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New  
Series.  
No. 172.

28  
Pages.

# The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED

SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.



**Peter Todd Prepares Himself for an Interview with Loder!**  
*(A Screamingly Funny Incident from the Long Complete Tale of Greyfriars in this Issue.)*

LODER OF THE SIXTH GREATLY REGRETS HAVING ORDERED PETER TODD TO FAG FOR HIM AND PREPARE FOR THE VISIT OF MAJOR LODER!



A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of HARRY WHARTON & Co., and PETER TODD, at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Tales appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Paint for Loder!

"GREAT Scott!"  
"What's that?"  
"Paint!"  
"What?"

"Paint!" said Peter Todd. "P-a-i-n-t, paint!"

A crowd of Removites had gathered round Peter Todd in the Close at Greyfriars. Peter was carrying a tin pail, nearly full of bright green paint, an aggressive green that would have made a fence visible for miles. There was a big brush in the paint—nearly as large as a tar-brush. And the juniors stared.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, who were "out" in the match with the Upper Fourth, had been coming over to the tuckshop for liquid refreshment in the shape of ginger-beer, after their labours at the wicket, when they met Peter.

At the sight of the paint in the pail they stopped, and a great many other fellows stopped, too, in wonder.

"Paint!" repeated Bob Cherry. "I didn't know you were a giddy artist, Alonzo."

Peter Todd grinned. "And I didn't know I was Alonzo," he replied. "I happen to be Peter."

"Blessed if I know t'other from which," growled Bob Cherry. "Why don't you wear a label or something? But what are you going to do with that paint?"

"Paint!"  
"Yes, I know it's paint, but what are you going to do with it?"

"Paint!"  
"You—silly ass!"

"I'm using the verb this time," explained Peter Todd. "The verb to paint. I paint, thou paintest, he paints—"

"Oh, I see! You're going to paint with that paint?"

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"Exactly."  
"Gosling given you a job to paint the fence?" asked Harry Wharton.

Peter chuckled.  
"No; I'm going to paint Loder's study."

The juniors yelled.  
"Paint Loder's study!"  
"With that awful stuff!"

"Oh, crumbs!"  
"You ass!" gasped Tom Brown.

"Loder will slaughter you. He'll chop you up into little tiny pieces if you daub that awful green on his study."

"He's ordered me to."  
"Ordered you to paint his study green?" howled Bob Cherry.

"Well, not exactly that. He's ordered me to fag for him."

"The Remove doesn't fag," said Harry Wharton. "I'm captain of the Remove. I'd punch the head of any chap that fags for Loder. That's the law."

"But he has ordered me as a prefect," explained Todd. "Good boys mustn't disobey the prefects, and I'm a good boy—ahem!—sometimes. If I don't fag for him, he's going to report me to the Head for bullying Bunter."

"My hat, the deep rotter!"  
"So I'm going to fag for him," said Peter. "I warned him that he might be sorry for it afterwards, but he didn't seem to think so. He's ordered me to get the study ready for his uncle, who's coming at four o'clock. Everything is to be spick and span and in apple-pie order. Now, the best way to make a study spick and span is to give it a fresh coat of paint. Nothing like a coat of new paint to make a place really fresh and attractive."

"Ha, ha ha!"  
"He left the money for it, too, five bob," said Peter calmly. "He may have intended me to spend the money on

eatables, but a chap is allowed to use his own judgment to a certain extent. I've spent it on paint."

"Oh, my hat!"  
"I haven't had much practice as a painter," said Peter modestly. "But I've no doubt it will look all right. I'm afraid the paint won't have time to dry before Loder's uncle comes, but that's the fault of the paint, not mine. Any of you chaps who feel interested in art can come and see me paint Loder's study."

The juniors shrieked.  
"You won't have the nerve to do it!" yelled Bulstrode.

"You'll see."  
Peter Todd walked into the house with the can of paint. The juniors followed him breathlessly. Peter Todd had proved more than once that he had endless nerve, and a courage that knew no bounds. But to paint a prefect's study in bright green, when that prefect was expecting a very special visitor to tea—that seemed quite beyond the limit, even for Peter Todd.

"Mind the other prefects don't see you, that's all," said Bob Cherry.

"The Sixth are all playing cricket, excepting Loder and Carne and Walker," said Peter Todd. "And Carne and Walker are gone up the river, and Loder's gone to meet his uncle."

Peter carried the paint into Loder's study. The other three members of the new Co. were there—Alonzo and Bunter looking scared, and Tom Dutton grinning. Billy Bunter burst forth into wild expostulations at once.

"I say, Todd, I'm not going to have a hand in it, do you hear? Loder will simply skin us. I tell you I'm not going to have a hand in it."

"Of course you're not," said Peter. "You're going to have a brush in it, though. Got the brushes, Dutton?" he roared.



Dutton nodded.

"Here they are."

"My dear Peter," said Alonzo, "I fear that our Uncle Benjamin would not approve—"

"Give Uncle Benjamin a rest for a bit, Lonzo, old man!" implored Peter. "It's up to Study No. 7 to take Loder down a peg, as top study in the Remove."

"As what?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Top study in the Remove," said Peter calmly. "Bunter, take that brush!"

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Are you funking?" roared Peter.

"Nunno; but—"

"Then take that brush and start."

"But Loder will lick us awfully!" wailed Bunter. "I—"

"He won't lick you so much as I shall, if you don't wire in," said Peter Todd.

"Funks are not allowed in the top study of the Remove."

"I say, you know—"

"You're all going to lend a hand, to show that Study No. 7 sticks together, and sticks at nothing," said Peter. "I'm going to educate you, Bunter, I'm going to turn you from a fat, lazy, cowardly porpoise into a decent chap, or kill you in the attempt. See?"

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Start!"

"But I—I—"

Peter Todd dragged the heavy brush, loaded with paint, from the pail, and advanced upon Bunter. The fat junior backed away round Loder's table, his little round eyes opening wide behind his big spectacles.

"I—I say, Todd, you know—d-d-don't—"

"I'll paint you to look as green as you are!" said Peter Todd. "I tell you that funks are barred in Study No. 7. I'm going to make a man of you. If you don't back me up, I'll paint you green all over and give you a licking you'll remember for dog's ages. I'm going to make things hum, and don't you forget it."

"My hat! You will make things hum if you stick that paint on them!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Even yet the juniors could hardly believe that Peter Todd was not "rotting." They crowded round Loder's doorway, looking in. But Peter soon showed that he was in, deadly earnest. He started on Loder's table, and gave it a coat of green that made it simply glare. The smell of paint filled the study raucously.

"He's doing it!"

"Bravo, Peter the Painter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, with a groan of apprehension as he thought of Loder, began to daub paint on the chairs. If Peter intended to turn his study-mate into anything but a funk and a greedy "boulder," he had a long and arduous task before him. But Peter was a youth of a peculiarly determined character, and he meant business. It was curious to see Bunter, the greatest funk in the Remove, entering into a jape which even Harry Wharton & Co. would have hesitated about. But his study-leader was not to be denied. Peter's force of character had made him head of Study No. 7, and his word was law.

Peter Todd was not an artistic painter; but he was a liberal one. The smell of new strong paint in Loder's study was soon simply terrific.

Having finished the table, Peter started on the mantelpiece, and the looking-glass over it. Mantelpiece and looking-glass disappeared under a thick coat of vivid green. It was not an art shade of green, either. It was a vivid—a very vivid

green. It had an edge on it; it simply glared. And the smell!

Bunter and Dutton and Alonzo were engaged on the walls. The wall-paper vanished from view, and the walls gleamed with smelly green.

Then the doorposts were painted, and the fender and the window-sashes, and the pictures on the walls and the book-case.

Loder's study was soon a study in green.

The crowd in the passage thickened. The Sixth Form passage had never been so crammed with juniors. The Greyfriars First Eleven was playing a visiting team, and all the Sixth were out of doors. Otherwise there would certainly have been some interruption. The news of the jape was spreading, and fellows arrived from all quarters to look on. Removites, Fourth-Formers, and Shell fellows, and fags of the Third and Second crammed themselves into the wide passage, shoving and jostling for a view of the interior of the study.

Coker & Co. of the Fifth came along to see what the noise was about, and Coker almost fell down when he saw how the Funny Four were engaged.

"My only hat!" roared Coker.

"What are you kids doing?"

Peter Todd glanced round.

"Fagging for Loder!" he replied.

"M-m-my Aunt Maria! My Uncle John! Loder didn't tell you to do that, did he?"

"He told us to fag for him. This is the way we do it."

"Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the crowd.

Coker staggered away, almost doubled up with mirth. He had had his own rubs with Loder, and he was not disposed to interfere. Besides, even Fifth-Formers would not have been allowed to interfere. Peter Todd, armed with a big brush and a can of paint, would have been rather a difficult person to tackle.

The four painted away industriously.

Every object in Loder's study was soon gleaming and glaring with green.

Then Peter Todd, like Alexander the Great, looked round for fresh worlds to conquer.

Loder's hat-box, containing Loder's best Sunday topper, caught his eye. He opened the box and took out the topper. The crowd shrieked as he painted the glossy topper with a coat of thick green. Loder was never likely to wear that topper again.

Peter Todd set the topper on the table in a conspicuous place to catch Loder's eye when he came back. Then he put down the brush.

"I think we've done enough!" he remarked.

"Enough!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I think so, too. You've done enough to make Loder go stark, staring, raving potty."

"And he's bringing his special uncle—the uncle who tips him!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Loder's uncle will be surprised."

"The surprisefulness will be terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I guess Loder will scalp Toddy," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I shouldn't care to be in Toddy's shoes when Loder comes home."

"No fear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Think we've done enough?" asked Peter Todd, looking round.

"Ow! Let's get out," said Dutton.

"The smell of this paint is making me

feel quite queer. Shall I open the window?"

"Oh, no! Leave plenty of smell for Loder. He's paid for the paint, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Peter & Co. quitted the study. The juniors made way for them to pass. The four were somewhat pained themselves after their labours, and not nice to touch. Peter closed the door of Loder's study as he left. And the crowd dispersed, gasping with merriment.

"But what will Loder say?" said Johnny Bull.

And that was quite an interesting question.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Loder Does Not Like It.

"HAH! And this is Greyfriars, my boy?"

"Yes, Uncle William!"

Fellows who knew Loder of the Sixth well would not have known him now. The bully of the Sixth, the over-bearing prefect, the black sheep of Greyfriars, whose chief attribute was "swank," was completely changed in the presence of his uncle. Loder had great expectations from that uncle. Major Loder had frequently sent him tips, and Loder had tried hard to get the major to visit him at the school. He rightly considered that an uncle who sent him pound-notes by post would be good enough for a fiver after being shown round the school and entertained to a study tea, and made much of and buttered up skilfully. And Loder was an adept in the gentle art of "buttering" up when he chose. His manner with his uncle was wonderful. Respectful and submissive, and eager to please, Loder would certainly have surprised his friends in this new rose.

Major Loder was a stout old gentleman. He had a purple face fringed with white whiskers, and his eyes had a boiled appearance, and seemed continually upon the point of starting out of his head. Major Loder had spent many long years in India, and he had come home with a worrying liver, and a habit of treating his relations as if they were Sepoy soldiers. And as he was rolling in wealth, most of his relations cheerfully submitted to the major's tantrums. Gerald Loder was the most dutiful of nephews. As he had told his chum Carne in confidence, the major could not live for ever—though the tough old soldier seemed to be obstinately bent upon doing so if he could.

Major Loder had listened to the voice of the charmer at last, and consented to visit Loder at the school.

It was a very anxious time for Loder. If all went well, it meant at least a five-pound note for him—possibly a tenner. But the major was hard to please, and very exacting, and liable to take offence at the slightest thing. Loder looked forward anxiously to the moment when the train would bear his uncle away, and the ordeal would be safely over. Meanwhile, he was all that a really affectionate and dutiful nephew should be.

"Yes, this is Greyfriars, uncle," said Loder, as he piloted his uncle into the Close—"the dear old school, uncle, that I've written to you so much about! You don't know how anxious I have been for you to see it. And I've talked to the fellows a lot about my Uncle William, and they're anxious to see you. I've told them all about the way you chopped down that Afghan in the Khyber Pass—"

"The Ghoolybooly Pass," grunted his uncle.

"I mean the Ghoolybooly Pass, uncle," said Loder, biting his lip.

"Huh!" said Uncle William

"I've told the chaps that you'll tell them the story, perhaps, uncle," said Loder. "You won't mind, will you? They're simply longing to hear it."

His uncle's face cleared.

"I'll do all I can to entertain your young friends, Gerald," he said genially.

"It's very kind of you, Uncle William."

"Not at all, my boy—not at all!"

And Uncle William purred. He had told that story of the Ghoolybooly Pass, and the Afghan he had cut down with the man's own tulwar, some hundreds of times, always with success. He told it in words that his hearers did not understand, for the most part. Loder had often wondered what a tulwar was, but had never taken the trouble to ask. But when a man had a hundred thousand pounds in the funds he was not likely to lack hearers for his stories, even at the hundredth repetition.

Fellows in the Close looked at Loder and his uncle as they passed. The juniors especially seemed interested, and many of them were grinning. Loder did not see what there was to grin at, though he was soon to discover.

Carne and Walker had come in from the river, and they raised their caps very respectfully to Loder's uncle. Loder had asked them to tea, and they had agreed to come. They had agreed to come, as they stated quite plainly, simply out of friendship for Loder, and Walker had asked rather apprehensively whether they would have to listen to many yarns about India. Loder had solemnly promised to help Walker entertain his aunt, who was expected the following week, and on that condition Walker had agreed to back him up in standing his uncle.

Walker and Carne were presented to the major, who shook hands with them very genially.

"Loder's told us about that Chinaman you killed in the Chuggerwugger Pass, sir," said Carne. "I wish you'd tell us that story at tea."

"It was an Afghan," grunted the major. "And it was in the Ghoolybooly Pass."

"You killed him with his own pigtail, or something, didn't you, sir?" said Walker hastily to cover up Carne's little mistake.

"His own tulwar," said the major, with another growl. "Don't you know what a tulwar is?"

"Why, of course, sir!" said Walker, with a rather troubled smile. "A tulwar—it's the Chinese for—for—"

"It isn't a Chinese word."

"Oh!"

"This way, Uncle William!" said Loder hastily, and he led the major into the house.

Carne and Walker looked at one another.

"Look here, I'm jolly well not going to stand him very long," said Walker. "I shall excuse myself as soon as tea's over."

"Better be careful. Loder might cut up rusty when your aunt comes."

Walker groaned.

"I forgot that. I say, Carne, what is a tulwar?"

"Blessed if I know. Some kind of a battle-axe, perhaps."

Loder led his uncle into the Sixth-  
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Form passage. Three or four fags were mysteriously peeping round corners, and there were sounds of chucking in the distance.

"My quarters are here, Uncle William," said Loder. "I've been making some little preparations for your visit. You'll have tea in the study with us, won't you?"

"Certainly, my boy—certainly!"

"This is my study."

Gerald Loder opened the door, and stood politely back for his uncle to enter.

Major Loder stepped into the doorway. Then he stopped.

In the study, where door and window had been tightly closed ever since Todd & Co. had ceased operations, the smell of paint was simply terrific. It seemed almost thick enough to cut with a knife.

The major gasped and coughed.

"Huh, huh! Oh! Hah, huh!"

Loder jumped.

He gave a glare into the study.

The cad of the Sixth could not believe his eyes.

Glaring green paint on all sides met his gaze. The walls, the looking-glass, the table and chairs and pictures—all were smothered with it.

Green—green everywhere, and the reek of the paint was fearful.

The major staggered against the door-post, almost overcome by the fumes of paint. His well-brushed black coat rested against a big daub of paint, which promptly transferred its colour to the coat.

"Huh, hah, huh!"

"Good heavens!" gasped Loder.

"What—what—"

The major backed out into the passage, panting. One of his sleeves and shoulder glistened with bright green paint.

"Huh, hah, huh! You young rascal!"

"I—I—I—"

"Look at my sleeve! Look at that paint!"

"Uncle—"

"Grooh! Huh, huh!"

"It's a trick!" yelled Loder furiously. "It's a rotten joke—"

"You dare to play a joke like this upon me?"

"I—I didn't. I mean it's a trick—"

"You have already said it is a trick!" bellowed the major. "And I am quite aware that it is a trick—a disgraceful trick, sir! You may be accustomed to playing these tricks at this school, sir, but I do not like them; I refuse to enter into the humour of it, sir! I do not see the humour of it. If you expected to please me with a trick like this, you have made a great mistake, sir! I refuse to enter your study. I refuse to remain here another instant! I do not want any more of your tricks, sir. You may play your tricks upon some other uncle who may possibly appreciate them. I do not, sir!"

And the major stamped down the passage.

Loder panted. He was infuriated by the horrible state of his study, but he was still more alarmed by his uncle's anger. He ran after the furious old major.

"Uncle—"

"Do not address me!" thundered the major. "Look at my coat! Look at my sleeve! I am smothered with paint—smothered, sir! How dare you play such a trick on me? How dare you, sir! Huh!"

"I'm sorry—"

"Yes, I dare say you are sorry now.

You will learn, sir, that I am not the kind of uncle you can play mad pranks upon with impunity!"

"Uncle William—"

"Not a word, sir! I am going!"

"Uncle, I didn't—I never—I—"

"Silence!"

Loder caught at his uncle's sleeve as the irate old gentleman stamped on. The major turned a purple face upon him, and smote, and Loder yelled and reeled back under a swinging box on the ear. Then the major stalked out of the School House, and stalked away across the Close, fuming with rage; and he did not return.

Loder reeled against the passage wall, his ear burning, his face white with rage. Carne and Walker came along, and stared at him.

"Just passed your nunky in the Close," said Walker. "He was going to the gates. There was a lot of paint on his coat. Anything happened?"

"He's gone!"

"Had a row?" asked Carne.

"Look at my study!" panted Loder.

Walker and Carne looked into the study and gasped. Then they roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose your fag's done this?" howled Walker. "Ha, ha, ha! I warned you you'd have trouble if you fagged those Remove rotters. Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to laugh at!" shrieked Loder. "My uncle thinks I did it to play a trick on him, and he's gone off in a fury."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly, cackling asses—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up!" screamed Loder, beside himself with rage.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Walker and Carne.

Loder rushed at them in his fury, hitting out savagely. Carne and Walker staggered away, still shrieking with laughter. Loder, panting, stood glaring into his painted study, almost weeping with rage.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
In Armour Clad!

**B**OB CHERRY came along the Remove passage, and stopped at the door of Study No. 7. He knocked, but the door did not open. Perhaps Todd was expecting a visitor, and he had taken the precaution to lock the door upon the inside.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob. Clang!

Something heavy and metallic dropped inside the study, with a clang that rang along the whole passage.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, who had followed Bob to Todd's door. "I say, Toddy, are you at home?"

"Yes," called back Peter's voice from inside the study.

"Let us in, then?"

"Loder there?"

"No; he's waiting for you downstairs in the prefects' room."

There was a chuckle, and the door was opened. Wharton and Bob Cherry entered, and the door was closed at once and locked.

Wharton and Bob gasped with astonishment as they looked at the fellow in the study.

It was not a Greyfriars junior they saw before them.

It was a knight in complete armour.

**TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.**  
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"FIVE POUNDS REWARD!"**

A GRAND  
::



Breastplate and graves, and helmet, with vizor closed, the whole outfit complete. The juniors recognised the old armour from the school museum, but they could not recognise Peter Todd. He had disappeared.

"Is—is that you, Todd?" gasped Nugent.

"Yes," came a voice from the depths of the helmet.

"What on earth are you got up like that for?"

"To see Loder!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Did you have permission to borrow these things from the school museum?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Anybody know?"

"I didn't ask permission," said Peter calmly. "It wouldn't have been any good. They'd have said 'No.'"

"I should jolly well think they would!" "I've got to see Loder. He's bound to be cross—"

"You should see him," chuckled Bob Cherry. "He's simply stark raving. His uncle's gone off in a temper, and Loder's raging. He's got the prefects all together, except Wingate major, in the prefects' room, and they've sent us to tell you to come. They're going to wallop you baldheaded, if you go. I should advise you not to."

"That's why we brought the message," said Harry, "to give you the tip to keep clear."

"Thanks!" said Peter Todd, his voice coming with muffled tones from the depths of the iron helmet. "But if Loder wants to see me, I'll go. He can't hurt me much in this rig, unless he tries to cane me with a pickaxe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll get a licking for taking the Head's armour out of the museum," said Bob Cherry.

"Not so bad as the licking I should get without it."

"Ha, ha! No."

"Help me fasten on these blessed gauntlets," said Todd. "I don't know how the giddy old knights used to walk about in these heavy things. Must have been awful funks in those days, I should think, to cover themselves up with iron in this way when they went into battle. Fancy one of our soldier boys sneaking into an iron pot like this! But it's a jolly useful thing when you're going to see Loder."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're really going downstairs in that rig?" gasped Wharton.

