

**TWO REAL PHOTOS OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS FREE!**

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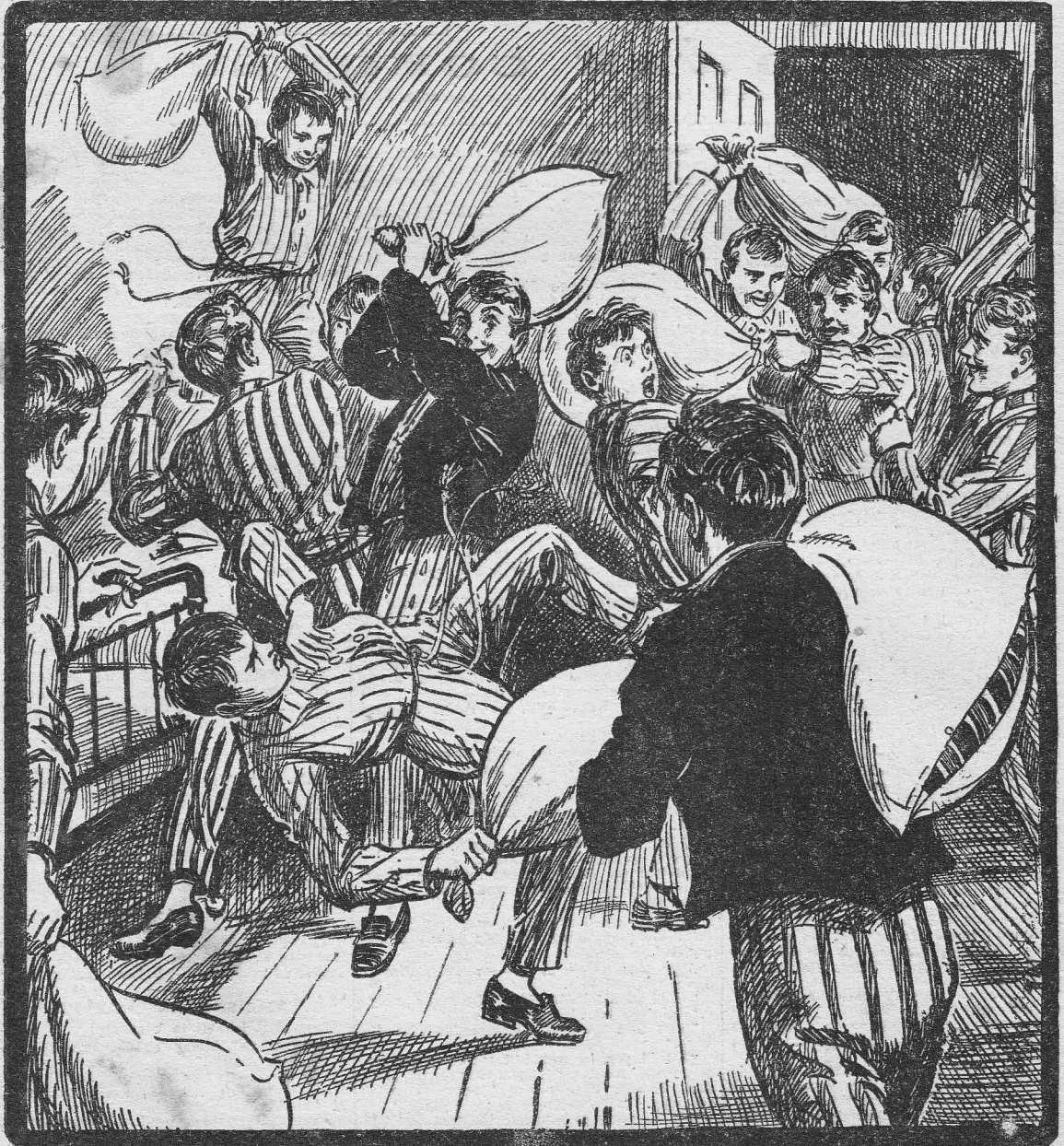
No. 171.

28  
Pages.

# The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED

SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.



**RUCTIONS AT ROOKWOOD!** THE GREAT PILLOW FIGHT BETWEEN  
CLASSICALS AND MODERNS!  
(An exciting incident from the long complete tale of Rookwood in this issue.)

A SPLENDID STORY, TELLING HOW THE TRUE CHARACTER OF DE VERE IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT,  
AND ALGY SILVER LOSES A BAD FRIEND!



# A FALSE FRIEND!

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

By **OWEN CONQUEST**

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

O:O

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Jimmy Silver is Not Pleased!

"SILVER!"  
Jimmy Silver looked round cheerily as Bulkeley of the Sixth called to him from his study doorway.  
"Yes, Bulkeley?"  
He came towards the captain of Rookwood at once.

Jimmy Silver was captain of the Fourth Form, but it was an honour to fag for "old Bulkeley."

"Will you find De Vere of the Third, and send him here? You know him. A new fag who came last week."

"I know him," said Jimmy.

"Tell him I want him at once. He's down to fag for the Sixth at cricket practice this afternoon."

"Yes, Bulkeley."

"Waiting for you," said Arthur Edward Lovell, as Jimmy came out of the School House. "If we're going to get down to Coombe before dinner—"

"Seen that kid De Vere?" asked Jimmy. "Bulkeley wants him."

"Oh bother!" said Raby.

"Bless him!" said Newcome. "But he's not far off. I saw him going into Little Quad a few minutes ago, with—" Newcome paused.

"With?" repeated Jimmy, looking at him.

"With your cousin Algy."

Jimmy frowned.

"I don't see what he's doing with Algy," he said gruffly. "I understood that they weren't on friendly terms now."

"You're such an innocent old duck, Jimmy!" was Lovell's remark.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Didn't Algy come to our study himself, and tell us that De Vere wouldn't speak to him because I chipped in the other day when they were playing the giddy goat?"

"They've made it up since then," grinned Lovell. "I've seen them together."

Jimmy did not answer; but, with a frowning face, he started across towards Little Quad.

His chums looked after him, smiling. "Poor old Jimmy!" murmured Raby. "He's got all his work cut out if he's going to keep up the kind uncle bizny with his precious cousin. Anybody but Jimmy would have noticed that Algy and that new cad were as thick as thieves."

"Oh, Jimmy doesn't see anything!" grunted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver was thinking so himself as he went through the old stone archway into Little Quad.

He had been much disturbed by his cousin's friendship with the young rascal newly come to Rookwood, but he had taken Algy's word that that friendship was broken off, and he had not given the matter much thought since then.

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With the cricket season coming on, the captain of the Fourth had other matters to think about, as well as his reckless young rascal of a cousin.

He came through into Little Quad, and looked round for the rags.

Algy Silver and Bertie de Vere were seated on a bench near the fountain, deep in talk.

They did not see Jimmy as he strode towards them.

It was obvious that the rift in the lute had been mended, and that Algy was on the friendliest terms with his old chum from his old school.

"To-night's the night!" Algy was saying as Jimmy Silver came along. "It will be no end of a lark!"

"About time we got a move on, I think," grunted his companion discontentedly. "I was expectin' to have a good time here. I've been bored to tears. This isn't much like my old school."

"You had to leave your old school," answered Algy, rather tartly.

Jimmy gave a grunt, partly in expression of his feelings, and partly to warn the two fags that he was within hearing.

The two Third-Formers looked up quickly, silent at once.

De Vere looked at Jimmy Silver with an expression half of insolence, half of bitter dislike.

He had not forgotten how he had been pitched, neck and crop, out of the Bird-in-Hand public-house on his first day at Rookwood, by Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Bulkeley wants you, De Vere," snapped Jimmy.

"Bother Bulkeley!"

"You're to go to his study at once."

"I'll suit myself about that!"

Jimmy gave him a look.

He was greatly inclined to take the cheeky fag by the collar and start him with his boot. But he refrained.

If the fag chose to disregard Bulkeley's order it was his own business.

"Better go, Bertie," muttered Algy Silver. "Bulkeley's head prefect, you know. You'll make him ratty!"

De Vere nodded sulkily, and rose to his feet, lounging away with his hands in his pockets.

Algy was about to follow, when Jimmy Silver stopped him.

"Hold on a minute, Algy," he said quietly. "Goin' to jaw?" sneered the fag.

"You told me you had finished with De Vere."

"I told you he wouldn't speak to me because my meddling cousin interfered with him, like a cheeky cad!" retorted Algy savagely. "We've made it up, though."

"I'd be sorry to interfere between you and your friends, Algy," said the captain of the Fourth. "Only—"

"Well, don't do it, then!"

"There's plenty of decent chaps in the Third for you to make friends with—Wegg, and Grant, and Stacey—all decent kids—"

"That's my business, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," conceded Jimmy. "But, really, there's no reason for you to pick out that shady young blackguard for a chum."

"De Vere was my chum at my old school," said Algy sulkily. "He's a rippin' chap! I like him."

"You ought not to."

"Oh, rats!"

"I wish you'd leave him alone, Algy."

"Well, I won't!"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. His father had asked him to look after his cousin at Rookwood.

How he was to look after Algy on these terms was rather a puzzle.

"You say yourself that De Vere had to leave his old school, Algy," he said. "He didn't have to leave it without reason."

"He was too goey for them," said Algy, evidently taking great pride in the fact that his friend was so eminently "goey."

"He made them sit up, I can tell you! He'd have been sacked but for his relations chippin' in."

"I wish he had been sacked!" growled Jimmy. "He couldn't have come here, then. The Head doesn't know the kind of little beast he is!"

"Lots of things the Head doesn't know," grinned Algy. "But if you're goin' to slang De Vere, I'm off!"

"You were saying something about to-night—about a lark," said Jimmy, looking at him sharply. "Does that mean that you are going to start playing the fool again?"

"Find out!"

"Algy, old chap—"

"Rats!"

With that, Algy of the Third marched off. He was not in a mood of sweet reasonableness.

Jimmy Silver repressed his feelings with an effort.

It was not of much use giving Algy a licking, much as he deserved one.

Arthur Edward Lovell looked through the archway.

"Staying there all day?" he called out.

Jimmy Silver rejoined his chums.

The Fistical Four started on their walk down to Coombe, but Jimmy's face was no longer as sunny as it had been that morning.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Lovell is Wrathful!

"W"ERE going on the warpath to-night!"

Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark in the end study at tea-time.

Jimmy Silver started out of a brown study. He had been very silent over tea.

"Eh! What's that about to-night?" he exclaimed.

"We're going on the merry war-path! Have you forgotten that we're going to raid the Moderns?" demanded Lovell.

"My hat! Yes!"  
"What are you mooning about?" inquired Lovell. "Thinkin' of the dear dead days beyond recall, or what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"No, not exactly," said Jimmy, with a smile. "I was thinking of—"

"Don't say Algy!" groaned Lovell.  
"Well, yes."  
"Couldn't you find something a bit nicer to think of once or twice in a way?" asked Lovell. "I warn you, Jimmy, that you're in danger of growin' into a bore."

"I've noticed that," observed Raby.  
"It's barely possible," remarked Newcome, in a reflective sort of way, "to hear too much and too often about Algy. I wonder whether that's ever occurred to you, Jimmy?"

Jimmy coloured.  
"Well, Lovell asked me," he said. "I'm not talking about him, am I?"

"Don't think about him, either," grunted Lovell.  
"Well, I'm rather worried."  
"Br-r-r-r!"

"I hoped he was off with that sneaking little scoundrel, De Vere! Algy's not a bad sort. He's easily led, that's all. I'm afraid that little brute will get him into some trouble, and then the chopper will come down—on Algy."

"He's had warnings enough."  
"I know. But—"

"What price giving Algy a rest?" asked Newcome, with the air of a fellow suggesting a new and interesting idea.

"Well, give him a rest," said Jimmy Silver, rather gruffly. "I don't want to talk about him. Lovell asked me."

"Give him a rest all along the line. Let him go and eat cake. If he's determined to go to the giddy bow-wows, you can't stop him."

"His father's at sea," said Jimmy. "He was worried about Algy, after getting his old headmaster's report. He asked me to do what I could for the kid. So did my pater. He's practically trusted into my hands here."

"What a charge!" groaned Lovell. "Well, I'll tell you what. We'll help you look after him."

"Oh, will you?" said Jimmy.  
"Yes; we'll have him up in the study here, and give him a jolly good thrashing with a fives-bat."

"Wha-at!"  
"How does that strike you?"  
"Hear, hear!" said Raby and Newcome together, heartily.

"Ass!" was Jimmy Silver's reply.  
"Well, to get back to the subject," said Lovell. "We're going on the warpath to-night, and I had a sort of an idea that it was up to the captain of the Form to make the arrangements, I may have been mistaken."

"This was uttered with great sarcasm.  
"Oh, the raid!" said Jimmy indifferently.  
"Look here, Jimmy, if you don't want to raid the Moderns to-night—" said Lovell.

"I—I—" faltered Jimmy.  
"Do you want to raid them, or don't you?" demanded Lovell.

"Well, I happened to hear something those blessed fags were saying in Little Quad this morning," confessed Jimmy.

Lovell stared at him.  
"What on earth have the fags to do with raiding the Moderns?" he asked. "We're not going to call up the Third."

"They—they were saying something about to-night, and—and a lark. I—I'm afraid they've got some scheme on for breaking bounds."

"Dingy little beasts!" said Lovell, in disgust. "I don't see what it matters, though. Where's the connection?"

"Well, if—if there's a shindy to-night, it may—might draw attention to—to—"

Lovell interrupted his study leader with a yell of wrath, jumping to his feet.

"Algy again! We're to put off a raid on the Moderns because that shady little beast may be out of his dormitory, and if there's a row he may be found out! Oh my hat! Oh crumbs! Oh, scissiors!"

Jimmy Silver crimsoned.  
"Put like that it really did seem a little thick."

Jimmy naturally could not expect other fellows to feel his own concern about the wilful fag of the Third.

His chums, indeed, were sympathetic; but, as they had very plainly hinted, it was possible to get fed up with Algy.

"I'm fairly fed up!" hooted Lovell. "That young rascal can't show the cloven hoof without you going about day-dreaming. He can't plan a dirty trick without you wanting the whole Form to toe the line, and act very carefully in case he gets found out! My hat!"

"Jimmy!" murmured Raby.  
"I—I didn't mean exactly that!" stammered poor Jimmy. "But if there's a row, and a prefect gets on the warpath, there might be something happen, and—and—"

"And—and Algy might be spotted out of his dorm, you mean?"  
"Ye-es."

"All the better if he is. He'll get a flogging, and I hope it will be a lesson to him!" said Lovell savagely. "Look here, I don't consent to putting the raid off. I won't agree! And if you put it to the fellows, I'll jolly well tell them what your reason is!"

"Lovell!"  
"I mean it!" hooted Lovell. "As if it isn't bad enough to be bothered all day long with that dingy little rascal, without having everything upset on his account! Br-r-r-r!"

"Jimmy, old chap, it is really too thick," murmured Newcome. "Besides, the fags may not be goin' at all. You're not sure."

"No; but—"  
"Oh, if they don't go to-night, they'll go some other night, and the Fourth Form can mark time till they've gone and come back!" exclaimed Lovell. "What's the Fourth Form for, except to stand waiting the convenience of Master Algy when he goes on the razzle!"

Raby and Newcome grinned.  
"That will do," said Jimmy Silver. "I was only making a suggestion."

"A dashed fat-headed one, too! That raid's coming off to-night."  
"Agreed," said Jimmy. "And now, for goodness' sake, let the thing drop!"

Jimmy spoke with unusual tartness, and he left the study when he had finished.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### On the Warpath!

THE RE was some suppressed excitement in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth when those cheerful youths went to bed that night.

The raid on the Modern Fourth was fixed and settled.  
Nearly all the Classics were in it, few preferring to remain in bed.

Tubby Muffin didn't mean to turn out; he was too fat and lazy.  
Townsend and Topham, Peete and Gower, were too slack.

But everybody else was going on the warpath.  
Pillows were to be taken, and the onslaught on the dormitory of the Modern Fourth was to be something quite terrific.

The Modern quarters were really a separate building, but there was a long passage—or, rather, several passages—connecting the two, Rookwood being a rambling old place, full of the most unexpected passages and recesses.

In that passage there was a great oaken door, which was kept locked, and the key was kept by old Mackie the school porter.

Tubby Muffin was quite a hero, he having raided the key successfully from the porter's lodge.

The way was open now, and there was no doubt that the enemy would be taken by surprise.

The kybosh having been duly administered to the Moderns, the Classics would retreat to their own quarters, locking the passage door after them, leaving the defeated enemy to rage.

It was quite an exhilarating prospect.  
Bulkeley of the Sixth came in to see lights out for the Classical Fourth, and the juniors were very careful not to betray themselves.

Bulkeley heard some of them passing remarks on cricket, and that was all.  
But when lights were out, and there was darkness, and the prefect was gone, a buzz of voices broke out in the dormitory, subdued, but very eager.

"What time are we goin', Silver?" asked Mornington.  
"Better make it early," remarked Conroy,

the Australian. "Better get it over before Mr. Manders comes home."

"Ten!" said Jimmy.  
"Good!"  
"Ten's rather early, isn't it?" asked Kit Erroll. "The prefects haven't settled down at ten o'clock."

"Half-past ten, then," said Jimmy Silver.  
"That's better!"  
"Yes, that's so," said Mornington. "Wake me up at half-past ten, somebody."

"Somebody had better stay awake!" yawned Higgs.  
"I sha'n't sleep," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

Jimmy was as good as his word.  
"Before ten o'clock all the dormitory was silent, save for the sound of deep breathing and Tubby Muffin's rumbling snore, but Jimmy Silver was wide awake."

He was troubled.  
The raid was to be carried out without alarming masters or prefects, of course. But such plans only too often "ganged agley."

If there was a row—if there was disturbance, and prefects were brought on the scene—it might lead to a discovery.

Algy and De Vere might be coming out at that very minute, fully dressed for going out of doors.

The Third Form might be awakened, and miss Algy; or a prefect might go into their dormitory for some reason—any reason.

Jimmy's uneasiness, certainly, made him exaggerate the chances of a mishap to Algy; but it existed.

But there was no help for it.  
At half-past ten Jimmy Silver slipped out of his bed, and called to his comrades.

There was a general turning out of the Classical Fourth.

The juniors slipped on their trousers and socks, and took their pillows—the latter to be used as weapons of offence.

"Got the key, Jimmy?" asked Mornington.  
"That's all right," said Lovell. "It's put in the passage door ready. I saw to that."

"Good egg!"  
"You fellows ready?" asked Jimmy Silver.  
"What-ho!"  
"Lead on, Macduff!" chuckled Flynn.

The dormitory door was softly opened. Softly, in their socks, the Classics crept out, and the door was closed again.

The staircase was quite dark; the passages black and deserted.

Almost on tiptoe the raiders stole away.  
There was a sudden bump in the darkness, and an exclamation from Valentine Mornington.

Then there was the sound of a heavy fall.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The Pillow Fight!

"OH, my hat!"  
"Who the dickens—"  
"What!"

There were suppressed exclamations on all sides.  
A sound of scuffling and struggling could be heard.

"Shush!" whispered Lovell.  
"Quiet!"

"You duffers, do you want to bring the prefects here? Quiet!"  
A sudden gleam of light flashed out in the darkness.

Somebody had turned on a pocket-torch. The light glimmered on a strange scene. Mornington was scrambling to his feet, his face red with rage.

Down the passage, in the shadows, two dim forms were receding.  
Morny made a rush after them, and caught one by the arm.

"You cheeky young cad, Silver—"  
"Let go, hang you!"  
"Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, pushing forward. "Show that light here, Rawson. So it's you, Algy!"

Algy Silver was wriggling in Morny's angry grasp.  
De Vere stood close by him, startled and angry.

The two fags were fully-dressed, even to their boots.  
"The young cad ran into me in the dark, and pitched me over!" exclaimed Morny angrily. "Till—"

"Don't make a row, Morny!" whispered Erroll.  
"Put that light out!"  
Rawson shut off the light.

"Let me go, Mornington, you fool!" muttered Algy, in suppressed tones. "I

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couldn't see you in the dark, you silly fool! I thought a prefect had got hold of me when I ran into you. Let go!"

"Let him go!" muttered De Vere.

"Let him go, Moray!" said Erroll. "We don't want a shindy here now. We may have been heard already."

Mornington grunted, and released the fag.

"What are you doing out of your dorm, Algy?" asked Jimmy Silver—not that it was necessary to ask. He knew only too well.

"What are you doing out of yours?" retorted the fag.

"We're going to raid the Moderns. Come with us, kid; it's fun, you know."

"Catch me!"

"Oh, a raid isn't good enough for him!" snorted Lovell. "He wants something a bit more exciting, such as playing cards in a pub-parlour."

"Shurrup, Lovell!" murmured Newcome.

"Br-r-r!"

"Algy, come with us, kid!" muttered Jimmy.

"Oh, rats!"

"Kick him back into his dorm!" said Lovell.

"Algy—"

There was no reply from Algy, save a sound of retreating footsteps.

