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The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT INSIDE.



PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR OF OUR GRAND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT!
(Don't Miss This Week's Splendid Number of Our Famous Schoolboy Journal.)

YEN CHIN, THE LITTLE CHINEE, ARRIVES AT THE CEDAR CREEK SCHOOL, AND PROVES THAT LOOKS ARE SOMETIMES DECEPTIVE.



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of
FRANK RICHARDS, Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD,

(Author of the famous tales of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, appearing in the "Gem" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The New Boy.

"A GOL-DARNED Chow!"

"A which?" inquired Frank Richards.

"A gol-darned Chow!" repeated Eben Hacke, in utter disgust.

Frank Richards & Co. had just arrived at Cedar Creek School when Eben Hacke greeted them with that information.

Ebenezer looked disgusted.

"A Chinaman—here?" asked Bob Lawless.

"Yep."

"A Chinee come to school?" asked Vere Beauclere.

"That's it."

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

Frank Richards further inquired.

Eben Hacke replied to that question with a snort.

"Where is the galoot?" asked Bob Lawless, looking round.

"He's gone in to see Miss Meadows!" grunted Hacke. "Hallo! Here he is!" he added, as the subject of the discussion came out of the lumber schoolhouse.

The new fellow at Cedar Creek was surrounded at once. Frank Richards looked at him very curiously.

Yen Chin was a small fellow, small and slim, with a yellowish complexion and long, almond-shaped eyes. He was dressed in his own Chinese garb, but he wore a Stetson hat over his pigtail.

His expression, like that of the celebrated Ah Sin, was "childlike and bland."

He grinned good-naturedly at the curious Cedar Creek fellows. Evidently he did not see any reason why he should not be quite welcome in the lumber school.

"So you're the new kid here?" asked Frank Richards, feeling that someone was called upon to say a welcoming word. Yen Chin nodded and grinned.

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"Me come to school," he answered. "Me Yen Chin. Me learnee hele allee samee Melican man."

Eben Hacke snorted wrathfully.

"And what do you mean by coming to a white man's school?" he demanded. Yen Chin blinked at him.

"You no likee me comee?" he asked.

"Nope!"

"Me comee allee samee."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Got you there, Hacke!" grinned Bob Lawless.

"The gol-darned cheeky heathen!" exclaimed Hacke. "I'll have his pigtail off for his sass!"

"Leave him alone!"

"I guess I'm having his pigtail off!"

Hacke took out a large clasp-knife, and opened it with an air of great deliberation.

Yen Chin dodged round Frank Richards.

"No cuttee!" he yelled.

"Leave him alone!" exclaimed Frank sharply, pushing Hacke away.

"Mind your own business, Richards!"

"I tell you—"

"Rot!"

Hacke rushed after the little Chinee, and caught him by the shoulder.

The next moment Yen Chin curled round him like a cat, and Hacke came to the earth with a heavy thud.

"Ow!" roared Hacke.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sudden fall of the burly Eben brought a shout of laughter from the Cedar Creek fellows.

He had smitten the ground with great force, and he lay there dazed and gasping, while the little Celestial dodged into the schoolhouse porch.

"Waal, I swow!" ejaculated Hacke, sitting up at last. "How the thunder did I get down hyer?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll break him into little bits for

that!" spluttered Hacke, as he scrambled to his feet. "I'll—I'll—"

"Hacke!"

It was Miss Meadows' quiet voice.

The schoolmistress looked out of the porch with a severe frown, and Hacke's rush in pursuit of the Celestial stopped suddenly.

"Ye-e-es, marm!" he stammered.

"No cuttee pigtail!" wailed Yen Chin.

"Were you going to cut Yen Chin's pigtail, Hacke?" asked Miss Meadows sternly.

"Nunno! Only skeering him, marm!"

stammered Hacke.

"You will be careful to do nothing of the sort again," said Miss Meadows.

"Ye-e-es, marm."

The school-bell called Cedar Creek into class, and Yen Chin glided in with the rest.

