS!**

By **JACK WINGATE**  
(Second Form, Greyfriars).

Nugent minor is rather a clever kid  
You wouldn't think so to look at him.

Dicky Nugent is always coming out  
with novel wheezes. And when Sammy  
Bunter was caught pinching some  
kippers, the property of the Fags'  
Fisheries, Ltd., Dicky suggested a novel  
punishment.

"We won't bump him," he said,  
"Bumping's wasted on the fat beast."

"What are you going to do, then?"  
asked Gatty.

"Put the fat bouncer in the stocks."  
"Eh?"

"That's the way they punished people  
in the olden days," said Dicky Nugent.

"It was jolly effective, too."  
"But where are the stocks?" gasped  
Myers.

"In the Close. I made 'em myself. A  
couple of planks, which fit over each  
other, with a couple of holes for the legs.  
If we shove Bunter in the stocks for a  
couple of hours, he'll have time to repent  
of his giddy misdeeds."

We all voted it a splendid idea—all,  
that is to say, with the exception of  
Sammy Bunter.

The prisoner was frog-marched into the  
Close. Then he was promptly placed in  
the stocks.

Fellows came flocking up to see the fun.  
It was not funny for Sammy Bunter.  
Far from it.

At the end of an hour Sammy seemed  
to be suffering a good deal. So Dicky  
Nugent relented, and gave orders for his  
release.

Sammy was lifted out of the stocks.  
But he seemed unable to stand on his  
feet.

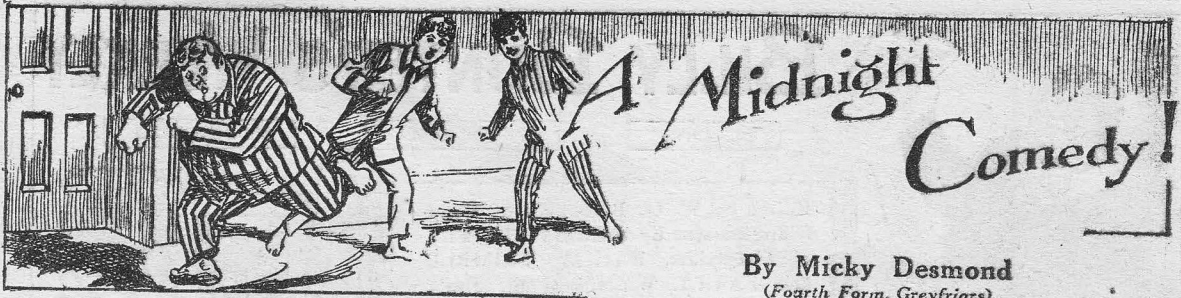
"I say, you fellows," he said, "you've  
been and done it now! I'm paralysed in  
both legs! I can't stand!"

For a moment we were really scared.  
But when Dicky Nugent said, "Would  
anybody care to join me in a snack at  
the tuckshop?" and proceeded in that  
direction, Sammy Bunter promptly  
sprang to his feet and scuttled after him.  
"Not much paralysis about that!"  
chuckled Gatty.

Sammy Bunter's "snack" consisted  
of one dry biscuit. He blinked wrath-  
fully at Dicky Nugent.

"Beast!" he said savagely.  
"Steady on!" warned Dicky.

"If you  
start calling me fancy names we'll put  
you back in the stocks!"



By Micky Desmond  
(Fourth Form, Greyfriars).

**M**Y cake! My perfectly priceless plum-cake! It's been raided!" Bolsover major dashed into the Remove dormitory in a terrible state of agitation.

The bully of the Remove had risen before the others, and gone down to his study. He had made the tragic discovery that his plum-cake had disappeared during the night. Then, whilst his schoolfellows were still performing their ablutions, he returned to the dormitory with the news.

"Somebody's bagged it," roared Bolsover, "and I mean to find out who it was!"

At this, Billy Bunter, who had been bending over his locker, hastily closed it.

But the fat junior was not quite smart enough.

Bolsover major had caught a glimpse of something inside the locker. He rushed to the spot, roughly elbowed Billy Bunter aside, and opened the locker.

"Why, here it is!" he shouted. "Here's my plum-cake! Bunter, you fat villain, you must have lifted it from my study during the night!"

"Nunno, Bolsover! I assure you I didn't!" said Bunter hastily. "I haven't budged from my bed all night."

"Don't tell whoppers!"

"But I haven't—honest Injun! I don't know how your cake came to be in my locker. I had the surprise of my life when I found it there just now."

"Look here—"

"Are you suggesting that somebody planted the cake in your locker, Bunter?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"No. I say, you fellows, I think I know what happened. I must have walked in my sleep!"

"Too thin, Bunty," said Skinner. "Think of another!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover, snorting with fury, gripped the fat junior by the collar.

"One minute, Bolsover!" said Harry Wharton. "There's just a chance that Bunter's sleep-walking theory is correct. It's rather curious that he hasn't eaten the cake."

"He intended to eat it this morning, of course!" growled Bolsover.

"Possibly! On the other hand, it's just possible that he walked in his sleep. In the absence of proof, I think we ought to give him the benefit of the doubt."

Bolsover didn't think so. He was in favour of chastising Billy Bunter there and then. But the captain of the Remove would not allow him to.

"You've got your cake intact," he said. "Take it, and be thankful!"

As the juniors went downstairs Bob Cherry spoke to Harry Wharton on the subject.

"I don't believe that was a case of sleep-walking, Harry," he said.

"Neither do I, really," was the reply. "But there's just a chance that it was. Fellows have walked in their sleep before. And the cake wasn't eaten, which is a point in Bunter's favour."

"We'd better keep an eye on the porpoise to-night," said Bob. "If he has become a giddy sonnambulist he'll want watching."

Wharton nodded.

That night the Famous Five did not settle down to sleep after lights out. They watched and waited.

It was quite on the cards that Billy Bunter would not leave the dormitory. But Harry

Wharton & Co. meant to leave nothing to chance.

It was nearly midnight when there was a stir from one of the beds.

Straining their eyes through the gloom, the Famous Five saw Billy Bunter get out of bed, and, without putting on any clothing over his pyjamas, walk with measured tread to the door.

The juniors waited breathlessly until Bunter had actually left the dormitory. Then they got up, and went stealthily in pursuit.

"If Bunter isn't sleepwalking," said Nugent, "what do you think he's after?"

"The rabbit-pie in Study No. 1!" whispered Wharton promptly. "We'll hurry along to No. 1 by a different route, and wait for Bunter with cricket-stumps. If he takes to his heels at the sight of the stumps, we shall know he can't be sleepwalking."

"Good wheeze!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

The Famous Five went downstairs, and sprinted along to Study No. 1, avoiding the corridors through which Billy Bunter was making his way.

Arrived at the study, they switched on



*Bunter was sentenced to be tossed six times in a blanket, and it was particularly painful to the prisoner.*

the light, and armed themselves with cricket-stumps. Then they stood shoulder to shoulder in the doorway, awaiting Billy Bunter's arrival.

They hadn't long to wait.

A plump form loomed up in the corridor, just as the school clock struck the midnight hour.

When Billy Bunter caught sight of the five juniors armed with cricket-stumps he gave an almost imperceptible start.

He had evidently intended to enter Study No. 1, but on seeing that the entrance was guarded, he walked on, with his eyes fixed in a glassy stare.

Although not a very good actor as a rule, Billy Bunter was giving an excellent imitation of a sleepwalker.

The fat junior had proceeded a few yards past the doorway of Study No. 1 when Bob Cherry suddenly called to him:

"Look out, Bunter! There's a ghost!"

Now Billy Bunter had a positive horror of the supernatural, and when he heard Bob Cherry's warning shout, he uttered a yell of alarm.

Then, wheeling round suddenly, he fled at top speed along the passage.

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"We've proved our case," he said. "There's no sleepwalking about that."

"More like sleep-running!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's more to the point," said Frank Nugent, "we've saved our rabbit-pie!"

"Yes, rather!"

The Famous Five went leisurely back to the Remove dormitory.

Billy Bunter was tucked up in bed, feigning slumber.

Bob Cherry stepped forward, and threw back the bedclothes.

"Out of it, you fat shammer!" he roared.

Billy Bunter opened his eyes, and gave a startled blink.

"Gerraway!" he muttered. "Tain't rising-bell yet!"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull seized the Owl of the Remove, and heaved him out on to the floor without ceremony.

Bunter landed on the hard boards with an impact which shook every bone in his body.

"Yaroooooh!" he roared.

The commotion aroused nearly everybody in the dormitory.

"What's the little game?" murmured the drowsy voice of Vernon-Smith.

"We found Bunter walking in his sleep," said Harry Wharton, "and we're going to cure him of the habit!"

"My hat!"

"The sleepwalking stunt was all a sham, of course!" said Bolsover major. "Told you so! Let's tie the fat boulder to a bedpost, and wallop him!"

"No, we won't do that," said Wharton. "We'll have a midnight meeting of the Greyfriars Police Court, and give Bunter a proper trial."

"Hear, hear!"

The special sessions were held by candle-light. It was a grotesque scene, and an amusing one—except to the central figure!

Billy Bunter was found guilty, of course, of one robbery and one attempted robbery. The jury did not need to retire to consider their verdict. The foreman bellowed "Guilty!" directly the evidence had been given.

Prisoner was sentenced to be tossed six times in a blanket.

Blanket-tossing is a form of punishment which is much more painful than it sounds.

It was particularly painful to Billy Bunter, for when he came down from the ceiling for the last time the blanket burst, and the fat junior hit the floor with a mighty crash. Fortunately, there were no bones broken.

There will be no need for the Famous Five to keep watch on future nights.

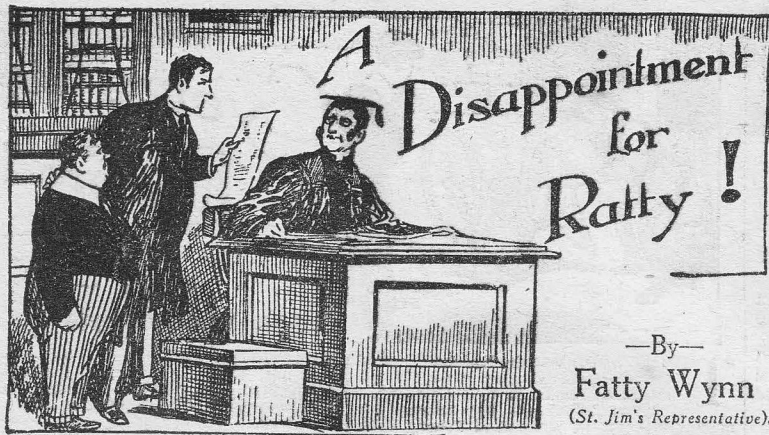
It is highly improbable that William George Bunter will budge from his bed!

**GET THERE FIRST!**

If you want to make sure of next week's "Billy Bunter's Weekly" order THE POPULAR well in advance.

**Out on Tuesday.**

[Supplement II.]



# ODE TO MR. MANDERS!

By TEDDY GRACE.

I fear thee, ancient Manders!  
I fear thy skinny hands;  
I always fear when thou art near,  
And quake at thy commands.

Thou art a tyrant, Manders,  
The biggest ever born;  
Beneath thy rule at Rookwood School  
We writhe both night and morn.

Thy cane is like a rapier  
That pierces through and through;  
Six on each paw (the flesh is raw)  
I've just received from you.

I love thee not, O Manders,  
Thou fiend in cap and gown;  
Thy piebald pate I simply hate,  
Also thy freezing frown.

Are we to writhe for ever  
Beneath thine iron rod?  
The Classic Side thy ways deride,  
And so does Tommy Dodd.

For thou art heavy-handed,  
A martinet, to boot;  
And when they see a sign of thee  
The Rookwood fellows scoot!