"What-ho!"

"It will make a sensation."

"That's all right. I shall only look like my ancestor, Sir Peter de Todd, at the Battle of What-d'ye-call it. Look round me and see if I'm fixed all over. It's the first time I've ever worn an iron waistcoat."

"I imagine it will be the last, too, if the Head sees you in his precious relics," grinned Bob Cherry. "That armour is worth a lot of money."

"All the better. Loder won't dare to use the poker on it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

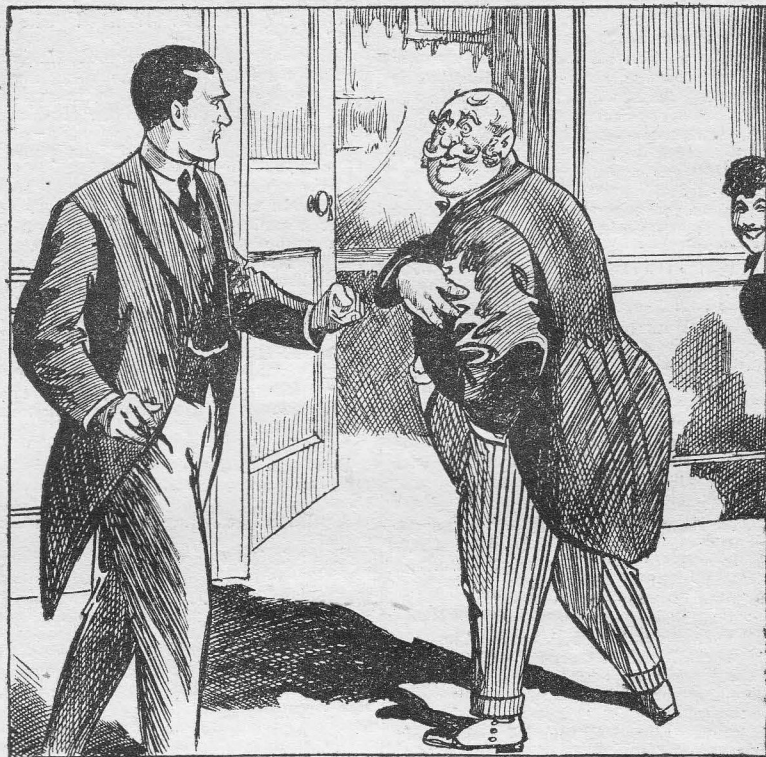
The chums of Study No. 1 helped Peter Todd to fasten on his extraordinary garments. There was a knock at the door, and the voice of Bunter minor, of the Second Form, came through the key-hole:

"I say, Todd, Loder wants you in the prefects' room."

"Tell him I'm just coming."

"Right-ho!"

"Where are Alonzo, and Dutton, and Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton. "They're in this with you."



**PAINT FOR THE MAJOR!**—The major stamped down the passage. "Look at my coat! Look at my sleeve! I am smothered with green paint—smothered, sir! How dare you play such a trick on me, sir?" he panted, glaring at his horrified nephew. "Uncle William, I didn't—I never—I—" stuttered Loder. (See Chapter 2.)

Peter Todd shook his head, or, rather his helmet.

"I've sent them down to Friardale to get some grub at Uncle Clegg's," he said. "This is my little game, and I'm going to face the music. I'm leader, and it's up to me to take the gruel. Now I think I'm ready!"

Todd unlocked the door and strode out into the passage—not very easily, for the armour was decidedly heavy. His footsteps rang upon the hard oaken floor with a loud clang that echoed through the passage and the studies.

Most of the Remove fellows had come in to tea. At the sound of those clanking footsteps, doors were opened on all sides, and there were yells of astonishment at the sight of a gallant knight in armour striding down the passage, with clanking feet.

Clank, clank, clank!

"Great Christopher Columbus! What is it?"

"Who is it?"

"It's the doctor's armour out of the museum!" yelled Bolsover major. "But who's inside it?"

"Todd!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be alarmed, you chaps!" came a muffled voice from the fastened vizor.

"I'm only goin' to see Loder!"

"See Loder—like that! My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The ha-ha-ha-fulness is terrific!"

"Faith, and won't Loder be plazed intoirly!" howled Micky Desmond.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clank, clank, clank, clank!

The armour-clad junior strode down the passage with resounding strides, and reached the stairs. The juniors poured

out of the study to follow him. It was Peter Todd's "latest"; and it seemed to the Removites to go even one better than the painting of Loder's study. They wanted to see Loder's face when the joker of the Remove turned up for punishment in garments upon which a cane—or a poker, for that matter—would have no effect.

Clank, clank, clankety-clank!

All Greyfriars might have heard of Peter Todd going downstairs. In the lower passage Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, met the striding knight. Gwynne of the Sixth was with him. The two prefects almost fell down at the sight of a knight of old striding towards them. Wingate rubbed his eyes.

"Who is that?" he roared, wondering whether he was dreaming.

"It's all right, Wingate. I'm going to see Loder."

"Great Scott! Go and take that armour off, you young rascal!"

"Must see Loder first, Wingate, if you don't mind. He's ordered me to go to him at once, and I mustn't disobey a prefect. It wouldn't be respectful."

Wingate yelled with laughter.

Clank, clank, clank!

Peter Todd strode on towards the prefects' room. Wingate and Gwynne, wiping away their tears, went out into the Close. A cheering crowd followed Peter to the door of the prefects' room, where he knocked respectfully.

"Come in!" said Loder's voice—a voice choking with rage.

Peter Todd opened the door. There were four prefects in the room—Loder,

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Walker, Dunne, and Fane. Carne of the Sixth was also there. They were going to help in bestowing such a thrashing upon Peter Todd that he would never want to paint a Sixth Form study again.

The Sixth had howled over the "study in green," as much as the Lower Forms, but they were agreed that the dignity of the Sixth must be upheld; and even the kind-hearted Wingate had not had anything to say against severe punishment being visited upon the japer. But it was not merely punishment that Todd was to have; the bullies of the Sixth intended it to go farther than that. Loder had brought in a riding-whip instead of a cane, and he meant to thrash the junior till he could be thrashed no longer.

Uncle William had gone away without tipping his dutiful nephew, and Loder had a long explanation to make by letter; and he was not at all sure how his uncle would receive it, either—the major was a most unreliable old gentleman. Loder felt that he owed it all to Peter Todd, and he intended to pay Todd with interest all that he owed him.

Clank, clank, clank!

The six seniors jumped up in amazement as the armoured figure clanked into the room. Loder stared at it blankly.

"Who's that?" he roared.

"You sent for me, Loder?"

"Todd!"

"Yes, please," said Peter meekly.

"Todd!" roared Carne. "Oh, my hat! Take those things off! You're going to have the licking of your life, you young scoundrel!"

"If you please, Carne, I'd rather keep these things on till I've had the licking of my life," murmured Peter Todd.

There was an explosion of laughter from the doorway. Loder strode to the doorway, and slammed the door. Then he turned upon the Removite, his face perfectly livid with rage.

"Take that armour off, you young fool!" he commanded.

"Aren't you going to lick me?"

"Yes, I am, within an inch of your life!" said Loder, grinding his teeth. "I'll teach you to paint my study green!"

"If you please, Loder, I don't want teaching. I know how to do it, and I've had some practice now," said Peter meekly.

"Take those things off!"

"Rats!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Poor old Loder!" murmured Peter Todd. "He's getting deaf in his old age! I said rats, Loder! R-a-t-s—rats! And many of 'em!"

"My word!" said Carne. "I never heard such cheek! I'd skin him, if I were you, Loder! Why, he's worse than Wharton, or Cherry, or any of that gang!"

"I'm going to skin him!" said Loder, between his teeth. "For the last time, Todd, will you take that rubbish off?"

"This isn't rubbish," explained Todd. "It's armour—really valuable armour! Same as Sir Peter de Todd wore at the Battle of Thingummy!"

"Will you take it off?"

"No. I'm taking you off now, Loder!"

"What!"

"I'm pulling your leg, you know!" said Peter cheerfully.

The Sixth-Formers chuckled, excepting Loder. Loder did not chuckle. He gave a kind of roar, like an infuriated bull, and rushed at the junior, lashing out with the riding-whip.

Slash, slash, slash!

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"Go it!" said Peter Todd's voice encouragingly from the helmet. "I don't feel any pain, Mr. Dentist! Pile it on!"

Loder stopped, and panted. It was evidently not of much use thrashing a junior who was wrapped up in armour thick enough to withstand the blow of a battle-axe.

"Collar him, you chaps!" he panted.

"Get those things off him!"

"Right-ho!"

And half a dozen seniors closed round Peter Todd. They gripped him all at once, and dragged him over, and there was a terrific crash as the armour-clad junior bumped on the floor.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Loder! Luck is Out.

**C**RASH!

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in the passage. "That sounds as if somebody had fallen down."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob threw the door open, and the crowded juniors gazed into the prefects' room.

A wild and whirling scene was in progress.

Loder & Co. had got the junior down, but they did not seem to be able to get much farther. Peter Todd was struggling wildly, and the seniors were getting hurt—not Peter Todd.

Carne retreated with his hand to his nose. A steel gauntlet had come into violent contact with Carne's nose, and it was streaming red. Walker roared as he received a clump on the head which made him see more stars in a single moment than any astronomer ever saw in his whole career.

"Ow, ow! Yah!"

"Ow! My nose! Groog!"

"Go it!" roared the juniors. "Go it, Todd! Pile in, Sir Roger de Coverley!"

Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bravo, Peter!"

Crash, crash!

The armour-clad junior made an effort to rise, and fell again, crashing. It was not so easy to rise after once falling in the heavy panoply of the knights of the Middle Ages.

Loder sprawled across Peter Todd, and hammered at him furiously, and roared with pain. He did not hurt Peter, but he hurt his fist considerably.

"Gerroff!" gasped Peter. "If I hit you you'll be hurt! I warn you!"

"Yow! Ow, ow!" roared Loder.

"There! I told you so!"

"Yah! Oh!"

"Ow!" groaned Carne. "Ow! By dose—by dose! Ow!"

Then Walker shrieked as a heavy gauntlet smote him on the chest, and he rolled over.

Peter Todd swept his heavy arms round, and the weight of them simply knocked the seniors right and left. They rolled, gasping, on the floor round him, and the armour-clad junior climbed with difficulty to his feet.

He surveyed the scene of havoc through the bars of the visor. Loder sat up, panting, and Carne was still caressing his nose. Walker had retreated to the end of the room. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and he had had enough. Thrashing a junior was very different work from this, and Walker did not like it.

"All over?" asked Peter Todd calmly. "If you're done with me, Loder, I'll go!"

"Ow!" gasped the prefect.

"All down!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"It's the end of the innings!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, by dose!" groaned Carne.

Peter Todd clanked towards the door. Loder looked up and rushed to the fireplace, and caught up the poker. Then he leaped at Peter Todd. There was a yell of warning from the juniors in the doorway.

"Look out, Todd!"

But Todd was looking out. He was round on Loder, and received the clash of the poker upon an iron gauntlet. There was a terrific clang, and the poker flew out of Gerald Loder's hand. Then there was a roar from Dunne. The flying poker had caught him on the side of the head—and it hurt.

"Oh, you silly idiot! Oh! Ah!"

"It was that young demon's fault!" panted Loder. "Help me get that fool-armour off him!"

"Yow! Get it off him yourself! Yah! I'm done! I've had enough of this!" yelled the Sixth-Former. "Ow! Ow!"

Peter Todd clanked towards the door again. Loder leaped upon him like a wild-cat, and grasped him. Peter Todd smote the prefect gently in the ribs with his gauntlets, and Loder roared with pain.

"You young fiend! I—I'll be the death of you!" he shrieked.

"He's more likely to be the death of you, Loder!" shrieked Nugent. "Look out for his boxing-gloves!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The prefect grappled furiously with the junior. They reeled out into the passage, and the juniors made way for them, choking with laughter.

"Mind Todd doesn't tread on your feet!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You'll feel the weight if he does!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Crash, crash! Clang!

Peter Todd was down again, with Loder, on the passage floor. There was a sudden yell from the end of the passage.

"Cave!"

"The Head!"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It's the Head! Poor old Toddy!"

It was not surprising that the terrific din had brought the Head of Greyfriars to the spot. Dr. Locke swept upon the scene with a decidedly angry countenance, his gown sweeping behind him.

"What is this? What is this?" The Head could hardly believe his eyes as he saw the figure in armour rolling on the floor in the furious grip of Loder. "Loder! What does this mean? Who is this—this person?"

"Sir Roger de Coverley, sir!" said an unknown voice from the crowd.

And there was a ripple of laughter. Loder staggered to his feet.

"It's Todd, sir—Peter Todd, of the Remove! He has taken the armour out of the school museum, and dressed himself in it, and refused to take it off at my order!"

"So that he could be licked—don't forget that, Loder!" came a voice from the crowd.

"Todd! Bless my soul! Todd! Get up at once, sir!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Peter. "Excuse me—I have to get up a bit at a time, sir. This a-mour is jolly heavy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, boys! Todd, this ridiculous prank—"

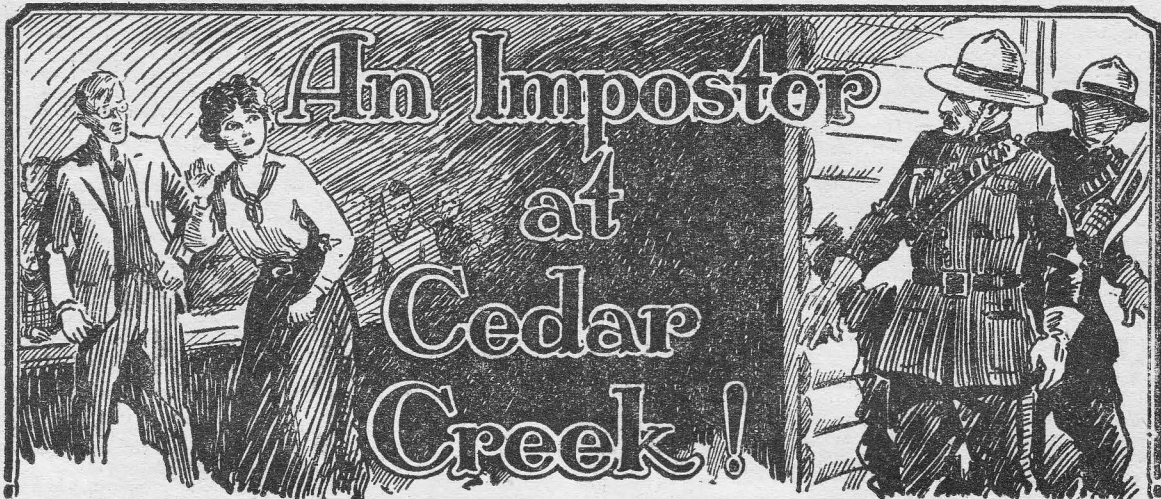
Todd was up at last. The Head gazed at him blankly. He was not unused to wild pranks from the Remove—the most unruly form in Greyfriars School. But he had never expected anything like this. Words failed him.

"I hope you don't mind my borrowing the armour, sir," said Todd cheer-

(Continued on page 16.)



AN OUTCAST AND A FUGITIVE HIDING FROM THE POLICE, MR. SLIMMEY'S TWIN-BROTHER  
TURNS UP AT CEDAR CREEK. AND BRINGS TROUBLE TO THE YOUNG MASTER!



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of

## FRANK RICHARDS

(The Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### A Startling Discovery!

"YOU must go!"  
Frank Richards started and looked up from his book.

Frank was seated under a tree on the bank of the creek, some distance from Cedar Creek schoolhouse.

He had "De Bello Gallico" open on his knees improving the shining hour by giving Cæsar a look-up.

Latin was not in the curriculum at the backwoods school, but Frank, who was of a studious turn of mind, sometimes had a "go" at it in his leisure hours. He had brought his old school-books with him when he came to the Canadian West.

His chums, Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc, were canoeing on the creek, and Frank had retired to that secluded spot with the Gallic War, which had been very familiar to him in the old days.

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master at Cedar Creek, was a good Latin scholar, and he sometimes gave Frank a little help in that line. Mr. Slimmey was a somewhat irresolute young man in glasses, and the Cedar Creek fellows not infrequently made fun of him, and of his respectful adoration of Miss Meadows, the schoolmistress. But he was kind and good-natured, and Frank had a good deal of regard and respect for him.

It was Mr. Slimmey's irresolute voice that came to the schoolboy's ears suddenly from the timber behind him. "You must go, Rufus! Do you hear?"

Mr. Slimmey's voice was agitated, and he was evidently under the stress of emotion.

A laugh followed—a low, evil laugh, that made Frank Richards start as he heard it.

"Rufus! I tell you—"

"I cannot go!" It was a hard, cold voice that replied. "I've come to you for help, Paul!"

"How can I help you—you, a fugitive from justice? How can I help you? And I ought not, if I could!"

"You can—and must! Are you thinking of handing over your own brother to the Mounted Police?"

Frank Richards rose to his feet.

His cheeks were burning.

Chance had placed him in the position of an eavesdropper, but he had not the slightest desire to hear Mr. Slimmey's business.

But he paused as he stood under the big tree.

The tree was between him and the speakers in the timber, and if he went along the bank he would come out into full view of them.

He hesitated.

That Paul Slimmey, the quiet and irresolute assistant-master, had a brother who was a fugitive from justice, was a startling discovery. Frank realised how humiliated the young man would be if he found that his secret had been discovered, however unintentionally.

Frank was in an awkward position.

As he stood hesitating, wondering what he ought to do, the voices went on. The speakers were within a few yards of him.

"You've got to help me, Paul. I've got to get clear, somehow. Hang it all, your own twin-brother—"

"What kind of a brother have you been to me?" said Mr. Slimmey bitterly.

"You have always disgraced me. I had to give up a good position in England on your account. And then, even in this country, you turned up again. Was not the world wide enough for you to go a different way?"

"I swear that was by chance. I was surprised when I first saw you in Thompson. I never intended to trouble you—"

"And yet you have come here?"

"I had no choice. I got into trouble at Vancouver, and I had to clear out in two days."

"The same old tale, I suppose. Drink, cards, and the rest!"

"Never mind that. I was never built your way, Paul—mentally and morally, I mean, though physically it's not easy to tell us apart. We went our different ways from boyhood. Look here, you've

got to help me get clear! They are on my track!"

"The police?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens!"

"There are two of them in Thompson now, making inquiries. I can't run for it—where could I go? I thought of you as a last resource. You can hide me somewhere, Paul, till the scent grows cold."

"Hide you—a thief!"

"You've got some quarters here, I suppose! Where do you live?"

"I have a cabin near the school-

house."

"You are alone there?"

"I live there alone. Miss Meadows' servants look after the place, and I take most of my meals in the schoolhouse. It would not be possible to hide you in my cabin. It would be impossible. But if it were possible I would not do it. I will not shelter a thief. How do I know that even at this moment you have not your plunder about you?"

"That is neither here nor there. I must have a shelter for a few days, at least, till the Mounted Police have given up looking in this district. After that, I may get away to the hills."

"Impossible!"

"Paul!"

"I cannot help you. You have no right to ask. If I did I should be a criminal myself."

"Don't drive me too far, Paul!" The voice had a deep, menacing tone in it. "You know I am desperate."

"I am not afraid of you. I will not give you away. I will not utter a word to harm you, but I cannot give you help. That is final."

There was a rustling in the under-wood as the master moved away.

There was no reply. Paul Slimmey was gone.

Frank Richards heard a muttered oath in the timber, and then there was another rustling as Rufus Slimmey crept away.

Frank stood rooted to the ground. He would have given words not to

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have heard that muttered talk. But, at least, not a word of it should pass his lips, and Mr. Slimmey should never know that he knew.

The boy did not move till long after the receding footsteps had died in the distance.

Then, with a troubled face, he moved away along the creek.

There was nothing he could do to help Paul Slimmey in his trouble, nothing but hold his tongue, and act as if he knew nothing of the young master's affairs. But he would have been very glad to hear that the North-West Mounted Police had succeeded in running down the fugitive from Vancouver.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

In the Lead of Night!

**W**HAT—what shall I do?" The hour was late.

While Frank Richards was sleeping soundly that night in his room at the far-off ranch, the assistant-master of Cedar Creek School was pacing his cabin, sleepless, restless.

Cedar Creek School was sunk into silence and slumber. Not a light glimmered from any window.

But a light was still burning in the young master's cabin.

Midnight had passed, but Paul Slimmey was not thinking of bed. He could not have slept.

He was thinking of his brother.

The man who had disgraced him in the Old Country, the man who had been a black shadow on his life from boyhood, was at hand again.

Somewhere out in the darkness the fugitive was lurking.

Paul Slimmey had refused to help him. He knew it was only too probable that the wastrel had about him at that very moment the proceeds of the robbery for which he was being tracked down by the North-West Mounted Police.