He occupied most of the morning in blinking round him with his almond eyes, taking note of his surroundings. Only Eben Hacke gave him hostile glances.

The inglorious result of Hacke's encounter with the little Chinee was not to be forgotten easily, and Hacke did not forget it.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Little Present.

FRANK RICHARDS and his chums were chatting in the school-ground, after morning lessons, when the bull-voice of Eben

Hacke was heard in loud and wrathful tones.

"Anybody got my knife?"

"Lost it?" inquired Bob Lawless.

"I guess I haven't lost it, as it was in my pocket when I went into class!" growled Hacke. "Somebody's taken it!"

"Rubbish!"

"I tell you it's gone!"

"Then you've dropped it somewhere, fathead!"

"I calculate I've done nothin' of the sort! Somebody's hooked it out of my pocket!" persisted Hacke.

"Rot!"

"I tell you—"

"Oh, rats!"

The three chums sauntered away to the creek, leaving Eben Hacke fuming. The ice was thick on Cedar Creek, and the trio intended to slide till dinner.

But as they came down to the bank Yen Chin came scuttling after them, his loose garments blowing out in the wind.

"Stoppee!" he called out.

"Hallo, heathen!" said Bob.

"Me wantee speakee to Flank Richards!"

"Here I am!" said Frank, smiling.

"Allee lonee?" said Yen Chin mysteriously.

Frank looked puzzled.

"What the dickens do you want to speak to me alone for?" he demanded.

"Allee lonee?" persisted Yen Chin.

"Come on Cherub!" grinned Bob Lawless. And Frank's chums moved off.

"Well, what is it, Yen Chin?" asked Frank, mystified.

"You come with me."

Yen Chin led the mystified schoolboy under the trees.

His manner was one of great mystery.

"Well, now, what is it?" exclaimed Frank, as soon as they were in the timber.

"You stoppee Melican chapee beatee Yen Chin. You good boy," said the Celestial. "Me, Yen Chin, good boy. Me makee you nicee present."

"You young ass!" exclaimed Frank, half-laughing and half-vexed. "I don't want you to make me a present."

"Yes, yes. Me makee present. Nicee knifee."

"Wha-a-at!"

With a mysterious air Yen Chin produced a clasp-knife from the recesses of his loose garments.

Frank stared at it blankly. He knew that knife by sight.

"You takee!" said Yen Chin.

"Goodee knifee. No lettee Melican chapee see."

"My only hat!" ejaculated Frank.

He could hardly believe, for a moment, that the little Celestial was trying to make him a present of Eben Hacke's clasp-knife.

But Yen Chin was evidently in earnest, and it was equally evident that he did not see any harm in what he was doing.

The chums of Cedar Creek looked at one another and burst into a laugh. They could not help it.

"Come with me, you young duffer!" said Frank. "You'll give Hacke his knife back, and ask his pardon!"

He grasped Yen Chin by the shoulder and led him back to the lumber school.

The Chinese wriggled in his grasp.

"Lettee go!" he pleaded. "Frank Richards no wantee knifee?"

"Of course not!"

"Me keepee, then."

"You jolly well won't keepee, you young rascal!"

Frank Richards marched the wriggling Chinese into the school-ground, where Eben Hacke was still inquiring after his lost clasp-knife.

His grinning chums followed.

It was difficult to be angry with the little Celestial, whose ways evidently were not the same as the white man's ways.

"Hacke!" called out Frank.

"Seen my knife?" demanded Hacke.

"Yes. Yen Chin's got it."

Yen Chin gave Frank a look of deep reproach.

Hacke came towards him threateningly.

"You've got my knife, you god-darned heathen!" he exclaimed.

"Me findee," said Yen Chin, producing the knife and holding it out meekly.

"Me pickee up on floor."

"I didn't drop it on the floor, you lying heathen!" exclaimed Hacke, grabbing the clasp-knife. "I guess I should have heard it drop."

"Me pickee up on ground," amended Yen Chin.

"That's another lie! You stole it!" roared Hacke.