I only wish, dread Manders,  
That thou would'st leave this place;  
Then would a smile appear awhile  
Upon the face of Grace!

But we shall never lose thee,  
That is too much to wish;  
And every term we'll writhe and squirm  
Beneath thy cruel swish!

Thou wilt remain at Rookwood  
To wreak thy vicious spite  
On those who bow before thee now  
And tremble at thy sight!

I fear thee, ancient Manders!  
And when these rhymes are seen,  
I'll fear thee more, and feel quite sore  
For several days, I ween!

**W**Henever I think of old Ratty, our unworthy Housemaster at St. Jim's School, I am reminded of the old rhyme:

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,  
The reason why, I cannot tell;  
But this I know, and know full well—  
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell!"

I should prefer to alter that verse, and make it read as follows:

"I do not love thee, ratty Ratty,  
As surely as my name is Fatty;  
Thy ways are crafty, mean, and catty—  
I do not love thee, ratty Ratty!"

Ratty is the embodiment of everything that is mean and spiteful. He is a tyrant of the first water. We've often told the School House fellows that we should be willing to swop him with Railton, their Housemaster, but they're not having any!

I'll tell you all about my latest skirmish with Ratty.

We were at brekker in Hall last Monday morning, when I noticed that Ratty, at the head of the table, was watching me like a cat watches a mouse. He never took his eyes off my face. His own brekker got cold. He stared at me so hard and fixedly that I simply couldn't help bursting out with the remark:

"Why do you stare at me like that, sir?"

"Silence, Wynn! I have yet to learn that a master may not look at a junior if he wishes to."

"But, sir—"

"Not another word!" snapped Ratty.

I felt awfully annoyed about it, of course; but I could do nothing except get on with my brekker.

At dinner I found that the same thing was happening. Ratty was intently regarding my every movement.

At the end of the meal I saw him take a notebook from his pocket, and make copious notes. He had done the same at brekker.

I had tea in my own study, away from Ratty's prying eyes. But next day he was at it again, taking careful stock of me at the breakfast-table.

I felt jolly uneasy. I can tell you; but Ratty's behaviour didn't put me off my feed. It takes a lot to do that!

From that time onwards, Ratty did nothing but stare at me at meal-times.

He wouldn't explain why he stared, and I couldn't understand what he was writing in his notebook at the end of every meal.

It was not until Saturday that the mystery was unravelled.

"Wynn," said Ratty, bearing down upon me in the quad, "I want you! I am going to take you before the headmaster."

My jaw dropped.

"W-w-what for, sir?" I stammered.

"Ask no questions, but come with me!"

Ratty went away in the direction of the

Head's study, and I followed in his wake, wondering what was up.

The Head looked up from his papers as we entered.

"Well, Mr. Ratcliff?" he said.

"I wish to speak to you in connection with this boy, Wynn," said Ratty. "I have been watching him attentively for the last week at meal-times."

"But why?" gasped the Head.

"I have been keeping a record of the amount of food he has consumed."

"Bless my soul!"

"This boy is an arrant glutton! Just listen to this, Dr. Holmes. On Monday at breakfast Wynn consumed the following: Four rashers of bacon, four fried eggs, and six slices of toast and marmalade! His gastronomic performances at dinner were even more disgusting. He devoured nearly a whole steak-pudding! He also demolished seven potatoes, three portions of cauliflower, a large number of turnips—"

The Head looked bewildered. He interrupted Ratty's recital with a gesture.

"I fail to understand, Mr. Ratcliff," he said, "why you have gone out of your way to chronicle these things."

"Then I will explain, sir. In view of the enormous amount of food which this greedy boy consumes, I consider that his term fees should be increased. I suggest that they should be doubled."

"What!"

"It is only fair," Ratty went on. "If every boy in the school consumed as much as Wynn the place would have to close down owing to lack of funds. It does not pay the authorities to have such a glutton in the school."

The Head frowned.

"Really, Mr. Ratcliff," he said, "if you will pardon my plain speaking, you are exceeding your duty. You have no right to criticise the amount of food consumed by any boy here. It is quite outside your province!"

I thought Ratty was going to choke.

"Then you will not double Wynn's term fees?" he stuttered.

"Certainly not! It is a most preposterous suggestion! Moreover, I consider you behaved very ungenerously in recording the quantity of food which Wynn ate. He is at liberty to eat as much as he likes within reason."

I could cheerfully have hugged the Head at that moment. The dear old stick had taken my part against Ratty!

"Healthy appetites," the Head went on, "should be encouraged rather than repressed. I hope you will bear that in mind, Mr. Ratcliff, and not come to me with such complaints again."

"Sir—" began Ratty.

"This interview is closed," said the Head, in a tone of finality.

You can imagine old Ratty's feelings on the matter.

For days afterwards he went about like a bear with a sore head.

The Head's verdict was a terrible disappointment to him, and he hasn't got over it yet!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



WILLIAM WIBLEY (*Greyfriars*).

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

## SPECIAL FOOTBALL REPORT!

By **MONTY LOWTHER**  
(Shell Form, St. Jim's).

### ROTTENHAM HOTSTUFFS v. MIRDUDLARKS.

This epoch-making fixture attracted a crowd of over a billion and a half people to the Rottenham ground.

Distinguished personages were present in the Royal box, including the Cannibal King of the Golly-Wolly Islands, and his Grace the Duke of Wapping.

The teams lined up as under:

**HOTSTUFFS:** Stopham; Tackell, Boote; Dribbel, Passe, Sprightly; Fleet-foot, Shute, Scorer, Trickham, and Lickham.

**MUDLARKS:** Grabbit; Fowler, Tripp, Ruff, Bashem, Downer; Gallop, Hussell, Middleman, Swift, and Tearaway.

The Mudlarks won the toss, and decided to kick with the wind. Their centre-forward rushed straight at the referee, kicking him soundly on his official shins. For this offence he was promptly sent off the field, and the Mudlarks played on with ten men.

The Hotstuffs broke away, Fleetfoot putting in a fine run. When about to shoot he was brought down in the penalty area by Fowler, and the referee had no hesitation in awarding a penalty-kick. Scorer took the kick, and placed the ball well out of the goalie's reach.

Continuing to press, the Hotstuffs bombarded the Mudlarks' goal. Trickham looked a certain scorer, when he was unfairly tackled by Tripp. Another penalty resulted, and the Hotstuffs were two up.

A spell of rough play followed. The Mudlarks did not stand on ceremony, and they bowled their opponents over like ninepins.

There were many casualties in the ranks of the Hotstuffs, but the victims played on.

Fowler struck an opponent a violent blow in the nape of the neck, and was ordered off the field.

The Mudlarks played on with nine men, and this number was speedily reduced to six, other players being sent to the dressing-room as the result of their shady tactics.

Half-time score: **HOTSTUFFS, 7; MUDLARKS, 0.**

On resuming, the Hotstuffs continued to monopolise the play, and goals were as plentiful as blackberries.

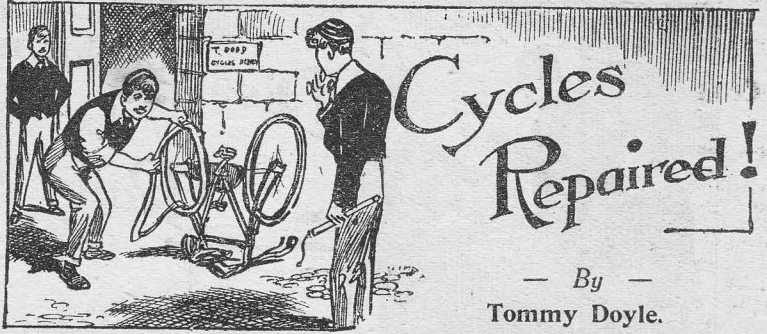
When the score stood at 13-0, a mad bull came charging on to the playing-pitch, causing an amusing diversion.

After throwing the Mudlarks' goalie at the referee, and spinning the remainder of the Mudlarks' players above its head, like a professional juggler, the bull retired.

The Mudlarks were so badly shaken that they were unable to play on, and the match was abandoned.

His Majesty the King of the Golly-Wolly Islands told a newspaper reporter afterwards that he had greatly enjoyed the afternoon sport, which had been better than a bull-fight. His majesty then remarked that he felt hungry, and would fain devour the referee. But that harassed official had already vanished in the direction of the railway-station!

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.



— By —  
**Tommy Doyle.**

**TOMMY DODD** was short of funds. And the aforesaid Thomas Dodd did not intend to remain in that condition.

"You fellows got any schemes for making money?" he inquired of Tommy Cook and myself at the tea-table.

"I've got all sorts of schemes for spending it!" I said, grinning.

"Ass! Tell me how I can raise the wind." "Ask me another," I said. "We've exhausted every money-making scheme under the sun."

"Half a jiffy," interposed Tommy Cook. "How about starting a cycle repair shop?" Tommy Dodd jumped up from his chair.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "I'd never thought of that!"

"Well, now's the time to think about it. There's a workshop standing empty in the corner of the quad. Take off your coat and get to business!"

Tommy Dodd jumped at the notion. He saw big money in the scheme.

There was no cycle repair shop within hail



*Hansom came crawling through the school gates muddy and dishevelled, and dragging a battered bike behind him.*

of Rookwood, and the fellows' bikes were constantly going wrong. Tommy Dodd was quite willing to put them right at so much a time. He wasn't a mechanic, but he considered he possessed sufficient technical knowledge to be able to put bicycles in running order.

Half an hour later Tommy Dodd was installed in the workshop, waiting for orders. Outside the door was a placard, bearing the announcement:

"T. DODD.  
Cycles Repaired."

Customers began to roll up. Raby of the Fourth was the first to bring his machine along.

"Back tyre punctured," he explained briefly. "Too much fag to mend it myself. Likewise, too much fag to take it into Latcham. Will you do it?"

"Like a shot!" said Tommy Dodd. He took Raby's bike, and turned it upside down, and wrenched off the outer cover. Tommy was in his shirtsleeves, and he looked very businesslike.

Raby's puncture was repaired in record time.

"That'll be eighteenpence," said Tommy Dodd.

"All serene." Raby handed over the money, and departed, highly satisfied.

Other customers put in an appearance. Kit Erroll wanted his saddle tightened.

# Cycles Repaired!

Jimmy Silver wanted his handle-bars straightened out, after a collision on the highway. Tubby Muffin said he had a screw loose—a statement with which Tommy Dodd heartily concurred.

Business was very brisk. Tommy Dodd was making money hand over fist, and he could have hugged Tommy Cook for having made such a brilliant suggestion.

The last customer to call that evening was Hansom of the Fifth. He brought with him a bicycle which had seen better days.

A sorry wreck of a machine it looked. Both tyres were as flat as pancakes; there were spokes missing from the wheels.

"Look here, young Dodd," said Hansom, in his superior way, "I'm going on a long journey to-morrow. The Head's given me permission to go to London, and I intend to bike it."

"There will have to be an alteration in this old crock before you can do that!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Precisely! That's why I've brought the machine to you. No time to have it overhauled in Latcham. I want you to doctor it, and put it to rights, and have it ready for me by nine o'clock in the morning."

"Done!" said Tommy Dodd. "At least, it will be done as soon as ever I can manage it."

Hansom nodded, and departed. Tommy Dodd remained in the workshop, doing his best to convert Hansom's crock into a rideable machine. He was engaged over two hours on the task.

Early next morning Hansom called for his bike.

"You've finished my bike?" said Hansom. Tommy Dodd nodded.

"Good! Will it take me a hundred miles without breaking down?"

"I hope so." "How much do you want for putting it into running order?"

"Twelve-and-six, please." Hansom handed over the money, and expressed his thanks.

It was nine o'clock when Hansom rode away. At midday he returned. And the manner of his return was surprising. He came crawling in at the school gates muddy and dishevelled, and dragging a battered and dilapidated contraption behind him.