To give him shelter and aid was impossible—indeed, the young master could not have done so if he would. Where was he to hide him?

But, rascal as his twin-brother was, he could not help feeling some concern in his fate.

And his fate was sure.

If the Mounted Police had tracked him as far as Thompson, the end was certain. In Thompson they could not fail to learn that a Mr. Slimmey was a master at the lumber school.

Rufus Slimmey's reason for coming to that district would be apparent to them at once when they knew that fact.

They would know that he had come there seeking his brother's help, and they would follow.

He would be questioned. They would want to know if he had seen the fugitive. What was he to say?

"What shall I do?" muttered the young man again and again as he paced the cabin restlessly.

He stopped suddenly as there was a sound at the door. Was it the police already? His heart almost ceased to beat as he faced the doorway, waiting.

The door opened.

Framed in the doorway, with the blackness behind him, stood the figure of the outcast.

"Rufus! You—you have come here!" panted Paul Slimmey.

The man stepped in and closed the door behind him. Without a word he dropped the wooden bar into its place.

Then he turned to his brother.

There was a moment of tense silence as they looked at one another in the light of the kerosene lamp.

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Strangely alike they looked as they stood thus.

Dissimilar as they were in character, Nature had cast the twins in the same physical mould.

In height, in build, in features, they were almost counterparts.

The difference was marked in their clothes, and by Rufus Slimmey's thick moustache, and the fact that he did not wear glasses.

Other differences there were none.

Mr. Slimmey stood rooted to the floor, his breath coming and going in gasps. His eyes were fixed upon his brother, as they might have been fixed upon a serpent.

A mocking grin crossed Rufus Slimmey's face.

"You are surprised to see me here, I guess!" he remarked.

"You must be mad to come here!" said Mr. Slimmey huskily. "You were mad to see me at all. The police will be here to-morrow at the latest."

"I know it."

"They will want to know if I have seen you."

"And you will tell them?"

"What can I tell them? Do you think I am going to utter falsehoods on your account?" exclaimed the young man passionately. "You are a scoundrel to come here at all! You knew I could not help a thief to escape with his plunder."

"It was a chance, at least."

"Go!" said Mr. Slimmey. "Go while there is time! Go at once, and I will refuse to answer any questions. That is the utmost I can do."

The wastrel smiled, and sat down on a stool at the table.

"Have you any food here?" he asked.

"Yes, if you are hungry."

"I am hungry."

"I will give you a meal before you go—such as I can. But—"

"The food—the food!" interrupted the outcast. "Your eloquence can come later, my dear brother. You were always too much given to preaching."

In silence the young man set the food before him—corn-cakes and ham. The outcast devoured them ravenously.

"Anything to smoke?" he asked, when he had finished.

"I do not smoke."

"Then you've nothing here?"

"Nothing!"

"You were always a fool!"

Mr. Slimmey drew a deep breath.

"I have done all I can for you—more than my conscience justifies," he said.

"Now go!"

"I am not going yet," said the outcast coolly. "My dear brother, it is years since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your company. Let me enjoy it a little longer. Do you remember that old story—what happened in England, when you had to resign your position in a school—"

"I remember only too well!" said Mr. Slimmey bitterly. "Taking advantage of your resemblance to me, you penetrated to the place and committed a robbery. I had great difficulty in proving my innocence; and I had to resign and leave.

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It was like you—base and treacherous from your birth!"

Rufus Slimmey laughed.

"That old story came into my mind while I was dodging the Mounted Police," he remarked. "A game that was played once can be played again—if you choose to help. Look at me! In your clothes, and with a clean shave, I—"

"What do you mean?"

"Cannot you guess? You are free to come and go as you like. Disappear for a week, and leave me in your place."

"What!"

"I have more than brains enough to take your place here," said the outcast, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "And as Paul Slimmey, assistant-master to a backwoods school, I am safe—I can defy the police. They will see the resemblance—they will note that in any case. But I should play my part well. Your Miss Meadows would answer for it that I am Paul Slimmey, teacher—"

"You scoundrel!"

"It would work—if you will go and leave me a clear field!"

"To rob Miss Meadows, too, when you were safe."

"I will promise."

"That is enough. Will you go?"

"I guess not!"

Mr. Slimmey clenched his hands. "Listen to me!" he said. "I have had more than enough of your rascality and insolence. If you are not gone within five minutes, I shall call in the stableman to help me secure you, and hand you over to the police when they arrive here! I mean that!"

The outcast watched his face, with a mocking smile.

"I believe you do!" he said.

"You will find that I do."

Rufus Slimmey rose to his feet.

"Then there is nothing for me to do but go!" he said.

"Nothing."

"Or else—"

"Or else what?"

"This!"

And as he spoke the outcast was upon the young master with the spring of a tiger.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Borrowed Identity.

**CRASH!**

Mr. Slimmey went to the floor, taken wholly by surprise by the sudden attack. The knee of the outcast was planted on his chest, and two savage, burning eyes looked down at him.

The young master struggled.

But, similar as they were in build, the young outcast was twice a match for the young master in strength. He held him as helpless as an infant.

"You never were a match for me, Paul," he smiled. "You should not have played with me, my boy! Ah! Silence!"

Mr. Slimmey had opened his mouth to shout for help.

But a heavy hand was laid upon it, choking back his cry.

He was still struggling, but in vain. The knee on his chest pinned him down.

"Silence, you fool!" hissed the outcast.

There was a panting gasp from Mr. Slimmey. Feeble as he was in the grasp of the unscrupulous ruffian, his courage was undaunted, and he still resisted.

Rufus Slimmey had grasped his right wrist. Now, he shifted his knee to Mr. Slimmey's left arm, pinning it down; and all the time he kept his iron grip on his mouth.

In spite of Paul Slimmey's resistance,



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his right arm was forced under the outcast's left knee.

Then the ruffian had his other hand free.

He extracted Mr. Slimmey's handkerchief, and jammed it savagely into his mouth.

"That silences you, you fool!" he muttered.

He drew a length of cord from his pocket, and bound the young master's wrists together.

Then he rose, panting, to his feet.

Mr. Slimmey lay on the floor, helpless. But the ruffian had not finished yet. He bound another cord about the young man's ankles, reducing him to complete helplessness.

"That finishes you, Paul!"

Mr. Slimmey's eyes burned at him.

"I will give you another chance," muttered Rufus Slimmey. "I know you'd keep your word. Will you go and leave the coast clear for me here?"

The bound man shook his head.

"Then you will take the consequences!"

The ruffian knelt beside his victim, and proceeded to fasten the gag more securely, and to knot again the cords that confined his limbs. He did the work with the most thorough care.

Then he opened the door of the bedroom, and lifted the bound man through the doorway, and laid him on the bed.

Carefully he covered the little window with the blind.

The bound man watched him, with fierce anger in his eyes, and amazement, too. He could not understand yet the scheme that was working in the rascal's cunning brain.

Rufus Slimmey carried in the lamp from the other room. He searched about the bedroom, and found shaving materials.

Quietly and carefully he shaved off his moustache before the little glass.

The moustache gone, his resemblance to the bound man on the bed was more striking. He stood looking down at his brother, with a sneering grin.

"You savvy?" he asked.

Mr. Slimmey shook his head.

"The Mounted Police will be here to-morrow, to seek me. They will find me—but in your name. You will be locked in this room—silent. I shall face the inquiries of the Mounted Police, and put them off the scent. You understand?"

Mr. Slimmey's eyes glittered, but he could not speak.

"If you had chosen to help me, it would have been easier," grinned the outcast. "But I have nerve enough for such a game. I never wanted nerve. And now I must trouble you for your clothes."

The bound man's face brightened for a moment. If he was unbound there was a chance.

But hope died in his breast, almost as soon as it rose. The outcast was leaving nothing to chance.

He unfastened one limb at a time to remove the outer garments from his victim, and replaced the cords.

In a quarter of an hour Mr. Slimmey was stripped of his outer clothes, and he still lay bound on the bed.

Rufus Slimmey discarded the muddy, travel-worn garments from his own limbs, and slipped on the clean, neat homespun the master had been wearing.

His own garments he packed out of sight in a box.

"Now, if they come, they can find me!" he said, with a grin. "Do you think I shall meet the test, Paul?"

There was despair in the face of the young master.

The ruffian searched in the cabin, and came back with several pieces of cord. The helpless man, already bound, was secured to the bed he was lying upon.

The outcast threw a buffalo-robe over him.

"Sleep, if you can!" he said. "I'm sorry for this, Paul, but it's the only way. You will have to remain tied up unless you give me your promise not to betray me."

There was no sign from the master, and Rufus Slimmey shrugged his shoulders.

"Be it so!" he said.

He carried the lamp back into the outer room, and closed the bedroom door and locked it, and placed the key in his pocket.

Then he replenished the stove, extinguished the lamp, and laid down to sleep, his feet to the stove.

In three minutes the rascal was sleeping soundly.

There was no sleep for the unfortunate man in the next room. He counted the weary minutes till the light of dawn glimmered through the closely-drawn blind.

But after dawn was creeping in at the cabin window the outcast was still sleeping.

He awakened as a knock came at the door.

In a moment the buffalo-robe was thrown aside, and the outcast was upon his feet. He stepped to the door, and removed the bars and opened it.

A smiling Chinese stood without.

"Goodee-mornee, Mistel Slimmey!"

"Good-morning!"

"Mistel Slimmey goes blekfast!" said the Chinese.

"I guess so."

The Chinese servant glanced at him rather quickly as he spoke, and the keen-witted impostor divined at once that Mr. Slimmey was not in the habit of "guessing."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" he said.

There was no suspicion, however, in



**THE NE'ER-DO-WELL'S RETURN!**—"If you will not help me to escape from the police, then I shall have to make you!" said Rufus Slimmey. And as he spoke the outcast was upon the young master with the spring of a tiger. Mr. Slimmey went to the floor, taken wholly by surprise by the sudden attack of his brother. (See Chapter 3.)

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the Chinaman's face. It was evident that he believed that the man before him was the assistant-master of Cedar Creek School.

The outcast stepped back into the cabin, and the Chinaman followed him in.

He was moving towards the bed-room door, when the outcast interposed.

"What do you want?"

The Chinaman looked mildly surprised. "Me doce loom!" he said. "Makee beddee, alee samee."

For a moment the impostor's heart throbbled. He had expected something of this kind, and it had to be warded off.

"I could not sleep last night," he said. "I did not go to bed."

"Not goey beddee, Mistel Slimmey?"

"No. There's nothing to do in my room. You needn't trouble."

"Me dustee—"

"Oh, don't bother!"

Rufus Slimmey spoke sharply, and the Chinaman nodded, and glided out. The sharp tone was enough for him, and he was not sorry, probably, to be relieved of part of his usual morning's work.

Rufus Slimmey watched him go, and breathed rather hard.

"There's risk," he muttered—"confounded risk! But it's the only way!"

Ten minutes later Rufus Slimmey entered the log schoolhouse. Miss Meadows was already at the breakfast-table, and he could see her through the open doorway from the hall.

The schoolmistress gave him a pleasant smile and greeting. The impostor's heart almost stood still as the Canadian girl's clear, honest eyes rested for a moment on his face.

But there was no suspicion in her glance.

To her, as to the Chinese servant, the man was Paul Slimmey, the assistant-master of Cedar Creek.

With cool confidence Rufus Slimmey sat down to breakfast, and if he was listening intently for sounds from without, Miss Meadows did not observe it.

That morning he was well aware the Mounted Police would come—that day at the latest. He had to face the ordeal when they came, and, in spite of his iron nerve, there was apprehension in his breast. But not by the quiver of a muscle did he betray it.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### The Mounted Police at Cedar Creek.

"HERE'S the Cherub!" said Bob Lawless cheerily.

Frank Richards and his cousin jumped from their ponies at the fork in the trail. Vere Beauclerc, coming from the direction of Cedar Camp, was already there.

The three chums walked on together towards the school.

Frank Richards was very silent.

He was thinking about what was likely to happen at the lumber school that day if Rufus Slimmey was still in the neighbourhood, and he had little doubt on that point.

His thoughtfulness drew the attention of both his chums. Bob Lawless had already remarked on it more than once.

"Look here, Frank!" Bob exclaimed suddenly. "Get it off your chest!"

Frank started and coloured.

"What?" he asked.

"Whatever it is that you're fogging your poor old brain about," said Bob. "You've been like a woden image ever since yesterday. What on earth is it you've got on your mind?"

"Out with it, Frank!" said Beauclerc, THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

with a smile. "I've noticed that there's something up."

Frank paused for a minute.

"Look here!" he said at last. "I've been thinking of telling you fellows. It's a dead secret."

"My word!" said Bob. "That sounds mysterious. Have you discovered a new gold-mine, by any chance?"

"No, ass. It's about poor old Slimmey!"

"What's the matter with Slimmey?"

"It's his secret, really, and I've no right to know it," said Frank, flushing.

"But I do know it by chance, and I don't know what I ought to do. I'll tell you fellows; but, of course, not a word at school about it!"

"Go ahead!"

Frank Richards explained what he had overheard on the bank of Cedar Creek the previous day.

His chums did not interrupt him, save by a whistle of astonishment from Bob Lawless.

"By gad!" said Beauclerc, when Frank had finished. "How rotten for poor old Slimmey!"

"Poor old chap!" said Bob. "What a precious brother to have! I'd dot him in the eye if he were mine, I know that. Slimmey ought to have knocked him down and kicked him out."

"What I'm afraid of is that he may do Mr. Slimmey some harm," said Frank.

"He spoke like an utterly reckless rotter, and—and if he's going to be taken near the school it will be a rotten disgrace for poor old Slimmey!"

"Well, there's nothing to be done, I suppose?" said Bob Lawless.

The chums looked at Mr. Slimmey when they entered the school-room. School had not yet begun, but the young man was in the school-room.

"Good-morning, Mr. Slimmey!" said Frank.

"Good-morning, my boys!"

Frank looked at him. Mr. Slimmey's voice seemed deeper and stronger, he thought, than it had ever seemed before. There was a harder tone in it.

"Which evening shall I come for my Latin lesson, sir?" asked Frank.

"What?"

"Which evening would suit you, sir?"

The young man breathed hard for a moment.

"To what are you referring?" he asked.

"The Latin lesson, sir."

"Oh! The—the Latin lesson!"

"Yes, sir!" said Frank, in wonder, wondering why that startled look had leaped into Mr. Slimmey's eyes.

At first glance Mr. Slimmey had seemed quite recovered from his trouble; but evidently he had forgotten the extra lesson he gave Frank once a week.

Beauclerc and Lawless were also eyeing Mr. Slimmey curiously.

It was at least extraordinary that the master should have forgotten the matter so completely.

"I—I will speak to you about it later," said Mr. Slimmey, in a halting voice.

"At present I am busy."

"Very well, sir!"

The fellows were coming in now, and Frank and his chums went to their places. During first lesson there was a sound of giggling from the junior class.

The younger pupils of the lumber school were finding Mr. Slimmey that morning even more absent-minded than usual. He had even forgotten the names of pupils whom he knew perfectly well, and seemed in some confusion about the school work.

Miss Meadows glanced at him once or

twice, with a puzzled expression in her clear grey eyes.

In the middle of the morning there was a sudden interruption of lessons.

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

Frank Richards and his chums exchanged quick glances. Horses were galloping up the trail to the log-school.

They knew who the newcomers must be.

There was a jingling of bridles without. Miss Meadows, in surprise, looked towards the big, open doorway.

A tall, athletic man, in a scarlet coat, appeared there. It was a sergeant in the North-West Mounted Police. Behind him a trooper appeared, with a rifle under his arm.

"Sergeant Lasalle!" whispered Bob.

The big sergeant strode in, and saluted Miss Meadows courteously.

"Pray excuse me, ma'am!" he said.

"I am sorry to interrupt."

"Not at all, if you have business here!" said Miss Meadows, in surprise.

"You have a master here of the name of Slimmey, I am told?"

"Yes; he is here."

"Can I speak to him?"

"Certainly!" Miss Meadows looked round. "Mr. Slimmey, will you kindly come here? Sergeant Lasalle wishes to speak to you."

Mr. Slimmey came over from the class.

There was a hush of silence in the school-room. Frank Richards and his chums almost held their breath.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Face to Face.

SERGEANT LASALLE looked keenly and grimly at the young man, noting the clean-shaven face, the gold-rimmed glasses perched on the nose, over which the young man's eyes looked over at him steadily enough.

The sergeant's hand rested carelessly on his belt, within reach of a revolver. The striking resemblance between the man who stood before him and the fugitive from Vancouver could not escape the sergeant's keen eyes.

"What is wanted?" asked Mr. Slimmey quietly. "I am quite at your service."

"You are wanted, I think!" said Sergeant Lasalle grimly.

"Indeed! I do not quite understand."

"Your name is Slimmey?"

"Paul Slimmey."

"That will be for you to prove. I am looking for Rufus Slimmey, of Vancouver. If you are not Rufus Slimmey, you are his double. I have your photograph here—or his!"

Miss Meadows intervened.

"You are making a mistake, sergeant. This gentleman is Mr. Paul Slimmey, and I can answer for it. He has been a master in this school for over a year."

The sergeant pursed his lips. "Madam, I should accept your assurance without hesitation, but—well, look at this photograph."

Miss Meadows looked startled. "It is certainly very like Mr. Slimmey, excepting that this man"—she indicated the photograph—"wears a moustache. But I repeat, sergeant, that Mr. Slimmey has lived here for a year or more, and I can answer for it that he has not been in Vancouver all that time."

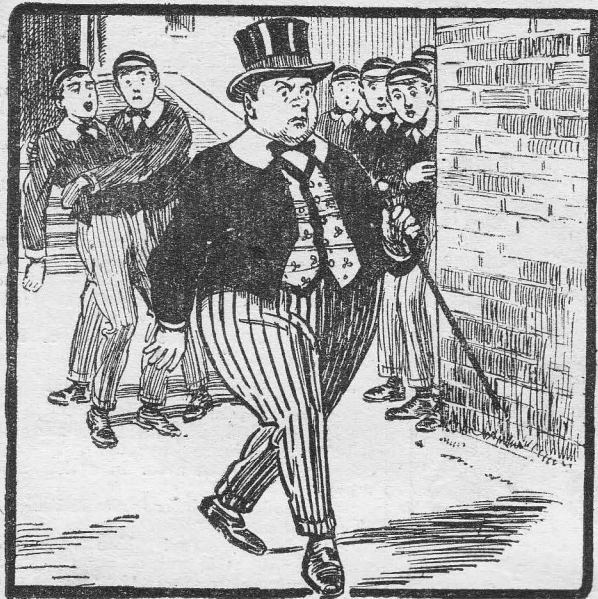
"The man I am looking for left Vancouver a week ago."

"I can explain," said the young master quietly. "Miss Meadows, I am ashamed to have to make this admission in your presence, and in the presence of the school. Rufus Slimmey is my twin-brother."

(Continued on page 16.)



BAGGY TRIMBLE TRIES TO GET EMPLOYMENT IN THE VILLAGE AS AN ERRAND-BOY TO RAISE THE WIND!



# BAGGY TRIMBLE'S GREAT SCHEME!

A Grand New Long Complete School Story of Tom Merry & Co. and Baggy Trimble, the fat junior of St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Baggy's Plight!

"I SAY, Tom Merry—" Tom Merry, of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, glanced round and frowned, as Baggy Trimble, fat as ever, came puffing up.

"Hallo!" he said shortly. "What do you want now?"

"Ahem! I say, Tom Merry, old fellow, could you lend me five bob?"

"No, I couldn't, I'm broke," said Tom Merry decidedly. "And that reminds me, you fat worm, what about the half-a-crown I lent you last week?"

"Oh, really, Tom Merry, you needn't make such a fuss about a measly half-a-crown. I'll repay you with pleasure when Lowther pays me back the quid he owes me."

The leader of the Terrible Three opened his eyes wide with surprise.

"Monty owes you a quid, does he?" he said.

"Yes, and I'm expecting a remittance from Trimble Hall—"

"Here, not so fast, my fat tulip," said Tom Merry. "If Lowther owes you money, you shall ask him for it. Here he comes. Here, Monty—"

"Coming!" bawled Monty Lowther.

"Ahem! Now I come to think of it, it was Manners," began Baggy hastily.

"Well, here's Manners, too," said Tom Merry, as he saw his other chum coming towards them.

"I meant Blake," said Baggy desperately.

"Then we'll go and find Blake!"

"Oh, really, Tom Merry, I believe you're doubting my word."

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Lowther, who, together with Manners, had now joined their leader.

"Oh, really, Lowther, as a man of honour, I assure you—"

"As a fat little fibber, you mean," corrected Tom Merry disgustingly.

"This little worm said you owe him a quid, Monty."

"Oh, does he!" retorted Lowther grimly, grasping Baggy's prominent ear between thumb and forefinger. "I owe you a quid, do I?"