"No steallee!" exclaimed Yen Chin in alarm. "Me findee, and blingee to you, because you good boy."

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

"Don't he take the cake? I wonder if he could tell the truth if he tried."

"Chinese boy always tellee truth."

"So you stole my knife, you heathen!" said Eben Hacke. "I'm going to cowhide you for that. How did you find him out, Richards?"

"The young ass doesn't know any better," said Frank. "He brought it to me to make me a present of it."

"Waal, if he don't beat the Dutch, even for a heathen! You hand him over to me, and I'll take it out of his hide."

"Let him alone," said Frank. "You've got your knife back, and the poor little beast doesn't know any better."

"A lambasting will do him good!"

"I'll talk to him instead."

Yen Chin was trying to wriggle away, but Frank kept hold of his shoulder.

"Look here, kid!" said Frank quietly.

"What you've done is a beastly rotten thing, though you don't seem to understand it. A thief is the meanest kind of rotter on earth. Do you understand?"

"Me savvy," said Yen Chin humbly.

"Yen Chin, you'll promise me never to do anything of the kind again, or I'll take you to Miss Meadows at once."

"Me promise!"

"You'll keep that promise?"

"P'laps!"

"Look here, better give him the cowhide!" exclaimed Eben Hacke.

"Me keepee promise!" howled Yen Chin. "Me good boy! Me keepee promise! No givee Yen Chin cowhide! Yen Chin good Chinese!"

"Well, mind you keep your promise, that's all," said Frank, and he gave it up at that.

But it was very doubtful whether Yen Chin's truly Oriental mind had benefited by Frank's instruction.

Frank Richards had very great doubts on that point.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gunten Meets His Match.

YEN CHIN had his dinner at the lumber school, with the Cedar Creek fellows whose homes were at a distance.

Frank Richards drew him to a seat between himself and Vere Beauclere, as Hacke still had a hostile eye upon him.

After dinner he toddled out with Frank and his chums.

"Flank Richards nottee angly now?" he inquired.

"No, you young ass!"

"Allee light," said Yen Chin, beaming. "Yen Chin good boy; keepee promise. Yen Chin makee Flanke present, allee samee!"

"What have you been stealing now?" exclaimed Bob.

"No steallee!"

Yen Chin groped in his loose garments, and produced three or four ten-

dollar bills, and extended them to Frank.

"You takee nicee present," he said.

"Did you steal that money?" exclaimed Frank, aghast.

"No steallee! Mine!"

"It's your own?"

"Yes. You takee."

"But I don't want your money, you fathead!" gasped Frank. "Put it in your pocket!"

Yen Chin's face fell.

"No takee present?" he asked.

"No!"

"Yen Chin velly sofly!"

The little Chinese looked despondent, as the chums moved away. Evidently he was bent on making his protector a present.

"Blessed queer little beggar," grinned Bob Lawless. "He won't keep that cash long if Gunten gets wind of it. Gunten will get him playing poker."

"I'll jolly soon stop him if I see it!" exclaimed Frank.

"Dear old chap, you can't dry-nurse the Chinese," said Bob, laughing. "Come and have a slide on the creek."

The chums went on the ice, but Frank was thinking of Bob Lawless' words. He was well aware of Kern Gunten's peculiar manners and customs.

The Swiss had been in disgrace before, for inducing the fellows to gamble with him. And Frank's eyes gleamed at the thought of the cunning Gunten "skinning" the innocent little Chinese at some game he did not understand.

He was looking thoughtful when they came off the ice.

And as they sauntered back to school, Frank was not surprised to hear Gunten's voice from the timber.

"I guess I raise that!"

Frank halted.

"Wait a bit, you fellows," he said. Bob Lawless gave a comical groan.

"Are you going to chip in?" he asked.

"I think we ought to."

"Oh, all right; I'm your antelope!"

"Gunten ought to be stopped," said Vere Beauclere, knitting his brows.

"It's too bad—a silly kid like Yen Chin."

Frank Richards & Co. entered the timber, and soon came on the scene.