"Hallo, Hansom!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "What's up? You haven't been to London and back in three hours, surely? Have you had an accident?"

Hansom looked homicidal.

"An accident!" he snorted. "I've had a whole series of 'em! And it's all your fault! Call yourself a cycle repairer? I hadn't gone five miles before both my tyres were punctured. I patched them up, and rode on. Presently a pedal came off. I had to tie it on with a bit of string, as you can see. To crown everything, when I was going down a steep hill the saddle collapsed. I finished up in a duck-pond!"

"My hat!" "Call yourself a cycle repairer?" repeated Hansom, choking with fury. "You made my bike ten times worse than it was before! I've fooled away the whole morning now, and I wanted to get to London and back the same day. You—you—"

Hansom proceeded from words to deeds. He hurled his battered machine to one side. Then he rushed at Tommy Dodd, and used him as a punching-ball.

The amateur cycle repairer had a terrible time. He was obliged to return Hansom's money. And complaints began to come in from other customers.

Tommy Dodd eventually decided that cycle-repairing didn't pay. And the business of "T. Dodd, Cycle Repairer," went into liquidation forthwith!

[Supplement IV.]



**Condemned in Error!**

(Continued from page 12.)

the fellows on account of the splendid vegetables he grew there.

The other juniors looked around the woodshed, all over the Close, until every inch of ground in which a rabbit could have obtained access was examined. But there was no trace of the rabbit.

The juniors looked mystified. "Bai Jove!" said Gussy. "Pewwaps one of the fellahs has—"

"Rats!" said Tom Merry shortly. D'Arcy was too worried as to the whereabouts of his rabbits to remonstrate with Tom Merry for saying "Rats" to him. Gussy objected to that word being directed towards him, as a rule.

"Where is it, then?" asked Gussy. "Blest if I know!" grunted Tom Merry. "Who the dickens would pinch one of your rabbits, Gussy?"

"I don't know," said D'Arcy thoughtfully. "There's a rabbit gone, deah boys, and there's no denyin' that!"

He fed the remaining eleven rabbits hurriedly, and closed the door of the woodshed. The animals could get plenty of air through the open window and the skylight.

The juniors returned to the School House in a very thoughtful mood. There was, as D'Arcy said, no denying the fact that one of the rabbits was missing. The question was—where had it gone?

They walked along the Fourth Form passage towards Study No. 10.

Suddenly Tom Merry stopped, and as he was leading the way, the others stopped as a matter of course. Tom Merry stood perfectly still, sniffing suspiciously at the air. In a moment the chums were doing likewise.

"Stewed rabbit!" said Tom Merry tersely.

He turned towards a study, and flung open the door. At the same moment D'Arcy jumped towards another study on the other side of the passage, and flung open the door.

"Twimble!" he roared. Blake & Co. and Tom Merry & Co. jumped. They had not thought of Bagley Trimble, the fattest junior in the School House, and the greediest junior at that. Baggy Trimble had a habit of borrowing other people's cakes and tarts and pies, and forgetting to tell the owners he had borrowed them.

The juniors saw him as soon as the door was opened. The fat junior was alone, seated at the table, with a bowl of piping hot stew in front of him, which gave off an appetising odour. It was undoubtedly rabbit.

Trimble started guiltily to his feet. "Ahem!" he murmured. "S-s-sorry there's not enough—"

"Where did you get that wabbit?" demanded Gussy hotly.

"Ahem! You see—"

"Where did you get it?" roared Tom Merry, pushing his way to the front of the little crowd of juniors.

Tom Merry, as captain of the junior school at St. Jim's, thought this a matter in which he ought to take a hand. Taking a rabbit, and turning it into a stew, was a little too thick, even from Bagley Trimble.

Trimble sank down into his chair, and stared up at the accusing faces in front of him.

"I-I-I—I bought it!" he stammered.

"When?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Ahem! It—it came in this afternoon—during the dinner-hour, in fact," said Bagley Trimble, warming to his subject, as it were.

"We'll soon see," said Tom Merry. "Wait here, you fellows!"

Tom Merry darted off, and in less than a minute he was speaking to Taggles.

"Did any rabbits come in this morning—or to-day at all?" asked Tom Merry.

"Not that I knows of, Master Merry," said Taggles. "I ain't seed none to-day at all."

He was back in the study in another minute.

"Taggles hasn't seen any rabbits come in to-day," he announced. "He sees everything that comes into the school. So you didn't buy that rabbit, Trimble?"

"I-I-I—I— What's it got to do with you, anyway?" asked Trimble indignantly.

"Gussy's lost one of his rabbits," said Tom Merry.

"I never took it!" said Trimble hotly.

"Then where did you get that one?" demanded Blake.

Trimble was silent.

"You're such a rotten romancer we couldn't believe you if you told us," said Tom Merry. "We'll listen to your story, all the same, and verify it afterwards."

Trimble maintained a silence. He looked from one junior to another, opened his mouth as if about to speak, and then shut his lips tightly together.

"Very well," said Tom Merry sternly.

"You're sent to Coventry until you do jolly well explain! A fellow who can pinch another fellow's rabbit, kill it, and then cook it, ought to be scragged!"

"Yaas, wathah!" agreed D'Arcy warmly.

"Look here—" began Trimble.

He broke off, and stared at the backs of the juniors as they left the study. For a full minute after the door had closed behind them Trimble remained silent and thoughtful. Then he turned round to the table with a grunt.

"Silly asses!" he muttered.

Five minutes later there was no rabbit stew left!

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Condemned in Error!**

"I SAY, Tom Merry—"

Bagley Trimble stepped in front of Tom Merry as the junior captain was proceeding towards the Shell dormitory. Tom Merry stopped, but he did not speak.

"Have you seen—"

That was as far as Trimble got. The next moment Tom Merry had walked round him and passed on.

Tom had thought, for the moment, that Trimble was going to say something about the missing rabbit.

"Beast!" said Trimble, and walked on.

On the stairs he met Blake, and he caught the Fourth-Former by the sleeve of his Eton jacket.

"I say, Blake—"

Blake shook off the fat junior's detaining hand, and walked on more quickly up the stairs. Trimble grunted again, and followed more slowly into the dormitory.

In the sleeping quarters of the Fourth

Form there was always more or less noise until Kildare, or one of the other prefects, came up to see lights out. There was a noise, as usual, when Baggy Trimble entered the dormitory.

But it died down the moment he entered the room, and Bagley Trimble grunted yet again.

"I say, Herries—" he began.

No answer.

"Beast! D'Arcy?"

No reply.

"Lumley-Lumley?"

Silence! Baggy Trimble could see only backs that were turned to him. He was beginning to realise what it meant to be sent to Coventry.

"Yah! Go and eat coke!" he snorted at length. "If you think I took your mouldy rabbit, Gussy, you can jolly well think so! Rats!"

At any other time that opprobrious expression would have brought the fat junior a thick ear. But on this occasion it was ignored—utterly and entirely ignored.

Trimble undressed and turned in, just as Kildare came in to turn out the lights. By that time every junior was in bed, and the skipper of St. Jim's looked suspiciously along the row of beds.

"No larks, you kids!" he said warningly. "Any rows, and I'll come along with an ashplant!"

With that he turned out the lights.

He did not return. There was no need for his presence with an ashplant. There was not a sound to be heard in the Fourth Form dormitory after the lights had been turned out.

The next morning Baggy Trimble awoke, after a night's sound sleep. His being in Coventry did not disturb his slumbers. Baggy was thick-skinned.

But the coldness of the reception he received during the first few hours of the day began to grow even upon Baggy Trimble. Life in a public school when one is in Coventry is far from being a happy one.

Several times during morning lessons Baggy Trimble leant across his desk as if to speak to Blake, who sat in front of him. But every time Blake moved his head away, and Baggy dared not raise his voice above a whisper.

At dinner it was just the same. Just silence whenever he happened to be near. Conversation, happy and light-hearted enough whilst Baggy was away, was cut short, and only grim, dark looks were bestowed upon the fat Fourth-Former.

Tom Merry had passed the word round the whole of the Lower School of both Houses at St. Jim's that Baggy was in Coventry; and as he had given the reason, his word was taken up, and the sentence of silence towards Baggy was carried out.

The silence worried Trimble. He even wished someone would find out that various articles of comestibles were missing from various cupboards, and the owners thereof would bestow kicks upon him. The monotony was awful!

In the evening D'Arcy went to feed his rabbits with cabbage-leaves and other foodstuffs, and with Gussy went Tom Merry & Co. and Jack Blake & Co. They counted the eleven rabbits in silence.

D'Arcy had flung a handful of powdery bran into the woodshed before much movement took place. Then suddenly what appeared to be a heap of cabbage-leaves began to move, and before the astonished eyes of the juniors there came out a furry, innocent-looking rabbit. It made up the dozen!

"B-b-bai Jove!" stuttered D'Arcy.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Tom Merry.

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

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

NEXT TUESDAY!

"GRUNDY'S GREAT DAY!"

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



A SENSATIONAL STORY, TELLING HOW THE GREAT ROOKWOOD REBELLION WAS BROUGHT TO A CLOSE!



# The HEAD'S TRIUMPH!

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

By ...

## OWEN CONQUEST,

Author of the Famous Stories of Rookwood now appearing in the "Boys' Friend."

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Morny Decides!

"WELL, Jimmy?" Arthur Edward Lovell asked the question after a long silence. Jimmy Silver was standing outside the cave in the old quarry on Coombe Heath, with a deep wrinkle of thought on his brow.

The sun had risen over the heath, and light and warmth penetrated into the quarry.

Lovell had been watching the captain of the Rookwood Fourth for some time without speaking, but he broke the silence at last.

He, too, was looking very thoughtful.

Jimmy Silver looked up.

"We're in a fix," he said.

"We are!" agreed Lovell.

"It's a rotten position!"

"I know it is, old scout!"

"And I'm blessed if I quite know what to do!" said Jimmy Silver frankly. "Hallo, Morny!"

Mornington, the blind junior, came out of the cave with Kit Erroll.

The quarry cave was crowded with Rookwood juniors, eating a rough-and-ready breakfast.

"Thinkin' it out, Silver?" asked Mornington, turning his unseeing eyes upon the captain of the Fourth.

"Ye-es."

"Any result?" asked Morny, with a smile.

"Well, no!"

"Let Morny give his opinion," said Lovell. "After all, it's about Morny—the barring-out and the rest of it."

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"We can't give in," he said. "Nothing's happened to make us give in. Only—only things are a bit different at Rookwood now. We barred out the Head for a good reason—we were in the right, and he was in the wrong."

"Hear, hear!" said Lovell.

"He refused to expel Lattrey of the Fourth after the rotter had blinded Morny," continued Jimmy Silver. "We undertook to keep up the barring-out till Lattrey was kicked out of Rookwood. Nothing's happened to alter that. Lattrey's still at Rookwood, and we've left, camped here—to keep it up. And we'd keep it up till Dr. Chisholm caved in, only—only—"

He paused.

"Only the Head's brother is lying ill at Rookwood, and may die," said Lovell quietly. "And under the cires it's no time for giving the Head trouble, though he's in the wrong."

"I was thinking of that," said Erroll.

"Only," said Jimmy Silver, "we're fairly committed to it now. It isn't only that we

won't stand Mark Lattrey at Rookwood after what he's done, but we can't surrender. If we give in now on account of the Head's trouble, we can't begin again. And, besides that, the Head's promised to sack some of us and flog the rest for barring him out. We can't be expected to walk into Rookwood and take that smiling."

"The Head may change his mind about that after what's happened," said Morny.

"Perhaps. He hasn't said so."

"He can't be thinking of anything now but his brother," remarked Erroll.

"Yes, I know. But—"

There was a silence, and Jimmy Silver's brows wrinkled again.

It was a difficult position for the rebels of Rookwood, and Jimmy, usually full of resource, did not see a way out.