"I never—I wasn't—" yelled Baggy. "I meant it was Manners."

"Why, you fat cad," howled Manners wrathfully, "I'll slaughter you."

Baggy Trimble eyed the warlike Manners in alarm. With a quick jerk, he twisted himself out of Lowther's grip, and scuttled off up the School House steps. Manners just had time to assist him on his way with a well-placed kick.

"Yah! Beasts!" shouted Trimble when he was safely at the top.

Baggy Trimble was sore, and he was worried. His finances were in a very parlous state. This was not unusual, it is true, but this week even his meagre allowance from home had not arrived, and the heir to Trimble Hall was getting desperate. Hence his attempts to "raise the wind" by a little loan from Tom Merry, or for that matter, from anyone else. The fellows, however, were wide awake where Baggy and cash were concerned, as once they parted up, it was almost impossible to get their money back again.

"Brutes!" he muttered, as he made his way to the Shell passage; "and I'm practically starving. I've had nothing since dinner, and sha'n't get anything till teatime. I'm fed up with tea in Hall."

Just as he was passing the end study, a brilliant idea struck him. Although he knew the Terrible Three were out in the quad, he hastily applied his eye to the keyhole, satisfied himself there was nobody within, and then entered.

"Good!" he exclaimed, as he opened the cupboard, and saw three parts of a currant cake and half a loaf. "I sha'n't starve after all. You'd think the miserable beasts would have some more grub than this though."

He proceeded to tuck in. The cake disappeared in record time, to be followed by the loaf. Baggy began to feel far more satisfied with the world in general, and himself in particular. The thought that he was scoffing Tom Merry & Co.'s tea did not even enter his head. Baggy Trimble had no conscience to trouble him where his appetite was concerned.

He finished what there was, and was

preparing to leave Study No. 10, when he heard footsteps in the passage, and Tom Merry's cheery voice.

Baggy gasped in terror. That he was in a very awkward position there was no doubt. He had already exasperated the Terrible Three almost to breaking point over his borrowing attempts, and he shuddered to think what would happen to him if they caught him in the study, and their tea missing.

As the door handle was grasped from the outside, Baggy Trimble slid behind the screen which hid the bookcase, and trusted to luck.

"Here we are then," said Tom Merry cheerily, as the chums entered the study. "Shove the kettle on the fire, Monty, old scout. Manners and I will get out the grub."

"Right-ho!" replied Lowther, and the three were soon busily engaged in getting tea.

"Hallo!" called Manners from the cupboard. "Who's pinched our cake? By Jove, the loaf's gone, too."

Tom Merry and Lowther rushed to his side and peered in.

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "The cupboard's bare. There's been a raid."

"Here's some salt," said Manners dismally.

"Never mind," grinned Lowther, the optimist. "There's plenty of water and a little tea."

"Ass," said Tom Merry witheringly. "We'd better buck up and get some more grub in. Anybody got any money? I'm broke."

Manners gloomily turned out his pockets, but they were empty. Monty, after much jingling, solemnly produced a bunch of keys and two French pennies.

"Not a cent between us. Not a blessed halfpenny," said Manners, disgustingly. "Tea in Hall for us to-day."

The other two groaned in unison.

"That fat, pig Trimble's been here!" shouted Tom Merry. "I'll pulverise him if I catch him."

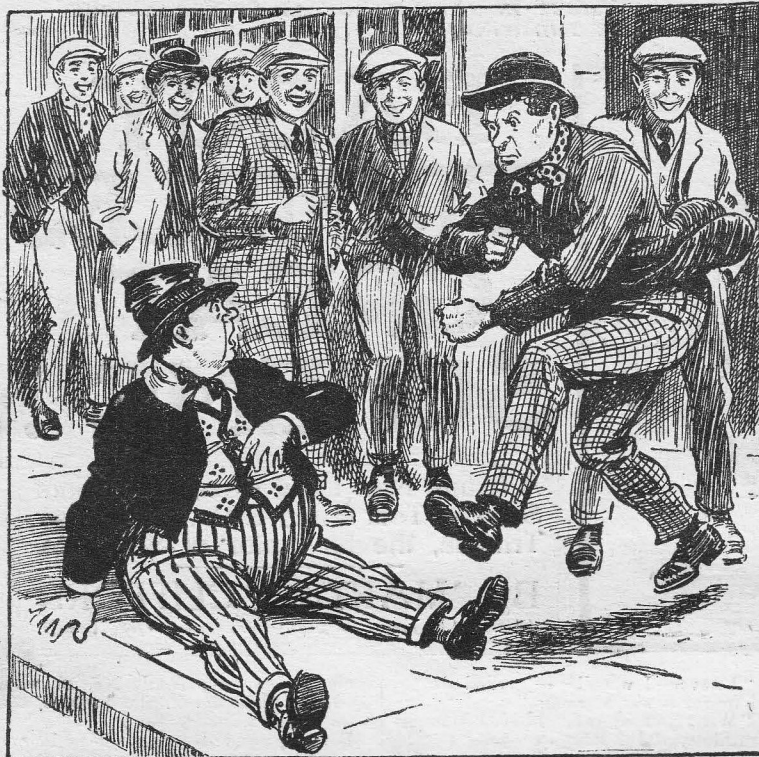
Baggy trembled behind the screen. "Grab a cricket stump and come and find him," said Manners, diving for one

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"GRUNDY'S BID FOR FAME!"

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



**APPLICANTS FOR THE JOB!**—"You can all go home now," said Baggie Trimble. "I've come for the job!" And he moved towards the shut door. Then it seemed to the fat junior as if the pavement arose and hit him in the face. He sat up, dazed, while a youth of his own age danced round him flourishing his fists. "Git up and have some more!" he yelled. (See Chapter 3.)

himself. In doing so he knocked over the screen and the fat was in the fire. Manners instantly saw Trimble.

"Here's the fat cad behind the screen!" he bawled.

"Yoicks! Tally-ho!" yelled Monty Lowther, as the peeping Tom of St. Jim's scuttled out of his hiding-place. "Kick him, Tommy."

"What-ho!"

Tom Merry did so, neatly assisting the cupboard-raider through the open doorway of the study with a beautiful drop kick, and followed up by dribbling him down the Shell passage.

"Ow! Yow! Help!" yelled Trimble, dodging behind Ralph Rackness Cardew of the Fourth in terror. "They're going to murder me, Cardew."

"Good," said Cardew heartily. "It'll make rather a mess in the corridor, I'm thinking, but it's worth it. What's up, Tom Merry, old son; you seem excited about something!"

Tom Merry snorted.

"That young thief has scoffed all our tea," he howled. "Just when we haven't a bean between us."

"Rough luck, dear boys, but don't worry about that. Trot in and have tea with us," said Cardew hospitably. "Clive's just had a jolly old hamper, and we're goin' to live on the fat of the land, aren't we, Clive, old bean?"

"Rather!" said the South African junior. "Come along in. The performance is just about to commence. You're just in time."

"Good egg," said Tom Merry. "Clive, my son, you're the apple of my eye."

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"GRUNDY'S BID FOR FAME!"

We'll just run along and get our little mugs and things."

"Bring a couple of chairs, too, dear boys," called Cardew laughingly. "There'll be room on the scuttle for Lowther."

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Wasted Talent!

"I'VE got a jolly good figure!" mused Baggie Trimble.

"Eh?"

"Well groomed."

"What?"

"Rather good-looking, too."

"Oh, my hat!"

"In fact," concluded the self-satisfied Baggie, "that stunt would be just about my weight."

Kit Wildrake groaned aloud. It was his misfortune to be quartered with a bouncer like Baggie Trimble, to say nothing of Percy Mellish. The oddly-assorted trio shared Study No. 2.

Baggy's little schemes were continually getting him into hot-water, and consequently bringing trouble to the study.

"I say, Wildrake, old man," went on Baggie, "can you lend me five bob?"

"No, I sure can't," replied Kit. "What d'you want it for? Blow on grub, I suppose."

"No, it's not that, Wildrake! I've been thinking—"

"Did it hurt much?"

"Beast!" howled Baggie. "I tell you I've got to earn my own living now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kit Wildrake was highly amused at the idea of Baggie Trimble taking the trouble to do any kind of work.

"Don't laugh, you rotter! It's jolly

serious, really. Instead of my remittance this week, I've had a letter from my gov'nor saying I spend too much already."

"So you do—when you can borrow it," said Wildrake.

"Well, a chap whose been brought up in a wealthy home like I have is bound to be a bit extravagant, ain't he?"

"I suppose so," agreed Kit.

"Listen. I've just cut this out of a London paper," went on Baggie, and he read out his cutting, which ran:

### "BECOME A FILM STAR!

"Anyone wishing to earn thousands of pounds a year by film acting, should write immediately to the address given. Lessons will commence by first post after receipt of first payment of five shillings. Don't delay. Take advantage of this splendid offer."

"There, Wildrake! Can you loan me five bob, so I can start at once?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess that course is a have, my bonnie boy; besides, you'd never make a film actor in a thousand years!"

"Oh, really, Wildrake. you must admit I've got the looks!"

"My sainted Sam! You conceited young beast! Get out of my sight! I guess you make me feel sick!"

"About that five bob—"

"Vamoose the ranch!"

Kit Wildrake made a grab at a cushion, and Trimble backed hastily through the door of the study.

Baggy's hopes of becoming a film star were rapidly sinking to zero. All his little attempts—and they were numerous—to extract a loan from his schoolfellows had failed to meet with success. Nobody seemed at all anxious to help him set his feet upon the road which would lead to fortune; in fact, as Baggie pathetically put it, a great film actor was about to be lost to the world for the sake of the ridiculously small sum of five shillings.

Trimble imagined that all his would have to do to become a king of the movies, was to take a short postal course, after which he would immediately take the lead in a film, and the cash would simply roll in.

"My talent is wasted in this hole!" muttered Baggie to himself, as he wandered disconsolately along the Fourth Form passage. "I'll have to get a job somehow, though, or I shall starve. Then perhaps those unfeeling beasts will be sorry!"

With this object in view, he made his way to the Shell corridor, and paused at Study No. 9. George Gore, he knew, took in the "Rylcombe Gazette." If he could but borrow the paper for a short time he would look through the advertisement columns, and see if there was any sort of a job going, by which he could make a few shillings without exerting himself too much. Then, once he had got the money, he would devote it to the definite object of studying for the films.

He carefully listened at the keyhole, and could hear no sound. Evidently the occupants were out, so without further delay he entered.

"Good!" he exclaimed, as he saw Gore's paper lying on the table, and, snatching it up, he hurried as fast as his fat legs could carry him out into the quad, and commenced his search through the "situations vacant" advertisements.


"Hallo, Baggie! Looking for winners?" asked a cheery voice behind him.

Baggy started, and looked up.

(Continued on page 17.)

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






# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

St. Jim's
Greyfriars
Rookwood

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



**IN  
YOUR EDITOR'S  
DEN.**

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—Let us strike the tuneful liar! Let us blow the cheery cornet, and make melody from the merry mouth-organ, and trip it on the light fantastick!

Next to eating and drinking, there's nothing like being merry. Personally, I am always a priceless optimist. You never hear me grumble or complain, even though I am kept short of grub, and wasting away through lack of nourishment. "Always merry and bright!" is my motto.

I am a grate beleever in Noyes. I don't mean the poet of that name. I mean din, strife, turmoyle, or whatever you choose to call it. Music is Noyes—and a jolly loud Noyes, too, when a dozen mouth-organs are going at the same time!

Those who have no music in their soles will not enjoy this number. It has been specially prepared for those who are keen on music, and concerts, and singing, and dancing. Anyone who doesn't like discord should write and ask me to produce a Special Peace Number, and I will carefully consider the matter!

Music, mirth, and melody! You will find a kombination of these in this issue. And it will gladden your hearts, and cheer you along the highway of life.

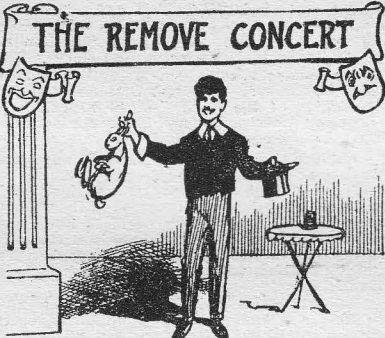
My four fat subs have worked gallantly to make this number a sucksess. They all deserve an increase in sallery, and I shall mention the matter to the Editor of the Companion Papers, and try and get his approval. Incidentally, I shall point out that it's high time the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" was given a rise! In these days, when the cost of tuck is so enormous, every little helps.

I think I deserve a sallery of a thousand a year and my own private motor-car—don't you, dear readers? But I don't suppose for one minnit that the Editor of the POPULAR will see eye to eye with me on the subject!

And now I will leave you to face the music!

Yours sinseerly,

**Your Editor.**



By **DICK PENFOLD.**

We all assembled in the Rag;  
A cosy seat I strove to bag.  
A form was shunted in position;  
On it stood many a mad musician!

First came a song by Richard Russell,  
The audience did not move a muscle.  
But when Rake sang "The Miner's Dream,"  
You should have heard the fellows scream!

Then Skinner gave us "Home, Sweet Home,"  
I hurled at him a hefty tome.  
It caught him fairly in the chest;  
He stopped, and wouldn't sing the rest!

When Bulstrode sang, "Pale Hands I Love,"  
A boot descended from above.  
The hands that threw the boot, 'tis stated,  
Were hands that Bulstrode strongly hated!

Newland then sang "A Perfect Day,"  
A shower of missiles came his way.  
Bad eggs and cabbages and fruit,  
Made Monty drop his song, and scoot!

Alonzo gave a recitation,  
Amid wild howls of execration.  
The form which bore Alonzo's weight  
Collapsed, and hurled him to his fate!

We then had conjuring from Kipps,  
A splendid "turn"—he made no slips.  
Producing rabbits from his socks,  
He gave the startled audience shocks!

Lastly, John Bull sang "Friend o' Mine,"  
We voted it extremely fine.  
Then Wingate drove us off to bed,  
"There's been enough of this!" he said.

The concert was a huge success,  
Our concerts always are, I guess.  
Here's to the next! and may it be  
Another feast of fun and glee!

**SPECIAL FAGS' CONCERT!**

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

GENTLEMEN OF GREYFRIARS! I heary by gentle notiss that I am getting up an attractive Concert, to take place in the Fags' Common-room on Satterday evening. Curtain (konsisting of a tablecloth) will rise at eight sharp.

The artists will be komposed of fellows in the First, Second, and Third. Remove bounders strictly bard! Noboddy aloud behind the scenes eggseth the artists, who must be ready at leest half an hour before the performanse kommences.

Percival Spencer Paget, who has just had his hare cut, will sing "The Curl I Left Behind Me." George Tubb, disguised as a savidge, will render his sellybrated "Mary" song. Hop Hi will sing the Chinese National Anthem, and will accompany himself with chopsticks.

Jack Wingate, who has recently sent his pockitt-knife away to be repaired, will sing, "My Knife's Gobe to the Country—Hooray! Hooray!" Myers, who had a bucket of tar shied over him the other day, will sing "Everyone Calls Me Tar-zan!" George Alfred Gatty, who sells fried soles at his fish and oyster bar, will sing "My Dear Sole."

Sammy Bunter (organiser, kontroller, and official in charge of the takings), will give a variety of turns, inklodding tight-rope walking, high diving, ventrillokwism, juggeling, and other forms of acrobattix. He will also indulge in an eating kontest, if some Good Samaritan will undertake to provide the grub!

All the prophets will go to Charity. I can't say at the moment what the particular Charity will be, but its initials are S. T. B. You can take that how you like. Some will think it means Society of Theeves and Burglars. Others, of a suspicious turn of mind, will imagine it stands for Samuel Tuckless Bunter!

Now, you patronizing prefects of the Sixth, don't forget to patronize my show! Now, you Shellfish, and codfish, and Fisher T. Fish, and every other kind of fish, don't forget to roll up in your thousands, and make the Concert a huge sucksess! It's for Charity, mind; and the bigger the takings, the bigger the feed I shall get afterwards!



By Sir Jimmy Vivian.

"I PASSED by your window—" "Eh?" "Shurrup, fathead! I'm singing!" growled Bob Cherry. "Oh!" said Harry Wharton. "Thanks for enlightening me. I thought you were in rain!" Bob Cherry glared, and made a fresh start with his song:

"I passed by your window  
When the morning was red—"

"And if you don't chuck it, I'll soon punch your head!" said Frank Nugent. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Red and wrathful, Bob Cherry turned to his chums.

"Clear off," he exclaimed, "and leave me to practise in peace!"

"Practise!" echoed Johnny Bull. "What on earth for?"

"Haven't you fellows heard? Madame Trilladitti, the great Italian singer, is coming to Greyfriars on Saturday. There's going to be a singing contest, and she's going to present a prize of five guineas to the winner."

"My hat!"

"I did hear Bunter saying something about it," said Wharton, "but I thought it was one of his fables."

"It's no fable—it's a fact. We've got five days to practise in, and I mean to put in an hour's singing every morning and every evening."

"Not in this study, I hope!" said Nugent, with a shudder. "We shall never survive it!"

"Don't be an ass, Franky!"

"I'd rather be an ass than a thumping nuisance!" was the retort. "If you're going to warble for an hour, night and morning, we shall be nervous wrecks by the end of the week!"

"The wreckfulness will be terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

The only fellow who refrained from "slanging" Bob Cherry was Johnny Bull. Johnny was looking very thoughtful.

"It's a good stunt, this singing contest," he said. "I think I shall go in for it."

"You!" echoed four voices, in unison.

"Certainly!"

Johnny Bull's chums gaped at him in amazement.

The burly Johnny possessed many accomplishments, but singing was not one of them. His schoolfellows likened Johnny's voice to the roll of thunder, or the booming of breakers on the beach. Johnny didn't sing—he bellowed.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he demanded, in surprise.

"I say, Johnny," said Harry Wharton anxiously. "You're not going to inflict your voice on Madame Trilladitti, are you? The lady will have a pink fit!"

"Rats!"

"That voice of yours, Johnny," said Nugent, "is more than flesh and blood can stand! Strong men have been known to writhe in agony when you've sung at concerts!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"That's what they'll ask you to do when you get going!" chuckled Wharton.

Johnny Bull strode out of the study in a huff. And his chums did not see him again until bed-time. His surliness had vanished by then, and he was smiling cheerfully.

Meanwhile, all the amateur singers of the Remove got busy, in order to be at their best on the occasion of Madame Trilladitti's visit.

As Peter Todd remarked, five guineas was THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

not a sum to be sniffed at. It was worth standing on a platform and making a fool of oneself. And the ordeal wouldn't last long.

The seniors, in their high and mightiness, refrained from competing. The only fellow in the Fifth who declared his intention of taking part in the contest was Coker. The great Horace always made it a rule to take part in any sort of contest that was going.

Hoskins of the Shell decided to compete. Poor old Hoskins labours under the delusion that he possesses a voice.

The only Form which showed any real keenness was the Remove.

Fisher T. Fish "guessed" and "calculated" that he was going to prance off with the five guineas. Billy Bunter declared that he would sing a song that would reduce Madame Trilladitti to tears. And we all agreed with him! Bunter's voice was enough to make the angels weep!

Bolsover major and Skinner, Bulstrode and Ogilvy, Newland and Kipps, all added their names to the list of competitors.

During the next few days, Greyfriars re-

platform. It was a sickly, self-conscious smile, that made one feel truly sorry for Horace.

When Coker started to sing, the audience groaned. By the time he had finished, the majority of the fellows were writhing like souls in torment.

Madame Trilladitti looked quite pale. She murmured something to the Head. I believe she asked for water.

Having finished his final note, Coker lingered on the platform.

"Will one song be enough, sir?" he inquired of the Head.

"Quite enough!" said Dr. Locke hastily. "Claude Hoskins will now sing 'The Trumpeter.'"

Hoskins obliged. His effort was worse, if possible, than Coker's.

When Hoskins had finished—to the unbounded relief of the audience—the Remove singers were called upon.

Micky Desmond sang "Tipperary" and Ogilvy rendered "Annie Laurie." We expected Morgan to come along with the "Men of Harlech." But the Welsh junior sat tight.

Then Billy Bunter came along, and murdered that grand old song, "Glorious Devon."

Bunter's voice rose to a penetrating shriek. I glanced in Madame Trilladitti's direction, and thought she was going to faint.

When Bunter had sung one verse, with chorus, he was commanded to stand down.

"We really cannot endure any more, Bunter!" said the Head. "Your voice is truly appalling!"

So far, there had been no really good singing. But presently there was a big surprise.

Johnny Bull sang "Trooper Johnny Ludlow" in first-rate style, and everybody rubbed their eyes, and marvelled.

"My only aunt!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Johnny can sing like a giddy lark! And we all thought he was an absolute duffer at the game!"

So well did Johnny Bull sing that he was encoored to the echo. And when the contest was over Madame Trilladitti had no hesitation in awarding Johnny the prize.