Out of sight of the lumber school, Kern Gunten and Keller and Yen Chin were seated on a fallen trunk, playing poker.

A hat served as the pool, and it was pretty full of money already.

Little Yen Chin was well provided with that useful article and he was playing ducks and drakes with it.

His serious little face was puckered over the cards in his hand.

Gunten and Keller were grinning.

Gunten looked up and scowled, however, as Frank Richards & Co. came up.

Yen Chin grinned at them agreeably.

"Nicee gamee, pokee!" he remarked.

"You young rascal!" said Frank.

"Gunten, you bound, you've got to stop this! I won't stand by and see that kid cheated!"

"Have they made you headmaster?" sneered Keller.

"No stoppee," said Yen Chin. "Gunten no cheatee. Allee light. Me wantee playee—me likee playee pokee!"

"Can't you mind your own business, Richards?" exclaimed Gunten savagely.

"As for cheating, Yen Chin was dealer this round."

"You can see he knows nothing about the game!"

"That's his funeral!"

"Me knowee," said Yen Chin. "Me playee allee light. Me laise you ten dolleee."

He threw a ten-dollar note into the hat.

"Pass!" said Keller laconically.

Gunten covered the stake.

He had four aces in his hand, which the little Chinese had dealt him, and that was a hand almost good enough to stake his life upon.

It could only be beaten by a royal flush.

Frank Richards & Co. stood looking on grimly.

They had no right to interfere, so far as that went, but it went against the grain to allow the swindling Swiss to "skin" the little Chinese.

Still, as Yen Chin had dealt the cards in that round, there could be no cheating so far as Gunten was concerned, unless he had cards up his sleeve.

Yen Chin, with a smile, tossed in another ten-dollar bill.

"Me see you," he remarked.

"I guess you've got a good hand!" muttered Gunten dubiously.

"Me tinkee. No knowee muchee of pokee, but tinkee handee good."

"Well, I guess I'll see you again."

And Gunten tossed in his stake.

Yen Chin appeared to hesitate.

Then he dropped twenty dollars into the hat.

"Oh!" ejaculated Gunten.

It cost him twenty dollars to come in now, and though Gunten had plenty of money, it would clear him right out.

But he threw in the bills, and called for a show of cards.

"Four of a kind!" he announced, throwing his cards face up on the log.

"Velly good!"

"I guess I take that pot!"

"No tinkee!" Yen Chin laid down his cards. "Looke!"

Gunten's face turned almost green as he saw a king, queen, jack, ten, and nine of hearts.

It was a royal flush, and he was beaten!

Yen Chin stretched out his hand to the hat, and ladled the bills into his pocket.

Gunten sat with a stunned look.

Bob Lawless burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! Honesty is the best policy, after all, Gunty!"

The Swiss gave the little Chinese a deadly look, and rose to his feet, quite white.

Too late, he understood that the young rascal's ignorance of the game was affected, and that he had deliberately led him on into recklessness by that affected simplicity.

The Swiss was fairly "cleaned out." All his own money, and all the profits of his poker-playing among his school-fellows for weeks past, was in the hat which Yen Chin was cheerfully emptying into his pockets.

He clenched his hands hard.

"You confounded heathen!" he muttered. "You've fooled me! You—you dealt me four of a kind to lead me on! You've swindled me!"

"No cheatee—how can?" said Yen Chin.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

The Swiss, with a white face, stumbled away.

It was the first time Kern Gunten had been defeated so utterly in his career as an amateur cardsharper. But this time the defeat was simply overwhelming.

Yen Chin rose from the log, with a grin.

"Goodee gamee, pokee," he remarked.

"You know the game?" exclaimed Frank, staring at him.

The Chinese chuckled.

"Me knowee. Me savvy! Guntee

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groat fool," he said complacently.

"Kellee great fool, too!"

Keller scowled, and followed Gunten.

He had been hit hard, though not so hard as his chum.

Yen Chin chortled spasmodically.