The two fags were going.

Jimmy Silver stood, a prey to troubled emotion.

Here was proof positive, if he had wanted it, that the two young rascals were breaking bounds at night, and he was strongly incited to take Lovell's advice, and kick them back into their quarters.

But that meant a row, that was certain, and prefects coming on the scene and finding the raiders out of their dormitory.

The Classical Fourth would have had something to say to that.

Before Jimmy could decide what to do the fags were gone.

Faintly, in the distance, came the sound of an opening window, and in a minute more the two young rascals had dropped on the leads under the window.

The sudden meeting in the dark had startled and scared them, but the discovery that it was only the Fourth had quite reassured Algy and De Vere.

Whatever the Fourth-Formers might think of them, they were not likely to betray them.

"Well, are we moving on?" asked Conroy. "I've been listening, and I can't hear anything. It's all safe, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silver was not thinking whether it was safe or not; he was thinking of his cousin.

But he roused himself.

"Right-ho! Let's get on," he said.

"We'll go after Algy if you like, and bring him back by the scruff of the neck," said Lovell.

"We jolly well won't!" exclaimed Higgs. "We're out to raid the Moderns, not to look after sneaking fags!"

"Not so much row, Higgs!"

"Well, talk sense, then. Let's get on."

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

He was almost relieved that the fags had got clear away.

Even if the raid led to a shindy now, their absence was not likely to be discovered.

The raiders went quietly on their way into the winding passage that led towards the Modern quarters.

"Here's the door!" murmured Raby.

"Show a light, Rawson!"

The electric torch glittered on the big oak door.

Jimmy Silver turned back the key, and the big door swung open.

Out went the light again, and the juniors marched through, along the passage past the door, coming out at last by the dormitory of the Modern Fourth.

Jimmy dismissed Algy and all his works from his mind.

He was the leader of the attack on the Modern stronghold, and he had to have his wits about him now.

He groped for the door of the Modern dorm, and turned the handle quietly.

All was silent there.

Starlight fell in at the high windows, and dimly showed up the row of beds, with the Modern juniors fast asleep in them.

"Not a suspish!" murmured Lovell gleefully.

"Get inside!"

The juniors tiptoed in.

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Behind them, the door was closed to keep the noise in the dormitory, as far as possible.

It was certain that there would be some noise, perhaps a good deal.

Tommy Dodd, the chief of the Modern Fourth was suddenly awakened by the bed-clothes being stripped from his bed by a powerful jerk.

He started up.

"Here we are again!" sang Lovell softly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Classical cads!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

"Here, wake up, you fellows! Classics! Line up! Yaroooh!"

Tommy yelled as he was rolled out of bed with a bump on the floor.

"Yah! Classical cads!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Oh crumbs!"

All the Modern Fourth were wide enough awake now.

They turned out of bed as one man, even Leggett and Cuffy backing up with the rest to repel the attack of the enemy.

But they had simply no chance.

The Classics rushed then down, smiting with pillows, amid gasps of suppressed laughter.

Right and left the Moderns went rolling, swiped by the pillows, and tangled in their bedclothes.

"Give 'em socks!" roared Lovell, forgetting the necessity of caution in his excitement.

"Down with the Moderns!"

"Yah! Classical cads!"

"Pile in!"

"Yaroooh!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Not so much row!" gasped Erroll.

But he was not heeded.

The juniors were warming to the work now.

The Moderns had grabbed up pillows and bolsters, and they were putting up a splendid fight, though at a great disadvantage.

In the dim light, however, it was easy to mistake friend for foe, especially in the thrill of excitement, and several of the Classics received terrific swipes that were intended for Moderns.

There was bumping and gasping and squeaking on all sides.

Leggett, the cad of the Fourth, had taken refuge under a bed, and he was yelling at the top of his voice.

Leggett had no objection to bringing Knowles or Catesby on the scene—in fact, he rather wanted to.

Lovell groped under the bed, and brought Leggett out by the leg, and then Leggett's yells were louder than ever.

Bump, bump! Yell! Smash! Crash!

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Mornington. "We shall have the whole house up at this rate!"

Bump! Biff! Crash! Yell!

Erroll, in a whirl of the combat, found himself near the door, and he paused there to listen.

He opened the door an inch or two, and then called out hurriedly:

"Chuck it, you chaps! They're coming up!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Retreat, you fellows!"

Footsteps could be heard on the lower stairs as the combat lulled.

It was no wonder that the alarm had been given, considering the noise that had been made in the pillow fight.

The Classics crowded to the door at once.

Most of the Moderns were gasping on the floor. It was a victory, though not quite complete.

"Spring for it!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

"If we're caught over on this side—"

He did not finish.

It was not necessary.

The Classics did not need telling what would happen if they were caught raiding the Modern quarters at that hour.

The raiders crowded out of the dormitory, and as the heavy footsteps came up the stairs, and a light gleamed, they vanished down the passage in the opposite direction, fleeing for their own quarters.

"I can see you!" roared Knowles of the Modern Sixth. "Come back, you young villains! I can see you!"

Passing the dormitory door, Knowles rushed after the fleeing raiders, lamp in hand.

From a dark corner a figure leaped out, and a pillow smote Knowles, and he went over with a crash.

His electric-lamp went flying, and smashed, and Knowles rolled on the floor with a howl.

Jimmy Silver raced after his comrades.

"Jimmy!" panted Lovell.

"Here I am!"

"You—you downed Knowles?"

"Did you want him to recognise us, fat-head? Buck up!"

The Classics sped on, and gained the passage door.

Jimmy Silver breathed more freely when they were on the safe side, and the big door was closed and locked.

"All serene!" he gasped.

Thump! Thump!

The next minute, Knowles was hammering at the passage door.

But there came no reply from the Classical side.

Leaving Knowles to hammer at his own sweet will, Jimmy Silver & Co. scuttled back to their dormitory, and turned in hot haste.

In two minutes they were in bed, and had all the appearance of enjoying innocent and balmy slumber, ready for any inquiring person who should glance into the room.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER**

**The Discovery!**

"O H crumbs!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

The Modern leader staggered to his feet dazedly in the dim dormitory.

There was wreck and confusion in the quarters of the Modern Fourth, and dismal howls and gasps came from all sides.

"They're gone, begorra!" panted Doyle.

"And Knowles is after them!" said Cook breathlessly.

"Turn in!" rapped out Tommy Dodd. "Get the beds tidy—quick! Turn in! We've got to be asleep when Knowles comes in!"

The Modern juniors set to work with breathless haste.

They had had the worst of the tussle with the Classics; but Tommy Dodd & Co. always played the game.

They did not intend to let the bully of the Sixth take a hand in the proceedings, if they could help it.

In wonderfully quick time the Modern juniors were in bed and covered up, and trying to look as if they hadn't been disturbed.

"Why shouldn't we tell Knowles?" mumbled Leggett. "I think—"

"You tell Knowles, and we'll flay you tomorrow!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "Shut up!"

Leggett shut up.

The angry prefect was still hammering at the communication door.

But he gave that up at last, and came back, in a savage temper, to the Modern Fourth dormitory.

He expected to find it in a state of uproar, but when he strode in it was very quiet, and there was a sound of deep, steady breathing, artificially performed by Tommy Dodd & Co.

Knowles gritted his teeth.

"I know you're not asleep, you young sweeps!" he growled. "Don't try to take me in! Dodd!"

Silence.

"Dodd!" shouted Knowles.

Tommy Dodd yawned, and appeared to wake.

"Hallo! What's up?" he murmured drowsily.

"You know well enough who it is, Dodd. It's Knowles!"

"Taint rising-bell!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Anything up, Knowles? Fire?"

"You know it's not!" roared Knowles. "The Classics have been here! Don't tell me any lies! One of them bowled me over in the passage."

"Great Scott!"

"Was it Silver, Dodd?"

"Eh?"

"Who has been here?"

"You have, Knowles!" answered Tommy innocently.

Knowles breathed hard through his nose. "Will you tell me who has been here?" he hissed.

"Sure you haven't been dreaming, Knowles?" inquired Tommy Dodd. "What makes you think anybody's been here?"

"I'll talk to you about this in the morning, Dodd!" snarled Knowles. And he stamped out of the dormitory.

He was quite aware that he would not get anything out of Tommy Dodd, but he was quite determined to visit condign punishment on the unknown assailant who had pilloved him in the passage.

He realised that he had been wasting time questioning the Modern juniors, and, having

NEXT TUESDAY! "TROUBLE FOR THE CAPTAIN!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF ROOKWOOD. By OWEN CONQUEST.

wasted it, he hurried downstairs and strode out into the quad, hurrying over to the Classical side.

There came a sharp knock at the door of Bulkeley's study, and Knowles strode in.

Bulkeley was chatting with Neville of the Sixth before turning in, and he looked surprised at the sight of Knowles at that hour in the evening.

"Hallo, Knowles!" he exclaimed. "Anything up?"

"Some of the juniors on this side are up!" snapped Knowles. "I want you to look into it, Bulkeley."

"What's happened?"

"I fancy it was a pillow fight in the Fourth Form dormitory on my side. What the fags call a raid."

"They can't get through now the door's kept locked in the passage," said the captain of Rookwood.

Knowles gave an impatient grunt.

"They did get through! One of them knocked me over in the passage with a pillow!"

"Phew!"

"They had just got through the door, and locked it again, when I reached it," added Knowles. "They had the key, of course. I've been knocked over by some junior. The matter can't rest at that."

"Certainly not!" said Bulkeley. "Come up with me, Knowles, and we'll see about it at once."

Bulkeley led the way up the big staircase at once, and Knowles followed at his heels.

They went to the Classical Fourth dormitory first.

The Rookwood captain opened the door quietly, and turned on the light of a flash-lamp.

It showed a row of white beds, with Classical juniors in them, sleeping the sleep of the just—or, at least, appearing to be doing so.

"Looks all right here," said Bulkeley.

"Spoofing, of course!" snapped Knowles. "They're awake, right enough!"

"They don't look awake. Let's try the other dormitories."

"Oh, all right!"

Knowles cast a last suspicious look at the Classical Fourth, and then followed Bulkeley out, and the door was closed.

Bulkeley led the way, and opened the door of the Shell dormitory.

He flashed the light in.

Knowles scowled into the room.

The Shell were all in their places, and Adolphus Smythe woke up and blinked at the prefects.

"By gad!" he murmured.

"All right, there!" said Bulkeley, with a slight smile. "Are you sure, Knowles, that it wasn't some kid on your own side?"

"I tell you they ran away through the passage door!"

"Well, we'll try the Third, if you like. It may have been some fag."

"As likely as not!" grunted Knowles.

They moved on to the Third Form dormitory, and Bulkeley opened the door.

Knowles scanned the row of beds in the light of Bulkeley's lamp.

Grant of the Third woke up, and blinked at them, startled.

"Have you been out since bed-time?" snapped Knowles.

"En? No! Why should I?" said Grant, with a stare.

"I really think, Knowles, that you were mistaken," said Bulkeley, with visible signs of impatience. "You can't question every

junior on this side, one after another.

"I don't want to!" said Knowles, with a sour smile. "Look at this!"

Knowles' sharp, restless eyes had noted what escaped the more unsuspecting Bulkeley.

Two of the forms stretched in the beds were not quite convincing enough for Knowles.

The two dummies under the bedclothes were good enough to deceive a careless glance, but Knowles' glance was not careless.

He jerked the coverlet off one bed, and then off another.

Bundles of clothing and bolsters were revealed.

Bulkeley started.

"My hat!" he exclaimed.

"I think that settles it!" sneered Knowles. Most of the Third were awake now, and the captain of Rookwood glanced over their faces.

"Two are out," he said—"Silver Secundus and De Vere, the new boy." Bulkeley's face became very grave.

"You can leave this in my hands, Knowles," he said, in a low voice. "I shall wait here till they come back. As for the pillow business, that can be investigated in the morning, if you want to carry it farther."

Knowles nodded, and quitted the dormitory with a grin of satisfaction.

Bulkeley closed the door, lighted the gas, and sat down on Algy Silver's bed to wait.

He had not the slightest hope that the fags were merely absent upon some harmless fag raid.

He knew it was worse than that.

He had to wait till they returned and make them give an account of themselves.

It was a matter for the Head to deal with. And Bulkeley, who felt the disgrace keenly, had a heavy heart as he waited.

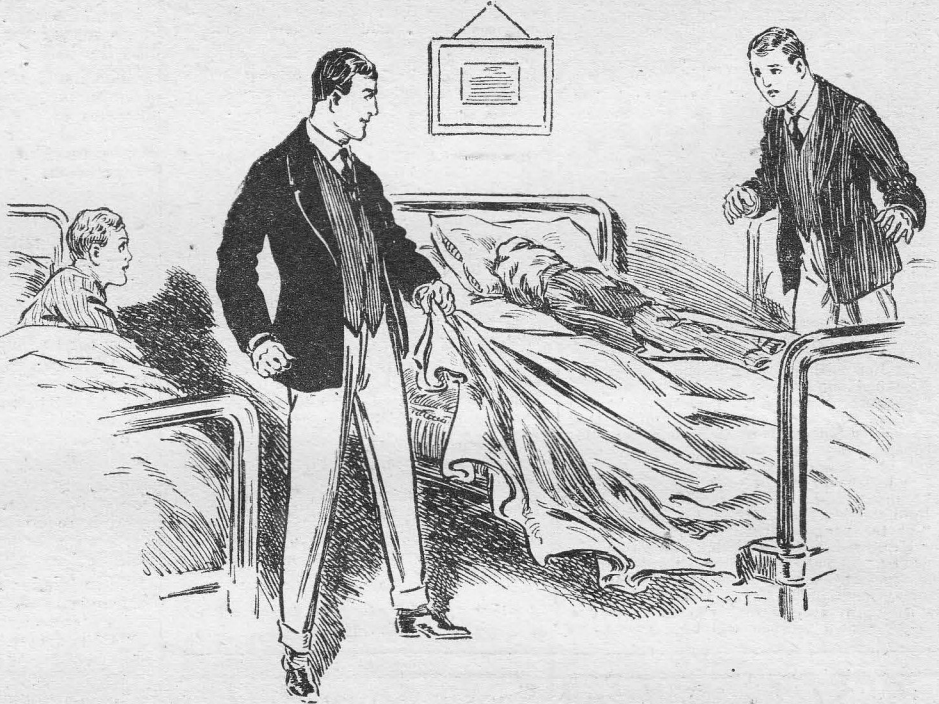
Most of the Third remained awake now, waiting with breathless suspense.

Midnight sounded dully from the clock-tower, and still the absent fags had not returned.

It was half-past twelve when a sound was heard at the door.

Bulkeley rose to his feet.

The door opened, and there was a gasping exclamation.



**A STARTLING DISCOVERY!**—Knowles jerked the coverlet off one of the beds, and the dummies were brought to light. Bulkeley stared at the beds. "Two are out!" he said. "Silver Secundus and De Vere!" Things were looking very black for the two young rascals of the Third. (See Chapter 5.)

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**  
**In His True Colours.**

**T**HERE was a silence in the Third Form dormitory.

The two prefects and most of the juniors were staring at the empty beds.

Bulkeley was very grave. For, now that his eyes were opened, he noted that the clothes of the two fags were missing, even to their collars and ties.

They had not dressed themselves so fully for a raid on the Modern quarters. It was more serious than that.

Knowles understood, too, and a sour smile curled his lips.

"We seem to have stumbled on something we didn't expect!" he said, with a sneer. "The fags on your side, Bulkeley, seem to have manners and customs of their own, by gad!"

"Do you know where De Vere and Silver II. have gone, Grant?" asked Bulkeley, without heeding the Modern prefect.

"N-n-no!" stammered Grant, looking scared. "I—I didn't know they were out, Bulkeley." Bulkeley's face was very troubled.

Algy Silver and Bertie de Vere, startled and terrified, stood blinking in the unexpected light.

"So you have come back!" said Bulkeley grimly. "I have been waiting for you!"

The wretched fags did not speak. They could only stare at Bulkeley with terrified eyes.

"Go up to bed now," said Bulkeley quietly. "I will see you in. It is too late to take you before the Head now. That will do in the morning. Turn in!"

In stony silence the two roysterers obeyed. Bulkeley turned out the light and left the dormitory.

There was a breathless questioning from the Third, but the hapless fags answered not a word. It was long before they slept.

When the dawn glimmered in at the dormitory windows, and the rising-bell rang out over Rookwood School, Algy Silver turned out with a haggard face.

"We've got to go through it this mornin', Bertie!" he whispered.

De Vere did not answer, save by a savage

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look, which startled Algy, and made him draw back quickly.

After breakfast Bulkeley called to them, and marched them into the Head's study. He had already reported the facts to Dr. Chisholm.

The Head of Rookwood received the two culprits with a grim brow.

"Silver! De Vere!" he rumbled.

"Yes, sir?" faltered Algy.

"You were out of school bounds last night up to a late hour. You did not return till long after midnight. Where had you gone?"

"We—we went out for—for a lark, sir!" panted De Vere. "I—I'm sorry I went, sir. I—I really didn't understand at the time what Algy was leading me into. He said it was a lark, and I—I went!"

Algy Silver started as if he had frodden upon an adder.

His eyes turned upon his chum in horrified amazement and incredulity.

"I think I understand," said the Head, with a nod. "As a new boy here, De Vere, I can see some excuse for you. Naturally, you are not so much to blame as an older boy, well acquainted with the school discipline, who appears to have led you into wickedness. It was Silver suggested this excursion, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you go?"

"The—The Bird-in-Hand, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I—I'd never heard of the place before, sir!" whined the wretched fag. "I—I thought it was some place of entertainment. I—I know I did wrong, sir; but I thought it was a— a lark! I—I wouldn't have gone if I'd known what the place was like!"

"I hope not!" said the Head. "I trust not! Algernon Silver, I am aghast—simply aghast at your utter rascality! You deliberately led a new boy in the school into this shameful adventure, even deceiving him as to the nature of the place you were inducing him to visit. Do you deny it?"

Algy's face was white as chalk.

He did not speak. He could not.

Appearances were against him, even if he had chosen to enter into a wrangle of recrimination with his false friend.

He stood dumb.

"De Vere, I accept your excuse. As you are a new boy, under the influence of another who knows better, I shall pardon you this escapade. But take warning, sir. If anything of the kind should recur—"

"I—I—I never meant—"

"I understand. You may go!"

De Vere left the study.

"As for you, Algernon Silver!" exclaimed the Head, rising, and towering over the miserable fag. "I have a very great mind to expel you from the school on the spot! But for your extreme youth I should certainly do so. As it is, sir, I shall give you so condign a flogging that I trust it will be a permanent

warning to you. Bulkeley, will you kindly request the sergeant to step here?"

Algy Silver did not speak. He was too overwhelmed with shame and horror and dismay to be able to say a word for himself—not that there was much to be said.

"The flogging followed, and it was severe; but poor Algy did not feel it so severely as he felt the bitter blow of the betrayal of his friendship.

When the infliction was over the wretched fag crept from the study.

With a face like chalk he crept down the passage and out into the fresh air of the morning.

Jimmy Silver touched him lightly on the shoulder, and Algy looked at him dumbly.

"I'm sorry, kid," said Jimmy softly.

"De Vere seems to have got off scot-free," said Jimmy, looking at him.

"The fag's lip curled bitterly.

"Yes. He made it all right for himself, Jimmy. I—I'm sorry, Jimmy. I—I'm sorry. I—I was a fool, old chap. He got off. He put it all on me, after he'd been worrying and chipping me for days to take him to that place." Algy's voice broke. "I—I don't mind the flogging—'tisn't that—but he—he gave me away, and put it all on my shoulders!"

He panted.

Jimmy understood—he understood what his cousin was feeling at that moment.

"Poor old Algy!" said Jimmy softly. "Poor old chap! I understand!"

A sudden glitter shot into Algy's eyes.

De Vere of the Third came up to him, with a somewhat uncertain expression on his face.

"I—I say, Algy—"

Algy looked at him.

"I—I suppose you've been through it?"

Algy nodded.

"No good both of us goin' through it—what? I say, old top—"

De Vere got no farther.

Algy's fist, with all the force of his indignation and scorn behind it, was planted fairly in his face.

It was a crashing blow.

The new fag went fairly flying, and he crashed on his back with a yell.

Algy stood looking down on him, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing. De Vere sat up dazedly.

"You cur!" said Algy. "You rotter! You speak to me again, and I'll give you some more!"

De Vere did not answer. He sat on the ground, his eyes glittering, and wiped his mouth, from which the blood was trickling.

Algy Silver turned his back on him, and walked away with Jimmy Silver.

THE END.

(Another splendid story of Rookwood next Tuesday.)

# TALES TO TELL!

## PREPARED!

Papa's face was grim, and the light in his eyes was an angry one. His son had committed some misdeed which it is not necessary to treat of here.

"George," said the father sternly, "go into the next room and prepare yourself for a good flogging."

The boy departed, and when his father had finished the letter he was writing and sought out the offending youth, he was surprised to observe the swollen appearance of his offspring's back.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"What is that on your back?"