Johnny told us afterwards that he had gone every evening into Courtfield, and taken lessons from a well-known teacher of singing.

In the limited space of five days it had not been possible to turn Johnny into a perfect singer. But his instructor had certainly worked wonders. Anyway, Johnny's song was voted the best of the evening.

The winner of the singing contest disposed of his five guineas in a noble and a fitting manner. He stood all his pals a sumptuous feed next day.

Good old Johnny! May his shadow never grow less! And may he be a doddering old jossler of ninety before his voice breaks!



When the contest was over Madame Trilladitti had no hesitation in awarding Johnny Bull the prize.

sounded with song. Voices, tuneful and otherwise, floated from study windows. Fellows sang as they played footer, and hummed as they did their prep. Bob Cherry, in a fit of forgetfulness, started singing "Speak to Me, Thora!" in class. And Queichy spoke to Bob Cherry—with a cane!

At last the great day came.

Madame Trilladitti arrived in state, and spent the afternoon exploring the school, a couple of masters acting as escort.

The great singer was a rather plump lady, no longer in the first flush of youth. Her voice was said to have thrilled Europe, and the Greyfriars fellows regarded her with something approaching awe.

In the evening, the school assembled in the lecture-hall.

The Head was in charge of the proceedings. He held in his hand a list of singers, and the songs they proposed to sing.

"Each boy will render one song," he said, "and at the conclusion of the contest Madame Trilladitti will give her decision, and award the prize."

Loud applause.

"The first song," announced the Head, "will be 'The Sunshine of Your Smile,' by Horace Coker."

There wasn't much sunshine about Coker's smile as he sheepishly mounted the raised

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THE MAGNET

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**MUSICAL MATTERS**

By **FATTY WYNN.**

(Sub-Editor.)

Baggy Trimble is getting up a brass band. There's not the slightest doubt that it will be banned—a banned band, so to speak! There's quite enough din at St. Jim's already, what with Herries' cornet and Dick Julian's Jew's harp!

\* \* \*

Mr. Ratcliff (to Figgins): "You are always whistling outside my study door! I won't have it, Figgins! You never hear anybody else doing it."

Figgy: "Oh, yes, I do, sir! And what's more, you can't prevent it."

Mr. Ratcliff: "Boy! What do you mean?"

Figgy: "At this very moment, sir, the wind is whistling down the passage!"

And then Figgy wondered why he was led away to the slaughter!

\* \* \*

Aubrey Racke (Young "Moneybags") has declared his intention of purchasing a Pennyano—an instrument that grinds out tunes when you drop a penny in the slot. If Racke starts that sort of caper during prep, I fancy his study-mates will have something to say about it!

\* \* \*

Mr. Railton (discussing music with a number of fellows): "Trimble, what is a semi-breve?"

Baggy: "It's when a fellow has you by the throat, sir, and is gradually suffocating you, so that you can only half breathe. That's a semi-breve, sir, isn't it?"

And Railton's reply caused Baggy to "quaver."

\* \* \*

Lowther: "I say, Tommy, they've got musical chairs in the Common-room!"

Merry: "First I've heard of it. How long have they been there?"

Lowther: "For ages! In fact, they're so old that every time you sit on 'em they squeak. Hence the musical chairs—see?"

And then Monty successfully dodged the cushion.

\* \* \*

Herries of the Fourth is bemoaning the fact, that some practical, joker has stuffed rag into his cornet. What a rag!

\* \* \*

Gussy (entering the Wayland music-store for a song): "Good-aftahnoon, miss! Have you 'A Pair of Sparklin' Eyes'?"

Young Lady: "Yes, rather! At least, my sweetheart says I have, and he ought to know!"

Collapse of Arthur Augustus!

\* \* \*

Why are the St. Jim's studies so noisy at five o'clock in the afternoon?

Because the kettles are all singing, and the tables are groaning—beneath the weight of the goodly viands!

**POPULAR PERSONALITIES!**

No. 2.

**GEORGE HERRIES.**

(St. Jim's.)

Herries of the Fourth am I,  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!  
My cornet echoes to the sky!  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!  
I simply love to sit and blare  
While all the fellows tear their hair,  
And wring their hands in wild despair—  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

You've heard of me, of course? And it stands to reason that you've heard of my celebrated cornet. You've doubtless heard, also, of my wonderful bulldog, Towser.

The cornet and the bulldog have one vice in common. They both kick up a frightful row! At least, so say all the fellows. Personally, I love the musical barking of Towser, and the equally melodious strains which are wafted from my cornet.

My Form-fellows can't stand Towser. Gussy positively hates him! He shows a marked partiality for Gussy's best bags—"Has no respect whatever for a fellow's twousahs, you know!"—and he's dreadfully unpopular. But between ourselves, old Towser's a faithful and an affectionate creature, and I wouldn't part with him for worlds. If any offence has been committed, such as study-raiding, you can always trust old Towser to track down the giddy culprit. Sexton Blake's Pedro isn't a patch on Towsy!

Another thing, I'd never part with, under any pretext, is my cornet. It soothes my leisure hours, and it is one of the joys of my existence. Just as a man loves his pipe, and a baby its feeding-bottle, so do I love my cornet. I've had it a good many terms now, and it's bent and battered almost out of recognition; but that only enhances its value in my eyes.

My study-mates can't stand the cornet. But that's because they don't know how to play it themselves. I often give them a tune during prep, to cheer them up; but it generally has quite the reverse effect! Jack Blake goes nearly potty at times, and threatens to confiscate my beloved instrument and bury it in the Head's garden.

I feel very sorry for a fellow who has no music in his soul. He misses one of the best things in life.

Alas! We live in an unmusical age. Mendelssohn is no longer popular; Bach is regarded as a beastly bore. Handel and Chopin are despised and derided.

But St. Jim's will never cease to have music inflicted upon it, so long as I possess my dear old cornet.

Let us burst into song once more!

Herries of the Fourth am I,  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!  
They hate my cornet—can't think why—  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!  
And while I'm playing "Drake Goes West"

The fellows thump me on the chest,  
And biff me till I give them best—  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

**A SHOCK FOR SMYTHE!**

By **Jimmy Silver.**  
(Rookwood.)

Adolphus Smythe of Rookwood thinks he can sing. Smythe's schooffellows think otherwise. He can certainly make a weird, croaking noise in his throat, as if he had swallowed a fishbone or something. But sing? Never in a thousand years!

Last Saturday, when we came in from footer, we found the following announcement pinned to the notice-board:

**"NOTICE!**

"I have organised a Grand Concert, to be given in the lecture hall this evening at eight. All are cordially invited. I shall set the ball rolling by singing 'Come to the Fair.'  
" (Signed) **ADOLPHUS SMYTHE.**"

"Hallo! Smythe's blossoming forth as a giddy concert promoter!" said Lovell. "It'll be a fearful farce, I'll bet!" said Raby. "Shall we go along?"

"No jolly fear!" I said. "We've got something better to do than to listen to Smythe."

Meanwhile, Adolphus made full preparations for the concert. He tried his songs over many times, and Townsend and Topham, exchanging subtle winks, solemnly assured Adolphus that he was in fine fettle.

Smythe gave a self-satisfied smile. "The trouble is, dear boys," he said, "I get so fearfully nervous when I make a public appearance. Sort of self-conscious, you know. An' I can't do myself justice."

"Oh, you can soon cure that!" said Townsend. "You don't want to look at the audience at all. Walk firmly on to the platform with your eyes shut."

Long before eight o'clock came, Adolphus Smythe, with a handful of his cronies, were getting ready behind the scenes.

As the clock struck eight the order was given for the lights in the lecture hall to be turned up—for dusk was falling—and Adolphus Smythe passed between the screens which formed the "wings," and walked firmly on to the platform. He felt as nervous as a kitten, but he kept his eyes tightly closed, as per the advice he had received.

"There's nothin' to be alarmed about," he muttered.

But he could not help wondering why his appearance was not greeted with cheering and clapping.

Townsend was at the piano. He began to play the accompaniment. And then Adolphus burst into song.

He put every ounce of vocal energy into the performance, and not until he came to the end of the song did he dare to open his eyes. Then he did so, and, lo and behold! the lecture hall was empty!

Nobody at Rookwood had turned up to hear Smythe sing!

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Adolphus, in blank dismay.

"Ha, ha, ha!" There was a yell of laughter from Townsend and Topham.

Adolphus shook his fist at the grinning pair. Then, with feelings too deep for words, he crawled away from the scene of his discomfiture.

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**BAGGY TRIMBLE'S GREAT SCHEME!**

(Continued from page 12.)

"Oh, really, Lowther, a fellow can look at a paper if he likes, can't he? As a matter of fact, I'm looking for a job."

"You're looking for what?" demanded the astounded Monty.

"Looking for a job," repeated Baggy firmly. "None of you mean beasts would lend me five bob to become a film star with, so I'm going to earn enough money myself."

"Help! Hold me up, Tommy!" gasped Monty Lowther. "Our tame pig is looking for some honest work. He's going to be a film star!"

"My hat!" said Tom Merry.

"You duffer!" exclaimed Manners.

"Oh, really, you fellows, you know a chap with a figure like mine is bound to make a hit on the pictures!"

"What are you going to be—a fat comedian?" asked the humorous Lowther.

"They'll have all their work cut out to get the whole of you on the screen!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Course I'm not!" hooted Baggy. "I'm going to be a hero, and feature in love dramas. You just wait till I get to that place Lost Angelina."

"Where?"

"Lost Angelina!" repeated the budding film actor warmly. "Where all the films are made. Of course, you fellows can't expect to know all about it with your limited intelligence." And Baggy rolled away, leaving the Terrible Three shrieking with merriment. Trimble as a film star struck them as funny—very funny.

Baggy strolled back to his study, to find Wildrake gone and the study empty. Mellish, as usual, was seeking diversions with his fast "pals," Racke and Crooke.

Sinking into the one armchair the room possessed, he puckered up his forehead as he once more scanned the all-important columns of the local "Gazette." True, several people required the services of domestic servants, and offered such-like jobs, but this kind of occupation struck Baggy as being far too menial for a well-bred chap like himself. One, however, after careful consideration, he thought might suit him.

A local grocer was advertising for a boy to assist in the shop, and run errands. Running errands with a basket on his arm did not, as a matter of fact, appeal to Trimble, but serving behind a counter seemed rather more congenial. Anyway, Baggy there and then made up his mind to apply for the job next day, which, luckily enough, was a Wednesday, and a half-holiday at St. Jim's.

Gore, in the meantime, was searching for his "Gazette."

"Have you seen my paper, Skimpy?" he demanded of Herbert Skimpole, his study-mate.

"No, I have not, my dear Gore. It is not my custom to waste my time reading local news," said the genius of the Shell. "However, I encountered Trimble, who was reading— Dear me!"

Skimpole broke off in mild surprise as Gore, waiting to hear no more, strode off to find Baggy.

That worthy glanced up as Gore entered his study, and, realising the position, said hastily:

"I've borrowed your paper, Gore, old man."

"I see you have," remarked Gore

grimly. "From my study when I wasn't there."

"Ahem! You see, I was looking—"

"You're looking for trouble if you come scrounging round Study No. 9, and take things which don't belong to you!"

Gore did not stop to deliver even one kick at the borrower, but, taking his paper, went off, leaving Trimble very pleased at his lucky escape.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

Getting a Job!

**B**AGGY TRIMBLE swaggered down the School House steps just after dinner the next day, quite oblivious to the sensation he was quickly causing. Rarely had the fat junior in the whole course of his career at St. Jim's appeared such a "knot."

His large feet were encased in patent leathers, the patent of which had palpably expired. His Eton jacket had been thoroughly brushed, and, except for a shiny patch at each elbow, was quite passable, but his trousers were at once the glory and despair of the whole creation. They were light—very light—and striped in such a style that reminded the juniors of the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy alone, and the natty creases were a thing to be envied.

His plump form was encased in a brilliant-hued fancy waistcoat, the buttons of which were strained almost to bursting-point. An Eton collar, clean, but somewhat too small, and a shining topper, somewhat too large, were also conspicuous.

"My hat! It's Trimble!" gasped Tom Merry. As he staggered back from the vision, Monty Lowther caught him and fanned him vigorously.

"Going to meet his lady-love," suggested Manners.

Baggy glared.

The news of the sensation Trimble was causing soon spread, and in a very short time quite a crowd had collected to admire.

"Look at his lovely tie, Noble!" remarked Gore. "Suits him a treat!"

Harry Noble's face was one huge grin, which, however, quickly faded, and he gasped.

"Why, the young thief! It's mine!"

"Oh, really—" began Baggy.

"Gimme my tie!"

"Keep him off!" yelled Baggy, in alarm. "He'll spoil my clothes!"

"My tie—"

Then Racke chipped in.

"That's my best waistcoat!" he howled. "Look at it! Almost bursting! I sha'n't be able to wear it again!"

Several other fellows had begun to notice familiar articles of attire adorning the plump form of Bagley Trimble.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy spotted in the wonderful trousers his Sunday bags, which had been so carefully placed in the press. Cardew claimed the shining topper, while Figgins, who had been shrieking with laughter as the different juniors recognised their property, suddenly caught sight of the shoes Baggy was wearing.

"My shoes, you fat little rotter!" he yelled.

The exasperated owners of the clothes rushed the wildly protesting Baggy Trimble up to the Fourth Form dormitory, where they recovered, more or less intact, their various articles of wearing apparel.

Arthur Augustus groaned aloud as he examined his wonderful "twousahs." While they had fitted the elegant Gussy to perfection, they had never been in-

tended for a tub of a fellow like Trimble. Racke, too, looked about to shed tears as he regarded sadly the wreck of his much cherished waistcoat.

"Look here," roared Baggy, as the last vestige of his former splendour disappeared, "how do you think I'm going to get that job now?"

The disgusted owners of the clothes neither knew nor cared; but they bumped him again and again upon the hard, unsympathetic floor, whilst the victim of their just wrath yelled.

Slowly and painfully Trimble picked himself up and clothed himself in the togs he usually wore.

"Selfish brutes!" he muttered. "A chap can't borrow anything from them!"

Shortly afterwards a familiar, plump form rolled out of the St. Jim's gates. Trimble it was, looking grubby as usual, and wearing a cap now in place of the shining topper.

He hurried as fast as his fat little legs could carry him towards Rylcombe. The advertisement stated that applicants must call at 3.30 p.m., and as he had been considerably delayed he had very little time to spare.

He was perspiring freely when at last he reached the village and made his way towards the grocer's establishment. He came to a halt before the door and gaped. Outside the door was lined up a queue of youths about his own age, who seemed to be excited about something.

"Must be giving something away," mused Baggy, as he went over to investigate.

The thought that they were applicants for the position he—Trimble—hoped and expected to obtain did not even occur to him.

The queue eyed him up and down as he approached.

"Move out of the way, there!" ordered Baggy in a lordly manner. "I've come to see the proprietor."

"What d'yer want 'im for?" demanded a sturdy youth.

"What's that to do with you, my good fellow?" said the patronising Trimble.

"Ere, none o' that! If it's the job you've come about, yer takes yer place in the kew!"

Baggy stared.

"Have all you fellows come in answer to that advertisement?" he asked.

A chorus of assent arose from the "fellows."

"Well, you can all go home again," stated Baggy definitely. "I've come for the job." And he moved towards the shut door.

Then it seemed to Baggy Trimble as if the pavement arose and hit him in the face. He sat up dazedly, while the youth whom he had first addressed danced round him, to the encouraging shouts of "Go it, Bill!" from the others.

"Git up and 'ave some more!" invited Bill.

Baggy, however, seemed to find it much more comfortable where he was.

Fortunately for him, at that moment the door of the grocer's shop was opened. The youths scrambled back into their places in the queue, and the confusion subsided.

"What's all this noise about?" demanded the grocer, for it was he.

At the sound of his voice Baggy arose, and the grocer, seeing the St. Jim's cap, spoke to him.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" he said. "Have you a message for me?"

"No—er—that is, yes!" said Baggy.

THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

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

NEXT TUESDAY!

"GRUNDY'S BID FOR FAME!"

"Come inside, then," said the grocer. And Baggy, grinning triumphantly at the crestfallen faces of the line of youths, entered the shop.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER

##### Trimble's Great Disappointment!

ONCE inside, the grocer turned to Baggy.

"Now, what is your message, sir?" he asked.

Baggy was somewhat at a loss.

"Well—er—that is—'t isn't exactly a message—" he began.

The shopkeeper's obsequiousness vanished into thin air.

"What is it, then?" he demanded.

"I've come in answer to your advertisement," Baggy announced, with a smirk.

The grocer was puzzled.

"My advertisement! But how—"

"Well, you see," explained Trimble, "I am quite prepared to give you a trial."

The shopkeeper gasped.

"Of course, it isn't the money I need," went on Baggy in his lordly way. "My pater's got pots of money—Mr. Trimble, of Trimble Hall, you know—but—er—he hasn't sent on my allowance this week."

"But I can't employ a schoolboy!"

"Oh, yes!" said Baggy eagerly. "I could come early mornings, and evenings before prep, and on halves. I don't want much salary. About five pounds a week would do."

The worthy grocer almost died of shock.

"Oh, would it?" he said. "Well, ten shillings is the amount I would give for an errand-boy working out of school hours."

Baggy was crestfallen at this information, but then he brightened up a bit. True, ten shillings a week was not a princely wage, but it was better than nothing. Half of it would go towards his screen tuition, and the greatest of film actors, after all, would not be lost to the world.

"I'll come for that," he agreed.

The shopkeeper, however, was in doubt; but, thinking, no doubt, he would be rewarded by increased custom from St. Jim's, he finally decided to try the experiment.

"Very well!" he said. "I will give you a trial, and you may commence at once."

He thereupon hurried outside to acquaint the other applicants, who had,

in the meantime, been getting impatient, that the position was filled.

Baggy rubbed his hands gleefully as he glanced round the well-stocked little shop and noted the eatables displayed therein.

"What-ho!" he murmured. "I sha'n't starve now!"

At that moment the grocer returned and proceeded to direct Baggy in his new duties.

Wednesday was early-closing day for him, and Baggy's duties were really neither heavy nor irksome. First of all, he was told to take off his coat, and don an apron the grocer handed him, and then he was given a broom and told to clean out the shop.

Trimble at all times was given to avoiding work in all shapes and forms, and even a little job like sweeping a floor was to him like hard labour. While the grocer watched, however, he struggled on, and was soon perspiring freely.

"Oh dear!" he groaned, when his employer's back was turned. "I believe the beast means to kill me!"

Staggering backwards, he collapsed on to an upturned crate, which creaked beneath his weight. He was fanning himself vigorously when the grocer spotted him.

"Hi, get off that case of eggs, you young varmint!"

Baggy arose as if he had been shot, and none too soon. It is extremely doubtful whether the case would have stood his weight much longer. With a sigh, he commenced his sweeping again; and when the floor had been finished to the grocer's satisfaction, he was given a long feather duster and told to dust the goods.

As soon as he had started his fresh task, Baggy's employer remembered an urgent appointment, and donned his hat and coat.

"If anyone calls," he told his periphrastic assistant, "I sha'n't be long."

And out he went.

"Good egg!" murmured Baggy as he saw the shopkeeper vanish into the Blue Boar. "Now I shall be able to have a look round a bit, and have a little snack."

He wandered round the shop, inspecting the tantalising delicacies, and smacked his lips.

"Wonder if he'd miss one of those jellies?" he muttered longingly.

Quickly he decided to chance it, and

proceeded to sample one. A jar of ginger followed the jelly, and was in turn followed by a box of Tunis dates.

Baggy by this time was just beginning to enjoy himself, and deciding perhaps it would be wise to tackle something more solid, attacked a tin of mixed biscuits.

At first he intended only to have half a dozen or so, but the biscuits were rather to his taste, and before long he had finished about half the tin.

Then out of the corner of his eye he espied his employer emerging from the Blue Boar, which brought him back to earth once more with a jerk.

Baggy, seized with panic, picked up his feather duster again, and commenced to dust feverishly. Suddenly the grocer caught sight of the empty biscuit-tin.

"You've been stealing my biscuits!" he roared.

"Ahem—er—that is—er—I just sampled a couple!" said Baggy desperately.

"You've eaten about three pounds, you young thief!" howled the grocer.

"Oh, really, you know, I assure you—"

"'Ere's your coat!" The grocer flung it at him. "Clear out sharp, you fat villain!"

Baggy by now was really startled, and wondered what would happen next.

"Oh, really—"

"Oppit!" roared the infuriated man. "And think yerself lucky I don't give you in charge!"

"My wages—" began Baggy.

"What wages?" bawled the grocer. "You've eaten more than you've earned in biscuits! Just you clear out, or else I'll come up to the school and see the 'Ead about it!"

Baggy cleared out at this dire threat. He certainly had no wish for his latest escapade to be brought to the notice of Dr. Holmes.