For days the barring-out at Rookwood had gone on, till the rebels were driven from their position, and then the whole Fourth Form had marched out of the school in a body, with "No surrender" for their motto.

What would come of it they did not know; but they knew that they did not intend to return to Rookwood while Mark Lattrey was there.

But the tragic happenings of the previous night had wrought a change.

"My hat! Here comes Bootles!" exclaimed Lovell suddenly.

"Bootles, by Jove!" called out Raby.

The rebel juniors crowded out of the cave in some excitement.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, was descending the rough path into the quarry, panting a good deal with his exertions.

He was gasping as he came up to the group of juniors.

Jimmy Silver & Co. "capped" him respectfully. They had no quarrel with their Form-master.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Newcome politely.

"Ah! Ahem! H'm!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Good-morning, my boys!"

"So kind of you to give us a look-in, sir!" said Conroy.

Mr. Bootles coughed again.

"My boys, I have come from the Head," he said impressively.

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"Dr. Chisholm has acquainted me with what happened last night," said Mr. Bootles.

"A most extraordinary occurrence! It appears that an escaped convict was at large on the heath, and a soldier was severely wounded in arresting him. I had gone to bed at the time, but the Head informs me this morning that you, Silver, and some

others carried the wounded man to the school."

"That's right, sir."

"It is possible that he may recover," said Mr. Bootles. "And, in that case, undoubtedly you saved his life, Silver. It appears that it was also due to you that the wretched convict was arrested. You are already aware, I think, that this soldier—Private Smith—is really the Head's younger brother, who enlisted under an assumed name?"

"Yes, sir."

"The Head is naturally very grateful for the assistance you rendered to his brother," said Mr. Bootles. "Under the circumstances he is prepared to overlook your conduct in rebelling against his authority. You will see for yourselves, my boys, that this is no time for further lawlessness. Mr. Oliver Chisholm lies in the shadow of death."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Return to the school at once, and I have the Head's assurance that the whole matter shall be buried in oblivion," said Mr. Bootles.

"There shall be no question of punishment for anyone who has taken part in the barring-out. The matter shall be forgotten. I am sure, Silver, that you realise that rebellion is quite—quite out of place in the present serious juncture."

Jimmy Silver looked at his comrades.

"What about Lattrey, sir?" he asked at last.

"Lattrey is still at Rookwood."

"But—"

"I may tell you, my boys, that Dr. Chisholm had very serious reasons indeed for allowing Lattrey to remain at the school, in spite of his offence," said Mr. Bootles. "But, apart from that, you must surely see, Silver, that you cannot push this 'controversy' further, while the Head is suffering from such terrible anxiety on account of his brother."

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

Mr. Bootles' appeal went to his heart. He had been thinking much the same already.

Yet to accept the Head's offer was to give up the whole matter in dispute, and to allow the cad of Rookwood to remain at the school, unpunished and triumphant.

It was not a pleasant position for the leader of the Rookwood rebellion, and his face showed how troubled he was.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Bootles.

It was Mornington who broke the silence among the rebels.

"Better take the offer, Silver," said the blind junior quietly. "We can't rag the

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"REDEEMING HIS PAST!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. By OWEN CONQUEST.

Head now—that's impossible! As for Lattrey, there are other ways of dealing with him. It's impossible to keep on, under the circumstances. But if Lattrey doesn't go, there's nothing to prevent another barring-out when the Head's brother is well again."

"Something in that," assented Lovell. "Let it stand over," said Mornington. Jimmy Silver made up his mind. Mornington, as the victim of Lattrey's ruffianly brutality, had the right to decide. "We're coming back, sir," Jimmy said, at last.

Mr. Bootles looked relieved. Tommy Dodd, the Modern junior, broke in. "It's understood—no expulsions, no punishments of any sort!" he exclaimed.

"You have my assurance on that point, Dodd," said Mr. Bootles, with dignity. "Dr. Chisholm has also spoken to Mr. Manders, and given him very definite instructions."

"Very well, sir," said Tommy. "I am glad that you have come to this very proper decision, my boys," said Mr. Bootles kindly. "I shall expect you at Rookwood."

And the little gentleman laboured away up the steep path from the quarry, leaving the rebels of Rookwood to follow.

The Rookwood rebellion was over—for the present, at least.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Lattrey's Wish!

"BY gad, they're here!" Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell, looked round, and stared at the Fourth-Formers in the dining-room.

The Classical Fourth were there. They had turned up to dinner as if nothing had happened.

As a matter of fact, they were not sorry to turn up to dinner.

Had the rebellion gone on, the food problem would probably have become very acute.

A barring-out had its own drawbacks. "Cheeky young bounders!" remarked Tracy of the Shell. "I suppose there's goin' to be foggin's all round this afternoon. It'll do 'em good!"

"Lots of good!" agreed Smythe heartily. But Jimmy Silver & Co. looked cheerful enough.

There was only one dark face in the Classical Fourth—that of Lattrey.

Lattrey of the Fourth did not find it pleasant to be among his Form-fellows once more.

With Mornington, the blind junior, still in their midst, the Fourth were not likely to forgive Lattrey.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had not wavered in their demands. Lattrey would never, with their consent, remain at Rookwood.

The dispute was simply left over for the time, to be renewed when the present shadow was lifted from Rookwood.

Lattrey knew it. True, it might not be an easy task to revive the barring-out—it might be impossible.

But that was the present intention of the rebels, if Lattrey did not go.

And, meanwhile, he was sent to Coventry, and the Fourth Form remained elaborately unconscious of his existence.

Not a word was addressed to him, or answered to him if he spoke; not a glance was cast in his direction.

Had the rebellion been crushed, the ring-leaders expelled, and the rest flogged, the cad of Rookwood would have rejoiced, and he would have found his position easier.

But the present state of affairs was as "rotten," from Mark Lattrey's point of view, as that which had gone before.

He was beginning to wonder whether it was worth while, after all, for him to force his presence upon the school.

While the blind junior remained at Rookwood he could never hope to live down the heavy score against him.

Mornington had left Rookwood to visit a great specialist in London, who, his guardian hoped, might be able to do something for him, but he had returned when the rebels barred-out the Head.

Lattrey wondered whether his case was hopeless. He knew that Morny was to leave again now, for some days at least, and the young rascal found himself wishing that the dandy of the Fourth might yet be saved from the horror of darkness that had fallen upon him.

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That, and that alone, could possibly make Lattrey's life tolerable once more at Rookwood.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Back to the Fold.

MR. BOOTLES coughed as he came into the Form-room that afternoon to take the Fourth.

It was quite a considerable time since the Fourth Form had turned up to lessons, and Mr. Bootles was very glad to have matters on their old footing again.

He expected some slackness in the class, and he was prepared to "go easy" for a time till things settled down.

But Jimmy Silver & Co., having come to a decision, decided to "go the whole hog," and they were quite respectful and attentive to their Form-master.

Only Towny & Co., the nuts of the Fourth, indulged in slackness, but that was because they were slackers.

They had been very slack in the barring-out, but they were ready to use the barring-out as an excuse for slackness in class.

Mr. Bootles, however, was quite prepared to deal with the nuts, and he soon brought Townsend & Co. to order.

Lattrey was in the class, his presence totally ignored by the rest of the Fourth.

Mr. Bootles, indeed, had no more to do with Lattrey than he could help.

The cad of Rookwood inspired him with as much disgust as in the case of the Form.

The outcast of Rookwood was "persona non grata" with a vengeance!

Lattrey's face was sullen and dark, and he was as slack and impertinent to the Form-master as he dared to be.

Mornington came in for lessons that afternoon, and afterwards the blind junior came to tea in the end study with the Fistical Four, Erroll coming with him.

"I'm leavin' you after tea," Mornington announced, with a smile. "My merry old guardian seems to have been rather waxy about my comin' back with Erroll for the barrin' out. I'm goin' home again to see his giddy specialist."

"I hope they'll be able to help you, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver.

"While there's life there's hope," announced Mornington coolly. "I should be glad if he could. I don't want to miss the cricket when it begins, if I can help it. You'll want a bowler."

Jimmy laughed.

"You take it jolly cheerfully, anyway!" he remarked.

"What's the good of grousin'?" said Mornington. "Tain't so bad, either. Erroll's comin' home with me for a few days. The Head's agreed. I'm a privileged person these times. Erroll seems to like yankin' me about. When he gets tired of it I shall buy a dog."

"I sha'n't get tired of it, old fellow," said Erroll.

"No accountin' for tastes," said Mornington.

After tea Jimmy Silver & Co. saw Mornington off at the station.

They had a keen desire to hear good news of the junior, who had borne his terrible misfortune with such cool and good-humoured fortitude.

They met Bulkeley of the Sixth in the quadrangle as they came in.

The captain of Rookwood gave them a rather grim look, but then he smiled and nodded.

"I'm glad you're settling down at last," Bulkeley remarked, rather sarcastically.

"Yes; it's a change, isn't it?" agreed Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "I'm really sorry we had to biff you, Bulkeley, when you were backing up the Head the other day. No offence meant, of course!"

Bulkeley laughed.

"Well, mind your p's and q's, that's all!" he said, as he walked away.

"Good old Bulkeley!" said Lovell approvingly. "He don't bear malice, though he's a prefect and we walloped him like a fag! I fancy all the prefects don't feel the same, though."

"They can't touch us," said Newcome. "It's arranged for everything to be looked over."

"Some of 'em don't like it, though!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Carthew looked at me as if he could eat me when I met him just now! But he'll have to toe the line

now that we've got the Head's pardon. He'll have his eye on us, though, so we must look out for squalls in the future."

And Lovell and Newcome agreed that it would be as well to keep clear of Carthew of the Sixth in future, if possible.

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were attacked and dispersed. They would have been destroyed had not a cavalry detachment arrived in time to save them. I heard the firing from a distance, but I was taken by half a dozen fleeing Boers, and they carried me away with them, a prisoner. It was weeks later that I escaped, and as soon as I fell in with British troops I was placed under arrest."

He paused.  
"Go on," said the Head quietly.  
"Schultz had been taken, and tried as a spy. He had declared, from sheer malice and hatred of me, that I was his confederate. It was not believed that I had been a prisoner at all. It was known that I had known Schultz before, though only as a mere acquaintance. It came out that I had joined the Army under an assumed name. Everything was against me. I had been tricked by the German's treachery, but it looked as if I had been a party to it. I could not complain, for on the evidence the court-martial could have given no other verdict. I escaped before my sentence could be carried out. That is my story."

The Head was silent.  
"You do not believe me?"  
"Once I should not have believed you," said the Head, with a sigh.  
"But I believe you now. This man Schultz, if he could be found, could tell the truth; but that is hopeless."

"He is found," said Oliver Chisholm. "Let me finish. When you did not answer my letter, I gave up hope of you—of everything. I admit that I slid back into the wretched life I had meant to leave behind for ever." He flushed. "But after many years my chance came again."

"The war?"  
"Yes. In 1914 I joined Kitchener's Army. I served in Flanders as a soldier, and my officers will tell you that I have been a good soldier. I was wounded at the Somme, and again in the advance at Bapaume. What happened that night on the heath at Coombe you know. I was on duty watching for an escaped convict, and he shot me down when I seized him. It was the first time I had seen Hermann Schultz since the old days in South Africa."

Dr. Chisholm started.  
"That man was Schultz?" he exclaimed.  
"Yes."

"He is in the hands of the police now."  
"I know it."

"He knew you?"  
Oliver Chisholm smiled bitterly.  
"He knew me, as I knew him. He thought at first he had nothing to fear from me, as my old sentence was hanging over my head. I soon undeceived him on that point."

The Head's lips trembled with agitation.  
"But—but now he will speak!" he exclaimed. "It will be known that you are the Lieutenant Smith sentenced by court-martial in the South African war."

"I imagine that it is known already," said the soldier quietly. "I shall pass from this bed to arrest, Edward. I am sorry, for your sake."