George replied without hesitation.

"It's a leather apron, folded three times," he said. "You told me to prepare myself for a good flogging, and I did the best I could."

The hard, set features of the father's countenance relaxed, as did also the muscles of the hand which grasped the stick, and "for that once," George was sent on his way with a gentle admonition.

## NICELY DONE!

"I want you to clean my shop-window," said Mr. Binks to Muggins, the village champion window-cleaner. "Do you think you can do it while I'm away for an hour or so?"

"Oh, yes; glad to do it!" returned Muggins. And while Mr. Binks was out, he set to work with a will, and completed the job with a vengeance.

"Muggins," said Mr. Binks, entering the shop and glancing at the cleaner's work with approval, "you've done the job well. Why, there isn't a speck or a scratch to be seen on the whole pane! Here's your money, and an extra shilling."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with it," murmured Muggins, pocketing the money somewhat nervously.

"Of course I am. Why, I can hardly believe there is any glass there at all, it looks so clear!"

"Well, there ain't," said Muggins, moving rapidly towards the door. "Me and the ladder fell through the glass just after we started!"

## THINGS WILL OUT!

The motor-bus was on the point of starting, when a broken-down looking individual, carrying a big, bulging sack, managed to scramble on. There was room for one more passenger, but the conductor firmly insisted on the sack being left downstairs. So the shabby individual went up aloft, leaving his luggage below.

"All fares, please!" cried the conductor. "'Ere, my man, yours'll be tuppence," he said to the owner of the sack, who tendered him a penny.

"'Oo yer getting at, conductor?"

"No one, my man; but your sack takes u pas much room as a passenger, so you must pay according."

"Oh, golly!" cried the shabby one, rising from his seat, and leaning over the stairway. "Hi, Sammy," he cried, "look lively, and get out o' that sack, and run be'ind the bus!"

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THE POPULAR.—No. 171.

NEXT TUESDAY!

**"TROUBLE FOR THE CAPTAIN!"**



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASSED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

## THE COMPANION PAPERS' GRAND FREE GIFTS.

Commencing with Monday next, the Companion Papers—which, as you know, are the "Magnet," the "Gem," the "Boys' Friend," and THE POPULAR—are presenting their readers with a series of really magnificent gifts. The "Magnet" Library appearing on Monday will contain TWO REAL PHOTOS of famous footballers, and the names of the most famous at this time are T. WILSON and J. McCALL, the captains of the Cup Final teams.

The "Boys' Friend" will give away the first of a series of fine FREE REAL PHOTOS of RISING BOXING STARS. Every boy who likes boxing—and what boy doesn't?—should make a point of getting next Monday's "Boys' Friend" and its splendid photo.

On Tuesday the POPULAR appears with yet another magnificent, COLOURED ENGINE PLATE, which you simply must add to the number I have already presented with this paper.

On Wednesday morning the "Gem" Library will appear with a grand FREE REAL PHOTO of famous "FANNY" WALDEN IN ACTION ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD. This popular player makes a splendid photo, and the "Gem" Library has secured one of the best ever taken.

Now, my dear chums, you want to proceed at once to your newsagent and tell him you want copies of ALL the above mentioned papers saved for you next week, or I am afraid you will be deprived of your photos—there is certain to be a rush for the papers.

Remember, too, that these papers contain just the stories you want. The "Magnet" is the famous all-school story paper; the "Gem" contains a grand story of Tom Merry & Co. and a fine serial; whilst the "Boys' Friend," amongst other attractive features, has a splendid complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood.

And the price of the papers is remaining just the same!

### FOR NEXT TUESDAY.

We have another magnificent programme for next Tuesday's issue of the POPULAR. There are four grand, long, complete school stories, the first of which will be—

#### "PETER THE PAINTER!"

By Frank Richards.

Peter Todd earns that name, for he paints Loder's study in no mean style. Loder, of course, doesn't like it, and Peter reports for a licking. Peter, however, goes prepared—and you will laugh until the tears run down your cheeks by the time you have finished reading this extraordinary funny story.

The long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled:

#### "TROUBLE FOR THE CAPTAIN."

By Owen Conquest.

In this story, which relates to you how Bulkeley is faced with trouble, Jimmy Silver & Co. come out strong. You must not miss it.

Then we come to the third complete school story, which is entitled:

#### "AN IMPOSTOR AT CEDAR CREEK!"

By Martin Clifford.

This story will deal with the further adventures of Frank Richards & Co. at the School in the Backwoods. I am sure you will enjoy it, for Bob Lawless and Frank Richards certainly had some very stirring times in Canada.

The fourth complete school story is of St. Jim's, and is entitled:

#### "BAGGY TRIMBLE'S GREAT SCHEME!"

When Baggy Trimble gets an idea you may be sure there is trouble—and fun! Certainly

NEXT TUESDAY!

### "TROUBLE FOR THE CAPTAIN!"

Baggy finds trouble again, and there is naturally much amusement when his idea turns out to be—but you must read the story for yourself in next Tuesday's POPULAR.

To make the POPULAR complete there will be another four-page supplement of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," and a fine instalment of Sidney Drew's wonderful serial, "Gan Waga's Island." And, in the inside of the paper, you will find still another MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ENGINE PLATE!

The Companion Papers are going strong—back them up by introducing them to all your chums!

## READERS' NOTICES.

W. Simpkins, 133, St. Philip's Street, Queen's Road Battersea, S.W. 8, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Miss D. Fox, 5, Lower Chapman Street, St. George's, London, E. 1, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, over seventeen years.

Ian Campbell Abernethy, Traford Street, Gore, Southland, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers in South Africa, ages 14-16, especially those keen on football and stamp-collecting.

Harold Morgan, Homestay, Newtown, North Wales, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 14-16, especially those interested in photography.

J. Clegg, 5, Back Brook Street, Todmorden, Yorks, wishes to hear from readers interested in his amateur magazine, the "Bluebird."

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C. West, 8, Eldon Terrace, Windmill Hill, Bedminster, Bristol, wishes to correspond with readers in British Isles, ages 14-15.

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L. R. Travers, 11, Colville Road, Bayswater, London, W. 11, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16, not far from his own district.

E. O'Sullivan, Tara, Australia Street, Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamp-collecting.

Benjamin O. Salisbury, 44, Mount Durand, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands, wishes to correspond with readers living in the Isle of Man or in the Scilly Isles, ages 14-16.

John William Porter, 30, Boreham Street, Cottesloe, Western Australia, wishes to hear from readers who are football enthusiasts, ages 14-16.

Phillip Redmond, 6, Oakdene Road, Anfield, Liverpool, wishes to hear from readers who will contribute to and otherwise support his new amateur magazine.

Miss Joan Dumaresq Eales, wishes to hear from readers who are keen on the Navy and naval subjects. Address: Berry House, Duckenfield, Morpeth, N.S.W., Australia.

Oswin Ainley, 18, Springbank Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, wishes to hear from readers of the Companion Papers who are interested in stamps.

Frank Le Boutillier, 257, Bleury Street, Montreal, Canada, wishes to hear from readers willing to join the Beaver Correspondence Club, which is in touch with lots of Canadians.

Ronald Ibbotson, Abbey Farm, Dale Abbey, near Ilkeston, wishes to correspond with readers interested in conjuring, poetry, and amateur theatricals.

Colin Fensham, 39632, P.O. Box, 39, Galahad, Alberta, Canada, wishes to correspond with readers in England.

Clarence R. Peel, 31, Albert Crescent, New Westminster, B.C., Canada, wishes to correspond with readers.

J. E. Aitken, 177, Rotherhithe New Road, Rotherhithe, S.E. 16, wishes to hear from London readers, ages 16-20.

Your Editor.

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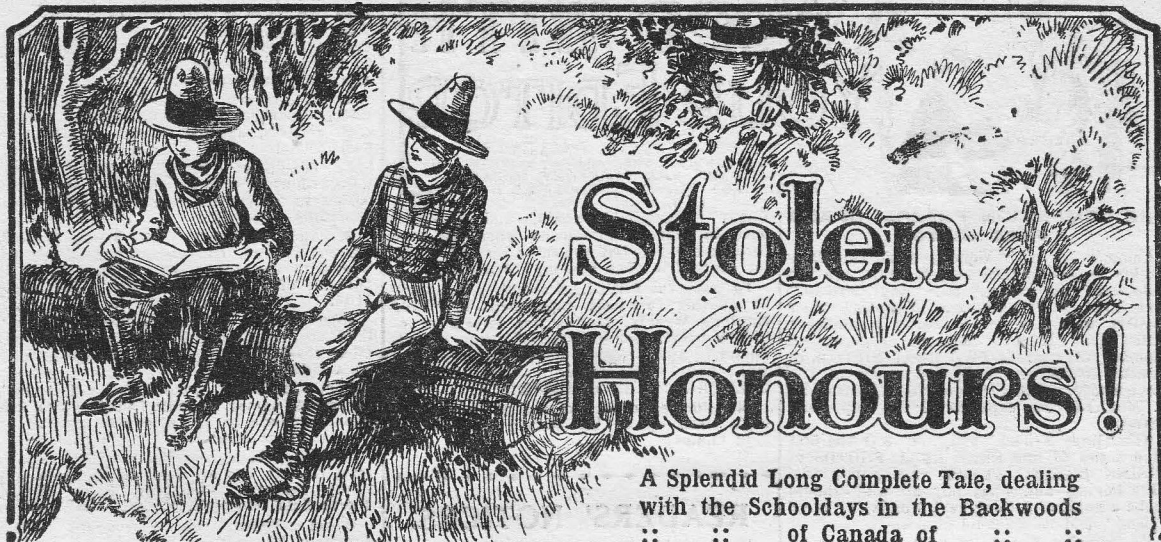
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**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**Bob's Idea.**

"WHAT the dickens—" ejaculated Bob Lawless. Frank Richards looked up, colouring a little.

It was getting near time for afternoon lessons at Cedar Creek School, and Bob Lawless had come along the creek, looking for his English cousin.

He found Frank Richards seated upon a log under the trees, with a big exercise-book open on his knees. There was a pencil in his hand, and a thoughtful frown on his youthful brow.

The open page of the exercise-book was covered with writing. Frank Richards had been very busy when his chum came along.

Bob looked at him, and at the closely-written sheet, in astonishment.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"Oh! N-n-nothing!"

"Miss Meadows given you a chapter to write out, or something?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then what the dickens are you scribbling at that rate for?" asked Bob, quite mystified. "Why, there's pages and pages of it. I've been hunting for you—I couldn't guess where you'd got to. And here you've been scribbling all the time. Anything wrong with your roof?"

Frank laughed, his cheeks very pink.

"No, you duffer!"

"Then what does it mean?"

"I—I've been writing."

"Yes, I can see you've been writing—the yard! What for?"

"It's a—a—a-story."

Bob Lawless jumped.

"A story?" he shouted.

"Ye-e-es!"

"Great jumping Jerusalem! I never knew you were a thumping author!" yelled Bob Lawless. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bob—"

"I must tell the chaps this—Chunky, and Dawson, and Lawrence—they'll enjoy it!" roared Bob.

"Keep it dark," exclaimed Frank. "Look here, Bob, I don't want to be looked at. Why shouldn't I scribble if I like? Don't be an ass!"

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Bob chuckled merrily. "All serene—I won't jaw!" he said. "But it beats me! When did you begin this game?"

"Well, I've always scribbled," said Frank rather shyly. "I used to do stuff for the school magazine, when I was at school in England. And—and I've written a lot of yarns, too—and chucked them away when they were finished. Sort of built that way, you know."

"Mind if I read it?" asked Bob.

Frank hesitated. "I won't cackle," grinned Bob. "Honest Injun!"

"Oh, all right!"

Bob Lawless took the exercise-book, and sat down on the log beside his cousin.

Frank Richards stared at the shining creek, his cheeks still red.

Like most youthful authors he was a little self-conscious about his literary attempts.

There was a slight rustle in the thicket behind the fallen log where the cousins sat, but they did not observe it.

A sallow face, with narrow, cunning eyes, looked out at the two cousins, from the screen of foliage.

It was the face of Kern Gunten, the son of the Swiss store-keeper at Thompson, and the "black sheep" of the lumber school.

He had retired to that secluded spot, to practise with cards, to perfect himself in the card-sharper's trick of dealing from the bottom of the pack. That was not an occupation he wished the other fellows to see him engaged in.

The voices of the two cousins had reached him, and his curiosity was aroused.

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- "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday
- "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly

After that glance through the foliage, he drew his head back out of sight, but made no sound to reveal his presence.

The fact that Frank had asked Bob Lawless to keep it dark was quite enough to make the cad of Cedar-Creek determine to hear all that was said. Gunten had no scruples on matters of that kind.

There was silence under the trees.

Bob Lawless had intended to read a page or two, in rather a humorous mood, but he found, somewhat to his surprise, that Frank's "scribble" interested him, and he turned page after page.

The "yarn" Frank had written was a description of some of his own experiences; the voyage across the Atlantic, and up the St. Lawrence River, and across Canada on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Young as he was, Frank had the natural gift of seizing the salient points of an experience, and throwing them into a narrative that carried the reader along with it.

Bob did not cease reading till he came to the last page Frank had written. Then he gave a whistle.

"By gum, Frank!"

Frank Richards looked at him. "Rotten?" he asked.

"No; ripping!" said Bob. "Blessed if I ever thought you could scribble like this! You'll be a terrific author some day, Franky!"

"I wonder?" said Frank. That was the boy's secret ambition, though he had confided it to no one so far.

"Bet you!" said Bob. "Why this is tiptop! I couldn't do it for any price. I see you've got something about your English school farther back in the book."

"Yes. I can't write except about things I know," said Frank with a smile.

"Well, that's a good idea. All authors don't stick to that," said Bob sagely. "It would be better if they did, I guess. Look here, Franky, I've got an idea. Have you ever been in print?"

"Only in the school rag at home."

"Why not have a shot for it?" asked Bob. "I tell you this is O.K. I can't write, but I can read, and I know a good thing when I see it. There's a

NEXT WEDNESDAY: "AN IMPOSTOR AT CEDAR CREEK!" A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.



literary competition going on in the 'Fraser Advertiser,' and there's a prize of twenty dollars for the best short story. The popper takes in the paper, you know—it comes by the store waggon—and I look at it sometimes. Look here, Franky, you have a shot for that twenty dollars."

Frank Richards shook his head. "It wouldn't do, Bob. Not good enough!"

"Rats!" said Bob promptly. "Ain't I a judge? Look here, I tell you you'd very likely rope in the prize. It won't hurt you to try, anyway. I'm jolly well going to make you! I'll keep you at it every day till you've done a yarn and sent it along."

"I—I say, if you really think—" "I guess I don't think—I know!" said Bob. "You're going in for that prize, and I reckon you'll rope it in—just a few! Hallo! There's the blessed bell!"

Clang, clang! It was the bell from the log school-house calling the Cedar Creek boys and girls to lessons again.

Frank and Bob rose from the log and walked away through the trees towards the school.

As they disappeared, Kern Gunten stepped out from the thickets.

The Swiss looked after the cousins with a sneering smile.

"How clever we are!" he murmured. "We can box, we can knock down a fellow we don't like"—Gunten rubbed his nose—"and we can write stories! How clever! And perhaps we shall win the prize—perhaps! But we shall see!"

And Gunten hurried on towards the school.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Rivals.

**B**OB LAWLESS kept his word. Having discovered the literary gift of his English cousin, he was determined to keep Frank up to the mark, and see him make something of it.

He explained to Frank several times that it would only cost a few cents to send his manuscript into the paper at Fraser City, and that if it came back, "Declined with thanks!" it wouldn't hurt him.

While, if it was successful, twenty dollars was a handsome sum of money—four pounds in English money.

Four pounds was a consideration. "I'll do it!" Frank said at last. "But if I bag the prize, Bob, we'll go halves! You'll have earned it as much as I."

Bob laughed. "All serene! I guess I shall deserve a whack in it for making you work. That's not an easy job."

And Frank set to work. He read the "Fraser Advertiser" from cover to cover, as all literary aspirants should do with the paper they hope to write for. He looked out the terms of the literary competition carefully.

The benignant editor of the "Advertiser" was desirous of encouraging local talent.

Anyone resident in British Columbia, of any age up to twenty-one, was eligible for the competition.

The winning story bagged the prize; others that were good were to have honourable mention.

Frank Richards hoped that he would get an honourable mention, though, when he said so to Bob, Bob asked how he was to go halves in it.

At the ranch, except on holidays, there was little time for scribbling. The cousins had a long ride home every

evening, and then there was supper and a chat, and early bed.

Frank's writing was mostly done at the school, in the interval between morning and afternoon lessons, and sometimes for an hour or so when school was over, before starting home.

He wrote, and re-wrote, and re-re-wrote.

He was determined that his story, whether it won the prize or not, should be the very best he could do.

Meanwhile, the matter was "kept dark."

But it was destined to come out. One morning, when the cousins arrived early at the lumber school, they found Kern Gunten in the school ground, with a crowd of the fellows round him, and the "Fraser Advertiser" in his hand.

"I guess I'm going in for it," said Gunten, his eyes glimmering for a moment at the cousins as they came up. "Why not? Every galoot has a chance."

"You can't write!" sniffed Eben Hacke.

"I guess I can try." "Blessed if I don't, too!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers.

"Same here!" said Lawrence, laughing. "Let's all try! The poor old editor will be sorry he spoke when he gets the lot!"

Ha, ha, ha!

"Here, fair play!" exclaimed Gunten, still looking at the cousins out of the corners of his narrow eyes. "It's my idea, and I've told you fellows. 'Tain't fair to go in and compete with me, you know! You wouldn't have known anything about it if I hadn't told you!"

"I don't know about that," said Frank. "The competition's open to everybody. But, as a matter of fact, I am entering myself, and I began my story last week."

Gunten sneered. "You mean, you put it like that?" he said. "You never heard of the thing till this morning."

Frank's eyes gleamed.

"I tell you I knew of it last week!" he said. "Bob showed me the paper at the ranch, and persuaded me to enter for it."

"I guess that's so!" chimed in Bob Lawless.

"Oh, pile it on!" said Gunten contemptuously. "I've just let on about it, and you're going to try to cut me out. That's your game!"

"Well, think what you like! You're a suspicious beast, anyhow, Gunten," said Frank Richards tartly. "I'm sending my story in for the competition, and shall do my best to bag the prize. You can go and eat coke!"

And then the bell rang for morning lessons, effectually cutting short any further argument on the subject.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gunten's Luck.

**H**ERE'S the post-waggon, Franky!"

It was Saturday afternoon.

Saturday was a free day, and Frank Richards had spent most of it in his room at the Lawless Ranch, with pen-and-ink and foolscap.

The story was finished, the foolscap had come from the store, and all Frank had to do was to make a "fair copy," wrap it up carefully, and despatch it by post to the offices of the paper in Fraser City.

As a rule, Frank and Bob helped in

the ranch work on Saturdays; but that morning Frank had been busy with his pen.

By the time the post-waggon called the parcel for the "Fraser Advertiser" was ready, tied up, and sealed and addressed.

Frank came downstairs as Bob called, with the parcel in his hand.

The post-waggon had stopped on the trail outside. It was driven by Kern Gunten. The storekeeper of Thompson was also the postmaster, and on Saturdays his son made the round of the farms and ranches with the post-waggon.

"Letters?" called out Gunten. "Here you are!"

Among the letters was Frank's manuscript for Fraser. Gunten tossed it carelessly into the sack with the rest.

"Your stuff going in to-day, Gunten?" asked Bob Lawless.

"It's gone in," said Gunten. "I sent my yarn along on Thursday. I guess I shall get a polite 'No.' So-long!"

The Swiss cracked his whip and drove away.

Gunten drove at a good pace, his next destination being Simpson's Farm. The waggon entered upon a stretch of trail through the timber, and there, under the overhanging trees, Kern Gunten drew his horse to a halt.

He stood up in the waggon, looking about him with sharp, cautious eyes.

The spot was very solitary; there was no sound or movement in the timber, save from a stray gopher in the underbrush.

After a cautious survey, Gunten knelt in the waggon, and opened the letter-sack.

He dived his hand into it, and it came out again, with Frank Richards' neat little parcel in it.

Again Gunten cast a quick, guilty glance round him.

Then, for nearly a quarter of an hour he was busy. After that time he rose, and looked, with a somewhat pale face, round at the trees. But the trail through the timber was as solitary as ever.

Gunten closed the post-sack, and resumed his place at the reins, and drove on at a rattling speed, to make up for lost time.

His face was still a little pale; but it wore a malicious smile of satisfaction, for all its pallor.

If Frank Richards had known of that mysterious halt of the post-waggon in the timber, it would have puzzled him, but if he had seen all Gunten's action, he would certainly have given up his last hope of "bagging" the twenty-dollar prize from the "Fraser Advertiser."

Bob Lawless seemed, really, a good deal keener about the result than Frank himself. He showed much more anxiety to see the latest issue of the "Fraser Advertiser." That publication did not reach the Thompson valley till the following Sunday, and the eager Bob had to wait impatiently.