"Groat fools!" he remarked. "Me savvy! In firstee lound, Guntee cheatee, me sayee noting. Pletend no see."

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank.

"Second lound, Kellee dealee, cheatee again—me pletend no see," smiled Yen Chin. "Third lound, me dealee, cheatee allee—"

"What?"

"Me cheatee allee samee Guntee," said Yen Chin calmly. "Givee Kellee goodee cards, givee Guntee velly good cards. Givee me, Yen Chin, loyal flushes. Leadee Guntee playee high, and takee allee cashee. Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards & Co. simply stared at the Chinese.

The innocent Oriental they had come there to save from Gunten's dishonest clutches, evidently did not need their protection.

"Don't he take the cake?" gasped Bob Lawless. "It's a lesson that Gunten's wanted for a long time. But—"

"Yen Chin," said Frank gravely, "it's wrong to gamble."

"Flankee angly?"

"Yes."

"Yen Chin solly. No playee pokee any mole."

"Well, keep to that!" said Frank.

NEXT TUESDAY'S GRAND FREE COLOURED PLATE

will depict a famous Express Locomotive of the South Manchuria Railway.

DON'T MISS IT!

"Me keepee plomise. Chinee good hoy."

And Yen Chin toddled after the chums to the school, evidently in a contented and satisfied frame of mind.

It was dawning upon Frank Richards that if he undertook to initiate the little Celestial into the white man's ways of thinking he had an uphill task before him.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Cornered!

THERE was a cheery sound of chipping axes from the direction of Mr. Slimmey's cabin.

Some of the Cedar Creek fellows were at work there, splitting logs, and Frank Richards and his chums joined them.

It was still half an hour to afternoon lessons, and Frank especially was very willing to render any service he could to the assistant master of Cedar Creek.

Hacke was working with the others, but as the trio joined in the work, Ebenzer threw down his axe and strolled away.

Eben Hacke was not exactly a bully, but he was an extremely heavy-handed youth, and he disapproved emphatically of Frank's method of dealing with the new boy at Cedar Creek.

His idea was that what Yen Chin wanted was a thorough good cowhiding, and his idea also was that Yen Chin was going to get it.

He did not want a fight with Frank Richards, however, partly because he had already signally failed in a combat with the English schoolboy, but partly because he rather liked Frank in his rough way.

So he waited till Frank and his chums were busily engaged on the logs before he started in search of the Celestial.

Yen Chin was by himself, outside the gates, when Hacke caught sight of him, and started towards him at a run.

The little Chinese looked at him very warily.

"Whatee wantee?" he demanded.

"I guess I want you, you heathen," growled Hacke, "and I guess I'm going to lambasto you!"

Yen Chin dodged nimbly.

"Come here, you ornery heathen!" shouted Hacke.

"No comee!"

"By Jehoshaphat! I'll fairly skin you when I get a holt of you!" gasped Hacke, as he pursued the nimble Chinese among the trees.

But Yen Chin was not easy to get a "holt" on.

Hacke barred him off from the school, taking care that he did not get a chance to double back to the gates.

But the little Celestial dodged him among the trees, and Hacke's temper grew worse and worse as he panted in pursuit.

Yen Chin was driven out on the bank of the creek at last, still dodging.

"I guess I've corralled you now!" panted Hacke.

He rushed on.

But Yen Chin was not corralled yet. He shinned up the trunk of a large tree that grew by the water's edge, its branches extending over the frozen creek.

Hacke came to a halt under the tree, glaring up wrathfully.

He was tired and breathless with the chase, and he brandished his riding-whip at the grinning Chinese above.

"Come down, you critter!" he roared.

"No comee!" chuckled Yen Chin.

"I guess I'll skin you if I come after you."

"Hackee great fool!"

"Oh, you cheeky, ornery heathen!" gasped Hacke.

He began to clamber up the sloping trunk.

Yen Chin promptly retreated along an extensive branch which hung low over the ice on the creek.

The branch swayed and sagged under his weight, and drooped till the twigs at the extremity almost touched the ice.