"Good heavens!"  
"But I do not think that old sentence will be carried out now. I have my record in Flanders in my favour; and there is the fact that I seized the man on Coombe Heath, and was wounded almost to death. I even hope that my name may be cleared."

"It must—it shall be cleared!" exclaimed the Head, starting to his feet. "I will go to Latham. I will see your commanding officer. I will tell him what you have told me, and that you are my brother. And this villain Schultz he may be made to tell the truth!"

"I do not hope for that."

"He shall—he must! I may have good news for you yet, Oliver."

The Head hurried from the room.  
A new hope was in his breast.  
His brother's name cleared! That old shadow of shame lifted from him! Could it be?

And then—then, too, Lucas Lattrey's power would be gone.

It was Oliver Chisholm's miserable secret that had constituted the detective's power over the Head of Rookwood.

The Head's heart was beating hard as he hurried from the sick-room.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Great News!

"THE old sport looked no end bucked!" That was Adolphus Smythe's comment.

Adolphus had seen the Head leave Rookwood, with a new light and hope in his worn face.

Several of the fellows had seen him, too, and they wondered what was toward.  
It was known now that the sick man was

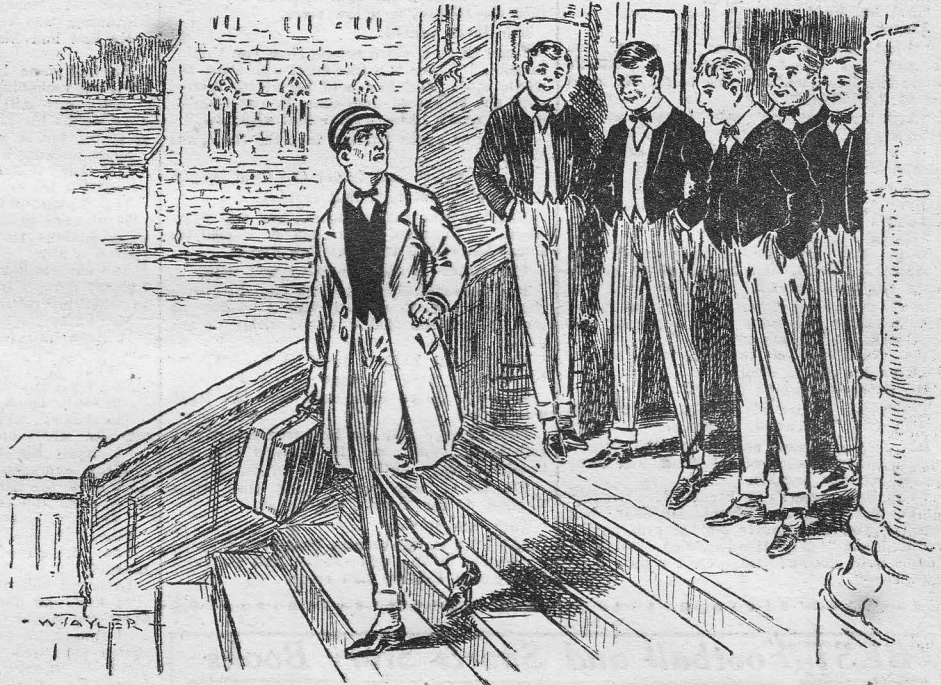
"I have never thanked you yet, Silver, for your gallant action at the time my brother was wounded," said Dr. Chisholm.

"Oh sir!"  
"I take this opportunity. But for you and your friends, my brother would have died that night when the cowardly convict shot him down. I thank you from my heart, Silver!"

Jimmy stuttered, his face crimson.  
"And I thank you, too, for having seized the convict, and prevented his escape," said the Head. "You and the others. It means more to me and to my brother than you can understand. My boys, there has been trouble and misunderstanding in the school, but all is forgiven and forgotten."

"Oh, sir!"  
"If you had known why I allowed Lattrey of the Fourth to remain at Rookwood, I am sure you would not have acted as you did," said the Head. "There was a reason—a powerful reason, but that reason is no longer operative. That is all, my boy."

Dr. Chisholm entered the House, leaving Jimmy Silver rooted to the ground.



THE LAST OF LATTREY!—Mark Lattrey came out of the School House carrying his bag. He cast a bitter look towards the Fistical Four. "Somehow, some time, I'll make you sorry!" he muttered. "Good-bye, Lattrey," said Jimmy Silver with an effort; "I hope you'll do better than you've done here." (See Chapter 6.)

out of danger, and all Rookwood had rejoiced in the news.

The fact that the Head's young brother had been serving as a private in the ranks had caused quite a sensation in the school, and Oliver Chisholm, though he did not know it, was a hero in the eyes of all Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co., especially, were eager for him to appear again in public, intending to give him a Fourth Form ovation.

The dusk was falling when the Head returned to Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming in from the playing fields as Dr. Chisholm stepped from his carriage, and they paused to look at him in sheer surprise.

The Head's face was bright. He looked years younger, and he stepped from the carriage lightly and cheerfully.

His glances fell upon the juniors, and he smiled.

After what had happened of late, Jimmy Silver had certainly not expected to receive a smile from his headmaster, and he fairly blinked as he "capped" the Head.

Dr. Chisholm made him a sign to approach. Jimmy came up, feeling quite dazed with surprise.

Lattrey of the Fourth was lounging in the hall.

The Head paused at the sight of him, his brows knitting.

"Lattrey!" he called out.

The outcast of Rookwood came up sullenly. A dozen fellows were looking on, wondering what was going to happen.

"There was a new expression upon the Head's face.

"Yes, sir," muttered Lattrey.

"I am about to send a telegram to your father, Lattrey," said Dr. Chisholm. "He will, I think, come to Rookwood this evening. You will go back with him when he goes."

Lattrey started back.

"I—I go with him, sir!" he stammered.

"Undoubtedly!"

"But—but—"

"After the conduct you have been guilty of, Lattrey, I cannot consent to allow you to remain at Rookwood," said the Head.

"For certain reasons, I have delayed my decision. You will pack your box at once, and be ready to leave the school when your father arrives."

Lattrey's eyes blazed.

What was his father's mysterious power over the Head, he did not know, but it had proved so efficacious that Lattrey had not doubted that it would continue.

His house of cards had suddenly tumbled over.

"I—I am to go!" he stammered.

"I have said so, Lattrey."

"But—but my father—"

"Your father will take you away with him this evening. If he does not come in response to my telegram I shall send you home by the evening train in charge of a master. I will not consent to allow you to remain another day in the school you have disgraced.

"My father will not take me away!" shouted Lattrey, throwing all prudence to the winds in his fury. "You cannot! My father will not allow—"

"Silence!"

The Head swept on, leaving Lattrey pale and furious, and gritting his teeth.

"Hurrah!" shouted Lovell.

"Bedad, and you've got it at last, Lattrey darling!" chuckled Flynn, of the Fourth. "Shall I come and help you pack, dear boy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver rubbed his eyes.

"What the thump does it mean, you fellows?" he asked his chums. "What's made the Head make up his merry old mind all of a sudden?"

"Ask me another!" said Lovell, equally astonished. "He wouldn't sack Lattrey to stop a barring-out; now it's all over he's sacked him. It beats me hollow!"

"It takes the cake, and no mistake!" said Raby. "But all's well that ends well. Lattrey's going!"

"Hurrah!"

There was immense satisfaction in the Rookwood Fourth, and in the other Forms, when the news spread.

In all Rookwood there was only one fellow who received the news with repining, and that was Lattrey himself.

There was no one to regret the cad of Rookwood when he went.

Dr. Chisholm entered the sick-room quietly.

The soldier turned his patient face towards the Head of Rookwood.

His eyes glistened as he saw the brightness in the expression of the Head, who came quickly to the bedside.

"You have news?" he breathed.

"The best of news, Oliver! My dear, dear brother, you will forgive me for ever having doubted you." The Head's voice broke. "I should have known! Oh, yes, I should have known—"

"Long ago," said Oliver, with a smile. "I never resented. I had no right. But—but what—"

"Schultz has confessed everything," said the Head, with a smile. "He has confessed the truth as to the past, and, so far as it was in his power, he has cleared your name."

The soldier breathed hard.

"That means—"

"It means all you could wish, Oliver. Your record in Flanders helped. When you leave here, my dear lad, you will rejoin the Colours, and your old rank will be restored to you."

"Thank Heaven!"

There was a silence for some time; the soldier's feelings were too deep for words. The shadow that had long lain upon his life was to be lifted.

Once more he could look men in the face without fear, bearing his own name.

"Schultz has only helped," said the Head, after a time. "You proved yourself in battle, Oliver, and your gallantry in dealing with the convict on the heath has done most of all. But all is well now; the shadow is lifted."

"I am as glad for your sake as my own," said the soldier, in a low voice.

The Head smiled.

"And there is more reason than you think," he said. "There is a scoundrel who knew the whole story and had held me at his mercy, with the threat of publishing it and disgracing my name. Now I shall deal with him!"

It was of Lucas Lattrey that the Head was thinking.

"I am glad!" said Oliver Chisholm simply. His heart was light that evening.

And the headmaster's heart, too, was light, when, his telegram despatched, he waited for Lucas Lattrey to arrive at Rookwood.

The power of the detective was gone.

The shameful secret he had long held over the Head of Rookwood was a secret no longer, and the shame was a thing of the past.

What Lucas Lattrey knew he was welcome to proclaim from the house-tops if he chose.

He could do no harm now that the truth was known.

Whether the man, in his arrogance, would refuse to come at the Head's call, Dr. Chisholm cared little.

His power was broken, and that night Lattrey of the Fourth was to go.

That was settled.

And later in the evening there was a sound of wheels in the quadrangle, and he knew that Lucas Lattrey had come.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Last of Lattrey!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were in a cheery mood that evening.

Jimmy had written the good news to Mornington and Erroll.

The Head's reasons the juniors did not know, but the fact itself was enough for them—Lattrey was to go!

The outcast's remaining in the school had caused strange rumours to grow among the juniors, added to Lattrey's own boasting.

There was a suspicion that Mr. Lattrey had, somehow, an influence over the Head that he dared not resist.

But if that rumour was well founded it was evident that the influence existed no longer. Lattrey was to go!

The outcast had obeyed the Head's order—he had packed his box, with anger and bitterness in his breast.

He said to himself that the Head would not dare, that his father would bend him to his will yet, as he had bent him before.

But while he said it he doubted. The Head's look and tone had not been in any way uncertain.

Lattrey could not help feeling that his career at Rookwood, shameful from the beginning, was very near its end.

He had had his chances, and he had lost them.

He had done his worst, and the hour of the final reckoning had come.

There was still a glimmer of hope in his breast that his father would bring the Head to terms, but it was faint.

After packing his box he wandered moodily about the schoolhouse, his hands in his pockets, a bitter scowl upon his face.

The juniors did not interfere with him.

They were glad that he was to go. They were anxious to see the last of him, but that was all.

At the sound of wheels outside Mark Lattrey hurried to the door, and was in time to meet his father as Mr. Lattrey came in.

Mr. Lattrey's face was dark and angry.

It grew darker still at the sight of his son.

"What does this mean, Mark?" he exclaimed harshly. "What has happened?"

"I don't know, father," said Lattrey, in a low voice. "The Head's told me to pack my box. He said he's telegraphed for you."

"I have his telegram here," said Mr. Lattrey, compressing his lips. "He tells me he expects me here this evening, to take you away from the school."

"You will not—"

"Certainly not!"

The detective rapped out the words savagely.

Lattrey's sullen face brightened a little.

"I knew he dared not!" he muttered. "I knew you would—"

"I should not have come, but Dr. Chisholm stated that if I did not he would send you home in charge of a master," said Mr. Lattrey. "Nothing can have happened to change the situation since I was here last. I cannot understand it. But—his brows set grimly—"there has been enough of this. I shall speak plainly for the last time."