But on Sunday, when Billy Cook, the foreman, went to Thompson, he brought back the paper with him.

Dinner was over at the ranch. Beauclerc had been there to dinner, and the three chums were strolling by the ranch-house when Billy Cook came home. They bore down on him at once for the paper, and it was duly sorted out, and handed over.

The chums of Cedar Creek retired to a quiet spot under the trees, to look at it.

"Shall I find it for you, Franky?" asked Bob.

"Oh, yes!"

Frank was lying in the grass, looking

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as indifferent as he could. Bob, with his back against the tree-trunk, turned over the leaves of a paper.

"Here we are!" he said. "Result of the Literary Competition! Oh, great thunder and jumping snakes!"

Bob stared at the paper in blank astonishment and dismay.

Beaulerc gave Frank a rather quick look.

"What is it, Bob?" he asked.

"The editor of this paper is a dangerous maniac!" said Bob Lawless.

"Rats! Who got the prize?" asked Frank.

"Gunter!"

"Wha-a-t!"

"Gunter!" exclaimed Beaulerc.

"Carry me home to die!" ejaculated Bob. "Gunter—that fathead? Listen to this! The editor's potty, of course."

"The prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Master Kern Gunten, of Thompson, for his excellent story, 'Running down a Rogue.' We compliment Master Gunten, not only on the literary excellence of his story, but upon his very clear caligraphy and the neatness of his manuscript. The story will be published next week."

"Oh, my hat!" said Beaulerc.

"Fancy, Gunten!" said Frank. "I shouldn't have thought he could do it. He must have done his manuscript jolly carefully. Miss Meadows has slanged him for his bad writing."

"It beats me!" said Bob. "Neatness, you know—and Gunten! The most slovenly guy at Cedar Creek! It beats me hollow!"

"Any honourable mentions?" asked Frank.

"Yes, about fifty."

"You'll find Frank there, surely!" said Beaulerc.

"I'll soon see."

Bob scanned the page. But the name of Frank Richards did not appear.

There were "honourable mentions" for over forty competitors, but among them Frank had no place.

Frank's face was a little pink.

He had not really hoped for much. He was too modest to think that an editor would regard his story as favourably as the enthusiastic Bob did. But among so many honourable mentions he had rather expected to find a place.

"Rotten!" said Bob. "The editor's a silly ass, of course!"

"A champion ass!" said Beaulerc. "Better luck next time, Frank."

Frank smiled rather constrainedly.

"The editor's all right," he said. "The first rule of the game is not to swear at the referee, and I don't. I don't think there will be a next time."

"Rats! You'll be scribbling again in a day or two; you can't help it!" said Bob.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Dark Suspicions.

"CONGRATULATIONS, Gunten!" Frank Richards spoke quite heartily when he met the Swiss at the lumberschool on Monday.

He did not like Kern Gunten, and he made no secret of it, but he was glad of his success in the competition. He would rather have won the prize himself, of course, but he was ready to congratulate the winner quite sincerely.

Gunter gave him a rather peculiar grin.

"Yes, I guess I've been rather lucky," he said. "I never really thought I should pull it off. You had no luck, Richards?"

"None!" said Frank ruefully.

"Hard cheese!" said Gunten. "Still, it's something for the prize to come to Cedar Creek at all, isn't it? There were a lot trailing it from all parts."

"Yes, it's one up for Cedar Creek," said Bob Lawless. "Blessed if I don't read that story when it comes out."

"Oh, it's hardly worth it," said Gunten.

"We shall read it, of course!" said Frank Richards. "We get the paper at the ranch, anyhow, next Sunday."

"Do you?" said Gunten.

"The popper takes it regularly," said Bob.

Gunter nodded, and they went into school.

There were a good many congratulations for Gunten at the log school. Most of the fellows were surprised at Gunten's luck, for he was not a fellow one would have suspected of literary gifts. But they were glad Cedar Creek had scored.

Many of them were looking forward with keen curiosity to see the paper when the winning story appeared.

There were always two copies of the "Fraser Advertiser" in the district, one at the Lawless Ranch, and the other at Gunten's store in Thompson. Both, of course, came through the post at Gunten's.

On the following Sunday morning, when Billy Cook came back from Thompson with letters, Frank and Bob ran him down at once.

"Fraser Advertiser—got it?" said Bob.

The ranchman shook his head.

"Tain't come."

"But it always comes on a Saturday!"

"Tain't come this time, I reckon. Missed the post."

"Oh, blow!"

"We'll ask Gunten to let us see his," said Frank.

And on Monday they did. Eben Hacke and Dawson had already read the story, it appeared, having visited Gunten on Sunday. But Gunten, somewhat to the surprise of the fellows, had not brought the paper to school with him.

"Well, bring it to-morrow!" said Bob Lawless. "Hang it all, we want to see the work of the Cedar Creek author!"

"You're jolly flattering," said Gunten, with a smile. "But it can't be done. I've sent the paper to my uncle in Toronto."

Frank Richards gave Gunten a quick look.

"You've got another copy?" he asked.

"No."

"You don't want to keep a copy of your first thing in print?"

"Oh, my uncle will send it back some time!" said Gunten carelessly. "Any-way, I've got the prize, and that's the chief thing."

"Got the cash?" asked Bob.

"Yes, Look!" Gunten held up a twenty-dollar bill.

"Bravo!"

Frank Richards was very thoughtful as he trotted home with Bob that evening. He asked Mr. Lawless whether the "Advertiser" had come. It had not.

"We miss a copy sometimes," said the rancher, with a smile. "Accidents happen in the post in the backwoods, you know. It doesn't matter."

"Then you won't bother about it, uncle?"

"Oh, no! It's of no consequence."

Frank Richards let it drop at that, but he was still thoughtful. The next time Billy Cook went to Thompson he took a letter from Frank Richards to the post, addressed to the "Advertiser" office at Fraser, with stamps enclosed for a copy of the paper.

Bob regarded his cousin rather curiously as Cook took the letter away.

"You're awfully keen about Gunten's prize story," he said.

"Well, I'm not satisfied," said Frank slowly. "You know Gunten—always swanking and bragging about something. Yet he doesn't want the school to see his prize story. He's sent away the only copy he had. Everybody expected him to bring it to the school and show it round."

"Dawson saw it at Gunten's place."

"Yes; and Dawson's told me it's a yarn about the M.P.'s running down a Mexican rustler."

"Same idea as your yarn, then? Of course, Gunten knew all about that Mexican galoot," said Bob. "Queer he should have pitched on it for his yarn."

"Very queer," said Frank. "Very, when you remember he won't let us see his copy of the story, and that the copy coming to us by post has been lost. And the post passes through Gunten's store."

"Frank!"

The editor complimented the prize-winner on his good writing and neatness. We know Gunten is a scrawly writer, and slovenly," said Frank. "And my manuscript was given to him in the post-waggon, wasn't it? He had it in his hands that day for hours."

"Frank!" exclaimed Bob breathlessly.

"You don't think—"

"No," said Frank. "I don't; but I don't feel satisfied. It's too odd, Gunten sending his copy away before we could see it, and our copy being lost in Gunten's post-office. I'm not a conceited ass, Bob, but I've got more brains than that fat-headed Swiss, and I was surprised when he bagged the prize. It's a story about the Mexican rustler. So was mine. I'm going to see that story in print!"

"By gum!" said Bob. "Well, we shall see it when the 'Advertiser' comes along—the one you have written for. It will come Sunday with the regular number."

"That will settle it," said Frank.

Both the cousins were looking forward eagerly to Sunday now.

On Sunday morning Billy Cook came along with letters and papers from the post at Thompson. There was the current number of the "Fraser Advertiser" addressed to Mr. Lawless. But the back number, which should have been addressed to Frank Richards, was not there!

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It had not arrived.  
 "My word!" said Bob breathlessly, looking at his chum with startled eyes. "That back number's got lost in the post, like the other, Frank!"  
 "And Gunten has the run of the post-office at Thompson," said Frank, with a curl of the lip. "Now, Bob, how has that paper disappeared?"  
 "It does look fishy," said Bob. "The other papers have come along all right—only the paper with the prizewinner in it has disappeared—twice! It's too thick! Blast if it doesn't look as if Gunten opened your manuscript and read it, and thought it was good enough for a winner and borrowed it. Why, the galoot may never have written a story himself at all; just bagged yours and sent it in in his name!"  
 "We're going to know for certain," said Frank Richards grimly. "Not

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Frank Richards Wins!**

**F**RANK Richards and Bob Lawless were a little restive during the morning lessons at Cedar Creek that day.  
 They were glad when the school was dismissed by Miss Meadows.  
 As the Cedar Creek fellows crowded out of the school-house, Bob Lawless called out:  
 "Meeting in the old corral! Roll up!"  
 "What's up?" asked Kern Gunten.  
 "Anything to eat?" inquired Chunky Todgers.  
 "I guess you'll see when you get there," said Bob. "It's a jolly important meeting. Come on, Cherub!"  
 In a state of surprise, the Cedar Creek fellows gathered in the old corral.  
 Frank and Bob and Beauclerc came in together. They kept their eyes on Gunten, to make sure that he came,

story, wrote a new letter to go with it, in your name instead of mine, and sent in my manuscript as yours!"  
 Gunten staggered.  
 "Gammon!" said Eben Hacke.  
 "Oh, gum, what a yarn!" said Chunky Todgers. "Don't pile it on, Franky! Blessed if you oughtn't to be a novelist!"  
 "What does Gunten say?" said Frank Richards calmly.  
 Gunten pulled himself together.  
 "It's a lie!" he shouted.  
 "All serene! We don't believe it," said Hacke. "It's too thin. What on earth are you spinning that yarn for, Frank Richards?"  
 "It's true!" said Frank.  
 "It's a lie!" panted Gunten.  
 "Mr. Lawless copy of the 'Advertiser,' containing that story, was lost in the post," said Frank. "The post is sorted by Gunten at his father's store. I wrote



**LETTERS FOR THE POST!**—The post-wagon stopped outside. It was driven by Gunten. "Any letters?" he shouted to Frank Richards, who had just come out of the ranch-house with Lawless. "Yes, here's one!" replied Frank, and he handed up his manuscript to Gunten, who tossed it carelessly into the bag with the rest of the letters. (See Chapter 3.)

much good writing for another copy of the 'Advertiser'—it has to come through Gunten's post-office, and Gunten sorts the letters for his father. Where can we get it, Bob? We can't get to Fraser."  
 Bob rubbed his nose thoughtfully.  
 "Nowhere nearer than Kamloops," he said. "That's a long day's ride there and back. They have it in the library there."  
 "Feel up to a day's ride?" asked Frank.  
 "You bet!"  
 "Then let's go!"  
 And ten minutes later, having obtained Mr. Lawless' permission, the cousins started on their day's ride for the town on the distant railway line.  
 It was long past the usual bedtime when the chums tired, and with tired horses, arrived at the ranch again, and they went directly to bed. But they were up at the usual hour in the morning, to start for school.

"Waal, what's it all about?" demanded Eben Hacke.  
 "Frank Richards has something to say," said Bob. "Go it, Franky!"  
 Frank stepped on a log and addressed the surprised meeting.  
 "Gentlemen of Cedar Creek——"  
 "Cut it short!" said Gunten.  
 "Cut the cackle and come to the hosses," suggested Eben Hacke.  
 "Gentlemen," said Frank, unmoved. "I've got something to tell you. You are aware that I sent a story to the 'Fraser Advertiser' competition. It was called 'On the Trail,' and was a description of the M.P.'s running down that Mexican rustler. My story was handed to Gunten for the post, when he collected at the ranch."  
 Gunten started violently.  
 "What are you driving at?" he exclaimed.  
 "This!" said Frank, cool as ice. "While my parcel was in your hands, you opened it, wrote a new title on the

specially for another copy, and that was lost in the post, too."  
 "By gum!" said Dawson.  
 "Yesterday," continued Frank. "I rode down to Kamloops with Bob, and borrowed the copy from the library. I've got it here. The prize story is in it—and that story is the one I wrote, and handed to Gunten in the post-wagon. It went to the office in Gunten's name, and Gunten has received the prize. He's going to hand that prize to me, and own up before all the school."  
 "Prove it!" yelled Gunten.  
 "I'm going to prove it. Look at this exercise-book, you fellows—there's the story, as I wrote it at first. I copied it out later on foolscap. Bob saw me writing this at the time, on and off, and can witness. Compare it with the prize story in the paper."  
 The exercise-book, closely written, and (Continued on page 28.)  
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 BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

LIKE A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER, THE GULELESS GUSSY FALLS INTO THE DEEP LAID PLOT OF SANDY FERDY, THE UNSCRUPULOUS CARD-SHARPER.



# GUSSY RUNS WILD!

A NEW LONG COMPLETE TALE OF THE FAMOUS CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Doing It Again!

"YOU'RE doing it again, Gussy," said Jack Blake, of Study No. 6 on the Fourth Form passage at St. Jim's.

"Weally, Blake, I wish you would not talk in widdles!" returned Arthur Augustus crossly.

"There's no riddle about that," remarked Digby. "You understand, don't you, Herries, old top?"

"I am quite shuah that Hewwies does not, fer I myself cannot undahstand, an' I must considah my intelligence gweatly supewiah to that of Hewwies," Gussy said, with dignity.

"Rats to you!" growled Herries. "I should hope that I've more brains than a giddy tailor's dummy!"

"Meanin' me, Hewwies?" demanded Arthur Augustus.

"How could he mean anybody else?" snapped Blake.

Arthur Augustus, with his aristocratic nose in the air and his staliest expression on tap, stalked out of the study.

What Blake had meant when he said that Arthur Augustus was "doing it again" was that the swell of the fourth had taken offence unnecessarily, and was making a trouble out of a mere trifle.

D'Arcy was not by any means a bad-tempered fellow, and most certainly he was not an ungenerous one. But he was unduly sensitive. At times he could not stand criticism. Perhaps he never stood it really well; but there were times when he could not stand it at all, when the mere hint that he might just possibly be wrong about something put his back up. Though, in justice to the straight-speaking capabilities of Study No. 6, it is only fair to say that mere hints were not much in its line. Study No. 6 considered that to call a fellow a silly idiot was quite a moderate way of telling him that you did not wholly agree with him.

The present dispute had begun with a comment passed by Blake on D'Arcy's batting. But by the time Arthur Augustus stalked out with elevated nose all four of the chums had forgotten how it had begun.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"BAGGY TRIMBLE'S GREAT SCHEME!"

"He'll come back at tea-time," said Herries.

"Not so sure," replied Blake. "It generally takes him longer than that when he gets so badly on his ear."

"Shall I go after the silly ass and bring him round?" inquired Digby.

"Do as you like. But I'm hanged if I would!" Blake answered.

And Digby did not go. Gussy failed to join the three at tea. They did not know where he had tea.

The swell of the Fourth did not even join his chums at prep. He did his work in the Form-room, coming in to fetch his books without deigning as much as a glance at Herries, the only one of the three present at the moment. And in the dormitory he pointedly avoided them.

It was the same at breakfast next morning. Gussy was sulking—no doubt about that.

"Leave him alone!" said Blake, when Digby again offered to approach him.

"Right-ho!" replied Robert Arthur Digby. "But it really does seem awful rot, Blake."

It was awful rot, of course; and Digby was right.

After morning classes Arthur Augustus wandered towards the gates, looking haughty and trying not to look unhappy.

Near the gates he met the postman.

"Registered letter for you, Master D'Arcy," said that official.

"Oh, good!" returned the Fourth-Former.

But he did not speak with any great enthusiasm. A registered letter meant a remittance. But what was the use of a remittance to a fellow on bad terms with his chums—anyway, when the fellow in question was as thoroughly generous as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy?

He signed the receipt slip and strolled out of gates. He was quite alone when he opened the letter.

It was from his brother, Lord Conway, and it contained four fivers.

The son and heir of the Earl of Eastwood had lately taken to the Turf, and shared with a pal a small training stable. One of his horses had won unexpectedly, it seemed—that is, unexpectedly to the bookies and the public. The stable had

had faith in it, and Conway had backed it at a long price. Out of his winnings he was tipping Gussy. No doubt Wally would get a registered letter also, though Gussy hoped that Conway would have sense enough not to send fivers to a mere fag. Arthur Augustus was not grudging, but he had a strong sense of the necessity for keeping mere fags in their places.

He wandered on towards Rylecombe. The notes he had put into his wallet, but Conway's letter was thrust into a trouser-pocket, whence it presently fell unobserved.

Unobserved by Gussy, that is. Someone had noticed it.

A man of forty or so, well dressed and not ill-looking, came along about the length of a cricket pitch behind the Fourth-Former, and saw the letter fall. He picked it up. But he did not hurry after Gussy or call to him. This stranger might have the outward aspect of a gentleman, but a gentleman he was not, or he would not have shoved that letter away after a hurried glance at the address, and thereafter, retiring to the shelter of the hedgerow at a point where it was broken by a stile, have read it through.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Gussy's New Pal!

"AH! Young sir—Mr. D'Arcy, I believe?"

The voice came from just behind Gussy. He turned to see a man of forty or so, well dressed and not ill-looking, holding out to him the registered envelope which he had dropped half a mile back.

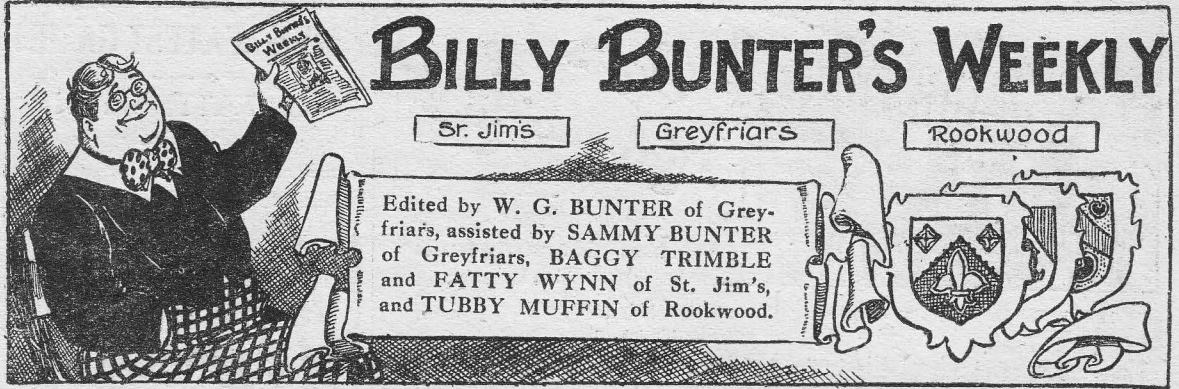
"Excuse me—it was only the accident of this letter's falling face upwards that gave me a clue to your name," said the stranger. "As you dropped it no doubt it is yours."

"Yaas, it is mine, an' I am vewy much obliged to you," replied Arthur Augustus, holding out his hand.

"This is really a pleasant accident," the stranger said, handing over the letter. "You must surely be the younger brother of my friend Conway?"

(Continued on page 17.)

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



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

**IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.**

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—It is the athlete—the British athlete—that keeps our foes at bay! Some of you may say that it's the Navy, but I must insist that it's the athlete.

If it wasn't for fine, strapping, athletic fellows like me, where would Brittan be? In the cart, of course!

Since early childhood, I have won fame as an athlete. At the age of three, I won the Throwing the Feeding-Bottle Competition, with a throw of twenty yards. The bottle went sailing through a shop window, and my nurse was awfully waxy.

In the same year, I won the Three-Year-Old Steeplechase. I was also a dab at diablo, a game which is now egg-stinct, but which was very popular in my yung days.

On hoarse-back, I am a marvel. On a bike, I can give a fellow a mile start on a mile-and-a-half course, and beat him hollow. On foot, I can sprint like a hair.

From all of which, you will dedooce, and rightly, that I am a Big Noise in the athletic world. They never menshun this fact in the "Greyfriars Herald," bekwase Wharton and the others are horribly jellus of my sooperior abilités.

In my own paper, however, I am able to draw attention to my wonderful egg-sploits, and to bask in the limelight of fame.

I think you will all agree that this speshul number is one of the best we have ever had. It will rivvet your interest from start to finnish, and you will lay it aside with a pang of regrett, and say, "Alas! We've got to wait a hole week before another issew of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly' is published!"

Never mind, dear readers! Tempus fewjitt, as they say in the klassicks!

I trust you are all hail and harty, and in the best of health and spirrits, as it leeves me at prezzant.

Your sinseer pal,

**YOUR EDITOR.**

**THE COMPLETE SPORTSMAN!**

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

Who ran the mile in record time?  
And who can hop and skip and climb?  
Who wants his praises told in rhyme?  
Why, Bunter!

Who once played football for his Form?  
(They still discuss it in the dorm!)  
Who found the pace a bit too warm?  
Why, Bunter!

Who boxed with Lonzy in the gym,  
And made a total wreck of him  
By hitting out with power and vim?  
Why, Bunter!