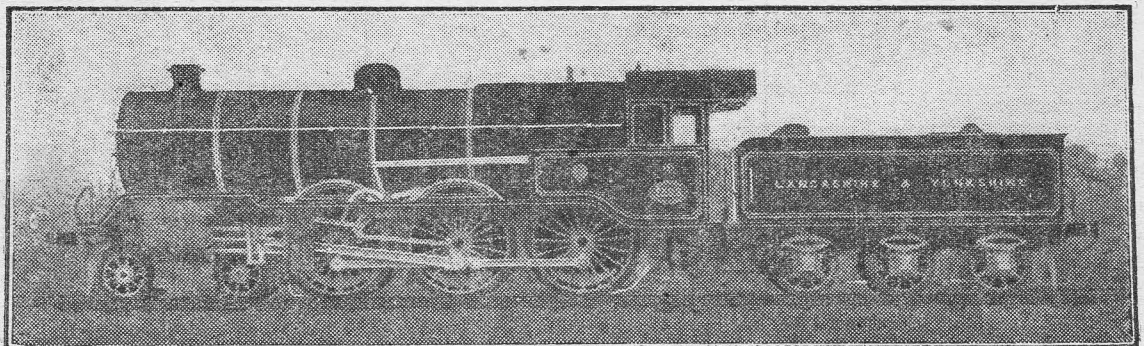
It was in a subdued frame of mind that he slowly wended his way back to the old school, thankful that, after all, things were no worse.

That was the last of Baggy's efforts to become a great cinema actor, but it was a long time before the St. Jim's juniors left off laughing at the result of Baggy Trimble's great scheme.

THE END.

(Another grand complete story of St. Jim's in next Tuesday's POPULAR.)

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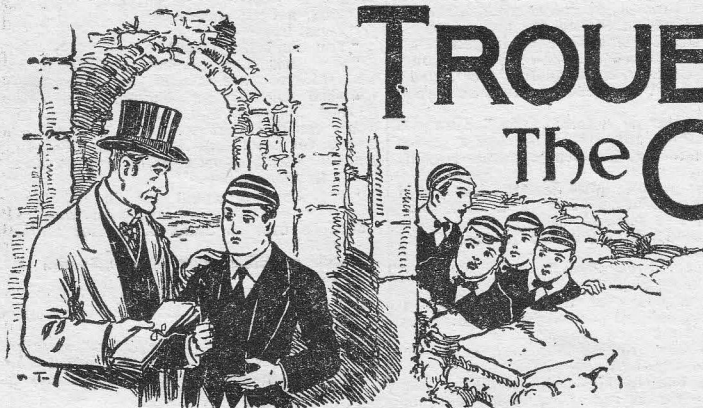
THE POPULAR.—No. 172.



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A DRAMATIC SCHOOL TALE, TELLING HOW TROUBLE COMES TO GEORGE BULKELEY, CAPTAIN OF ROOKWOOD, AND OF A SENSATIONAL ARREST AT THE SCHOOL!

# TROUBLE FOR The CAPTAIN!



A Grand 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 Fag Wanted.

"O H, rotten!" Jimmy Silver glanced round as he heard that irritated exclamation.

Catesby of the Sixth Form was standing in the old gateway of Rookwood, with a letter in his hand and a decidedly ill-tempered expression on his face.

He did not observe the junior, his eyes being fixed upon the letter in his hand, the contents of which apparently did not please him.

Jimmy Silver was waiting for his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome; the Fistical Four being bound upon a little excursion that afternoon.

"Rotten!" repeated Catesby. "Why the dickens can't he come here? And what does he want to spring it on me at the last minute like this for?"

And the Sixth-Former gave a dissatisfied grunt.

"Ahem!" coughed Jimmy Silver. Jimmy thought it best to let the Modern senior know that he was there.

Catesby looked round quickly as he heard the cough.

"Silver!" he rapped out.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy.

"I want you to cut down to Coombe for me."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Sorry, Catesby! I'm going out for the afternoon with some chaps."

"You're going down to Coombe for me!" roared Catesby.

Jimmy's face set obstinately.

Modern seniors, prefects or not, had no right to fag juniors of the Classical side, and Jimmy Silver was a stickler for his rights.

Besides, he was booked for that afternoon, and he did not feel inclined to throw over his own arrangements to please the bully of the Sixth.

"I want you to take a note," resumed Catesby. "I've got to get off now, somewhere. I'll write the note here, and you can cut with it."

"Better call some Modern fag!" suggested Jimmy.

"No time."

Catesby took out his pocket-book, and scribbled on a page, and tore it out.

The junior watched him coolly.

Jimmy had no intention whatever of fagging that afternoon for the Modern senior.

"There you are," said Catesby, holding out the sealed note. "Take that down to Coombe, Silver. You'll find a man waiting by the stile—"

"I don't think I shall find him, Catesby."

"Eh! Why not?"

"Because I'm not going!"

Catesby gritted his teeth, and made a stride towards the Classical junior.

At the same time Lovell and Raby and

Newcome came up and joined Jimmy in the gateway.

The Modern prefect paised.

"One of you kids can take this note, if you like," he said.

"Can't be done!" said Lovell. "We're going out."

The Fistical Four walked out of the gates.

They had not time to waste on Moderns—senior or junior.

Catesby made an angry rush after them, seized Jimmy Silver by the collar, and swung him round.

"You cheeky little cad! Stop when I tell you!" he shouted.

"Leggo, you Modern cad!" howled Jimmy.

"Take this note—"

"Bother your note! I won't take it!"

Shake! Shake!

"Let go, or I'll biff you, Catesby!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver clenching his hands hard. "Now then—"

Shake!

Biff!

Jimmy Silver hit out, and Catesby received his clenched fist on the chest.

He gasped, and released his hold, staggering back.

Jimmy, with his hands up, faced him fearlessly, his chums rushing to his side at once.

Catesby, panting, sprang forward again. But before he could hurl himself on Jimmy Silver—perhaps fortunately for him—Bulkeley of the Sixth came striding up, and his stalwart form interposed.

The captain of Rookwood pushed Catesby back.

"Now, what's the row?" said Bulkeley. "Come, come!"

Catesby panted.

"That young cad has struck me!" he roared. "You must have seen him!"

"I saw you shaking him, too," said Bulkeley quietly. "What's the matter?"

"Catesby wants us to fag for him, and we're not going to!" shouted Lovell wrathfully.

"Is that the trouble, Catesby?" asked Bulkeley, frowning.

"Suppose it is?" snarled Catesby.

"Well, you are in the wrong, then, and you've no right to lay hands on Silver," said the Rookwood captain sharply. "You've no right whatever to fag the Classical side, and you know it. If you want Silver to do anything for you, you must ask him."

"I'll wring his neck!" howled Catesby.

"You won't!" said Bulkeley. He made a sign to the juniors. "Cut off!"

"You bet!" answered Jimmy.

The Fistical Four walked cheerfully out of gates.

The Modern prefect gritted his teeth.

"I'll remember, this, Bulkeley!" he muttered.

He turned from the gateway and strode into the quadrangle.

He spotted Leggett of the Modern Fourth

lounging lazily in the stone archway of Little Quad, and called to him.

Leggett came up sulkily.

Catesby handed him the note with his instructions, and Leggett nodded and walked off with it.

Then the prefect looked at his watch again, and uttered an angry exclamation.

He had lost a good deal of time in the altercation with Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Uncle James will be ratty if I keep him waiting! Why the thunder couldn't he come here? Oh, rotten! Hang it!"

And in that amiable mood Catesby of the Sixth strode away from Rookwood, cutting across the fields at a great rate.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Cornered.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were proceeding at a trot, feeling it only judicious to keep at a respectful distance from Catesby that afternoon.

They did not want any fresh trouble with Stephen Catesby after the Rookwood captain was off the scene.

Also, going out of bounds was an enterprise that was best kept dark.

Not that there was any harm in their little excursion, as far as that went.

Fellows like Peele and Gower would go out of bounds to visit questionable characters, such as Joey Hook, the billiards sharper, at Coombe.

But that kind of shady game was not in Jimmy Silver's line at all.

The chums of the Fourth were going to visit some old ruins a couple of miles from the school.

The reeling walls and tottering fragments of roof were decidedly dangerous to explore, for which reason the Head of Rookwood had placed Woodend Lodge out of bounds.

It was a wise decision of the Head; but the juniors, curious to see the old place, did not quite agree with him.

"Here we are!" said Jimmy Silver at last.

The juniors had followed a footpath through the wood, and they came out on the ruins, glimmering in the afternoon sun of spring.

"May as well go inside," said Raby.

The juniors entered through the great doorway.

Inside, the sunlight fell on the broken masonry.

It was difficult to tell where the separate rooms had existed, so complete was the ruin.

"Hallo, my hat! That Modern cad has stalked us down, after all!"

Jimmy Silver was glancing through a ruined casement.

From the footpath, in the distance, Catesby of the Sixth had come, in sight, striding straight towards the ruins.

THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
:: BY OWEN CONQUEST. ::

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"FORCED TO RESIGN!"

"Oh crumbs!" said Lovell, in dismay. "This means a report to the Head!" "How on earth did the Modern brute guess we were coming here?" grunted Raby. Jimmy Silver knitted his brows. "Keep out of sight," he muttered. "He mayn't know we're here. He may only be coming to see the place, same as we did." "Well, that's so," agreed Lovell, relieved. The Fourth-Formers kept carefully in cover, peering out cautiously at the prefect as he came on.

They realised now that their excursion was rather a more serious matter than they had understood at first.

They had come there carelessly enough, but they realised that, if the matter was reported to the Head, he would regard it as an act of flagrant disobedience to his express commands.

So it was, in point of fact, but the somewhat heedless juniors had not intended it.

They watched Stephen Catesby anxiously. The Modern prefect came on, looking about him, and they wondered whether he was looking for them.

But he hardly glanced at the ruins. Jimmy Silver remembered now that he had heard Catesby muttering over his letter—something about somebody he was to meet, and who he thought might as well have come to Rookwood.

Was this the place of the appointment? Catesby stopped at last, a dozen yards from the ruins.

He stood there, looking about him. "He's waiting for somebody," Lovell whispered, with a perplexed look. "He's not after us, Jimmy."

Jimmy shook his head. "Some appointment with his precious sporting pals," grunted Raby. "It's pretty well known that Catesby knows Hook and his gang at Coombe."

"Tain't that! Why should they come as far as this to meet Catesby?"

"Oh, I give that up." "Well, he's not after us, that's one comfort," murmured Newcome. "So long as we lie low, like Brer Fox, it's all serene!"

"Hallo, there comes the other johnny!" muttered Lovell.

From a different path through the wood a man appeared in sight—a tall, well-dressed, middle-aged man, whose silk hat gleamed in the sunshine.

Catesby waved his hand to him, and moved off to meet him.

"My word!" murmured Lovell, in blank amazement. "That's Catesby's uncle. I've seen him at Rookwood, when he's visiting the cad. What on earth are they meeting here for?"

"May have come down for Catesby to show him over these blessed ruins," suggested Newcome.

"Oh, rot! He wouldn't take the trouble."

"Blest if I see what else it can be," said Lovell. "I think we'd better get out of sight, in case they come in."

"Mind how you move! That dashed wall may come down!"

"Careful!"

"They're coming this way! Quiet—they'll hear you!" whispered Jimmy Silver.

In a very unenviable frame of mind, the chums of the Fourth stood quite still.

In the silence voices came clearly to their ears from without.

Catesby and his uncle had stopped just outside the shattered doorway, and only a few yards separated them from the four—with a tottering wall and a heap of broken stone interposing.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**Mysterious.**

CATESBY'S voice sounded irritable as it came to the ears of the four juniors.

The Rookwood prefect was not in a good humour.

"Couldn't you have come to the school, Uncle James? I really don't see the necessity for coming here at all—miles out of the way."

A cold, quiet, silky voice replied—a voice that the juniors instinctively did not like.

"There was a reason for it, Steve."

"I'm blest if I see it!"

"I did not wish anyone to be aware that I had visited you, Stephen."

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another uncomfortably as they heard that.

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"But why—ever—" began the Rookwood prefect, in astonishment.

"There is a reason. You told me in your letter of this place, so I thought it was a good place to meet, as you mentioned that it was placed out of bounds for the school."

"Yes, that's right enough, if you don't want any Rookwood fellow to see you," answered Catesby, in wonder. "But I don't see why not. You've visited me at Rookwood before."

"The matter is different now," answered James Catesby quietly. "But take a glance into the building, Stephen; someone may be there."

"Oh, the place is quite deserted," answered Catesby carelessly. "I've been here some time, and I've seen no one."

"Very good! Step into the doorway," said Mr. Catesby.

"It's very rough there."

"Never mind that."

"They crunched over the fallen stone, so that the remaining portions of the doorway hid them from view without."

Catesby was growing more and more surprised and impatient.

But he had to keep his feelings within bounds, so far as expressing them went; he did not care to quarrel with his relative.

Mr. Catesby was a wealthy gentleman, director of half a dozen companies, and was good for generous "tips."

"I dare say you are surprised, Stephen," said the banker, breathing hard after clambering over the debris.

"Well, yes, uncle."

"Never mind that. You are to keep secret the fact that you have met me to-day. Mention it to no one—in fact, forget it yourself."

"You gave me a hint in your letter," said Catesby. "I've not spoken to anyone about it. Why didn't you write in the usual way?"

"I thought it safer to send a lad from the village with the note," answered Mr. Catesby. "The post is sometimes unreliable, in these days, and one cannot be too careful."

"You speak as if it were some awful secret, uncle!" said Catesby, in growing astonishment.

"It is not an awful secret, Stephen; but it is a secret. A great deal depends upon it—how, I need not explain to you. You have, I believe, a study to yourself at Rookwood?"

"Yes—all the seniors have."

"Quite so. You have some receptacle in your study that is perfectly safe, and never opened by anyone but yourself?"

"Yes; there's a locker, where I keep some things."

Catesby had nearly said "cigarettes," but he stopped in time.

"Only one key?"

"Yes."

"And keep it about you?"

"Yes."

"Good! I wish you to take charge of some papers for me, Stephen, and place them in a safe place, and keep that place locked very carefully."

"Oh!" said the Rookwood prefect, in astonishment.

"They are rather valuable papers, Stephen, connected with some business I have in hand, and I do not care to keep them in London. Will you take charge of the papers?"

"I'll do it with pleasure, uncle."

"Very well, then. Here are the papers."

The banker handed his nephew a thick, sealed, heavy envelope.

"By gad, it weighs a bit!" said Catesby. "Only papers?"

"Yes—legal papers. Put it out of sight."

Catesby slid the large envelope into the inside pocket of his coat.

"It's safe there, uncle."

"Very good! Mind, no eyes but your own are to see it, and get it locked up as quickly as possible. How are you off for money, Stephen?" asked Mr. Catesby, changing the subject abruptly.

"Hard up, as usual," said Catesby, with a smile.

"No reason why you should be pushed for money, my boy. I suppose two fivers would be very useful to you?"

"By gad, I should say so!"

"Well, I have brought them for you."

"I say, you're awfully good, uncle!" said Catesby, in amazed delight.

He had expected two or three pounds, at the most.

"Not at all, my boy. By the way, how do you get on with George Bulkeley? He is in your Form, I believe?"

"Yes; he's head of the Sixth and captain

of Rookwood," said Catesby. "I don't pull with him very well."

"Really, you should try to do so, as his father is your uncle's partner," said Mr. Catesby, a little severely.

"Ye-es, but—"

"You don't like him?"

"Well, no. You see, he's a Classical, and we Moderns are rather up against the Classical side. My pal, Knowles, is generally against Bulkeley, and I back him up. We don't consider that we get a fair show in games, for one thing. Some of us think that Knowles ought to be captain of Rookwood."

"If Bulkeley left—"

"Oh, Knowles would get in as skipper then!" said Catesby. "I wish he would. It would be ever so much better for me and my set."

"Such a thing may happen," said Mr. Catesby.

"Eh! Why should Bulkeley leave?" exclaimed Catesby. "Is his pater thinking of taking him away?"

"Possibly he may have to do so," answered Mr. Catesby dryly. "Of course, not a word about this, Stephen. I know I can rely on your discretion."

"Yes, rather," said Catesby.

"I will get back to the station now. Don't leave here till I have been gone ten minutes; it will be better. Good-bye, my boy! If you find yourself in need of money, let your uncle know."

"I will, uncle. Thanks! Good-bye!"

Mr. Catesby walked quickly away, and disappeared in the wood.

Catesby of the Sixth stood staring after him blankly.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated. "This beats it—beats it hollow! What's all the dashed mystery about?"

The Rookwood senior shook his head over that question.

He was puzzled, but he was feeling very contented.

Ten pounds meant quite an extensive little run among the sporting fraternity at the Bird-in-Hand, and there was more to come if he wanted it—and he was very likely to want it.

Stephen Catesby was looking very bright when he sauntered away at last from the ruins, with the mysterious package safely concealed inside his coat.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**Rather a Puzzle!**

"GREAT Scott!"

Arthur Edward Lovell relieved his feelings with that exclamation as Catesby vanished in the distance.

The Fistical Four emerged from the dusty ruins.

They were amazed—or, rather, that word did not express their feelings.

They were, as Ray put it, simply flabbergasted.

They were feeling very uncomfortable, too.

They had been forced into the position of listening to the secret interview between Catesby and his uncle quite against their will.

"Anybody guess what all that means?" asked Lovell, looking at his chums inquiringly.

"Don't ask me!" said Newcome. "It beats me hollow! It seems to beat Catesby hollow, too, from what he said."

"The merry old get seems to have taken to play-acting late in life!" grinned Raby. "Secret meetings and mysterious documents, like a blessed heavy villain in a drama!"

"He's a banker, I believe," said Lovell. "I wonder whether he's been pinching some of the bank's funds, and brought 'em to Catesby to hide?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's jolly queer!" said Jimmy Silver. "But it's no business of ours. I'm sorry I heard their silly burbling, but it couldn't be helped."

"Well, I don't see how it could. We couldn't be expected to show up and ask to be reported to the Head for breaking bounds, I suppose."

"No jolly fear!"

And with that the Fistical Four, puzzled as they were, dismissed the matter from their minds, and proceeded to explore the ruins.

Having risked their limbs half a dozen times, and covered themselves with dust, they were satisfied.

On their way back to Rookwood, late in



the afternoon, they met Tommy Dodd & Co. in Coombe Lane.

The three Tommies were looking wrathful.

"Hallo, you fellows, been to the ruins?"

"Ruins!" said Jimmy Silver. "What ruins?"

"Sure," remarked Tommy Doyle, "if you haven't been to Wood-end, you'd better dust yourselves before you go in, or they'll think ye have!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver & Co. acted upon that excellent advice, and carefully removed the dust, which was just as well, for they passed Catesby in the quadrangle when they went in.

The Moderns looked at them, and gave Jimmy Silver a scowl.

Jimmy gave him a smile and a nod in return, which had the effect of blackening Catesby's scowl still further.

Bulkeley and Neville were chatting in the Hall when the Fistical Four came into the School House.

Bulkeley seemed in very cheerful spirits, and the juniors heard his remark on the coming cricket season.

Bulkeley was laying great plans for cricket that season, apparently, and Jimmy Silver could not help glancing at him curiously, remembering what Mr. Catesby had said concerning the possibility that Bulkeley might be leaving the school.

If that was a real possibility it was evident that George Bulkeley knew nothing about it. Jimmy was rather thoughtful when he went into the end study to tea with his chums.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**  
**The Shadow of Trouble.**

"I've got an idea!"

Jimmy Silver made that remark a few days later, as he was sauntering in the sunny quadrangle with his chums after lessons.

The Fistical Four had forgotten by that time about the mysterious meeting at Wood-end.

They had other things to think about, and the meeting of Mr. Catesby with his nephew had passed from their minds.

Jimmy had been thinking, but not about that affair, which did not interest him in the least.

"Go ahead!" yawned Lovell. "Don't say it's another pillow-raid upon the Moderns. I'm fed up with Knowles jumping on us!"

"Neither the Moderns! I'm thinking of lines."

"Lines?"

"Precisely. Bulkeley has given me a hundred lines."

"Rotten!"

"Considering the way we back Bulkeley up against the Moderns, it's rather ungrateful," continued Jimmy Silver. "He might have known that it was an accident my sending a cricket-ball in at his study window. Besides, how could I help the blessed ball knocking his inkstand over? I was thinking of pointing that out to Bulkeley, instead of doing the lines. I'm sure he'd see it, as a sensible chap, and perhaps thank me for the suggestion."

"And perhaps give you some ashplant!"

"Well," said Jimmy thoughtfully, "I'll keep rather near the door. You never know how to take a prefect. Hallo, Erroll, you're a sensible chap! What do you think of this idea?"