Hacke clambered astride of the branch, glaring at the elusive Chinese, still far out of his reach.

"Will you come back?" he howled.

"No comee backee!"

"I'll skin you!"

"No skinee. Hackee great fool."

"I'll give you great fool!" panted Hacke. "I'll wring your heathen neck with your own gol-darned pigtail when I get a holt on you!"

Astride of the branch, he worked his way along it towards the Chinese, his whip held in his teeth.

Yen Chin looked alarmed now.

The branch swayed and creaked as Hacke's heavy weight was added to that of the Chinese.

Astride of the branch, he worked his way along, the branch drooping more and more towards the ice, and creaking in a threatening way.

"Blanch bleakee off!" gasped Yen Chin.

"I don't care—come back, then!"

"No comee!"

"Then I guess I'm coming for you!"

Hacke worked on, and Yen Chin began

to sway on the long branch, causing it to swing to and fro, with a louder creaking each time.

Hacke had to stop then, and clutch tight with both hands to keep from falling off.

"Stoppit!" he gasped. "You'll—you'll have me off, you silly heathen!"

Yen Chin chortled.

"Oh, by gum!" stuttered Hacke helplessly.

He was not so nimble as the Chinese, who seemed to have the activity of a cat, and his weight was more than double that of Yen Chin.

With the branch swaying and dancing under him, he could not keep his balance.

In spite of his frantic efforts, he rolled to one side, and pitched helplessly over, hanging on underneath the branch with both hands.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Yen Chin. "You dloppee. You great fool!"

"Oh, Jerusalem!"

"Help!" panted Hacke.

"Hackee great fool!" grinned Yen Chin. "Hackee gettee wettee, gettee dlownee!"

"Help!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Pluck of Yen Chin!

HELP!"

Eben Hacke's husky shout rang through the timber.

He was holding on to the crumbling edges of the ice, the black waters bubbling round him in the broken gap.

The bitter cold of the water penetrated to his very bones, and his face was as white as chalk.

He could not clamber out, for the ice chipped off in his grasp as fast as his weight was put on it.

And he was some distance from the shore.

"Help!"

Yen Chin's expression changed.

"You holdee on, and climbee, gettee feet out on ice!" he panted.

Hacke understood.

He shifted the grasp of one chilled hand from the ice to Yen Chin's right ankle. The other followed to the other ankle.

The strain upon the little Celestial was great, but he bore it without a murmur. "You holdee on?" he called out.

"Yep!" gasped Hacke.

"Now you climbee out, Hackee!"

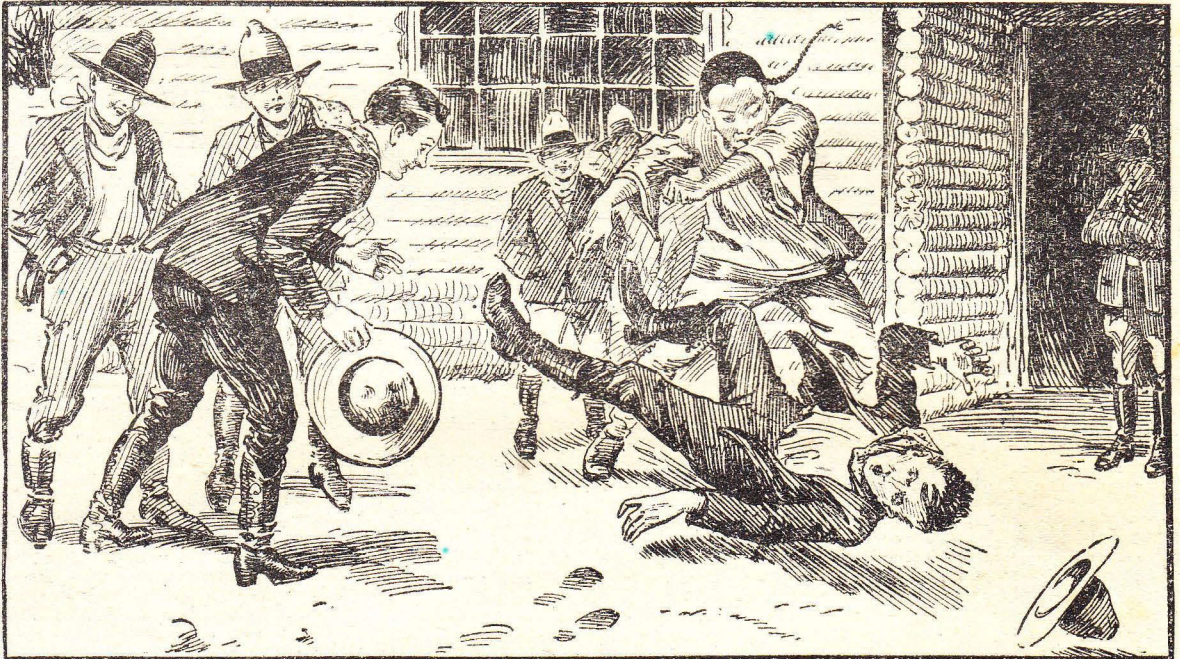
"I—I'll try."