Who challenged Snoop at dominoes,  
And punched his rival on the nose  
For cheating, so the story goes?  
Why, Bunter!

Who tried to worry Dicky Rake  
To play a game of put-and-take.  
Then found he'd made a bad mistake?  
Why, Bunter!

Who tried to swim the River Sark  
One summer evening after dark,  
And bobbed about like Noah's Ark?  
Why, Bunter!

Who fancies he can row a boat,  
But only acts the silly goat?  
Who fails to keep his craft afloat?  
Why, Bunter!

Who makes his school-mates roar and laugh  
And fire at him good-natured chaff?  
Who says, "I'm simply IT—not half!"  
Why, Bunter!

**PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!**

By **George Kerr.**



**DICK REDFERN.**

**POPULAR PERSONALITIES!**

No. 1.

**G. A. GRUNDY**  
(St. Jim's.)

I'm Grundy of the Shell, you know,  
A sporting chap from top to toe;  
I'm full of enterprise and go  
From Monday until Sunday.  
At all athletics I excel,  
I play all games, and play them well;  
I'm known as Grundy of the Shell—  
The one and only Grundy!

Yes, dear readers; that's me! A sturdy, well-built, athletic fellow—as fine a sportsman as you could wish to meet in a day's march.  
You've heard of me, of course? What reader of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" hasn't? I believe I was born with a cricket-bat in my hand and a football in my lap. Anyway, as a cricketer and footballer I have no equal in the junior section at St. Jim's. I'm hot stuff at boxing, too. Many a mighty giant has stopped one of my straight lefts and gone down for the count.  
And these are not my only qualifications. I can sprint like a hare, and I can swim like a duck. As for rifle-shooting, I'm dead on the bulls-eye every time.  
At indoor games, too, I am a fair cough-drop, as the saying goes.

Some of you may wonder why I am not captain of the Shell. Well, I jolly well ought to be. I'm a much better man than Tom Merry, in every way. But there's always a certain amount of personal favoritism in these matters. I did put up for election once, but somehow the electors didn't cotton on to my claims. The blind idiots, failing to recognise me as a born leader, didn't vote for me. Perhaps they will come to their senses one of these days, and insist upon me being skipper of the Form.

I've got a couple of staunch supporters, and that's something. I refer to my two study-mates, George Wilkins and William Gunn. Sometimes I have occasion to knock their heads together, but they are fairly decent fellows on the whole.

One of my pet grievances is that I'm not on the staff of "Billy Bunter's Weekly." I've got more journalism in my little finger than Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble have got in their united brains. I ought to be one of the sub-editors, and next time I see Billy Bunter I shall speak to him very strongly about it. A brilliant and brainy fellow like me ought to have a hand in everything that's going.

I'm Grundy of the Shell, you know  
(Don't say I haven't told you so!)  
My fame will never cease to grow  
From here to the Isle of Lundy.  
A mighty man at sport and game,  
A fellow of unbounded fame,  
All honour to his noble name—  
The glorious name of Grundy!

THE POPULAR.—No. 171.



By  
**Val Mornington.**

(Fourth Form, Rookwood.)

**L**IFE is full of shams and delusions. Lots of the notions we fondly cherish are all wrong.

For instance, it is a pretty general idea that Scotch people are mean. Lots of jokes have been perpetrated about the poor Scot. Comedians never tire of ragging him, and the comic papers chip him no end. "As mean as a Scotchman" has become quite a common expression.

And yet, in actual reality, the Scotch are no meaner than any other nation. I'll go further, and declare that the inhabitants of the Land o' Cakes are quite generous folk.

Another of our absurd notions is that the lot of a football referee is a most unhappy one.

I have seen no end of newspaper cartoons, depicting a referee being chased off the field by an infuriated mob, or being hoisted on to the ambulance.

These things may be very funny, and all that; but they simply don't happen in real life.

I will tell you of a little experience I had last Saturday.

There was a big "local Derby" at Latcham, between Latcham Wasps and Latcham Hornets.

Evidently the teams found it difficult to get a referee. For they had to advertise for one.

I saw the advertisement in the local paper, and decided to offer my services—gratuitously, of course.

I telephoned to the secretary of the Wasps, and told him I was willing to referee the match. And he fairly jumped at it.

Now, like everybody else, I was under the impression that a referee carried his life in his hands—that he was the prey of hefty hooligans and a crowd of missiles, and that he usually finished up on a stretcher.

I almost regretted my rash decision. But the spirit of adventure had me in its grip, so I decided to go over to Latcham on Saturday afternoon and sell my life dearly.

And what happened?

I will explain, for the benefit of those cynics who pretend that the referee has a rotten time.

In the first place, a special car was sent to Rookwood to convey me to the ground.

On my arrival at the venue of the match, I found that a large crowd of spectators had already arrived. And they cheered me to the echo.

"Here comes the ref!"  
"Looks a decent young sport, doesn't he?"  
"Give him a cheer!"  
"Hurrah!"

I confess I was astonished. I had expected to be greeted with hoots of derision—and lumps of mud. Instead of which, I was given a warm welcome.

Had I been a member of the Royal family gracing the match with his presence I could not have received a heartier ovation.

"So far, so good!" I murmured. "But the trouble will come later, I expect!"

The two teams took the field. I don't mean to imply that they stole it. They just sprinted on to it, ready for action.

I blew my whistle, and they lined up as meekly as lambs.

The rival skippers shook hands, the coin was spun, and the game started.

After five minutes' play I had occasion to pull up the Wasps' centre-forward for "off-side."

I expected a hostile demonstration. Instead of which, the following remarks reached my ears:

"That's a jolly good ref!"

"Knows his job, doesn't he?"

"Yes, rather!"

Shortly afterwards, there occurred what a newspaper reporter would describe as a "regrettable incident."

The Hornets' right-back brought an opponent down very badly. Then, when the victim protested, he struck him.

I turned sharply to the offender.

"None of those tactics here!" I said sternly. "Get off the field!"

The man—he was a hefty giant who towered head and shoulders above me—slunk away to the dressing-room without a murmur.

I expected that pandemonium would break loose. But no!

"Well played, ref!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!"

Those were the shouts which greeted me. And I was more and more amazed.

As soon as I sounded the whistle for half-time, a trainer came on to the ground, carrying some steaming coffee on a tray, also a plate of buns.



I turned to the offender. "None of those tactics here," I said sternly. "Get off the field!"

"For you, sir!" he said, handing me the tray.

It was a bitterly cold day, and I was but sparsely clad. Therefore, the coffee was most welcome. I was rather peckish, too, but the buns allayed the pangs of hunger.

The second half of the game proceeded as smoothly as the first half had done.

On all sides I was complimented upon my refereeing. And when at last the game ended, in a draw of two goals each, I was carried off the field in triumph, as if I were a giddy match-winner.

Nor was this all.

In the dressing-room, a first-class spread had been prepared for me. And I enjoyed it no end.

The car then took me back to Rookwood. And as I lay back among the cushions, I murmured to myself:

"The next time anybody tells me that refereeing's no catch, I'll jolly soon convince him to the contrary!"

## MY GREATEST GAME!

By **FATTY WYNN.**

(Sub-Editor.)



Figgins will tell you that I am the best schoolboy goalkeeper in the South of England.

I don't subscribe to that opinion myself. I fancy that Figg, being my chum and study-mate, is somewhat biased.

I will go this far, however, and say that I am no duffer "between the sticks."

I love goalkeeping, in spite of the fact that the poor goalie often gets more kicks than pence, and as often as not gets the blame if his side is defeated.

Many and memorable are the matches I have taken part in. But I think the most thrilling was the St. Jim's House match last Wednesday.

Happily, I was at the top of my form. I couldn't seem to do anything wrong.

For the first half-hour, the School House forwards, led in dashing style by Tom Merry, simply overwhelmed us. They could do everything but score. They rained in shots from all angles, and I had the busiest time of my life. A spectator afterwards told me that I saved no less than fourteen shells in the space of five minutes. I can well believe him. It seemed to be raining footballs.

Once I made sure I was beaten, for Talbot shot hard from six yards out. But by throwing myself full-length I just managed to turn the ball round the post.

Then Tom Merry sent in one of his "lightning expresses," and I was rather lucky in being able to tip the ball over the crossbar.

The School House had all the play. Our fellows were penned in their own half, and were defending the whole of the time. Yet at half-time there was no score.

I came in for a round of applause at the interval. I don't like a fuss as a rule; but I somehow felt that I deserved a cheer on this occasion.

Directly the game was resumed I was busy again—punching and kicking and diving and leaping. Once, when I had grabbed the ball, and was hugging it to my chest, a couple of School House forwards tried to charge me into the net. They might just as well have tried to charge the walls of Jericho! I stood firm, and managed to get the ball away.

Shortly afterwards I was injured in a fierce scramble for possession in the goalmouth. I was obliged to retire for a few moments, and while I was off the field the School House scored. Jack Blake headed in from a corner.

I went back to guard the fort once more, and for the rest of the game I was kept on the go. How I managed to keep the School House forwards out I don't know, for they were as persistent as terriers. But manage it I did.

And then, in the last minute of the game, came a great sensation.

Dick Redfern of the New House ran the ball right through on his own, and wound up with a wonderful shot, which had the School House goalie beaten all the way.

So the match ended in a draw of one goal each. And I can honestly say that I have never taken part in such a thrilling game.



## HINTS TO RUNNERS!

—:—

Compiled by  
**TUBBY MUFFIN**  
(Subb-Editor.)

- NEVER run on an empty stummack.
- DON'T kompete in a race until you have satisfied yourself that the rest of the kompetitors are krooked and krippled.
- THE best stuff to trane on its stodgy pastry.
- ALWAYS start off a few seconds in advance of the pistol. If you are called back, pretend not to hear.
- IF any cart, waggon, car, or other vehicle should overtake you on the road, don't be afraid to ask for a lift. But make sure noboddy's looking first!
- IF you feel a craving to sit down on the bank and smoke, suck an assid tablet.
- NEVER wear a red vest when you are running, or rood people will call you a "scarlet runner"!
- IF you feel thirsty, grip a cork in each hand, and imagine there's a bottle of jinger-pop on the end of them!
- HAVE a good meal before the race starts, but not while you are running, or you may be had up for eggseeding the food limit!
- DON'T stop every now and then to admire the seenery, or you will be among the "also rans."

- SHUT your eyes tightly as you run past a resterong or cookshop.
- IF you feel faint, suck a brandy-ball.
- AS you approach the tape at the end of the race, keep stumbling and falling down, and then struggling on again. It makes it look feerfully drammatick.
- IF there is a silver cup to be won, don't kompete. If the prize is a tuck-hamper, go all out!

ON being presented with the prize by Sir Thingummy Thingummybob, make a neat little speech, like this:

"I thank you, sir, for this nice tuck, a dew reward for all my pluck. When next I vissit the school shop I'll drink your health in jinger-pop. With frenzied joy I leap and scamper When I reseeve this ripping hamper. I hope to bag another one Before the term is out, 'old son!"

**DON'T MISS NEXT  
WEEK'S  
EXTRA-SPECIAL NUMBER.**

THE POPULAR.—No. 171.

## USEFUL BOOKS FOR ATHLETES!

By *Monty Lowther*  
(Shell Form, St. Jim's.)

- "THE RUNNER!" By Trotter Long.
- "LAST MAN HOME!" By Ivor Greevanse.
- "WON BY A NECK!" By Justin Tyme.
- "THE FIRST HURDLE!" By Bob Dover.
- "SIMPLE JU-JITSU." By the Famous Japanese Expert, Taki Teezi.
- "THE BOY WHO LOST EVERY RACE!" By Adelene Day.
- "THE SPORTING MASTER!" By Carrie Onser.
- "FIRST TO FINISH!" By Hymin Luxway.
- "ARE YOU READY?" By R. Fermo.
- "SOLDIER AND SPORTSMAN!" By Billie Cann.
- "THE RUGBY TACKLE!" By B. Smart and C. Zimm.
- "THE KNOCK-OUT!" By Eliza Beeton Mann.
- "RUNNING TO WIN!" By the Famous Indian Sportsman, Purhapps Ell Luz.
- "MY FIGHTING LIFE!" By Knox Emmout.

## RANDOM RIDDLES!

—:—  
By *Ralph Reckness*  
*Cardew.*

- Why is Tom Merry like an undiscovered oyster?  
Because he's never taken out of the Shell!
- Why are the St. Jim's fellows timid?  
Because they can't stand Cutts and Knox!
- Why is Monty Lowther an awful slacker?  
Because he's never "down and out."
- Why is Herries' cornet like an untrained runner?  
Because it's often "blown."
- Why is Mr. Ratcliff like a shorn lamb?  
Because he "loses his wool."
- Why are Tom Merry's promises like bad eggs?  
Because they are always "carried out."

## I HAPPENED TO HEAR!

—:—  
Conducted by  
**BAGGY TRIMBLE**  
(Subb-Editor.)

THAT Knox of the Sixth intends to have a little party in his study this evening. No decent fellow will be a party to the party! There are bound to be some "queer cards" there!

\* \* \*

THAT Tom Merry didn't eggactly look it when Railton gave him a hundred lines!

\* \* \*

THAT Manners is taking his camera with him to Wayland, in the hope of getting some good views. Let's hope he'll "click"!

\* \* \*

THAT Towser the bulldog hasn't been eggactly popular since he tore Gussy's best bags to ribbons!

\* \* \*

THAT there's going to be a half-holiday next week, to sellybrate some Annie Versary or other. Who was she, anyway?

\* \* \*

THAT Fatty Wynn has been pulled up by the authorities for eggseeding the feed limit!

\* \* \*

THAT Tom Merry duzzent intend to give me a plaice in the junior cricket eleven this coming seezon. This personal jellussy is enuff to take the hart out of anybody!

\* \* \*

THAT George Alfred Grundy, although at the foot of the class, is "on top of his form" at boxing!

\* \* \*

THAT there will be a midnight feest in the Fourth Form dormitory to-morrow night. Let's hope I am in charge of the catering arrangements!

\* \* \*

THAT Gussy's noble pater sent him a fiver yesterday. Dear old Gussy! I've always loved him like a brother!

\* \* \*

THAT Ratty got in a frightful stew the other morning bekwase he couldn't find his cuff-link. We always thought that Ratty himself was "the missing link"!

\* \* \*

THAT Taggles the porter, like all clever steeplejacks, never "takes a drop"!

\* \* \*

THAT thousands of readers want me to step into Billy Bunter's shoes, and become the editor of the "Weekly." (That's enuff, Trimble! Another cheeky utterance of this sort, and I shall sack you from the staff!—Ed.)

Supplement IV.



**GUSSY RUNS WILD!**

(Continued from page 12.)

"Yaas, deah old Conway is my bwotahah."

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Major Browne-Wallis, late of the 101st Wessex Regiment. Conway and I saw a good deal of each other on the Western Front, and only a week or so ago I had the joy of renewing our friendship and inspecting his very neat little training stable at Duckborough."

"Weally? I am charmed to meet you, Major Bwowne-Wallis," answered Gussy, shaking hands

Few fellows were less suspicious than Arthur Augustus; and he never dreamed that this smooth-spoken individual had read the letter, or, indeed, that he had even had the chance to do so.

"I am staying in this delightful village, recuperating after something like a nervous breakdown," went on the major.

"I do twust that you are feelin' bettah, majah," returned Arthur Augustus sympathetically.

"Yes, I think the balmy air, the sylvan surroundings, are doing me good. But I find time hang rather heavily on my hands. There is in this otherwise eminently charming village very little congenial society for a man of my tastes. I might go further, and say that there is none. I wonder whether I could prevail upon you to favour me with half an hour or so of your company at my diggings—cottage rooms, but comfortable?"

Arthur Augustus rather liked the way the major talked. He was ready to make friends with any pal of Conway's. And he was flattered by the invitation. So he went.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Sandy Ferdy's Little Game!**

**T**HE major was careful not to rush him. The major had his own ends to serve. If he had really known Lord Conway, it is possible that he might have known more about the characteristics of the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, for Gussy's elder brother was often amused by Gussy, and sometimes shared his amusement with his friends. But the major—who had actually dodged military service throughout the Great War, though many of his calling had not done so, and some of them, in death or in life, had made amends for their past—knew no more about Lord Conway than he had gathered from the letter he had read, and a memory of the peerage which was sufficiently good to connect Conway and Gussy with the Earl of Eastwood.

In short, the bogus major was a crook, and a crook just then rather badly wanted by Scotland Yard. Ferdinand Brown was his name—that is, the earliest of his many names—and Sandy Ferdy was his nickname. But now his sandiness was concealed under a black wig.

So the major went to work warily. When Gussy refused a cigar he was offered a cigarette; when he refused a cigarette he was not pressed further to smoke. And the drink he was offered was lemon squash, which on a day quite hot for the time of the year was acceptable.

Sandy Ferdy was playing Arthur Augustus as an angler plays a big fish. This fellow was in hiding at Rylcombe.

But he knew that a small village is very far indeed from being an ideal hiding place. In small villages people are altogether too interested in any stranger.

Ferdy wanted to do a bunk, but lacked the necessary cash. He had left town in a hurry.

The Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy possessed twenty pounds, and, not being on the best terms with his chums, hardly knew what to be doing with it. But if Sandy Ferdy had his way, the Hon. A. A. D'Arcy would not be bothered for long with any trouble as to the best way of spending those four fivers.

Gussy went back to the school barely in time for dinner, with a conviction that Major Browne-Wallis was one of the best. Which was just the notion that Sandy Ferdy desired he should entertain.

And somehow Gussy's new pal helped Gussy no end to keep up resentment against his old pals.

He felt that a fellow who was accepted practically as a man by a veteran of the War, who should by rights have had the V.C., and was actually a D.S.O.—imaginary D.S.O.'s are cheap—and the owner of a Croix de Guerre—though modestly prevented his displaying it, that such a fellow had a right to bar being treated as a mere kid by his chums.

"Getting over it at all, Gustavus?" asked Herries, as they went in to dinner.

"I do not understand you in the vevy least, Hewwies," replied Arthur Augustus frigidly. "What have I to get ovah?"

"Your sulks," returned Herries, briefly and plainly.

"Weally, anybody might fancy that I was an uttah kid!" said Gussy.

"So you are sometimes," answered the uncompromising Herries.

At that Gussy regarded Herries through his monocle with immense scorn, and Herries grinned.

But when the three saw Gussy in Rylcombe that afternoon with Major Browne-Wallis, none of them felt quite like grinning.

"That chap looks to me like a blessed sharper!" said Blake.

"Sure to be. What else would he hang on to our silly ass for?" Herries returned.

"Oh, I don't know! He may only be a harmless snob," said Digby. "Lots of chaps will hang on to any fellow with any sort of a handle to his name. All the same, I'm not nuts on the look of this one."

But they could not decently follow their chum, let alone spy upon him. Gussy had tea with the bogus major, and they grew very friendly, and in the end Gussy only got back to St. Jim's just in time to avoid being locked out, and he came back with temptation assailing him.

The major had offered to teach Gussy poker if he could come back later that evening. Gussy, blushing, had had to confess that prep, supper, and bed made up his programme.

"Why, confound me, it's absurd!" said the major. "A fellow of seventeen or eighteen is not a mere kid. I know that in my time he was regarded as such, but I'd a notion that views had broadened since then."

"No, majah, no," Gussy replied. "It is just the same as evah. A fellow is simplay tweeked as a kid. It is very gallin', but one has to beah it."

Arthur Augustus was flattered by the insinuation that he was seventeen or eighteen. But he was still more flattered by Sandy Ferdy's suggestion that he was exactly the right type to play a first-class game of poker.

"What poker calls for," said the major, "is a combination of qualities rare in one man. You must be able to bluff and stick to your bluff. That means courage. It means that often you can win with a bad hand. You must be able to judge your cards. That means brains—and you have brains, my friend. You must be able to size up your opponent or opponents. Brains there, too, but something more than ordinary brains, the ability—shall I call it psychological?—yes, that is the word—to read character. You have that, I believe, though until I saw you in action I might not be sure of it. But I think you have it."

"I have no doubt whatever that you are wight, majah," answered Gussy. "But I cannot weally say that I know the game."

"I should have pleasure in teaching it to you if you could look in during the evening," said Sandy Ferdy. "But really, my dear fellow, poker here is an utterly impossible game by daylight. In the saloon of an ocean liner, now, yes; but not among stuffed birds in glass cases, and pictures that give one toothache, and antimagassars, and all the rest of my present surroundings. You get me, I am sure? Why not take a run out to-night? I am sure it will not be the first time. Oh, don't tell me! I know a sportsman when I see him—what? You will find me here at any time up to midnight. The Green Man does not attract me—low, D'Arcy, my dear fellow—low! I stay here and play patience—in a double sense, D'Arcy—in a double sense."

"I cannot pwomise you, majah. In any case, I should feel that I was infwingin' the permissible limit if I played pokah for weal stakes, for I am shauh that my patah would not approve; an' Conway, though his views are bwodadah—"

"My dear fellow! I simply could not think of it. You are older than your age, but you are not yet twenty-one, and I never play for money against anyone who has not reached his legal majority. But I should like dearly to teach you the game. I have never yet met anyone who struck me as quite so likely a pupil."