He turned away abruptly as Tupper came to show him to the Head's study.

Lattrey waited in the passage. Several juniors had gathered round, and the outcast of Rookwood gave them a vaunting look.

"I'm not gone yet, Jimmy Silver!" he said, between his teeth.

Jimmy glanced at him with quiet contempt.

"You're going," he said.

"We shall see."

"Wait and see!" grinned Lovell. "We'll wait here, and we'll jolly soon see, I think!"

Meanwhile Mr. Lattrey had been shown into the Head's study.

Dr. Chisholm rose to meet him quietly, but with an expression on his face which had not been there when the London detective visited him last.

Lucas Lattrey plunged into the matter at once.

He held out a crumpled telegram, with an angry gesture.

"What does this mean, Dr. Chisholm?" he demanded harshly.

"I am willing to explain, if you choose," answered the Head tranquilly.

"The last time I saw you, it was arranged that my son was to remain at Rookwood School."

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"REDEEMING HIS PAST!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

"I informed you that your son had been guilty of blackguardly and ruffianly conduct, which made it impossible for him to remain at Rookwood, Mr. Lattrey."

The detective made an impatient gesture. "That has been discussed," he answered. "There is no need to go into that matter again. I refuse to recognise that there is any necessity for my son to leave Rookwood, and that ends the matter."

"On the contrary, it does not end it." "Let us be plain, Dr. Chisholm. You agreed to retain my son in the school on condition that I rendered you a service on my side. That agreement, I believe, still stands."

The Head's eyes flashed over his spectacles. "There was no agreement," he said. "In your professional capacity, you somehow learned the miserable story of my younger brother. The knowledge you held over my head, threatening me with the public exposure of a shameful story with which my name was connected. That is what is called blackmail."

"There is no need—" "I desired secrecy," continued the Head, unheeding the detective's interruption. "For the sake of my name, and my wife and daughter, I dared not allow that shameful story to become public. You knew the secret, but you would not have used it if you had been an honourable man."

The detective shrugged his shoulders, with a sarcastic smile.

"I am a business man," he said curtly. "You compelled me against my will, to retain in the school a boy of bad character," said the Head. "I did so in violation of my duty. Heaven forgive me!"

"The situation has not altered, I believe!" said Mr. Lattrey, with a sneer. "You put it brutally, but to imitate your own frankness, I will say plainly that I intend to use my power over you to enforce the bargain. I have come here—wasting my time, which is of value. Well, sir, this is the last time. I shall not take my son away, and if you send him home, you do so at your peril."

"You do not yet understand—" "I have no time for further discussion," said Mr. Lattrey, looking at his watch.

"You say that the situation is unchanged," said the Head, unheeding. "You make a mistake, Mr. Lattrey. The situation is very much changed."

"Do you mean to say that you have yielded to such nonsense as a harrangue among the juniors?"

"Not at all." "Then what—"

"The situation has changed in this respect," said the Head, "that you are now at liberty to publish all you know to the four corners of the kingdom—to blazon it forth to the whole world, if you choose."

Mr. Lattrey started. "Are you mad?" he exclaimed.

"I trust not." "What, then, do you mean? At our last meeting you shrank from the least hint of publicity on the subject of your brother's shameful past."

"It is true," said the Head, with a sigh. "You no longer shrink from it?" exclaimed Mr. Lattrey, in angry amazement, staring at the Head.

"No."

"And why not?" "Because my brother's past is no longer shameful," said Dr. Chisholm. "Because he was a wronged man, and the wrong has been righted."

"Impossible!"

"Such is the case. My brother, sir, is at present under this roof, an honoured inmate of my home. His name is cleared, and when he leaves me it will be to resume his old rank, but under his right name—to wear the King's uniform, sir, with all honour!" The Head's voice rang with pride as he spoke.

Mr. Lattrey stared at him uneasily, and gnawed his lip.

He was beginning to understand. "I do not believe it!" he muttered savagely.

"Believe it or not, as you choose, sir. My brother's name is cleared, and he fears nothing—and I fear nothing. It is for you to fear."

"I!" exclaimed the detective. "You, sir!" said Dr. Chisholm sternly. "What is to prevent me now from exposing your rascally scheme of blackmail?"

Mr. Lattrey bit his lip harder. He had the look for a moment of a cornered animal.

"But I will not bandy words with you," said the Head. "Your son is waiting, and he will accompany you from the school at once. If you do not take him, sir, I will have him thrust from the gates. That is my last word!"

The detective did not speak. He gave the Head a long, bitter look, and turned upon his heel.

He knew now that his game was up, and there was nothing more to be said.

Without a word he quitted the study. His face was a little pale, and his brows savagely knitted, as he strode down the corridor.

Mark Lattrey was waiting there, and a dozen or more juniors had gathered, with curious faces.

Lattrey gave his father an anxious look. "Come!" said Mr. Lattrey harshly.

"But—but—" Lattrey panted. "I am to stay—"

"You are to come with me," said Mr. Lattrey coldly and bitterly. "Have your box put in the hack!"

"But—but—" "Hold your tongue!"

Lattrey, with a face like a demon, hurried away.

His father strode away to the door, where he waited for him.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another, smiling.

"Looks like the finish, what?" murmured Lovell.

"It do—it does!" smiled Jimmy Silver. "It seems to have taken the Head a jolly long time to make up his mind; but now he's done it, it's a fixture."

And the juniors chuckled.

Lattrey came downstairs in his coat. His box was placed in the hack, and Mr. Lattrey stepped in.

The outcast of the school gave the juniors a bitter look.

Quite a little army had gathered round to see him off.

"I'm going," muttered Lattrey thickly. "I'm going, but—but—"

"Good-bye!" said Jimmy Silver, with an effort. "Good-bye, Lattrey; and I hope you'll do better than you've done here."

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Somehow—some time—I'll make you sorry!" he muttered.

"Better get off!" said Jimmy.

"Mark!" came a sharp, angry voice from the hack.

Lattrey, with a savage glance at the juniors, ran down the steps, and followed his father into the vehicle.

The juniors watched it drive away.

Old Mack came out to close the gates when the hack turned into the road.

Clang!

The big bronze gates clanged shut after the vehicle, and the Lattreys, father and son, were gone from Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath as he turned back into the House.

"Thank goodness he's gone!" he said. "I suppose we ought to forgive the chap now he's got the chopper, but—but—I'm glad he's gone. Rookwood will be all the better without him."

To which Jimmy's chums responded with great heartiness:

"Hear, hear!"

Mark Lattrey was gone!

On the following day his place was empty in the Fourth Form, and there was no one to miss him.

In a few days he was hardly remembered. And Jimmy Silver & Co. had other things to think of.

For, a few days later, there was a letter from Errol, and it brought the good news that there was hope for Mornington.

The hope was slight, but it existed, and it was enough to make Erroll's letter a very happy one.

And Jimmy Silver & Co. rejoiced.

THE END.

(Next TUESDAY'S grand long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled: "Redeeming His Past!" by Owen Conquest. You MUST read the important notice in the Chat page.)

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

## THE "SCOTT" LOCOMOTIVES.

By A RAILWAY EXPERT.

THE North British Railway has achieved fame in locomotive matters by naming its modern express locomotives after characters in Sir Walter Scott's famous novels.

These titles are not sufficient to "go round," so other Scottish worthies or Scottish places have been impressed. The name, however, does not affect the quality of the engine, a "locomotive by any other name would run as fast," to paraphrase a well-known aphorism—that the splendid "Atlantic" express locomotive of the N.B.R. illustrated in this issue would prove as efficient and speedy a hauler of express trains, whether she be called "Earl of Rothesay" or "Quentin Durward," as is named another N.B.R. engine. These hrobdingmagian engines with the boiler barrels 5ft. 6in. diameter and over 15ft. long, and a heating surface of more than 2,000 square feet, find plenty of hard work for their 6ft. 9in. coupled wheels, which sustain a weight of forty tons, and are turned by superheated steam at 180lb. pressure, actuating through cylinders 21in. diameter by 28in. stroke.

These big engines centre on Edinburgh, and work the N.B.R. expresses to Aberdeen, Perth, Glasgow, Carlisle, and Berwick. As will be mentioned in the article on the N.E.R. engines, the East Coast Anglo-Scottish expresses are horsed over the N.B.R. between Edinburgh and Berwick by N.E.R. expresses, so the N.B.R.'s "Atlantics" do not take their turn on these trains. The "Duke of Rothesay" and his brother-engines are, however, well to the fore in hauling the Midland Scottish expresses between Carlisle and Edinburgh over the picturesque "Waverley" route. This is without doubt the most steeply graded of the principal express lines in Great Britain, and, moreover, abounds in sharp curves. The locomotive work, therefore, that these engines have to perform is of an arduous character. These engines, which weigh over 70½ tons, and with tender, coal, and water over 122 tons, have no light duty when hauling these expresses over the 98 miles of the "Waverley" route in 2½ hours (pre-war), and making two or three stops en route.

The most interesting runs of these fine N.B.R. locomotives is on the famous expresses from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, a distance of 130½ miles. In the season these trains are very heavy, the East Coast and the Midland "Waverley" route trains are combined at Edinburgh, and, with the addition of big bogie coaches for purely N.B. traffic, mean that engines like the "Duke of Rothesay" have a big job to run to time. The route is a celebrated run; it includes the world-famous Forth Bridge, the railway-bridge with the biggest span in the world, and the Tay Bridge, probably the longest railway-bridge, but famous as replacing the original Tay Bridge, which came to grief forty-two years ago, after being open only a few months.

A N.B.R. train with about sixty passengers and railway servants disappeared beneath the waters of the Tay in this catastrophe. Portions of the piers of the ill-fated Tay Bridge can be seen in the river alongside of the present structure, which was opened in June, 1857. The Forth Bridge is some 2,700 yards in length, whilst the Tay Bridge is over two miles long. To traverse these two gigantic triumphs of the bridge-builder's art gives distinction to the fine express engines of the N.B.R.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"REDEEMING HIS PAST!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