**THE ARREST OF MR. BULKELEY!**—Bulkeley clenched his fists and his eyes blazed. He was not master of himself at that moment. His father pushed him back. "My boy, calm yourself. You can do nothing for me now! Go in, or Heaven's sake go in!" He turned away, and the detective led him off to the hack waiting at the gateway. (See Chapter 7.)

Erroll and Mornington came along, and Jimmy explained his bright idea to them. They grinned.

"I'd certainly keep near the door!" said Erroll.

"And don't try it on Carthew, anyway," advised Mornington. "You can generally depend on Bulkeley's good temper, though."

"Isn't it a good idea?" demanded Jimmy.

"Oh, rippin'!"

"Well, I'm going to put it to Bulkeley. It's a half-holiday to-day, and I don't see wasting it in doing lines!"

And Jimmy Silver—not very hopefully, perhaps—proceeded to Bulkeley's study.

Jimmy Silver tapped at Bulkeley's door. There was no reply from within, and he opened the door and glanced in, to see whether the Rookwood captain was in his quarters.

Bulkeley was there, but he did not look up. He was sitting at his table, staring at the open window on the quad.

His face was pale and troubled, and he was evidently sunk in deep and painful thought.

Jimmy Silver started as he looked at him. He had never seen the head of the Sixth looking like that before.

Bulkeley had not heard his knock, and had not noticed his entrance.

He was not in a troubled reverie. Jimmy Silver coughed loudly.

Then the captain of Rookwood started, and looked round quickly. A slight flush came into his face.

"Silver!" His voice was unusually sharp. "What do you want? You shouldn't come in without knocking."

"I did knock, Bulkeley."

"Oh, I didn't hear you!" said Bulkeley. "What is it? Don't bother me now. I—I'm expecting my father."

"I—I'll get off; it doesn't matter, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver hurriedly. It went straight to Jimmy's heart to see old Bulkeley looking like that.

Bulkeley passed his hand across his forehead.

"I—I'm rather worried," he said. "Never mind. What is it, Silver? Didn't I give you some lines? Lay them on the table, kid."

"I—I haven't done them."

"You needn't do them. Shut the door after you."

"Yes, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver very softly.

He went out, and closed the door very quietly.

His chums were waiting for him in the quadrangle, and they grinned as he rejoined them.

"Any luck?" asked Lovell.

"Did you get the ashplant?" grinned Newcome.

"Hallo! You're lookin' jolly serious," remarked Mornington, noticing the expression on Jimmy's face. "Anythin' up?"

"Bulkeley's let me off the lines."

"By gad! What for?"

"He—he's worried about something, I think," said Jimmy. "I'm sorry I went in. He's expecting his pater here, too."

"Nothing to worry him in that, surely?" said Erroll.

"I suppose not."

Jimmy Silver walked along with his chums, his brows knitted.

The Fistical Four strolled through the gates, three of them eying Jimmy very oddly.

"What's the row?" asked Lovell.

"Eh?"

"Fathead! Is there something up with Bulkeley?"

"I—I'm afraid so," faltered Jimmy. "He was looking awfully worried when I went in."

Jimmy looked quite miserable, as he felt. "I don't understand it," he said. "There may be something wrong at home, and, if so, old Catesby knew about it that day at Wood-end. Poor old Bulkeley! It gave me a regular twinge when I saw his face."

The chums of the Fourth walked on in silence, perplexed and troubled.

There was a rattle of wheels on the dusty road, and the station hack from Coombe came jolting by.

The juniors glanced at it, recognising the somewhat stately gentleman who sat within. It was Mr. Bulkeley, the father of the Rookwood captain.

The juniors had seen him a few weeks before, when he was visiting Rookwood, and they were struck by the change in his appearance now.

The handsome old gentleman seemed have aged years in those few weeks, and there was an expression of haunting trouble on his lined face that he could not control. They raised their caps to him as the hack passed, but he did not even see them.

As the vehicle rolled on in a flutter of dust they stared after it.

"That's Bulkeley's pater," said Lovell, breaking a long silence.

"He looks rotten!" muttered Raby. "I— I say, there must be some bad news for Bulkeley."

The Fistical Four had intended to spend that afternoon in a rag on the Bagshot fellows.

But they were not feeling inclined for a rag now.

The shadow of Bulkeley's trouble, whatever it was, had fallen upon them.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Black Shame.

**J**IMMY SILVER & CO. were hanging about the lane aimlessly, feeling disturbed and bothered, when Tubby Muffin came out at the school gates.

Tubby spotted the Fistical Four, and joined them.

"I say, Jimmy, it's pretty thick, ain't it?" he said breathlessly. "Yow-ow-ow!"

"What are you yow-ow-owing about?" snapped Jimmy crossly.

"That beast Neville kicked me!"

"Serve you right, I dare say."

"The beast thought I was listening," said Tubby, with an injured expression. "Of course, I wasn't!"

"Of course you were!" grunted Lovell.

"But ain't it queer about Bulkeley?" pursued Tubby, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "What's his pater done, Jimmy?"

"You fat idiot, he's done nothing! What do you mean?"

"Then what's he going to be arrested for?"

"Arrested!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"I thought that would make you jump!" grinned Tubby Muffin, with great satisfaction.

"Hallo! Wharrer you at? Leggo! Oh crumbs!"

Jimmy Silver grasped the fat Classical by the collar and shook him forcibly.

"You fat fool!" he roared. "How dare you babble such rot? How dare you, you irabious ass?"

"Yow-ow-ow-wooop!"

"Chuck him into the ditch!" growled Lovell.

"I've a jolly good mind to!" panted Jimmy savagely.

"Yow-ow! I—I say, wharrer marrer?" gasped Tubby. "I'm sorry for old Bulkeley, ain't I—in fact, I'm awfully sympathetic! It will be the finish for him at Rookwood if his father goes to chokey. Here, you keep off, you beast!"

"What are you driving at?" shouted Lovell. "Are you mad, or dreaming?"

"Well, I only know what he said himself!" gasped Tubby. "I suppose he knows. He said distinctly to Bulkeley, 'It may come to my arrest. I felt that I must see you, my boy, to give you my last assurance that I am innocent—as innocent as a baby. Those were his very words!'"

The Fistical Four stared at Tubby Muffin. It was evident that the fat Classical was speaking the truth.

He had heard Mr. Bulkeley utter those words to his son.

Jimmy Silver felt utterly sick at heart.

What terrible misfortune was hanging over Bulkeley's head, then?

"Good heavens!" muttered Lovell, his ruddy face quite pale.

"It—it can't be true!" stammered Raby.

"Well, he said so himself," said Tubby Muffin. "Old Bulkeley gave a sort of gasp. He seemed hard hit, I thought. The old gent went on to say that he didn't know what had become of the bonds."

"The bonds!" repeated Jimmy mechanically.

"Yes, I believe bonds are those valuable papers and things they have in banks," said Tubby vaguely. "Must be jolly valuable, to be worth fifty thousand pounds. That's the amount Mr. Bulkeley mentioned. I say, Jimmy, how could he lose fifty thousand pounds without knowing it?"

"Oh!" muttered Jimmy, amazed and agast.

"Fancy Catesby's uncle turning up such a trump, too!" went on Tubby.

"Eh? What has Catesby's uncle to do with it?"

"He's the old chap's partner, you know—and Mr. Bulkeley said that his only comfort had been the way James Catesby had stood by him and expressed the firmest faith in him, and something like that."

"Shouldn't have expected it of that silky old merchant, anyway!" muttered Lovell.

"Hallo! There's Tommy Dodd! I've got to speak to Doddy!"

Lovell caught the fat Classical by the shoulder.

"You sneaking, eavesdropping worm!" he said savagely. "I suppose Mr. Bulkeley didn't say all this to our skipper in the passage, where anybody could hear him?"

"No fear! They were in Bulkeley's study, of course; and the door jolly well closed!" grinned Tubby.

"Then how did you hear them?"

"I—I say— Leggo!"

"How did you hear them?" roared Lovell fiercely.

"I—I— It was rather curious!" stammered Tubby. "I—I happened to stop near Bulkeley's door to— to admire the view from the passage window, and— and being near the keyhole, as it happened, I—I—"

"You fat sneak!"

"I say—leggo! I wasn't listening, of course! That beast Neville thought I was listening when he came along the passage, and he kicked me—jolly hard! I wanted to hear the rest—I mean, I—I hadn't finished looking at the view—when that brute suddenly landed out and sent me fairly sprawling."

"And now I'll do the same!" growled Lovell.

"Yaroor!"

Tubby Muffin gave a terrific howl as Lovell spun him round and planted his boot on his fat person.

The fat Classical bolted along the lane, yelling.

And it was a quarter of an hour before he confided his startling story to any other fellows—in strict confidence, of course.

Before bed-time it was pretty certain that nearly all Rookwood would have been taken into strict confidence by Tubby Muffin on the subject of Bulkeley's father.

The Fistical Four looked at one another grimly and miserably.

If old Bulkeley had been their elder brother, and the shadow of shame and ruin had extended to themselves, they could hardly have felt the blow more keenly.

"That'll be all over the school soon!" muttered Lovell. "That fat idiot won't keep his tongue between his teeth. I—I suppose it's true."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"It's bound to come out, Tubby or no Tubby," he said. "As far as I make out, there's fifty thousand pounds' worth of bonds missing from the bank, and Mr. Bulkeley is suspected of making away with them."

"He didn't do it," said Raby.

Jimmy was silent.

Whether Mr. Bulkeley was innocent or guilty was a question the juniors had no means of deciding, or even forming an opinion on.

They were naturally prejudiced in his favour by the fact that he was George Bulkeley's father; but they knew very well that a gentleman in his position would not be suspected without very strong reasons.

It was of Bulkeley they thought chiefly.

He would have to leave Rookwood—under a cloud of disgrace and infamy.

His father a thief—old Bulkeley's father a thief!

It was incredible—and almost too horrible for words.

Poor old Bulkeley!

That was all that they could say or think.

A man came up the road from the village, and paused as he saw the juniors near the school gates.

They hardly observed him, but as he approached them the four gave him some attention.

He was a quietly-dressed man, in a dark coat and bowler-hat, with a thin, sharp face and very keen, ferretty eyes.

"Excuse me," he said, and his voice was as sharp as his face. "You belong to this school, I think—Rookwood?"

"Yes," answered Jimmy Silver.

"Are you acquainted with a boy named Bulkeley?"

Jimmy started.

"He's our captain," he answered.

His eyes glistened at the man. It came into his mind that the stranger was a plain-clothes policeman; he hardly knew why.

"Can you tell me whether he has had a visitor this afternoon?" asked the man civilly enough. "I have a reason for asking."

"His father's come to see him," said Raby, without thinking.

"Thank you!"

The man turned towards the gates of the school.

Jimmy Silver's face became quite pale as he understood. He wondered that he had not understood at first.

He gave his chums a look of terror.

"You—you see?" he breathed. "It—it's a policeman!"

"Jimmy!"

"After Bulkeley's pater!" stammered Lovell.

The Fistical Four stared dumbly after the man.

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THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"FORCED TO RESIGN!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.



Knowing what they did, they could guess the rest. Mr. Bulkeley, under suspicion already, had suddenly left London—and his arrest had been determined on at once. And this man—evidently a detective—had followed him with a warrant in his pocket.

The juniors were almost frozen with the horror of it.

To this hard-faced man the task was simply part of his usual work—a job he had to do. But to Bulkeley—to all the Rookwood fellows!

An arrest in the school—the Rookwood captain's father taken away in custody!

Jimmy Silver panted. "Keep that man back a minute, you fellows," he whispered. "I'm going to cut in and warn Bulkeley. It—it sha'n't take place before all Rookwood if I can help it. Keep him a minute."

"Right! But how?" "Bump him over, and chance it." "All right! Serve him right, too—hang him!" said Lovell.

It was a reckless proceeding enough. But the chums of the Fourth did not stop to think. There was no time for thinking.

The detective had nearly reached the school gates when they overtook him.

Jimmy, in his excitement, caught him by the arm, and the man stared at him in astonishment.

"You've come here for Mr. Bulkeley?" panted Jimmy.

No answer. "You're a detective?" "I am a detective," said the man quietly, "and you young fellows had better let me get about my business. Hands off, you young fools!"

The juniors were round him threateningly. "Answer me, then!" said Jimmy. "Are you after Mr. Bulkeley?"

"Yes."

"That's enough." Jimmy Silver ran to the gates, and the detective strode angrily after him almost as quickly as he ran.

But a foot came in the way, and the man from London rolled over in the road, with a gasping howl.

Lovell & Co. ran in, grasped the heavy bronze gates, and closed them with a rush.

The next moment the angry man's face was staring at them between the bars, and the three juniors were holding the gates shut against him.

### THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. The Blow Falls.

JIMMY SILVER ran breathlessly into the School House.

His face, white and excited, drew many glances on him as he ran.

Jimmy did not heed.

He rushed on to Bulkeley's study in the Sixth Form corridor.

Knock, knock!

Jimmy's fist crashed on Bulkeley's door.

Without waiting for an answer from within he threw the door open, and entered the study breathlessly.

Mr. Bulkeley was there, in the Rookwood captain's armchair, looking pale and worn.

Bulkeley of the Sixth was standing before him. But he swung round with an exclamation of fierce anger as Jimmy Silver burst in.

"You young rascal!" he shouted. "How dare you? Get out!"

He advanced on Jimmy with blazing eyes. "Hold on, Bulkeley!" panted Jimmy.

"I'll—"

"I—I came to warn you! He's coming!" stammered Jimmy, gasping for breath. "He will be here in a minute! I came to tell you—"

"He? Who? What do you mean, you young fool?"

"The detective!"

Bulkeley staggered back.

"The—the detective!" he stammered. "A detective? What—"

Mr. Bulkeley rose to his feet, his lips trembling.

"I feared it, but I did not look for it here, George," he said, in tremulous tones. "They have acted quickly. My boy—his voice was quite kind as he spoke to Jimmy Silver—how do you know what you have just stated?"

Jimmy explained breathlessly.

Bulkeley stood as if turned to stone. His face was ashen.

"Father!" he muttered brokenly. "Father! Father, where are you going?"

"The man is detained at the gates," said the old gentleman hurriedly. "I will go there

at once, George; I will save you what disgrace I can. Heaven knows I would not have come here if I could have foreseen this!"

"Father!"

"Good-bye, my boy!"

"Father! You—you can't—you sha'n't!" Bulkeley's look was almost wild. "They're keeping him out! You—you can get away, father—escape—"

"George!" The old gentleman's voice was severely rebuking. "It is for the guilty to attempt escape, not the innocent. Good-bye, my boy!"

He grasped his son's hand, and strode from the study.

The unfortunate man had only one thought now—to save a scene of disgrace at Rookwood School that would never be forgotten.

Bulkeley looked after him dazedly, and then, with a groan, he covered his face with his hands.

Jimmy Silver slipped from the study. His eyes were full of tears.

In the quadrangle there was a buzz of voices, and Jimmy ran to the door.

Across the quad came the hard-featured man in the bowler-hat, with knitted brows.

He had entered, in spite of Lovell & Co.—old Mack had come out of his lodge at the furious ringing of the bell, and the juniors had been forced to give way.

He was half-way across the quad when he met Mr. Bulkeley advancing to greet him, and he smiled grimly, and quickened his pace.

Fellows were looking on from all sides.

Who the man was, and what he wanted, they did not know, but it was clear that something unusual was in progress.

A hundred pairs of eyes were upon the two men as they met in the old quadrangle of Rookwood School.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came striding out, his face white, his eyes glinting, and he ran to join his father.

Upon that father's shoulder the hand of the man from London had lightly fallen.

"You are my prisoner, Geoffrey Bulkeley!" he said, in a low, distinct voice.

There was a gasp from the Rookwood fellows.

Jimmy Silver set his teeth hard.

He could have struck the man down with pleasure—yet, after all, the detective was only doing his duty.

Amazement and consternation were written in every face now.

"By gad, what does it mean?" gasped Smythe of the Shell, blinking on at the scene in utter astonishment.

Knowles and Catesby of the Modern Sixth were looking on, equally astonished with the rest.

At that moment Cecil Knowles felt almost sorry for his old rival, so terrible was the expression of grief and horror and indignation in poor George Bulkeley's face.

"For mercy's sake get me away from this!" Mr. Bulkeley was muttering in the detective's ear. "You need not have inflicted this on me."

"I had my orders, sir, when you left London—"

"Let us go! I am your prisoner. For mercy's sake—"

"We shall take the hack."

"Let it follow us, then."

The detective hesitated a moment, but he was not, perhaps, so hard as he looked.

"Very well, sir—Stand back, boy! What do you want?" he added sharply.

Bulkeley's fists were clenched, and his eyes blazing. He was not master of himself at that moment.

His father pushed him back.

"My boy, calm yourself! You cannot help me! Calm yourself! Go in—go in!"

The detective hurried his prisoner away to the gates, and the driver of the hack followed with his vehicle down the gravel path.

The crowd of fellows watched them go, and then all eyes were turned on Bulkeley.

Knowles tapped him on the arm as he stood dazed.

"Bulkeley! What does this mean?" he exclaimed.

The captain of Rookwood burst into a wild laugh.

"Mean! It means that they're mad, hang them! It means that some rogue has stolen bonds from the bank, and they're fools enough and villains enough to say that my father did it!"

"Bonds?" repeated Catesby. "From the bank?"

"Your father!" Knowles, to do him justice, was shocked. "Bulkeley, nobody here will believe it! Buck up, old fellow!"

Bulkeley turned away without replying, and moved away blindly towards the house. Neville of the Sixth ran to him, and gave him his arm. The stalwart captain of Rookwood was moving with uncertain steps, as if all his strength had deserted him.

In the quadrangle the crowd broke up with a buzz of amazed and horrified comment.

The hack had rolled away towards the station; Mr. Bulkeley was gone.

He was gone to the prison gates that would be shut on him till he stood his trial.

That evening all Rookwood was in a buzz with the news—from the Head down to the smallest fag nothing else was thought of.

And Bulkeley?

The captain of Rookwood remained shut up in his study.

He had refused admittance even to his chum, Neville.

During the long, black hours he was alone.

Jimmy Silver, late in the evening, ventured near the study; he heard from within the monotonous tramp of feet—to and fro, to and fro.

A steady, tireless tramp, telling of the unresting misery shut up in the gloomy room.

THE END.

(Another grand complete story of the Rookwood chums next Tuesday, entitled: "Forced to Resign!" by Owen Conquest.)

## LAKELAND'S RAILWAY.

By a RAILWAY EXPERT.

THOSE of our readers who have been fortunate enough to visit the lovely English Lake District will be familiar with the Furness Railway system, which not only runs trains, but also steam-yachts on Lake Windermere and steam-gondolas on Lake Coniston, and, in pre-war days, paddle steamers also to Fleetwood (for Blackpool).

A journey by the Furness Railway is an interesting one. Travelling by the L. & N.W. or Midland Railways to Carnforth, we board a Furness train, and proceed along the northern shore of Morecambe Bay, with the sea on one side and the lovely scenery of the Lake District on the other. A branch runs off the main line to Lake Side, Windermere, where we find one of the elegant steam-yachts waiting to convey us the whole length of England's biggest lake. Farther on, another branch climbs up to Coniston Lake, where we board the Furness Railway's steam gondola for a trip on this beautiful sheet of inland water. The train continues its journey along the seashore of the Cumberland coast up to Whitehaven.

The Furness Railway up to twenty-five years ago had some of the old engines in service, locomotives that took one back to George Stephenson's days. One of these—"Old Copper Knob"—with a round top fire-box, bar frame, and only four wheels, is preserved on a pedestal in the yard of Barrow Central Railway Station, and should be seen to enable a comparison to be made with the present big Furness engines.

More modern express engines have been in use since that time, and at present the fastest trains on the line are "horsed" by fine "Baltic" type tank engines, built only eighteen months ago. One of these—No. 115—is illustrated in the colour-plate presented with this issue.

This 4-6-4 locomotive weighs 92½ tons, the cylinders are 19in. diameter by 26in. stroke, and the 6-coupled wheels are 5ft. 8in. diameter. The length of the engine altogether is 49 ft. 1½in.—equal to the combined frontage of three fair-sized terrace houses. The heating surface is over 2,000 square feet, and the boiler pressure 170lb. per square inch; 2,000 gallons of water, and 4 tons of coal are carried. Altogether, No. 115 is a fine specimen of a down-to-date ultra-powerful passenger engine. We hope many readers will have an opportunity of travelling behind one of these fine Furness Railway engines.

THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"FORCED TO RESIGN!"

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE STORY OF THE YEAR!



A Magnificent New Serial of  
Adventure, introducing  
Ferrers Lord & Co., and Gan  
Waga, the Eskimo.

By SIDNEY DREW,  
Author of "The Invisible Raider."

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great German treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought from the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once 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-floe. 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.

During the next few days the weather becomes milder, and causes the ice-floe to break away from the rest of the island. Ferrers Lord brings the news to the engineer, "We are adrift, Hal!" he says, watching the gap widen.