"I cannot pwomise, majah, but—"

"Say no more, dear boy. I quite understand," said Sandy Ferdy, with a squeeze of Gussy's shoulder.

Arthur Augustus felt that the major would think him a funk if he did not turn up that evening. If the major had said so it would have upset everything. But the major knew better than to say so.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**Playing the Angora!**

**W**E are not weally on speakin' terms, Blake," said Arthur Augustus, with immense dignity.

"Aren't we?" returned Blake. "I didn't know, Gustavus. Come to think of it, too, you must be wrong. I'm not proud, and I don't a bit mind being seen speaking to you, so, even if you bar me, we're more or less on speaking terms—say about sixty per cent—fifty for me, and the other ten for you, through your being too polite to be quite an oyster when addressed."

Digby and Herries grinned. But Gussy did not grin. He contemplated them more in sorrow than in anger.

"Don't be an ass, Gustavus!" urged Herries. "I uttally wefuse not to be an ass, THE POPULAR.—No. 171.

Hewwies! That is to say, of course, I am not in the vewy least an ass—"

"Oh, of course!" gibed Blake.  
"But who is your new pal, old top?" asked Digby.

"We were talking about asses," growled Herries.

"And Gussy's pal is much more like a fox," commented Blake.

"He is a fwied of Conway's, an' I think I cannot go vewy far w'ong in wegardin' my bwothah's fwriends as my own," said Arthur Augustus majestically.

"Oh! A pal of Conway's, is he?" said Blake doubtfully.

"If that's so—" began Herries.  
"You have my word that it is so, an' I do not imagine you will sewiously ask for more than that," Arthur Augustus broke in crossly.

"Well, if it comes to that, old chap," murmured Herries.

in my wallet. I am not weckless about money."

"I'm! Ever heard Conway speak of this chap?"

"Yaas, I have. At least, I think I have; I am not shuah. Conway met so many people on the Western Front. But, anyway, this gentleman has been down to Duckhampton to see Conway's horses."

"Were they mentioned in the letter?" asked Blake.

"Weally, I cannot imagine what you are dwivin' at, Blake! Bai Jove, anyone might fancy you thought my fwied the majah a sharpah! Let me tell you that any insinuation of that sort will be hotly wesented at once!"

"Right-ho! Resent it as hotly as you please!" answered Blake. "I'm not saying that he is a wrong 'un, because I'd rather know a bit more before I said that. But I'm not satisfied that he's

And he stalked away.

"Anybody else but Gussy would have thought that we were afraid the remittance would drop into others' pockets without doing us any good," said Digby.

"Anybody would be welcome to think what they liked!" snapped Blake. "All the same, I like Gussy the better for being such a decent old ass that no rot of that sort could enter his head. And I do really think that we ought to look out that the 'majah' doesn't bag Conway's remittance. I can't help believing that that is what the 'majah' is after."

"I think so, too," said Digby. "All the same, any fellow might like our old ass Gussy for himself. I know I do."

"He ain't on speaking terms with you, Dig," growled Herries.

"What's that matter?"

And, on the whole, Blake and Herries were disposed to agree that it mattered not at all. Many times before Arthur Augustus had announced himself as not on speaking terms with these three staunch pals. But that attitude had never lasted very long with him.

It was the day after Gussy had been strongly tempted by the "majah." To his credit be it recorded that he had resisted temptation for one night—whereat Sandy Ferdy, who had quite expected him to come along with his little wallet, had sworn luridly, and had regretted staying away from that low place, the Green Man. But since then Gussy had seen the "majah" again, and the poison was working in him. It was not the gambling fever—at least, it was not exactly that. But Arthur Augustus did feel that it would be a great pity if anyone so naturally adapted to shine at poker—the game which none but a man of iron nerve and face of brass might hope to learn properly—as he was should not have the benefit of being taught poker by Major Browne-Wallis.

He lay awake that night long after all the rest of the fellows in the Fourth Form dormitory of the School House were asleep—or seemed to be.

Gussy could not sleep. He pictured his pal the "majah" waiting for him. He was still angry and resentful against Blake and Herries and Digby, who had hinted things against the major's honour. If he broke bounds after lights out it would not be the first time. He had done that same thing before with them. Why should he not do it without them? Was he always to let Blake decide his course of action for him, to be browbeaten by Herries, persuaded by Digby?

No! He would strike out a line of his own!

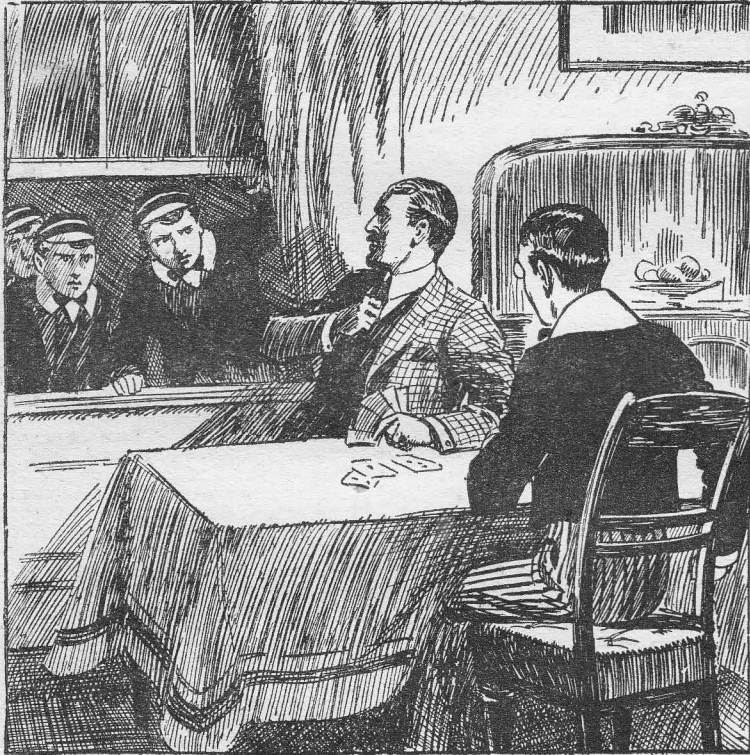
They would call it playing the Angola, no doubt. Well, let them! What did their opinion matter? What was the opinion of three fellows who were agreed that his cut—a real wristy stroke, if ever there was one—was a mere chop, into which was put much more of elbow and shoulder than of wrists, worth?

Nothing, or perhaps a bit less! How should they, who were such poor judges of cricket, presume to judge men?

Gussy got up quietly, dressed himself, and stole downstairs.

They would call this playing the Angola. Well, let them! What sort of chums were they, anyhow? They had not even learned how to be civil. They treated him as though he were a mere kid, whereas Major Browne-Wallis regarded him as quite a man of the world.

Playing the Angola, indeed!



**BLAKE & CO. TO THE RESCUE!**—All of a sudden the lower sash of the window of the "Major's" sitting-room shot up, and the faces of Jack Blake & Co. showed. Gussy had his face to the window, so that he saw the three before Sandy had any notion of the intrusion. (See Chapter 5.)

"How did you run against him?" inquired Digby.

"I had a lettah fwom Conway in my pocket. He had sent me a wemittance—a weally top-hole wemittance. I drowped it, an' Majah Bwowne-Wallis picked it up, an' handed it to me vewy politely. He knew that I was Conway's bwothah, an' nachuwallly—well, you can guess the west."

Blake looked at him keenly. Jack Blake was Yorkshire, and Yorkshiremen are not too easily taken in.

"Was the remittance in the letter at the time, Gustavus?" he asked.

"No. But what diffence could that make, Blake? Weally, I would vewy much pwefer not to discuss this mattah with you at all. I put the fowah fwivahs

the clean potato. I think you're playing the Angola, old chap. What's he want makin' up to you for except for what he reckons to get out of you?"

"Bai Jove, Blake, you go beyond all decent limits! I—"

"Eight days old," remarked Herries, looking at Gussy in a way Gussy did not favour.

"What on earth do you mean, Hewwies?"

"Herries means your eyes may be opened to-morrow," explained Digby kindly.

Arthur Augustus looked from Dig to Herries, from Herries to Blake.

"I do not regard people who insinuate that I am a puppay as pals!" he said loftily.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"BAGGY TRIMBLE'S GREAT SCHEME!"**

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

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**  
**True Pals, After All!**

SOMEHOW or other those four fivers had been enticed out of the wallet of Arthur Augustus. Somehow or other he was playing poker for high stakes, and feeling that his nerve was not as entirely of iron or his face as entirely of brass as he had imagined. Somehow or other the "majah" was winning, and taking his winnings, though at first it had been understood that the game was for love.

Arthur Augustus was anything but greedy. He really cared less for money—apart from what it would buy—than most fellows. But, after all, what money will buy is important. And Gussy thought of fancy waistcoats and ties and study feeds; of little things that he had wanted to give his chums—if only they had been his chums still—and little things he wanted to buy for himself; of the picture-palace at Wayland, and the tuck-shop of Dame Taggles; and began to wonder whether one might not pay too dearly for learning to be a poker expert.

Then on a sudden the lower sash of the window of the "majah's" sitting-room shot up, and the face of Blake showed, and behind Blake's face were dimly to be seen the countenances of Herries and Digby.

Arthur Augustus had his face to the window, so that he saw the three before Sandy Ferdy had any notion of their intrusion. For the sash had gone up very quietly indeed.

"Bai Jove! Oh, weally, Blake!" "Come out of it, and jolly quick about it!" snorted Blake, entering the room by way of the window. "I'm not going to tell you that you've been missed from the dorm yet by anyone who matters, because that wouldn't be a fact. But you may be missed any minute, and if you are we shall be, too. We're all in it—eh, Herries? Eh, Dig?"

"We're all in it," growled Herries. "Oh, rather!" agreed Digby. Blake and Herries seemed stern and ill-tempered, but Dig grinned cheerily. It was to Dig that D'Arcy turned. But it was upon Blake and Herries that the "majah" swooped.

"What does this intrusion mean?" he demanded. Blake bluffed like an old poker player. He was not by any means sure that the supposed major was an actual wrong 'un. But he believed him so, and he acted on his belief.

"You'll jolly well see when the inspector and the two bobbies from Wayland turn up!" he answered, looking the fellow straight in the face. "I don't care a scrap what happens to you; but we're not going to have our pal Gussy dragged into it, you bet!"

A really first-class poker player would have done better than Sandy Ferdy did then. The rascal had a yellow streak in him.

"Police?" he burred. "Where are they? I mean—Confound it all, boy, how dare you talk to me in this way! How dare you—all three of you—presume to enter my room uninvited by the way of the window? How dare you, I ask?"

Herries was always better at action than words. Herries was not, on the whole, the most observant of fellows; but he noticed something just then. The glossy black wig of the pretended major had got slightly awry, and above his right ear Herries saw close-cropped sandy hair.

People without any criminal leanings do wear wigs. A wig in itself proves nothing. But when Herries snatched that black wig from the sandy poll of

Ferdinand Brown it was to Arthur Augustus as though everything had been proven.

The face of the sharper helped to convince Gussy. For at the moment when Herries snatched off the wig there came a loud rat-tat-tat at the door, and Sandy Ferdy's face was suddenly full of fear.

"The police!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "I— Oh, what shall we do, Blake? Upon my honah, if you fellows are caught heah through me I shall nevah forgive myself as long as I live!"

That was the old Gussy—generous, the best of pals; not the young wild ass who had been going it blind with this sharper.

"Shin out—and shin out quick!" answered Blake. "You go first! No, don't stop to argue! You next, Dig! No, you don't, you rotter! That's our way out, not yours! And remember this, it won't do you any good to split on us. You see that, don't you?"

The four fivers were still on the table. Blake grabbed at them, and there came again that loud rat-tat-tat at the door.

"One of them, dear boy—just one!" whined Sandy Ferdy. "Even if the cops get me it will be useful. And I've earned one! Just one, and I'll promise not to split!"

"Oh, hang your beastly promises!" rapped out Blake.

But he thrust one of the fivers into the hand of the defeated rascal and followed Herries out of the window, which he promptly slammed down.

"My hat, you were right, Blake!" gasped Dig. "It is the police, and they're after that boulder! We'll have to hide till they've taken him off. I say, they can't do anything to us even if they do find out we're here, can they?"

"Only march us off to the Head," answered Blake grimly.

Arthur Augustus shivered. "If that happens I shall feel it my bounden duty to explain that you were not in the vewy least in fault," he said. "Rats!" answered Blake.

From their cover they saw Sandy Ferdy being led away. Somehow he had been tracked, and the Wayland police had been called upon to make the arrest, which could not be left to the bungling methods of P.-c. Crump. But Ferdy had not given them away. He stood to gain nothing by that, or he might have done.

They were gone. Arthur Augustus spoke.

"You fellows are twue pals, aftah all!" he said. "I wegwet exceedingly that I should have doubted you."

"You've only lost five, you chump!" said Blake. "Here are three of the fivers. I say, Herries, Dig, we'll have a jolly good blow-out to-morrow, whether Gustavus likes it or not—what?"

And they did, but it was not against the wish of Arthur Augustus.

THE END.

(Another fine new complete story of the chums of St. Jim's next Tuesday.)

**THE ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVES THAT THE FOREIGNER SEES!**

By a RAILWAY EXPERT.

THE S.E. & C. Railway is probably the best known in the world. Passengers to and from the Continent, via Calais, Ostend, Boulogne, and Flushing all travel over it; whilst the crowds that visit Margate, Ramsgate, and other popular coast resorts also make use of the S.E. & C. line.

It will, therefore, be seen that this railway has vast and important passenger traffic for which to cater. Continental passengers making long journeys do not want to dawdle, nor, for that matter, do visitors to popular coast towns, and the S.E. & C. Railway sees that they are provided with swift trains.

To run to times these heavy and fast boat-trains, and the fine expresses to Margate, Folkestone, Hastings, etc., large, powerful locomotives are necessary. A great point about the S.E. & C.R. trains is their punctuality. They do not average a minute late upon arrival at destination. This is wonderful, in any case, but considering the density of the traffic on the S.E. & C. line it is marvellous.

The railway is fortunate in that it has two routes to practically all the places it serves, a result of the insane competition—prior to the present combined management—between the S.E.R. and the L.C. & D.R. The route of the latter is tortuous and steep, as a result of the scarcity of the cash necessary to build a first-class railway.

The old line of the S.E. Railway are fairly level and straight, but competition caused it to build a cut-off, through Sevenoaks to the old main line at Tonbridge, and this cut-off has bad gradients. The engine illustrated by the colour plate presented with this issue is quite the latest S.E. & C.R. express locomotives.

No. 179 is a superheater, and has 4-coupled driving-wheels 6ft. 6in. diameter, with cylinders 19in. diameter by 26in. stroke. The steam pressure is 180lb per square inch, and the heating surface 1,277 square feet, with 24 square feet grate area. The weight in working order of No. 179 is 52½ tons, and her tender, with 4½ tons of coal and 3,450 gallons of water, weighs 39 tons. The engine and tender thus turn the scale at 91½ tons.

It was hoped the sombre grey livery of this engine was but a war-time economy, but there does not appear to be a disposition on the part of the company to return to the fine green paint with bright brass mounts that gave the S.E. & C.R. engines such a smart appearance before the war, and made them so popular with intelligent foreigners arriving at Dover and Folkestone.

By the way, before the war, the S.E. & C.R., alone of all British railways, had extended to engine buying the "made-in-Germany" practice, and had ten locomotives built for it in Berlin. These were received just before the Hun commenced the World War. Luckily, although the cheque for £40,000 odd in payment of these German engines had been drawn, it had not been despatched prior to August 4th, 1914, so the German builders did not receive it till after peace had been signed—five years later.

**ANOTHER SPLENDID COLOURED ENGINE  
PLATE FOR YOUR COLLECTION!**

Subject: A Famous Express Engine of the Furness Railway Company.

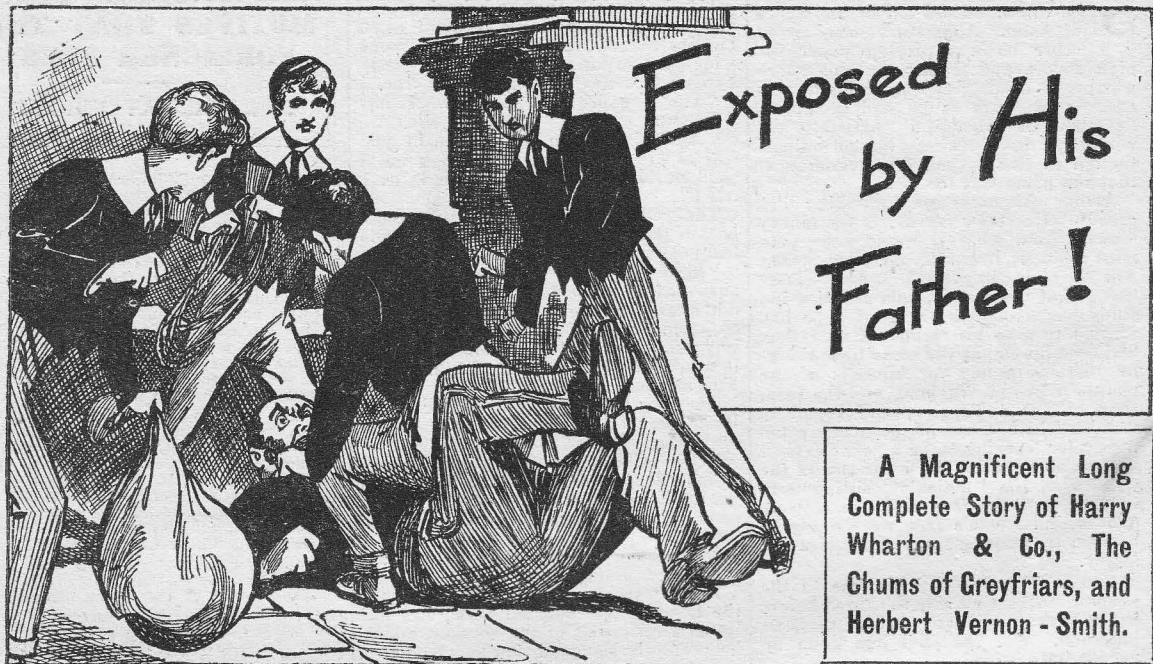
**IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT!**

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"BAGGY TRIMBLE'S GREAT SCHEME!"**

THE POPULAR.—No. 171.  
A GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY OF  
ST. JIM'S. :: By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

IN WHICH MR. SAMUEL VERNON-SMITH UNINTENTIONALLY BRINGS ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF HIS SON.



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., The Chums of Greyfriars, and Herbert Vernon - Smith.

By FRANK RICHARDS,

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Tales appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Shoulder to Shoulder!

"HERE we are!" Harry Wharton, who had been captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars until he had been expelled from the school, uttered those three words in a low tone. Other shadowy forms stood outside the old tower at Greyfriars—Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent, who had also been expelled.

Harry Wharton tapped upon the door. "Bob!" "Hollo, hallo, hallo! Buzz off! That door's not going to be opened!" came in a cheery tone from within the tower. "I'm Wharton!"

"Oh, my hat! Inky, open the giddy door!" A moment later the door of the tower was flung open, and the three juniors hurried within. Then the door was carefully locked and barred again, and Bob Cherry faced his returned chums with his usual cheery smile upon his lips.

"Well?" he said. "Well?" said Wharton, Nugent, and Johnny Bull, in unison.

"Give us your mits!" chuckled Bob Cherry. And he and Hurree Janset Ram Singh clasped the hands of their chums for a moment in silence. "Back again, then, and meaning to stick here?"

"What-ho!" said Harry Wharton. "But—but you might explain, Bob!" "I was sacked. After you'd gone I tumbled right into Vernon-Smith's plot just as you and the others had done," explained Bob quickly. "I thrashed him when he was malingering—supposedly ill after your attack upon him in the lane, Harry—" "But I didn't attack him," said Wharton warmly.

"No, but he said you did, and you were sacked for it," said Bob cheerfully. "I refused to go, and Inky, like the trump he is, backed me up. So I barred out the whole giddy school, wrote to you chaps to return, and here we are!"

"Yes, here we are—except Mark Linley," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"Marky was one of the first to go. We'll have him back. That will be part of our peace terms," said Bob Cherry. "Poor old

Marky! The Bounder did him as he did all of us—except Inky, whom he would have tackled after I'd gone."

"The tacklefulness would have been terrific, my worthy chum," said Hurree Singh, in his weird and wonderful English. "I should have caught it bootfully!"

"Anyhow, we're stopping here, and I, for one, am tired," said Harry Wharton. "Bob, we're not going to say what we think of you—"

"Time to turn in, you chaps!" said Bob hastily. "Ahem! There's a surprise in store for some people to-morrow morning!"

There certainly was!