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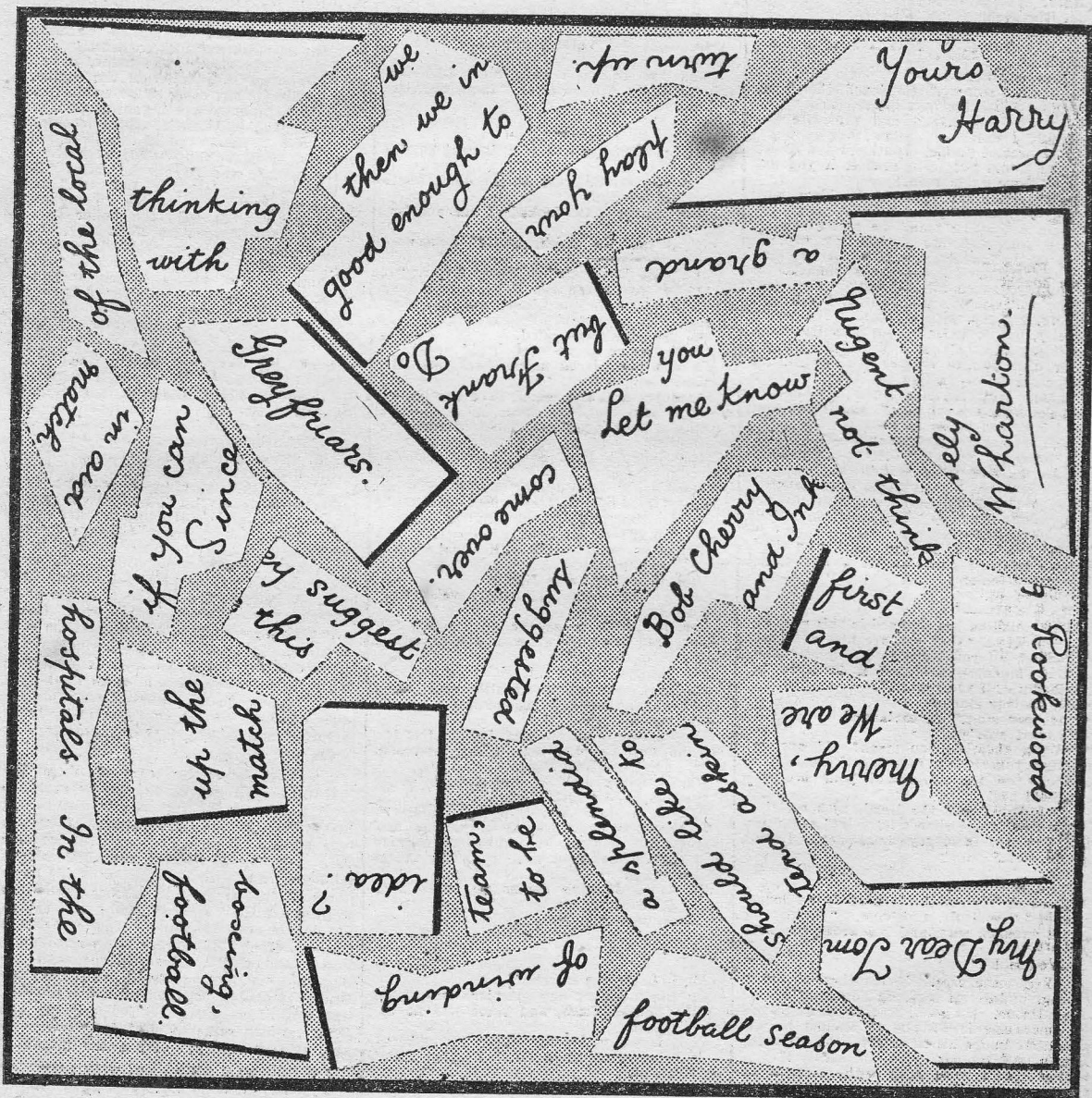
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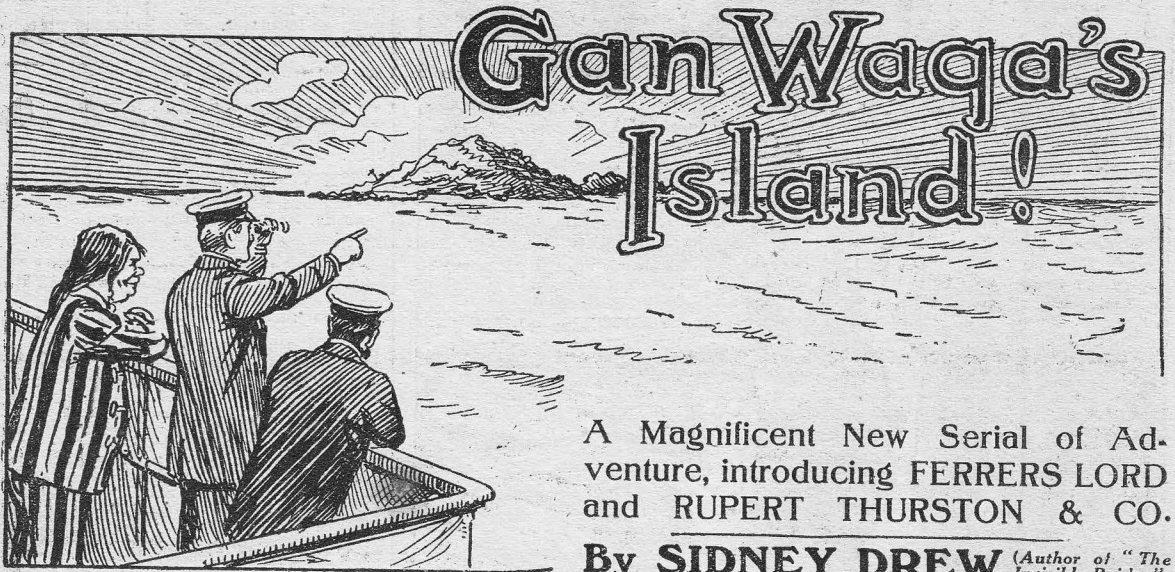
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AN ADVENTURE STORY THAT WILL HOLD YOUR INTEREST! START READING TO-DAY!



# Gan Waga's Island!

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 from 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. They are swept far out of their course and the yacht runs foul of a gigantic iceberg in the intense darkness. The ship crashes through the side of the hollow berg and the entrance freezes up, imprisoning them. They discover a small tunnel leading out of the iceberg, and they find themselves on the shore of Gan Waga's island. Ferrers Lord, Ching Lung, and Gan Waga are scouting on the island when they are held up by a Mexican millionaire who tells them he has taken unlawful possession of the island and orders them off. Not caring to argue with Senor Esteban's revolver they return to the camp on the floe.

### The Captive Balloon!

IT was plain that Prout, O'Rooney, and Maddock did not take Mexican Steve and his usurpation of Gan Waga's island very seriously. They were confident that when Ferrers Lord decided to give Senor Esteban his marching orders, his stay on Desolatia, if he declined to evacuate, would be as brief as it would be unpleasant for Castaro. Ching Lung and Thurston looked upon it in a far more serious light. The prince had seen the approach to the island, and he knew its strength.

"If it comes to a fight for Desolatia, Rupert," said the prince, "Mexican Steve holds every ace in the pack. I'm speaking of this side of the island, of course, for except for the glimpse I got of the harbour, I know nothing about the rest of it. The ice runs flush up to the cliffs, but it's very narrow where it pushes its nose against the island, perhaps two hundred feet from edge to edge. We got in through a winding ravine. We couldn't rush the place. A dozen men with rifles or three men with a machine-gun could hold the ravine against a battalion. The place is a natural fortress. Were I in Castaro's position and expecting a raid, I'd mine that strip of ice and blow it up. With open water between the ravine and the floe he'd be as safe as a rabbit in a hole from that quarter."

"We have our launch and a boat, Ching." "Yes, by good luck, we have," said Ching Lung. "The Chief has a map of the island, and I'd like to see it. There must be a lot of ice outside the harbour, but by a bold coup in the dark we may be able to swoop down and capture the yacht. That would settle the bloated bandit."

Gan Waga gave a shout. It was snowing, but only slightly, though the dark clouds that were drifting slowly overhead threatened a heavy fall.

"What is it, blubberbiter?" "A balloons, Ching!" said the Eskimo, pointing towards Desolatia. "Yo' see him, hunk? That little grey ball things over the tops of the cliffs."

Ching Lung obtained a pair of field-glasses. The balloon was rising slowly as the ground rope was paid out.

"The beggars are having a look at us," said the prince, giving the glasses to Rupert Thurston. "They want to know how strong we are and what we are up to."

"Very businesslike," said Thurston. "An observation balloon is a queer article for a chap to cart about with him on his private yacht."

"I'll wager Castaro isn't in it," laughed the prince, "unless they take him up as ballast. I don't envy the observer his job, either, for it must be jolly cold up there."

Then the snow began to fall in earnest, fine, powdery stuff, that blotted out the balloon, and swiftly covered the brown weed with a white robe.

Strenuous work was going on aboard the yacht as well as on the floe. The blacksmith had his forge in full blast, and he with his assistants hammered out runners for sledges, while the carpenter and his men prepared the bodies. In the saloon, when Ching Lung entered, Ferrers Lord was bending over a map of Desolatia.

"They've been watching us, Chief," said Ching Lung. "Castaro has sent up an observation balloon. As Rupert remarked, that's queer sort of luggage to carry round, isn't it?"

"Very useful luggage in these ice-choked seas," said the millionaire. "Useful for finding open water and looking over the tops of bergs. Here is the Portuguese map of Gan Waga's island, Ching. It's rather crude, and perhaps not too reliable. It does not give the height of the cliffs. Even the ravine is not marked. According to this, there is only one way in—the harbour. The draughtsman has made a crescent of that, when we know it is pear-shaped, so we may take it by that alone that it is altogether inaccurate."

"Yes, he certainly made a bad hash of the harbour," said Ching Lung. "If that map is all you had to prove your claim in a court of law. Castaro might plead in defence that this wasn't the island you'd bought at all, and beat you. Have they got the proper latitude and longitude?"

"My dea, Ching, I hope you don't think me capable of buying an island, and then

mislaying it," said Ferrers Lord, smiling. "Senor Castaro has annexed my property, or rather, Gan Waga's property, and being a born brigand, he will keep it as long as it pays him to keep it, if he is strong enough."

Rupert Thurston hurried in, powdered with snow from cap to boots.

"It's a regular smother," he said; "absolutely tumbling down. You can scarcely see a yard through it; but something is going on. There's a lot of banging over there."

"Bombing, Rupert?" asked Ferrers Lord. "Yes, Chief. We heard five or six heavy explosions. They're doing what Ching said he'd do if he were in Castaro's place, I expect—blowing up the ice to cut us off."

The millionaire put on his fur-lined coat. It was not difficult to climb the tunnel, for the floor had been sprinkled with ashes, and a rope had been stretched along it to give a hold. Through the falling snow came the rumble of an explosion. Another and another followed.

"Undoubtedly Senor Castaro is nervous," said Thurston. "Now that we have alighted on the dreary scene, he's converting Desolatia into what Nature made it—a real island."

"Perhaps it would be fairer to call him prudent, not nervous, Rupert," said Ferrers Lord. "I don't think the fat fellow is a coward. There can be no doubt that he is not blasting quartz rock to crush for gold, but trying to make a gap in the ice. And he may be more successful than he thinks," he added, lowering his voice. "I'm no believer in disguising facts, however unpalatable they may be. I told you Honour's opinion that the berg and the island are keying up the floe and keeping it from going adrift. The senor is destroying one of the keys. A strong wind from the south now might unlock the other key, and put the whole floe in motion."

"Oh, winds that blow from the south, sighing so soft and low; don't whisper your message sweet, or we must pack up and go!" hummed Ching Lung, parodying the old song. "Chief, we thank you for those kind words. You cheer us up frightfully!"

By the light of the electric-torch, Prout took the readings of the barometer and thermometer. Presently he approached the prince, and asked him to consult that human

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"GUNTEN'S LITTLE GAME!"

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.



**SPYING ON THE ENEMY'S CAMP!**—Gan Waga gave a shout and pointed towards Desolatia. "A balloon, Chingy!" Ching Lung pulled out a pair of field glasses. The balloon was rising slowly as the rope was paid out. "The beggars are having a look at us!" he said.

barometer, Gan Waga. For reasons of his own, Prout did not care to consult the Eskimo himself.

"I don't want to give the bubblerbiter a swelled head by honey," he explained. "I'm mighty fond of Gan when he's quiet, but I don't want to let him think, sir, that I don't know as much about the weather as he does. What with owning an island, and one thing and another, if we ain't cautious, his head will bust!"

Gan Waga's prognostication was a steady snowfall for several hours, and that afterwards it might be warmer. Hal Honour's burly figure loomed out of the snowdrifts. Still it seemed quite safe to sleep on board. They dressed for dinner as usual. Hanging on the wall beside the door of the saloon Thurston and Ching Lung had not seen there before, a brass dial with electric wire attached. The wires linked it with another instrument fixed high up on the berg. As he sat at dinner, the engineer kept glancing at it.

"Bad!" he grunted suddenly, and pointed to the dial.

The brass finger had begun to oscillate violently. Ferrers Lord folded up his serviette very neatly, and then pushed back his chair. He pressed a push in the wall, and the next moment the fire-bell was clanging, and a rush of footsteps followed, for the bergs were shaking ominously.