(Now read on.)

## Adrift on the Ice-field!

THE engineer nodded, and his eyebrows knitted as he looked at the barometer. They could hear the increasing wind howling and whistling past the hut.

"I had an idea Castaro would attempt this," said the millionaire, after a pause. "We are not to blame, for though I anticipated it, I could not prevent it. An attack on the ravine, either in daylight or dark, would have been a worthless slaughter. With his searchlight and his machine-guns—he is certain to have machine-guns—that ship of ice would have been a death-trap. We can do nothing now until dawn, I suppose."

All they could do was to try to ascertain in which direction the floe was drifting, and at what pace. With a northerly gale her normal course ought to have been south; but the floe carried a terrific bottom-hammer, and except of what was left of Saurian Head, with all its great acreage, the floe was almost flat, and offered little resistance even to a gale. The ocean currents would have far more to do with the drift than all the winds of heaven, and these seas of peril were still uncharted as to tides and currents.

Prout had ordered the men who were not on duty back to their huts. The steersman was taking a look round, when he heard the swishing of water. The petrol launch had been hauled up the slipway high and dry, and made fast to a couple of strong wooden posts. To the steersman's surprise she was no longer high and dry, for water was lapping round her bows. Prout could only account for this in two ways—that there was an exceptionally big run of tide, such a tide as they had not experienced before, or that the floe had sunk twelve or fourteen feet.

The steersman was on his way back to report, when he heard a crash from the cook-house, and shrill yells from the chef. The place was filled with smoke and black smuts. The stove-pipe had come down, and in the midst of the smoke Mossou, as black as a sweep, was dancing, coughing, howling, and tearing his hair. As Prout looked in, plates and dishes, as if moved by invisible hands, began to detach themselves from the wooden plate-rack. A good many were smashed, but those that remained intact went rolling

THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"FIVE POUNDS REWARD!"

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

across the floor. The cook, red-eyed and gasping, rushed out.

"Souise me, the whole bottom must be falling out of the floe!" growled Prout. "She's slipping up. Why couldn't she keep on an even keel till daylight?"

Prout dumped a few shovels of snow on the galley fire to put it out. The whole camp was wide awake. In all the huts small articles had been falling, or shifting their positions. Saurian Camp had sagged. Ferrers Lord, Honour, Thurston, and Ching Lung met in hurried consultation.

"It's the weight of the berg," said the millionaire. "The floe has swung clear into deep water, and the berg is pulling her down at this end. Something will snap, and we may find ourselves adrift on a few hundred square yards of ice. Get your lights on, Honour. We must work like galley-slaves to-night to move the stuff further in. The only other way is to blow up the berg, and that might only hasten the disaster."

"Too risky!" grunted the engineer, and went out.

In the glare of the big flares the work began. The wind blew fiercely all the time, and though the surface of the snow was anything but firm, Joe's sledges came in useful. When dawn began to break Saurian Camp looked as if it had been bombed from the skies. An enormous quantity of goods had still to be removed to the dump nearly half a mile from the berg. Gradually the light grew brighter, making the flares look dull and yellow, and the island began to reveal itself. The floe had swung round about ninety degrees. The berg no longer sheltered them, and hid Desolatia. The floe was drifting past the island, but so slowly, that except for the swing, the movement would not have been perceptible. They could see the headland from which Castaro had fled.

"By Jove, if we keep the course we're taking we shall be within range of their guns before sunset!" said Ching Lung. "We're asking to be poked at!"

"All the more reason for sticking to hard work," said Thurston. "Perhaps it was a lucky thing the floor did sag, and give us due notice to move further in when it did. Shifting camp gives me pains in the back, and makes blisters on my hands, but I'd sooner have the pains and the blisters than

see Esteban Castaro's shells playing skittles with our food and furniture. Touch wood, though! Perhaps our dump won't be out of range."

"Maybe we're being unjust to the fat greaser," said the prince. "The fellow who would shoot at people in the mess we're in just now must be a very nasty person, indeed! Though I can't believe he'd do it, let us get on with the furniture shifting. Which reminds me of Spike. Where's friend Spike?"

The prisoner was not to be found. Neither was the row-boat that had been hauled up on the ice beside the slipway. In the darkness and confusion Spike had managed to launch the boat and get away unseen. Whether he had succeeded in reaching Desolatia, and making a safe landing there was more than doubtful, in such rough water. Prout was furious, for he had liberated the man himself, thinking that it was impossible for him to get away, or do any harm. Nathan Spike was no real loss, but at some future time they might need the boat very urgently. Even if he had managed to make his way back to his master, all the information he could give Esteban Castaro would be of little value. There could be few secrets on the drifting floe that a good telescope would not reveal when the sun rose. Barry O'Rooney was quite indignant.

"Bedad, ut's the last time Oi'll go risking the only loife Oi have taking prisoners for you to lose!" he said. "Ut's murder and robbery. Spike was as good as foive hundred pounds in my pocket to me. He was the dago's assayer, and av the Chafe didn't want him Oi meant to sell him back to ould Castaro. Oi'll shove you in that bile, Tommy, and if Oi was the Chafe Oi'd shop the price of the boat he pinched out of your wages."

"Would you, by honey?" growled the steersman. "The next time you bring in a prisoner, look after the boulder yourself. I ain't no prison warden. It seems to me I'm everything. If there's any job going that nobody else wants, it's shoved on to me, and then I'm groused at. I tell you, I'm nearly fed up!"

A shout from Gan Waga drew their attention to the fact that Esteban Castaro's motor-launch was coming out of the harbour.



It did not approach the floe, but disappeared amongst the floating ice. At last it came back, towing a boat, evidently the one Spike had taken, and made back to the bay.

"Well, he was lucky," said Ching Lung. "They're watching us from the top of the cliff. I can see a bunch of the greasy rascals up there, Rupert, and I'll wager they're highly delighted with themselves. They're fixing up something that looks like a scaffold. I wonder if the pretty little toy is intended for us."

"Your scaffold looks more like a semaphore to me," said Thurston. "In the joy of their hearts at seeing us adrift, I suppose they're going to talk to us."

Though the wind still held, the drift of the floe was very slight. When the old camp had been practically cleared, the road to the new camp was almost a quagmire. Harold Honour inspected what was left of Saurian Head, still a tremendous and ponderous mass of ice.

"That must go, Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "The drag it has on the floe is too dangerous altogether. We may snap in two halves unless we rid ourselves of the weight."

The engineer nodded. Two hours were spent in boring into the ice and putting in the charges. The tired, hungry men were at breakfast when Hal Honour came tramping through the slush, paying out wire from a reel. He linked up the wire to an electric battery, and then sat down on a packing-case to cut his breakfast. With his open clasp-knife he pointed to the cliff. Black against the sky they could see the semaphore that had been erected there.

"Hallo! They're giving us a call!" said Ching Lung, taking out his field-glasses. "She waggles a greeting. What has old fatty got to say to us?"

It was a long message. The prince began to read it aloud, but stopped abruptly as Ferrers Lord touched him on the shoulder. The millionaire wrote it down. He gave his notebook to Rupert Thurston, and then sent his answer to Esteban Castaro by bending over the battery and sending an electric spark flashing through the wires to Saurian Head. The iceberg split and crumbled, and a curtain of black smoke blotted out Desolatia, and they put their hands over their ears to deaden the roar of the explosion. When the smoke lifted the iceberg had gone. This was the message Thurston read:

"Have vessel due here in twenty-four hours. Will give you passage in her to any port you choose for twenty thousand pounds and your promise, verbal or written, to leave me unmolested in possession of island for two years, and to lodge no complaint against me, or take any steps, legal or otherwise, to make me evacuate. If you refuse, I wish you a happy trip to the Antarctic and a long stay there.—Esteban Castaro."

Rupert Thurston passed the notebook to Harold Honour. Before looking at it, the engineer drained his mug of coffee. He gave his broad shoulders a shrug that might have meant anything or nothing. Whatever his opinion may have been, the engineer preferred to remain silent. It was an impudent offer, and yet Thurston and Ching Lung, though individually they would have refused it with contempt, were not convinced that Ferrers Lord, with so many lives at stake, was justified in declining it. He was standing with folded arms, watching the island, his brows knitted a little.

"They are asking for a reply," he said, without turning. "Get some flags, Prout, and signal No. I don't believe in driving a willing horse, Honour, but I should like to have our wireless up some time to-day. Come, men, let us work first and play afterwards. Let us prepare for bad weather and make ourselves snug."

There was scarcely any water on the slipway when Thurston inspected it, showing that the floe had lifted since the dragging weight of Saurian Head had been removed. A great triangular piece of ice had gone with it, forming a V-shaped creek. When Rupert Thurston noticed the creek the narrow part of the V was in a direct line with the cliff and Esteban Castaro's semaphore. He worked with the others for several hours, and then went back to see if anything of value had been left behind. The angle of the V and the semaphore were no longer in line. "We're well adrift, Ching," he told the prince. "It's the sort of pill to kill or cure.

If I could have gulped it down it would have cured, but it might have choked me while I was trying to swallow it. Fatty must think we're in a dreadful mess to have made the offer. I wonder if he meant it?"

"I think so. In a way, it's a compliment to the Chief on the rascal's part. He's willing to take his word, written or spoken. That includes the lot of us."

"Yes; I suppose it does," answered Rupert Thurston. "I wonder what the men think about it. Most of them can read Morse, so they must know of Castaro's terms, and that they have been declined. What they think makes little difference, for we know what they'll do—they'll stick to the Chief to the bitter end."

The building of the new camp was not so laborious, as with the sea between them and Gan Waga's island there was little danger of a raid, and no necessity to build barricades. The gap between the island and the ice-floe steadily increased. By dusk the huts had been erected, and Hal Honour had practically completed his wireless. In those forlorn seas there might be a stray whaler equipped with wireless apparatus, but this was doubtful. Still, the radio would link them up with the outer world and bring help, if help could come in time or ever reach them.

"The chap who started the rumour that work was a noble thing ought to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered, Ru," said Ching Lung, as he drew the bedclothes up to his chin. "It makes you too tired. I've worked till I ache. You needn't call me early, mother dear, for I don't want to be Queen of the May, and anybody can have that old job for me. The one thing I'd like to know is, where we are going, and what we shall do when we get there!"

"You get me guessing, old chap," said Thurston, with a yawn. "Unless we sink, or the whole floe thaws and dissolves into salt water, I fancy we shall pull up somewhere nasty, where there'd be no money in starting

an ice-cream factory. You needn't bring my shaving-water before ten. Jove! You're not the only person who aches! I wasn't born for this navy business, and I've got more blisters on my hands than I can count. I shall sleep without rocking, thank you, so good-night! For the next eight or ten hours consider me dead to the world!"

Ferrers Lord had worked as hard as any of his men, but the millionaire did not sleep. The wind still blew in gusts, as it had been blowing all the day, and it was alarmingly mild for such a latitude. At last the millionaire opened the door of his hut and came out. Another door opened, emitting a gleam of yellow light, and closed again. Harold Honour was also awake and stirring, though no one better deserved a long night of rest.

"Have you noticed the smell, Honour?" asked Ferrers Lord, after a silence.

The engineer's reply was an affirmative grunt. It was a smell of decaying vegetation. The breeze carried it away from them, but it was pungent and unpleasant. Behind them they saw the flicker of Esteban Castaro's searchlight. Desperate men will attempt desperate measures, and the Mexican was leaving nothing to chance. Probably he thought that some attempt would be made to effect a landing on the island before the ice-floe had drifted farther away.

"It may beat us," said the engineer, referring to the seaweed and the weather. "Too warm!"

He took a flash-lamp and a pair of pliers out of his bulky pockets, and began to work again at the wireless. Most of the snow had gone. As yet, the smell of the rotting weed was neither uncomfortable nor dangerous, but if the curious mild weather continued it might become both. Under its white mantle of snow the floe had looked desolate but not ugly, but the brown waste was dismal and ugly enough now. A sharp frost would arrest the decay, and it might even bring the floe to anchor, but the temperature was well above freezing-point. In the hollows of the weed, eerie patches of blue light were gleaming, pale fires that shifted to and fro and



**FERRERS LORD'S ANSWER!**—The millionaire gave the notebook to Thurston, and then sent his answer to Castaro's message flashing through the electric wires to Saurian Head. The iceberg split and crumbled and a curtain of black smoke blotted out the island, and Ferrers Lord & Co. put their hands to their ears to deaden the roar of the explosion. When the smoke lifted the iceberg had gone! (See this page.)

held no heat, ghostly wino-the-wisps oorn of rotting vegetation and putrid gases.

"Yes, it may beat us, this stench!" muttered Ferrers Lord, echoing the engineer's words. "There are a thousand fevers in it. It may compel me to show the white flag!"

The millionaire watched Honour's busy hands, and then walked round the camp. The searchlight veered that way. There was some haze, and the rays were not very strong, but it revealed something startling. The V-shaped opening in the ice had widened and spread inwards to within a dozen yards of the slipway. The millionaire drew a revolver from his pocket, but did not fire it. He went back quickly to the engineer.

"We're splitting, Honour," he said. "It seems a pity to waken everyone. Get a dozen men and some tackle quickly, or we shall lose the launch!"

It was too late to pick and choose. An ominous cracking sound caused the millionaire to fire his revolver and rouse the whole camp. Most of the men had been too tired to undress, so the response was prompt. Without knowing what was the matter, Prout arrived in his pyjamas, carrying a rifle, just as Hal Honour lighted a flare.

"The launch!" cried Ferrers Lord. "Get her out of the slipway and haul her up high and dry!"

They were only seconds too late. The launch was still in the slipway, fastened to the posts, but the slipway seemed to have cracked across, and was flooded. Through the gap waves were rolling. Gan Waga opened a clasp-knife and seized a rope. He plunged into the water, and crossed it in a dozen strokes. The men on the island had seen the flare, and were watching to learn what was happening. They turned on the full current of the searchlight. Gan Waga scrambled out, made the rope fast, and slashed through the moorings of the launch. Standing waist-deep in the icy water, he put his shoulder to her to ease her off. She slid forward as he climbed into her. The next moment, warned by some instinct, the Eskimo jumped clear, and gained the ice.

"Don't pull—don't pull!" he shouted. But his warning did not come in time, for the launch was afloat and on.

The floe rocked, and the jaws of ice closed together. As they shut, smashing the launch flat like a nut in a vice, torrents of water spouted up, and again the icy jaws opened. The launch had gone, and the waves boiled through the widening fissure. Gan Waga dived, and as Ferrers Lord grasped the

Eskimo's wrists and dragged him into safety, the whole north-west corner of the floe broke away, a veritable island of ice, acres in extent.

From the island came the dull boom of a gun. With the full current working their light, the men on the island had seen what had happened, and had fired the gun in exultant mockery.

"By honey," said Prout, who was drenched and shivering, "this is a nasty knock! I thought the old floe was too solid to play a dirty trick like that on us. Yes, you may pop off your guns and grin, you greasers," he added, shaking his fist at the searchlight, "but we ain't done with you—not 'alf done yet!"

In addition to the loss of the launch, all their toil had been wasted. For the moment the camp seemed safe enough, but the great break had left it perilously near the edge of the ice, and as another break might come, it would have to be moved nearer the centre of the floe. The men were ordered back to bed. Thurston and Ching Lung, who had imagined that they could have slept the clock round without once opening their eyes, were wakeful enough now.

"Things are going from bad to worse," said the prince. "Now we're properly marooned and adrift, old lad. If they've wakened up Mexican Steve to tell him the glad news that we've lost our launch and several acres of our floating estate, that fat rascal must be chucking very merrily."

"The launch doesn't bother me much, for as long as we have any wood and iron and some petrol, Hal Honour will build something to replace it," said Rupert Thurston. "If the floe is as rotten as it seems to be, it may smash up altogether. We can't afford to lose many slices that size. It's a big loaf that you can keep cutting at, Ching. If we lost that lump in fairly quiet weather, what may happen in a storm?"

"Several nasty things, I should imagine. I'm hoping that she isn't quite so rotten. Blowing up the remains of the berg may have cracked her. She may be good in parts, like the curate's famous egg. Besides, it may freeze. There's no cure for a rickety ice-floe like a good frost, so whistle for one."

"I thought it was a breeze you whistled for. I'm dog-tired and stiff, and yet I feel as wakeful as a cat after sparrows. Heigho! All that work will have to be done over again to-morrow; all the furniture-shifting and hut-building, for we're bound to emigrate again. I'll have a try to sleep, and chance it."

Owing to bad visibility, Gan Waga's island was only like a blur of mist when the bleak, windy morning dawned. The mass of ice that had broken clear was floating about a third of a mile from the main floe. With a shift of wind this drift ice was another danger. If driven back against them by angry weather, its sharp angles would give the floe a hard buffeting that might cause other serious splits and fissures.

The men were quite cheerful. Ferrers Lord and Honour went off together to choose a site for the new camp. Maddock and the blacksmith accompanied them with boring tools, for it was apparent that the floe was not of equal thickness. Leaving the boat and Dalblair to make the borings, the two made a survey of the floe. Roughly, they calculated that it had an area of six square miles.

They were nearing the camp before the millionaire mentioned Senor Esteban Castaro or Gan Waga's island.

"I want to see this thing through, Honour," he said. "I may have to give in, but that is not my way. I am more afraid of this weed than I am of Castaro or the ice or of anything else on earth. It may be that I am stubborn, but I'm not stubborn enough to sacrifice my men. Castaro is genuine with his offer to take us off for my cheque and promise, only because he thinks we have wireless. Time may beat him, but, unfortunately, that and the weed may beat us, too. What are our hopes of calling a ship to the rescue? I know they are pretty remote. There may be nothing afloat within a thousand miles of us except Castaro's yacht and the boat that Spike stated was on its way to Desolatia with plant and labourers for the gold-workings. And, of course, no ordinary ship would attempt it."

The engineer nodded. It was obvious that unless some vessel happened to be within a few hundred miles of them, no captain would venture into such perilous seas, unless, of course, a British cruise. The farther they drifted south, the more dangerous and doubtful the search would be. In spite of Castaro's message that suggested that he was in touch with his supply ship, the millionaire was not at all sure that the craft would ever reach Desolatia, for the earthquake and hurricane had choked the Antarctic seas with icebergs and floating ice that perhaps had never been adrift for centuries, till the tremendous upheaval had set them free to menace navigation. With Ferrers Lord's quarrel with Esteban Castaro the engineer had no concern. His business was with machinery. Anything beyond that had no great interest for him.

"The weed is dangerous," he said, and made what for him was an enormously long speech. "We might call a vessel to us, but not quickly. I'll build a launch to take us all to Desolatia in a few trips. Unless it freezes, the weed will poison us. Bad stuff. Beat the weed, Chief, or give in."

(Another long instalment of our wonderful serial next week.)

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# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

With the limited space at my disposal for this week, I am unable to discourse at length upon the stories in preparation for our next issue of the POPULAR. I ask my chums to note the footlines at the bottom of the pages, where they will learn the titles of all the stories.

However, although I am not able to write about the stories, you may be quite certain that they will be of the very best—school stories of Rookwood, Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and the School in the Backwoods, an instalment of our grand serial, Billy Bunter's famous "Weekly," and the competition.

I think it is incumbent upon me to-day to draw your very special attention to the gifts which are being given away, absolutely free, with the various papers forming the group known as the Companion Papers.

In the first place, we have in this issue a magnificent Coloured Engine Plate, which makes a wonderful addition to the collection you will have already obtained. There will be yet another splendid coloured plate next Tuesday in the POPULAR, this time of a magnificent Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Express Engine.

Our famous companion paper, the "Magnet" Library, which, as you know, concerns Greyfriars School, is giving away this week TWO FREE REAL PHOTOS of the Cuptie captains—Joseph McCall and T. Wilson. This gift will be particularly appreciated, as these two famous footballers are being spoken of in every town, city, and village in the kingdom at this time.

Then the "Boys' Friend" appears this week with a truly splendid FREE REAL PHOTO of George Cook, the famous Australian boxer, who is over here to make as great a name for himself in this country as he has made in his own. You will doubtless remember that this boxer recently met Joe Beckett, the heavy-weight champion of Great Britain. The "Boys' Friend" is now on sale at all newsagents.

The "Gem" Library, which appears every Wednesday, is presenting its readers with a grand FREE REAL PHOTO of famous "FANNY" WALDEN, in action on the field of play. The "Gem" Library contains a fine, long, complete story of the chums of St. Jim's, a splendid serial, and other interesting features.

Now, I have every reason to believe that my chums of the POPULAR have been collecting the splendid engine plates. Add to your albums, then, the REAL PHOTOS now being given away with our Companion Papers.

## Your Editor.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Betty Proctor, The Crossways, Streetsbrook Road, Solihull, near Birmingham, wishes to hear from readers in Africa and India; all letters answered.

A. Johnston, 5, Earlston Avenue, Townhead Glasgow, wishes to hear from readers anywhere, to exchange picture postcards and small magazines.

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