Morning dawned upon Greyfriars—the second day of the siege of the old tower. Bob Cherry's barring-out was still "going strong." Before the rising-bell clanged out over the school, many of the Greyfriars fellows were down, and crowding round the old tower to see whether the garrison was still holding out. Coker and Potter and Greene, of the Fifth, were the first to arrive, and they almost fell over as they saw Harry Wharton looking at them from the window.

"Wharton!" yelled Coker.

Wharton nodded calmly.

"But—but we drummed you out of Greyfriars!" gasped Potter.

"I've drummed myself back, you see!" "You don't mean to say you've come to stop?"

"Yes; you'll find I'm a sticker."

"My hat!"

The news of the return of Harry Wharton & Co. soon spread. But the crowd that gathered to stare at them seemed friendly enough, in spite of the circumstances under which Harry Wharton had quitted Greyfriars. He had been drummed out of the school by the indignant fellows, in the belief that he had made a dastardly attack upon Vernon-Smith, and left him insensible in the lane. But somehow, now, a doubt was creeping into the minds of the Greyfriars fellows. The return of the old captain of the Remove did not seem like the action of a fellow who was guilty. And distrust of the Bounder was deepening. If only one or two of the Famous FIVE had been disgraced, it would have been different; but even the dullest fellow remarked that it was curious that circumstances had so shaped themselves

as to rid Vernon-Smith of all his rivals in the Remove. And the juniors could not avoid the suspicion that Vernon-Smith had lent a helping hand to circumstances.

Without any tangible evidence to go upon, the fellows were arriving at a conclusion not far from the truth. Bob Cherry's barring-out had had an effect that Bob had never dreamed of himself. It was so evidently the act of a fellow who was wrongfully accused and driven to his last defence, that doubts were creeping into the mind of the Head himself.

Vernon-Smith could see the way the wind was veering, and he ground his teeth at the thought of it. He had succeeded completely in his plans. The last of the famous Co. had been "sacked," and the Bounder was triumphant; but in the very hour of his triumph this had come. How was it to end, was the question the Bounder asked himself uneasily. With Harry Wharton & Co. united, and on the spot, it was only too possible that something might come to light that would shed an unexpected ray upon the facts.

Vernon-Smith was one of the fellows who came to look at the barred citadel, and Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed as he caught sight of the Bounder, with the old sneering smile upon his thin lips.

"So you're here again!" the Bounder exclaimed, as he saw Wharton at the window.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Wharton.

"So one kicking out wasn't enough for you. You want another," said Vernon-Smith.

"You may get the next kicking-out," said Wharton quietly. "I suppose you feel very safe now, Smithy; but I think your number's up!"

The Bounder forced a scornful laugh. "I believe the truth of what happened between you and me will be told," said Wharton, and all the fellows outside the tower listened keenly. "My uncle is helping me to get the matter investigated. We've talked it over heaps of times, and when we were talking it over, I remembered that South American chap who came to see you here. And I believe that it was he who bludgeoned you in the lane that night, and you let him escape punishment to fix it on me."

"What rot!" said the Bounder.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"PETER THE PAINTER!"

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



"Nor half!" said Nugent.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Drop him over on his head," said Johnny Bull. "That won't hurt him."  
 "Ow! Lemme alone! Wot I says—"  
 "No; drop him on his weakest spot," said Wharton.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "I've got a chopper here," said Bob Cherry from below. "Might chop his silly head off. It would be more merciful, really."  
 "Good! Bring up the chopper. Inky can look after the window."  
 Bob Cherry dashed up the stairs with the wood-axe in his hand. He stood over the terrified porter and flourished it in the air.  
 "Do it with one chop," said Wharton.  
 "We don't want to put him to the torture. Mind you don't hit his head instead of his neck; it would only blunt the chopper."  
 "I'll be careful. Just one chop, and you'll see his head off. Would you prefer it at the back, Gossy, or just over the Adam's apple?"  
 "Elp!" roared Gosling. "You just keep that chopper away! Don't you murder me! I won't be murdered! I'll—"  
 "Don't be ridiculous, Gosling!" came Mr. Quelch's angry voice from below.  
 "Elp!"  
 "I've never chopped a porter's head off before," said Bob Cherry, measuring the distance for his stroke. "I've chopped wood, of course—but not this sort."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Keep still, Gosling! If you wriggle like that I shall spoil the edge on your silly head!"  
 "Ow! 'Elp!" shrieked Gosling, who was so terrified that he did not know whether the juniors were in earnest or not. "Elp!"  
 "Well, if you say 'please' pretty we might spare your life," said Nugent thoughtfully.  
 "After all, you chaps, he's an old man, and if he is executed it will cause a lot of disturbance in the liquor trade, through the demand for gin falling off."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Say 'please' pretty, and we'll spare your life," said Bob Cherry, making a playful whisk at Gosling with the chopper.  
 "How! 'Please pretty!' roared Gosling.  
 The juniors yelled with laughter. Down below, Mr. Quelch hurried away. The attack had failed, and, angry as he was, he was afraid that he would burst out laughing if he remained. The juniors dragged Gosling to the edge, and lowered him down carefully, feet first, and let him roll on the ground.  
 Gosling lay there roped up, and roaring for release.  
 The three villagers were scratching their heads in perplexity. They were not at all disposed to renew the attack. It was evidently impossible to dislodge the undaunted garrison of the tower.  
 "Can't you untie me, you silly jossers?" roared Gosling. "Lemme loose, you hasses!"  
 One of the men untied him. Gosling scrambled to his feet, shook his fist up at the grinning juniors, and shambled away. He had had enough of it, and he would have told the Head himself so at that moment. His assistants followed him, and four ladders remained lying on the ground—tokens of the victory of Harry Wharton & Co.  
 There was a ringing cheer from the garrison of the tower:  
 "Hurrah for us!"  
 "Hip-hip-hooray!"  
 The cheer reached the Form-rooms of Greyfriars, and told the whole school that there had been another attack, and that the barring-out was still going "strong."

**THE THIRD CHAPTER**  
**The Truth at Last!**

**P**IP!  
 Toot-toot!  
 Dr. Locke glanced from his study-window. The afternoon was wearing on, and the Head was again in consultation with Mr. Quelch. The two masters had come to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to send for the fathers of the besieged juniors. It would be a humiliating confession of failure on the part of the authorities of Greyfriars, but there was evidently nothing else to be done. The two masters were still discussing the matter when the toot-toot of a motor-horn was heard in the Close. A handsome car came swinging in at the gates of Greyfriars, and buzzed up the gravelled drive towards the School House.  
 THE POPULAR.—No. 171.

"Dear me!" said the Head. "It is Mr. Vernon-Smith!"  
 He knew the fifteen-hundred-guinea car of the millionaire. Mr. Vernon-Smith was to be seen sitting in it—a stout man, with a square jaw like a vice. A few minutes later the millionaire was shown into the Head's study.  
 Mr. Vernon-Smith was looking very excited. Mr. Vernon-Smith, the great millionaire and financier, had once been Mr. Samuel Smith, the moneylender. And when Mr. Vernon-Smith was excited, his manners were still those of Samuel Smith.  
 "What is this?" he exclaimed. "You did not inform me, sir—my son did not inform me—I have been most anxious—I should have been told at once!"  
 The Head looked at him.  
 "Pray sit down, Mr. Vernon-Smith."  
 "How is my son?"  
 "Your son?"  
 "Yes, my son!" almost shouted the millionaire. "You did not tell me that he had been the victim of a murderous assault. I heard from you last week, certainly, concerning his treatment at the hands of a schoolfellow, whom you expelled for the offence. But this matter—more serious—how is it, Dr. Locke, that you told me nothing about it? I demand to know!"  
 "I—I fail to understand—"  
 "If I had known, sir, I should have brought down the most expensive doctors in London, sir. I should have brought down the greatest specialist in Cavendish Square, if necessary. I demand to know why I was not informed!" roared the millionaire.  
 The Head looked helplessly at Mr. Quelch. His first impression was that Mr. Vernon-Smith had been drinking. But the millionaire did not look intoxicated.  
 "Will you explain to Dr. Locke what you are excited about?" suggested Mr. Quelch in his cool, incisive voice. "Are you under the impression that some fresh misfortune has happened to your son?"  
 "Under the impression?" shouted Mr. Vernon-Smith. "I should say so, sir, when the criminal has confessed it with his own lips—nay, boasted of it!"  
 "What!"  
 "My son has been assaulted, beaten into insensibility with a bludgeon, and the criminal is now in the hands of the police, and has confessed!" shouted Mr. Vernon-Smith.  
 "Bless my soul!" cried the Head.  
 "Oh!" said Mr. Quelch, compressing his lips.  
 And the two masters exchanged a quick glance. Was it light, at last? Was the strange mystery about to be cleared up in this unexpected manner?  
 "There is some mistake, sir," said the Head mildly. "Your son is quite well, excepting that he is still a little weak from his illness."  
 "He has been attacked!"  
 "That is a mistake."  
 "A mistake? But the man has confessed!"  
 "Your son is now in the Remove Form-room, engaged in his usual lessons, Mr. Vernon-Smith," said the Remove master quietly.  
 The millionaire gave a gasp of relief, and calmed down a little.  
 "Then the villain must have attacked the wrong boy by mistake," he said; "that is the only explanation. Pray excuse my heat, Dr. Locke. I was certainly under the impression that my son was lying in danger—"  
 "If that had been the case, you must surely know that I should have informed you of it without delay," said the Head dryly.  
 "Yes—yes," said the millionaire, sinking into a seat; "of course! But the man has confessed, you see. I will explain. I have had some dealings in South American mining matters with a man named Diaz, and he was dissatisfied." The financier did not think it necessary to add that he had swindled the unfortunate foreigner, and driven him into a state of madness by his trickery. "You understand, gentlemen, that in business deals a man may lose instead of gain, and he may have a foolish impression that he has been wronged. This foreigner—this man Diaz—fancied himself wronged, and swore revenge, like a hot-headed Southern imbecile as he is. This morning, sir, he forced his way into my office in the City and attacked me— Me!"  
 The millionaire made that statement with a full comprehension of the incredibility of it. That any man should have the audacity to attack Samuel Vernon-Smith, the great financier, was almost unbelievable to Mr.

Vernon-Smith himself. When such a thing happened, Mr. Vernon-Smith was quite prepared to see the end of the universe.  
 "Indeed!" said Dr. Locke.  
 "Yes, sir. He was secured before he could do any harm, and removed to prison," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "I am, of course, guarded by private detectives day and night. A man in my position requires to be."  
 "Very probable," said the Head, thinking of some little details he knew of Mr. Vernon-Smith's methods of business.  
 "Well, sir, this man in the hands of the police—he is half-mad—confessed, or, rather, boasted, that he had had his revenge, although he had failed to get at me. He gave a full account of how he had met my son on a lonely road—finding him in a helpless condition, apparently, after a fight with someone—and had beaten him with a bludgeon till he was insensible. He glowered in it, sir. He declared that he hoped that my son would never recover. Of course, he is half-insane. As soon as I was informed, I came down in my car immediately. I expected to find my son in a bad condition after what this wretched foreigner said. That is my excuse, sir, for addressing you as I did when I came in. I am sorry!"  
 Dr. Locke nodded. The man's anxiety was evidently real. The millionaire, hard as steel to all the world, had one soft spot in his heart—an affection for his worthless son and a pride in him.  
 "But it is very strange," the millionaire went on. "This man Diaz has evidently attacked someone in mistake for my son. There is no doubting the truth of his story as far as that goes."  
 "I am afraid, Mr. Vernon-Smith, that there is more than that in it," said Dr. Locke very gravely. "Mr. Quelch, may I ask you to bring Vernon-Smith here?"  
 "I will do so at once, sir."  
 The Remove master quitted the study. Mr. Vernon-Smith looked puzzled.  
 "I do not quite understand now," he said. "I shall speak to your son before you, sir. I fear that you must prepare yourself for a shock. I fear that your son has been guilty of terrible duplicity."  
 "Dr. Locke!"  
 "He has inflicted a terrible wrong upon another boy, sir; but the whole matter will be cleared up now, and you shall be satisfied."  
 Mr. Quelch returned with Vernon-Smith. The Bounder was looking uneasy, in spite of his nerve. He started at the sight of his father.  
 The millionaire shook hands with his son.  
 "I am glad to see you well, at all events!" he said, with a sigh of relief.  
 "I am not quite well," said the Bounder; "but very nearly. What has brought you down here, dad?"  
 Strangely enough, there was an affectionate tone in the Bounder's voice. It was the first time Dr. Locke or Mr. Quelch had heard it there. Even Vernon-Smith was not all ice.  
 "I will explain to you, Vernon-Smith," said the Head quietly. "That man Diaz, who came to see you here, and whom you spoke to afterwards at the school gates, knew you well enough by sight, I suppose?"  
 "I suppose so, sir," said the Bounder wonderingly.  
 "Quite so. That disposes of any theory that he might have attacked another person by mistake. Vernon-Smith, that man is now under arrest for an attempt upon your father—"  
 "The scoundrel!" cried the Bounder. "You've not been hurt, dad?"  
 Mr. Vernon-Smith shook his head.  
 "He was collared in time," he said.  
 "Oh, good!"  
 "He has confessed," went on the Head, "that he attacked you on the road. He found you in an exhausted state after a fight—exactly as Wharton declared he left you. He has confessed that he beat you with a bludgeon."  
 The Bounder turned white.  
 "Vernon-Smith," said the Head, raising his hand, "you accuse Harry Wharton of doing what you knew perfectly well the man Diaz had done!"  
 Mr. Vernon-Smith clenched his hands hard. He understood now, too. He understood that he had, in his anxiety for his son, exposed a plot of the Bounder's, and shown up Vernon-Smith in his true colours.  
 Vernon-Smith stood silent.  
 The study seemed to reel round him for

a moment. In spite of his nerve, he was overcome. For he knew now that the game was up. Diaz was under arrest. Diaz had confessed, his accusation against Harry Wharton was proved to be a foul calumny, and his whole house of cards had tottered and fallen to the ground!

"Vernon-Smith, you falsely accused Harry Wharton! You caused him to be driven in disgrace from the school! Wharton has been foully wronged! You have wronged him, and—Heaven forgive me!—you have caused me to wrong him, too!"

The Bounder tried to speak, but his tongue clove to his mouth. What could he say now? In the face of the known facts, what lie could serve his turn?

"Mr. Vernon-Smith"—the Head turned to the millionaire—"you have been the means of exposing this wicked plot against an innocent boy. I am sorry that you should have been the means, as the wrong-doer is your son; but I cannot say how thankful I am that the truth has come to light. All I can say is, that I must ask you to take your son away from Greyfriars with you; and I am sorry that you should suffer this pain and humiliation by the action of this unscrupulous, worthless boy!"

The Bounder found his voice:  
"You are going to expel me, sir?"  
"Do you expect anything else?"  
"Yes, sir. My father has caused this, and it is not fair to him. Without my father you would not have learned the facts—"  
"You admit the facts?"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders in quite his old way. He was recovering his coolness now. The millionaire did not speak. He seemed stunned.

"It is not much use denying them, sir," he said. "But there are other things I can tell you. You have been unjust to others, besides Wharton. I am willing to make a full confession, and to take my punishment, but only on condition that I am not expelled. If you spare me that I will tell you everything."

Dr. Locke glanced at Mr. Queleh. He was in a difficult position. To allow the Bounder to remain at Greyfriars after what he had done seemed impossible. But the doubts in the Head's mind had now become certainties.

"Dr. Lock!" The millionaire broke silence at last. "I am afraid my son has acted—ahem!—not exactly as—as I should have wished. But he is my son—my only son! You will not make me the means of his disgrace? I cannot think that you would be justified in that, whatever he has done!"

The good old doctor looked deeply troubled. "He has brought false accusations, sir, and caused me to act upon them," he said. "And I have unconsciously been the means of exposing him."

"That is true. I am placed in a very awkward position. Vernon-Smith, I shall allow you to remain at Greyfriars if you make a full and frank confession, and you will be let off with a public flogging."  
The Bounder set his teeth.

"Very well, sir."  
"Now," said the Head sternly, "you admit that Wharton's explanation was true—the injuries you received were inflicted by the foreigner, Diaz?"  
"Yes, sir."

"In the case of Nugent, who was expelled for frequenting a public-house, he declared that you had tricked him into going there by making him anxious about his minor. I did not believe him. His statement was true?"  
"Yes, sir."

"John Bull was sent away because he persisted in fighting with Bulstrode, against my direct orders. I understand that he declared that it was a scheme of yours to cause trouble between them—that you caused Bulstrode to pick trouble with him."  
"It is true, sir."

"Last of all, Mark Linley was called away from school by a false telegram, announcing his sister's illness. He missed the Noble examination, which he would most certainly have won, and the loss of the money made it impossible for him to stay here. Who sent that telegram?"  
"A friend of mine in Lancashire."  
"And I need not ask," said the Head, with a curling lip, "whether Robert Cherry's statement was true—that you were pretending to be ill, and that you provoked him into an attack upon you, while you were supposed



**BROUGHT TO BOOK AT LAST!**—Vernon-Smith stood silent. The study seemed to reel round him for a moment. Diaz was under arrest. Diaz had confessed. His accusation against Wharton was proved foul calumny. "Vernon-Smith, you have falsely accused Wharton! You have caused him to be driven from the school in disgrace!" thundered the Head.  
(See Chapter 3.)

to be in a helpless condition. Cherry told the truth?"

"Yes, sir."  
The Head made a gesture of disgust. "Leave my study!" he said. "I cannot bear the sight of you now, Vernon-Smith! You will be flogged, and all Greyfriars will know the truth! If you care to remain after that, you may remain!"  
"Thank you, sir!"  
And the Bounder went.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**All's Well that Ends Well!**

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here comes the Head!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked from the window of the tower. Dr. Locke was approaching the grey dusk of the December afternoon, and his kind old face was very grave.  
"Good-afternoon, sir!" said all the juniors together.

Dr. Locke nodded.  
"My boys," he said, very kindly, "you may come out now. This nonsense must end; and the cause of it is removed. You have acted in a most rebellious and disrespectful way; but, under the circumstances, I shall pardon you."  
"Oh, sir!"  
"Vernon-Smith has confessed everything!"  
"What?"

The Famous Five uttered that exclamation together.  
"Vernon-Smith confessed?" said Harry Wharton.

"Yes," said the Head very gravely, "something was discovered, unfortunately, by means of Vernon-Smith's father, which makes it impossible for me to punish that wretched boy as he deserves. All of you are completely exonerated, and you are free to resume your old places in the Remove."  
"Oh, sir!"

"And I ask you to pardon me for having been led away by a wretched schemer to inflict injustice upon you," said the Head.  
"Oh, no, sir!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "It's

all right, sir! Only it was all a mistake—but we didn't mean this barring-out to be disrespectful, sir. We're jolly glad you've found out the facts, sir!"

"Yes, rather!"  
"The ratherfulness is—"  
"Terrific! Hurray!"  
Dr. Locke smiled.  
"The truth has been announced to the whole school," he said. "You will find all your schoolfellows prepared to give you a great reception. That is all, my boys."

And the Head departed.  
"Well, my hat! If this doesn't beat the record!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Bobby, old man, lend a hand with these bars."  
"Hurray!"

The garrison of the old tower dragged away the fastenings of the door. The barring-out was at an end, and it had ended in the triumph of the Famous Five.

There was a shout in the Close. Through the dusk a crowd of fellows were streaming towards the old tower. As the five juniors came out of their fortress, they were surrounded by cheering fellows, seniors and juniors.

"Shoulder-high!" shouted Coker of the Fifth.  
"Hurray!"

And the success of the Famous Five did not end there. For the wrong inflicted upon Mark Linley, the brave-hearted Lancashire lad, remained to be repaired—and it was repaired.

But for the Bounder's trickery Mark would have won the prize, which would have enabled him to finish the term of his scholarship at Greyfriars. The doctor took the matter in hand; and a sum of money from the school funds enabled Mark Linley to return to Greyfriars and take his old place in the Remove Form. And, needless to say, the Famous Five gave him a tremendous reception when he arrived.

THE END.  
(Another story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week.)

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A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.  
:: BY FRANK RICHARDS. ::

**NEXT TUESDAY!**

**"PETER THE PAINTER!"**





A THRILLING FIGHT FOR AN ISLAND AMONGST THE ICE AND SNOW OF THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS!



## 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 trying 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 possession of the island, and orders them off. Ferrers Lord & Co. leave the island and return to the camp, which is being built on the ice-foe. Castaro sends Dan Govan with a letter to Ferrers Lord, telling him to surrender while he has the chance, but the millionaire refuses the Mexican's offer and decides to fight for possession of the island.

Ferrers Lord sends scouts out to take photographs of the other side of the island.

(Now read on.)

## A Bite, But No Fish!

TWO anxious hours passed before the echo of a shot announced the welcome news that the launch was not far away. One of her crew had to be carried ashore, for he had a bullet-wound in his shoulder, and pain and loss of blood had made him too weak to walk. Ferrers Lord and Thurston removed the bullet and dressed the wound. It was nothing very serious, but it was the first casualty, and showed that war had begun in grim earnest.