#### A Visitor!

THE tell-tale finger of the dial soon became quiet again; but it had given a warning that no men in their sane senses would have neglected. Flares were lighted on the deck, and though they were tired, and had well earned their rest, the crew set to work again quite cheerfully. The boat was too slow a method of transport to please Hal Honour. He quickly had a couple of cables rigged between the yacht and the arch carrying crates on pulleys. All through the night the loaded crates went out, and the empty ones came back to be refilled. The stores had to be taken up the tunnel to the floe above, and it was no child's play.

THE POPULAR.—No. 166

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"A VICTORY AT LAST!"

The chilly dawn broke upon a white world. Snow lay three feet deep on the floe, and it had smoothed and rounded the weed-dunes into soft curves. Ferrers Lord was the last man to leave the yacht. He switched off her deck lights, and pulled slowly to the arch, where Barry O'Rooney and a dozen men were waiting to pull the boat up. A faint twilight filled the ice curve, making the water look strangely like milk as it reflected the roof. The millionaire looked back at his beautiful yacht.

Thurston was looking up at it, too, with a great regret, for the memory of many happy days spent on her crowded back to his memory. He felt that he was seeing her for the last time, and the thought gave him a pang of intense regret.

"It's beastly, Chief!" he said slowly. "Like parting with a dear old friend, knowing that it's the last time you will ever meet on earth. Hanged if it doesn't hurt!"

Ferrers Lord laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"She will end gloriously when the big crash comes, my friend," he said. "We are all children at heart, however grown up we are, and we get fond of our toys. Hal Honour must build us another yacht. That will please Honour, for he is so full of new inventions that he considers the Lord of the Deep quite out of date. I'd have preferred a different resting place for her than under ten thousand tons of ice on these frozen seas, but ships and men are very much alike—they do not know their end."

"You didn't think it worth while taking any of the coal out of her, Chief?"

"No, for we have plenty of oil fuel, and it is cleaner and handier," said Ferrers Lord. "Pass the word that no one is to go aboard again without my express permission, not even your esteemed self, Rupert, Honour, or Ching Lung. The berg is getting shakier and shakier."

Thurston gave a last glance at the yacht. Prout had backed her to the extreme end of the tunnel. She looked very dim and ghostly. Suddenly Gan Waga appeared.

"Here a niceness things, Rupert!" said the Eskimo. "Old Mossoo gone and forgotten

the cat. He just remembers, and he dancing abouts, tearing his whiskers. I sooness fetch the cats, my old bean. I not leaves the pussy cat loneliness. Fo' a halfpenny I punch Mossoo on the noses fo' forgetting him!"

Mossoo was the chef. Gan Waga, in his cheerful irresponsible way, managed to fall out with most people at one time or another. His habit of helping himself to eatables without asking permission had caused a certain coldness between himself and the French cook. Occasionally the coldness became heated, for Mossoo had a fiery temper. As Ferrers Lord must have heard what the Eskimo had said, and had gone on unconcernedly, Rupert felt that the prohibition to boarding the yacht did not apply to the Eskimo on this occasion.

"Well, you've got a nerve, Gan!" he said, with a shudder, as the Eskimo peeled off his many sealskins. "I should freeze stiff if I went in there. Let them bring the boat down."

"They all jolly tiredness, and a little swim not do me no harms, old bean," said Gan Waga. "I gotted a towels, so stand by to rub me down when I come backs."

Stripped to the buff, the Eskimo dived into the icy pool. He swam with the ease and speed of an otter. Thurston lost sight of him in the gloom, but at last the clang of a bell told him that Gan had boarded the yacht safely. He swam back more slowly, towing a zinc bath behind him, the tow-line gripped between his white teeth. The occupant of the bath was the ship's cat, Hector, a big black fellow with a bushy tail. Hector did not like the bath at all, and he howled protestingly.

The moment Thurston grasped the handle, and pulled the bath to the edge of the ice, Hector gave one ear-splitting squeal, bounded over his arm into the gloom, and vanished.

"Ho, ho, hoo! He not want to leaves the galley fires, and that nearly outs, Ruperts!" chuckled the Eskimo. "I had to chase him back twiceness. Scrubs hard, old bean, fo' that water not warmness. Dears, dears! When we go and biff that big fat chap, and get my island back, hunk?"

"I couldn't tell you, blubber-biter," said Thurston, using the towel vigorously on Gan Waga's olive skin. "To get questions like that answered you'll have to go to headquarters to the Chief. I thought you didn't care a rap about your island, but would swap it for a pound of candles. Why this thushness all at once?"

"I share him with yo' and Chingy every times, but what that fat hog do on my island? I didn't play him Tut and Pakes for it, Rupert. And what the matters with the silly place, anyhow! Chingy say there aren't any bears. What the goodness of all the snow and ices if there no bears and walruses, hunk? Why aren't there some, hunk?"

"Because they only seem to be at the other end of the map, right up north where you came from," said Thurston. "I don't know why it should be, but you don't find bears down south. Ching may be wrong about the walruses, and there ought to be a whale or two. I'm not hankering after bears. I never get shummy with a Polar bear, Gan."

The Eskimo wrinkled up his forehead in a puzzled way.

"That so funniness, it beat me, Ruperts," he said. "I believe my bitterful old Chingy, and yo' know everything, so I beated, 'cos I heard a bears last night, old bean."

"You heard what?" asked Thurston. "It not a walrus, and not a birds," said the Eskimo, "so if it not a bears, what is it, hunk? I hear him growls, 'Gur-r-oooh!' like thats. Three times I hear him growls. He seems a long ways off, but he growl, Ruperts. I heard him right enough."

"Then the beggar must have got mislaid badly," said Thurston. "I'm not going to back my opinion against your old noise, Gan, for if I knew all I don't know I'd be a very wise man. If it was a bear you heard doing a midnight growl, he's a trespasser, and has no right down here at all, and if we meet I'll tell him so!"

Saurian Camp, as Thurston called it, was almost complete. The numerous packing-cases had been built up to form the walls of huts under the barricade of weed. With their tarpaulin roofs they would have looked ugly enough, but the falling snow quickly hid the tarpaulins. Though the yacht still floated, they were virtually castaways, but few castaways were ever better provided for. They numbered a hundred and thirty men in all. They had an ample supply of provisions,

(Continued on page 28.)

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

## A Word With Your Editor.

Address your letters to The Editor, THE POPULAR, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

### VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE!

This week I wish to draw the attention of my readers to the highly-important notice set in a frame in this column. Next Tuesday morning, every reader of the POPULAR wants to go to his or her newsagent, and get a copy of the POPULAR. Hitherto, as you know, this paper has been on sale every Friday, but in future you will be able to get your copy of the POPULAR three days earlier.

Will my chums please pass round this item of information to all their friends, so that not a single reader may miss

### THE SEVENTH GRAND FREE COLOURED ENGINE PLATE,

which will be given away in our next issue?

The engine forming the subject of our next plate is most particularly interesting, for it is of the "Valour"—the magnificent engine which is the Great Central Railway Company's Memorial to fallen soldiers and sailors. Every reader of the POPULAR MUST possess this magnificent plate. Order it NOW, and go for it on TUESDAY next!

### OUR GRAND STORIES!

Next Tuesday will see the publication of another four bumper school stories, the first of which will concern the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. It is entitled:

### "A VICTORY AT LAST!" By Frank Richards,

and tells you of some exciting and dramatic events which occurred when Harry Wharton resigns the captaincy of the Remove Football Eleven.

The second story will deal with Jimmy Silver & Co., at Rookwood, and is entitled:

### "REDEEMING HIS PAST!" By Owen Conquest,

This story reveals the amazing manner in which Lattrey of the Classical Fourth turns up again.

## THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE POPULAR WILL BE OUT ON SALE ON TUESDAY MARCH 28th

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Then we come to the fourth complete school story, entitled:

### "GUNTEN'S LITTLE GAME!" By Martin Clifford,

which concerns the adventures of Frank Richards & Co., at the School in the backwoods of Canada.

There will also be a further instalment of our grand new serial by Sidney Drew, who is recognised as being one of the greatest authors of boys' stories. However, you know that!

Then, in the middle of next Tuesday's POPULAR you will find another example of Billy Bunter's brilliant "Weekly." This will be found to be funnier than ever, and packed full of stories, articles, and poems.

Lastly, there will be the second of our LETTER JIGSAWS, for which I am offering the huge prize of TWENTY POUNDS.

### RESULT OF POPLETS COMPETITION NO. 50.

The Splendid Match Football has been awarded to:

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Leonard Milner, 38, Hamerton Street, Pudsey, near Leeds.  
A. E. Mee, 117, Broad Lane, Brimsley, Nottingham.  
L. Stabbing, 167, High Street, Lowestoft.  
Gordon Rowen, 91, Byron Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.  
E. W. Huntington, 47, Southfield Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham.  
William Scott, 424, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.  
B. H. Hibbert, 536, Kingston Road, Raynes Park, S.W. 20.  
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Mr. BEARD, Long Eaton, writes:—"I intend that 'The Amateur Mechanic' shall be a free gift to me; for, by taking advantage of your instalment plan, I can see how to easily save the money on house repairs alone, as I find that quite a number of jobs I had intended putting out are treated of in the work, and are by no means beyond my limited capacity (with your writers at my elbow). . . . Once again to thank you. . . ."

It Teaches Electrical Jobbing.

Mr. LEONARD ROE, Quorn, Leicestershire, writes:—"I have mended my watch from the illustrations in 'The Amateur Mechanic.' Now I am going to restore the colour of a pair of brown boots. Your articles on 'Miniature Electric Light' are very interesting. I have already fitted up my cycle with electricity from these articles."

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U. J. N., 1922.

THE POPULAR.—No. 166.

# Gan Waga's Island!

(Continued from page 28.)

warm clothing, bedding, medicines, wines and spirits, and yet they had not removed more than a third of her stores from the doomed Lord of the Deep.

"Come and behold our mansion, Rupert," said Ching Lung, when Thurston and the Eskimo reached the upper air. "It's charming! Roses round the door, and all that sort of thing. None of your jerry-building about it, either, but real solid stuff. And real windows with glass in 'em. And so convenient, too. If you feel hungry you just smash a hole in the drawing-room wall, and—hey presto!—you can have tinned salmon, or tinned peaches, or tinned pears, or tinned soup, or any old canned stuff you like. Look

at it, and raise your hat to it! Isn't it a dream?"

The packing-case hut was certainly substantial. Tarpaulin nailed over the outside would keep the icy wind from blowing through the crevices. The door had been borrowed from one of the cabins. Thurston did not notice any roses growing round it, but the name of the delightful residence was painted there—"Put and Take Villa." The carpenter and his men had put in a floor of planks, and covered it with an expensive carpet. Rugs and curtains hid the unsightly packing-cases, and the beds were concealed by Japanese screens. There were tables and chairs, a bookcase well stocked with books, two wardrobes with mirrors, a china cupboard, a large brass lamp, and an oil-stove that radiated a pleasant heat. After a prowling in search of comfortable quarters, Hector, the cat, had selected Put and Take Villa, and was already in happy possession, purring contentedly in front of the stove.

"Not at all bad," said Thurston. "The roof

seems to be the worst part of the lot. If we have to stay here long we must try to board that over."

"Joe intends to hatch it with seaweed later on," said Ching Lung, "but I hope there'll be no need for that. I'd sooner live in a bungalow than in my palace at Kwai-hai, but I like something more substantial to build on than ice. This is only a cottage for two, Gan, but pick out the coolest corner for yourself, and be welcome."

"Yo' waits a bits, Chingy, and yo' see me build a betterness house than this," said the Eskimo. "I make myself a buterful igloo, Chingy—an igloo a lot morer coosiness than all yo' packing-case shanties. I make him soonness, and then I asks yo' and Rupert to tea. I show yo' how to build a houses."

"That's the way to dodge paying rent," said Ching Lung. "Get on with it, then, my bouncing boy. We'll come to tea right enough."

(Another instalment of our amazing serial in next TUESDAY'S issue.)



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