"We had a running fight with their petrol-launch as we were coming back," explained Rupert Thurston. "She had run out of the harbour, and was waiting for us in the fog. The stuff wasn't so thick then as it is now, and very luckily Gan Waga spotted her in good time. She made one hit at the first volley, and knocked over poor Blayle. We fired back, but as she had about a dozen rifles to our three, we made a run out. She chivvied after us for a mile or two, but I think our boat is a knot or two faster. At any rate, we lost her, and groped our way home."

"And the person who asks me any questions about our little joy-ride round Gan Waga's Island until I've eaten enormously will receive quite a rude answer," said Ching Lung. "If getting ravenously hungry is a sign of it, this horrible climate must be a healthy one. I could eat rocks if they had a little margarine spread on them to help them down. What's under this dish-cover? Irish stew, by Jove—boiling hot, and bushels of it! Deafening cheers! Come along, Rupert, and get going! Never mind cutting dainty slices of bread. Hack that loaf in two and chuck me half!"

"You wild beast!" said Rupert Thurston, with a laugh. "If you're going to act in this barbarian fashion at a respectable table and wolf your food, I think you'd better have your supper on the doormat! Here, have the whole loaf, if you've got such a twist!"

"I've got a twist like a corkscrew!" said the prince. "For the next ten minutes don't attempt to speak to me or disturb me—not even if a telegram comes to tell me that some distant relative has died and left me five or six million pounds and a house in a park! That's that!"

Ching Lung placed an automatic pistol beside his plate as a warning, and attacked the Irish stew. But Thurston found time to talk.

"Your map of Desolatia has a lot of imagination about it, Chief," he said. "There's a good stretch of level beach on the other side, and from the beach there's quite an easy incline. We found nothing like a harbour, but there's an ice-field outside forming a sheltered roadstead. If the dear old yacht had been afloat she would have been safe anchored there—except, of course, in tremendously rough weather."

"We picked up your balloon," said Ferrers Lord. "It caused some excitement on the island, judging by the way they fired at it in the mist."

"Mist, Chief? There was no mist when we let her go, but quite a good light. If the camera was undamaged there ought to be some good bird's-eye photographs. We sent up two. The second one got into a wrong current, and drifted back over us and out to sea, so we did not try again. I've been thinking that unless we have a machine-gun fore and aft in our launch, Mexican Steve will make patrolling hot work for us."

"Then we must clip his claws," said the millionaire. "O'Rooney brought in a story of some huge fish that lurks in a deep pool in the ice. I went to look, but could see nothing of the brute, so I told O'Rooney to put in a baited shark-hook. They came back with a prisoner. I have not seen the fellow yet, but I have ample proof that our guess about Castaro's motives for wanting to shut us out of Desolatia was a correct one."

The millionaire reached for an empty plate, and untied the tapes of the chamois-leather bag Barry O'Rooney had taken from Nathan Spike. From the bag he poured out a little heap of gleaming yellow dust and small nuggets.

"Here's a pocket-book, too," he added. "Look over it at your leisure. It contains a list of some of the assays. If they are correct, I sold my island for a mere song, for Castaro and his gang must be picking fortunes out of it every day. That lucky game of put-and-take has made Gan Waga a millionaire."

"And I put up the money for him!" laughed Ching Lung. "Never mind! That Irish stew was worth all the gold in Desolatia! Gan a millionaire, eh? He deserves it, the rubicund youth, bless him, and I shall know where to go when I want to borrow half-a-crown! Alas! Gan hasn't got his Eldorado yet, and if there's plenty of gold there, old fat Steve will cling on to the show with his teeth, nails, and eyebrows."

The prince opened the pocket-book. On the front page was written: "Nathan Spike, expert assayer and metallurgist, 9, Plaza Santa Cruz, Mexico City." This address had been scratched through with a pen, and a second address written below: "North Harbour Hut, Carcase City, Carcase Island." Several pages of personal accounts and payments followed. The heaviest items were for "dope," which the prince guessed to be strong liquor of some kind, either whisky or brandy. Later on the owner of the pocket-book came to strict business, and the results of the crushings and assays were neatly and clearly written. Ching Lung was studying the pocket-book when Prout and Barry O'Rooney brought in the prisoner.

"Evening, gentlemen!" said Nathan Spike, with a nod. "Got anything to drink with a kick in it? If so, it will be appreciated."

The millionaire nodded to Thurston. Spike was cool and self-collected, but he looked very limp. It was years since he had gone so long without alcohol, and he was feeling limp for the want of it. In a twinkling he emptied the glass of whisky Rupert handed to him.

"Guess you're the boss?" he said, turning to Ferrers Lord. "If it's not asking any special favour, I'd like to know what you're going to do with me, anyhow. As the fight is on, I'm claiming to be a prisoner of war, and amongst white men a prisoner of war has his rights."

"You will get your rights, Spike," said the millionaire. "Unfortunately for you, we look upon you and your leader, Castaro, as filibusters and bandits. The island called by you Carcase Island is still my property by right of purchase from the Portuguese Government. In your own gold-mining language, Castaro has 'jumped my claim.'"

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"TROUBLE FOR THE CAPTAIN!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF ROOKWOOD.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.



**THE MONSTER OF THE LAKE!** There came a hoarse, deafening roar, and the thunder of water being lashed and beaten into foam. Between them and the flickering yellow rays, some shadowy snake-like thing was writhing and swaying above the bank of the lagoon. Both men dropped on one knee, levelled their rifles, and fired. (See page 27.)

Even if I admitted a state of warfare, you are a spy. Perhaps it is to your advantage that I refuse to admit it."

"Guess I'm no hand at splitting hairs, boss," said the man with a red beard. "Any sort of fighting when you use guns and pistols seems to me as like war as you can get it. I don't understand these delicate twists, nobov. Mexican Steve won't mind being called a bandit and a fibbuster, for he's all that, and a long sight more. I'm not upholding his methods, for I'm a sensitive man, and I dodge murder if I can reasonably dodge it. I notice you've got the dust and nuggets there your man lifted off me. You don't fancy that Mexican Steve is going to put on his hat and grab his walking-stick and gloves and beat it out of Carcase Island, when there's that yellow stuff around? You may not call it warfare, but, b'gosh, you'll find out your mistake! He's a whale for fighting, is Steve. If you think I may be useful to you as a sort of hostage, cut it out. I'm useful over there—the most useful man he's got, p'raps—but you'll get no terms out of him by threatening to shoot me. It would be murder for nothing."

"How many men have you on the island, Spike?" asked Ferrers Lord, lighting a cigarette. "It will be better not to answer than to lie."

"I never counted them, boss, but there's nearer four hundred than three hundred. We're only starters, but when Mexican Steve starts to get a move on, b'gosh, he hustles along like a greased comet! There's another cargo of greasers and stores and mining-plant on the way to Carcase Island from Mexico, and if the ice hasn't nipped her and stove in her ribs, she may haul up any time. And, b'gosh, there'll be some toughs on that boat! Steve isn't just too friendly with the present Mexican Government, but when Steve's agent offered to clear the goats for them, which were crowded with bad lots, they knew a good proposition when they saw it. That's the crush of hooligans that's coming to help work the mines—a mob of gaol-birds, cut-throats, and thieves, but Steve can tame THE POPULAR.—No. 171.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"PETER, THE PAINTER!"

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

"If you suggest that we are doddering idiots, you'll quickly get slung out of this," said Rupert Thurston. "How big was your shark? Tell a few lies."

"Phwat d'you mane, tell a few loies, sor? Could Oi tell a loie about a wretched fish? How big was he—phwat? Oi should think he was the soize of a submarine, British Navy, K class. His oies wasn't so large, not bigger than the lid of a dustbin, and bright, glowing, glaring green. There was bristles on his snout four fate long and as thick as my thumb, and spoines all down his back loike a row of bayonets. Bedad, he wasn't the sort of minnow to go fishing for wid a stick and a bit of cotton and a bent pin. Ut wasn't his oies or his whiskers or the bristles on his back that put the wind up me. Oi could stand all that and smolie, for though I say ut mesilf, gentlemen, no braver man ever ate salt wid his dinner than Barry of Ballyunion Castle, the last of the O'Rooneys. Av he'd barked at me, snarled at me, roared at me, Oi'd have stood there cool and calm, my brawny arms folded and a smolie of scorn, contempt, and defiance on my lips. The woid rage of no ferocious tiddler could frighten me. But when he smolied, Oi departed. Ut was a moile of a smolie, or a moile and a half of ut. When he opened his face, Oi thought Oi was looking down a railway-tunnel loined wid red flannel. He had nointeen rows of teeth in each jaw, forty-six to the row, aich tooth more than a yarrd, p'r'aps a back-yarrd, long. Av he'd only had toothache or wanted them moiers attended to, ut would have been a lifelong job for a whole platoon of dentists. Arrah, the smolie he gave me! Imagine nointeen smolies all smolied ut wance, and a loving twinkle in thim dustbin-lid orbs as he gazed up at me in swate surprise. Och, the gentle, caressing, little pet! Oi could almost croy when Oi think Oi lift him in that cowl, damp place! But Oi wint back with Enoch Dalblair, and took the darlint a bit of mate for his supper."

"Phew! Open the window, and let a little fresh air in!" said Thurston. "You're a wonderful liar, Barry! Did you see the brute at all?"

"Bedad, sor, Oi'd got more intelligence!" said O'Rooney, coming back to the realms of truth. "Oi saw the wave coming across the pool, and the soize of the baste that made ut, towd me Oi wasn't in a healthy spot. Oi shinned up the bank, and when Oi tell you Oi hearrd his mouth snap shut behind me loike somebody banging an iron dure, Oi'm not romancing. Ut was just loike that, and Oi've shivers in my spoine when Oi think of ut!"

"Some sprat, evidently!" said Ching Lung. "If it's not too foggy, we'll walk across the floe and see if he's swallowed your hook. Did he roar at you?"

"Niver a roar!" answered Barry O'Rooney. "Oi didn't tell you that Tommy Prout hadn't the gumption to kape on drry land. He tumbled in, and ut's a mercy he got out afore the baste woke up and mistook him for a free lunch. What ever the baste is, shark or whale or say sarpent, he's a whopper!"

Ching Lung looked out. A breeze had sprung up, and was driving the fog away. The watchman on duty on the berg used his flash-lamp to signal down that Esteban Castaro's searchlight was again in action. The sentries moved out to their posts.

"It's clearing up, if you feel like a tramp through the slush, Rupert," said the prince. "It doesn't seem worth it, does it? Let's sit tight."

"That's wisdom, sor," said Barry O'Rooney. "Oi don't know if Oi'm intruding, but here Oi am in a lovely aisy-chair, as comfy as comfy. Oi'm off duty, and though Oi'd be the last man in the world to hint at ut, Oi know a foine cigar is coming my way and a glass of something wet to kape the cigar from drrying my mouth. Here's pace and rist and comfort! Phwat more does a man want? Outside there's fog—"

"The fog's gone, or nearly gone, Barry," said Ching Lung. "Excuse the interruption, but as you're always so careful to speak the truth, I'll put you right."

"Bedad, Oi thank your honour kindly for the correction. Outside, as Oi was saying, there's everything nasty bar fog, everything to make a man love his peaceful home and foireisde, his aisy-chair, and the cigar and the drop of whisky you two gentlemen are

"em. He'll have 'em tame enough in a week to crawl to him and eat out of his hand."

Ferrers Lord gave a slight nod, and at the signal Prout and O'Rooney seized the red-bearded man and marched him out of the hut.

"I wonder if he was inventing it, Chief?" said Ching Lung. "Can he possibly have nearly four hundred men on the island? It sounds pretty tall."

"You may divide it by two, I think," said the millionaire. "If we could get a straight fight, it would be easy enough, even if they were four hundred strong. Their position really makes them ten to one, and if Spike's story of the reinforcements is not a fairytale, our stock does not seem to be standing very high in the market. I should like to see the result of those balloon photographs when you have time. I have looked through the other films, but they do not help us. If we are to raid the island, it must be from the other side."

Barry O'Rooney must have been waiting for the millionaire to go, for he was in the hut a second after Ferrers Lord had left it.

"Phwat a loife—phwat a loife!" he said, seating himself in an easy-chair. "Bedad, twice to-day Oi've been nearly as dead as froid kipper. The first toime ut was a sharrk, and the next toime ut was a bullet, and which of the two came nearest to woiping poor ould Barry O'Rooney off the map, Oi can't say. The sharrk just missed my body and the bullet just missed my head. For preference, Oi'd have chosen the bullet, for a sharrk's stomach isn't a noice grave for any man to be buried in, although ut would save funeral expenses. Och, Barry bhoj, you've had a thrying day—a wicked day!"

"When a man talks to himself, Barry, he's always talking to a doddering idiot, and don't forget it," said Ching Lung.

"Sure, av Oi was talking to mesilf, Oi apologise," said O'Rooney. "But Oi thought Oi was addressing mesilf to the select company."

falling over each other to offer me, or ought to be, though Oi haven't noticed it yet! And yet Oi must go. There's something dhraging at me, pullin, tugging. Phwat ut is Oi can't explain, but it's hauling me by the neck and ears. Oi can't foight against ut, so go Oi must!"

"Go where and for what?" asked Rupert Thurston.  
"To the swate blue pool, and see av Oi've got a boite, sor!" said Barry O'Rooney. "And Oi've got wan pal at laste who'll go wid me!"

Barry O'Rooney pulled out Nathan Spike's automatic pistol, and patted it affectionately. It was not always easy to be sure whether Barry was talking seriously, or only joking. He was not joking this time. He wriggled into his overcoat.

"Half a second, and I'll be with you," said Ching Lung. "We'll leave Thurston to write up the log. Wait until I put a new battery in my lamp. Better take rifles. Automatic pistols are pretty little things, but I prefer a rifle. Now I'm fit!"

As they squelched through the slush, Ching Lung began to wonder why he had come at all. Before his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness he stumbled knee-deep into the squasy ruins of Gan Waga's unlucky igloo.

"I've nearly had enough of this," he said. "You'll never get a bite to-night, Barry. Let's go back, and I'll switch the gramophone on, and you can sing to it, even if it kills us!"

Barry O'Rooney made no answer, but quickened his pace. They were within thirty yards of the pond when the southern aurora threw a fan of pale orange light across the floe. There came a roar, hoarse, deafening, and frantic, and the thunder of water being lashed and beaten into foam. Between them and the flickering yellow rays, some shadowy, snake-like thing was writhing and swaying above the bank of the lagoon. Both men dropped on one knee, levelled their rifles, and fired. The reports died away into silence, the aurora faded out, and only the lapping out of the troubled waters broke the silence.

"Bedad, we had him hooked, sor, but he's bate us!" said Barry O'Rooney hoarsely, his hand on the wire rope.

The iron bar had bent inwards, but the wire rope was sound. It came in easily when O'Rooney hauled at it. The bait had gone, and the shark-hook was no longer a hook, for it had straightened out and become a harpoon.

### The Message and the Answer!

CHING LUNG showed a light while Barry O'Rooney unlashed the wire rope from the iron bar. They flashed their lamps on the pool. The water was nearly placid again, but there was a patch of crimson froth on it like a stain of blood.

"I don't think I'd make much of a song about this, Barry," said Ching Lung at last. "For one thing, I don't think they'd quite believe you."

"That's often the way win a man spakes the truth, sor. Bedad, Oi'll make a bit of a song about ut to wan spalpeen, and that same spalpeen is ould bellows-and-anvil, the smith. Oi axed him to hammer me out a sharrk-hook, something that wouldn't bend loike a bit of tin." He tested what had been a hook across his knee. "Sure, ut's not the rubbish Oi thought ut was," he added, for it resisted stoutly. "Thunder and gridirons! Some neck and jaws the baste had to pull that out as straight as a poker. Phwat was ut at all, at all?"

"Only ask me an easier one," said the prince. "I couldn't see. What I fired at was like a great twisting neck. The beggar must have had the hook in him then, and was trying to shake it out. Jupiter, didn't he roar! He couldn't have liked the taste of that hook, Barry!"

As O'Rooney was coiling up the wire, Ching Lung went to the end of the pool. If they had hit the mysterious monster, their bullets had not stopped it. It had escaped to its lair beneath the floe. After such a painful experience, it was unlikely that it would touch mutton again.

"We'll have that fellow yet, Barry, if he comes back," said the prince. "Of course, if that tunnel he was hiding in leads to the open sea, he may never stop running till he's at the other side of the South Pole, for he's had a bad shaking up. No more baits or fish-hooks. We'll drop a few wires across that pool, and link them up with an electric battery and a large-sized bomb. Then, if he comes nosing about in the dark amongst those wires, something will go up in the air. Gan Waga was right, and you were wrong. I don't know what the wretch is, brute, fish, or reptile, but I'll wager the Eskimo's island against a penny box of tin-tacks that it isn't either a walrus, a whale, or a bear."

A sentry challenged them sharply as they neared Saurian camp. "Friends!" cried Ching Lung. "O'Rooney and myself. Oh, is that you, Hildwick? Did you hear any row a little while ago?"

"A lot of roaring and bellowing, sir, and two or three shots," answered the sentry. "A big walrus, wasn't it? Did you bag it, sir?"

"I can't tell whether we hit or missed, but the brute got away," said Ching Lung. "The light was no good for straight shooting."

A light came then so bright and dazzling that it made them blink. Towards Desolatia the sky was one blaze of white and red. The jagged ice-hills gleamed, and the black cliffs of the island stood out like carved jet. A wave of flame surged upwards, belching out volumes of ink-dark smoke, and the floe quaked and shuddered beneath their feet as shouting men rushed out of the huts, their voices lost in the rumbling crash of a tremendous explosion. For an instant all was uproar and blinding glare, then blinding darkness and tense silence.

Esteban Castaro had not been experimenting with bombs this time. On a grand scale he had mined the neck of ice that locked the floe to Gan Waga's island and blown it sky-high. And as if the very elements were in league with the Mexican filibuster, a whistling, gusty wind sprang up, blowing strongly from the north. Ferrers Lord went back to his hut and glanced at the barometer. It was falling rapidly. He turned, and saw the engineer standing behind him, pipe in mouth. Hal Honour made a sweeping movement with his right arm.

"We are adrift, then, Honour?"

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U. J. G., 1922.

## STOLEN HONOURS!

(Continued from page 11.)

much interlined and corrected, passed from hand to hand among the school-boys, along with the "Fraser Advertiser."

"By gum!" said Chunky Todgers. "It looks a clear case!"

A smile hovered over Frank's lips. He had not finished yet.

"Not quite!" he said. "The editor, in announcing the winner, stated that the winning manuscript was well-written and neat. You know the kind of slovenly scrawler Gunten is."

"I—I was specially careful with my manuscript, of course," said Gunten.

"You still stick to your yarn, Gunten?"

"Do you stick to yours?" sneered Gunten. "That's the question!"

There was silence, as the schoolboys looked from one to the other. The smile still lurked on Frank's handsome face.

"Very well!" he said. "Gunten says the winning manuscript was his, and I say it was mine. We can settle it by getting the manuscript from the office of the 'Fraser Advertiser.' If it's written in my hand—"

"By gum, that will settle it!" said Lawrence.

All eyes were on Kern Gunten. He was pale as death, and breathing with difficulty.

"You can't get the manuscript!" he panted.

"I can—and will!" said Frank. "That means making the affair public, of course."

Gunten stood quite still for a moment or two. His face was like chalk, and his eyes had a hunted look.

Well he knew what the result of an investigation would be. And well he knew that tampering with the letters in a post-office was a serious offence against the law, for which he would have to answer.

"Hold on!" he gasped. "I—I say—I—I don't want this to go any farther!"

"I thought you wouldn't!" said Frank.

"I—I only meant it as a joke, really," muttered Gunten. "I—I never knew

your story would win the prize, of—of course. It was just a chance. I—I—"

"Do you own up that you stole my manuscript, and sent it to the office in your own name?" demanded Frank.

"Yes!" panted Gunten.

"You sneaking coyote!" shouted Eben Hacke. "Hand Richards his twenty dollars, and then we'll duck you!"

"I—I—"

"Shell out, you thief!"

With a trembling hand, Gunten passed a twenty-dollar bill to Frank Richards. It was the prize he had so nearly succeeded in "bagging."

Then there was a rush of the indignant Cedar Creek fellows.

Gunten, struggling and yelling, was collared and rushed down to the creek, and there was a mighty splash in the water.

The wretched trickster crawled out, drenched and dripping, and took to his heels. Gunten did not show up in school that afternoon.

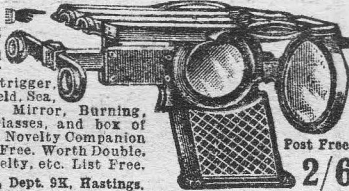
THE END.

(You must not miss the splendid long, complete story dealing with Frank Richards' schooldays in the backwoods school of Canada, in next Tuesday's issue of the POPULAR.)

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