The Celestial's ankles made an easier hold than the crumbling edge of the ice.

Hacke had a good grip, and it was pretty certain that he would not let go.

If Yen Chin's strength had failed him under the strain, he would have been dragged down into the gap in the ice, to find his death in the black depths below. But he held on to the branch grimly.

Clutching Yen Chin's limbs and loose



HACKE GETS A SURPRISE!—Hacke rushed after the little Chinese and caught him by the shoulder. The next moment Yen Chin curled round him like a cat, and Hacke came to the earth with a heavy thud. "Ow!" he roared. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Cedar Creek chums. (See Chapter 1.)

Hacke clung desperately to the swaying branch.

His boots, as he swung, were six feet above the ice.

He knew that he could not hold on many minutes, and he knew, too, that the ice would never bear his weight if he crashed on it from that height.

"Will you stoppit, you yellow coyote?" he howled. "I'm going! Oh, Jehoshaphat!"

His grasp parted on the branch.

Crash!

As he hurtled downwards his thick, heavy boots smashed through the ice, and Eben Hacke shot down and through into the black water beneath.

The branch, relieved of his weight, shot up again, and Yen Chin clung to it like a cat to save himself.

Hacke disappeared under the water for a moment, and then his head came up, wet and draggled, and he clutched desperately at the edges of the broken ice.

From above the little Chinese grinned down at him.

"Hackee dlownee!" he muttered. "Gleat fool!"

"Help me, you heathen beast!" groaned Hacke. "I—I can't hold on much longer! I'm frozen! Help!"

"Me helpee!" said Yen Chin suddenly.

"Don't jump down!" panted Hacke. "You'll go through!"

"No jumpee!"

Yen Chin sidled along the branch towards the trunk till he was over the gap where the half-frozen boy was hanging on to the ice.

There was a sound of shouting in the distance.

Hacke's cries had been heard, and voices were calling; but it was very doubtful whether help would reach him before the bitter cold forced him to loose his hold.

Yen Chin swung himself over the branch, holding on by his hands.

He lowered himself, the branch sagging under his weight, till his feet were close to Hacke's head.

garments, Hacke essayed to pull himself out of the gap.

He came up as high as his waist, but he could get no footing on the ice, cracked and broken all round the gap.

Yen Chin's face was hard and set.

The strain upon him was terrible. His hands were almost dragged from the branch above, but still he held on.

There was a crash in the thickets, and Bob Lawless came tearing down to the bank.

"Here he is!" shouted Bob.

Frank Richards and Beauclerc were at his heels, and three or four other fellows.

"Hold on, Yen Chin!"

"Me holdee on!" muttered the little Chinese faintly.

"Good man!" panted Frank Richards.

"Lend a hand with this branch!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc.

A big branch, lately lopped down by the woodman's axe, lay in the timber, and the schoolboys grasped it, and

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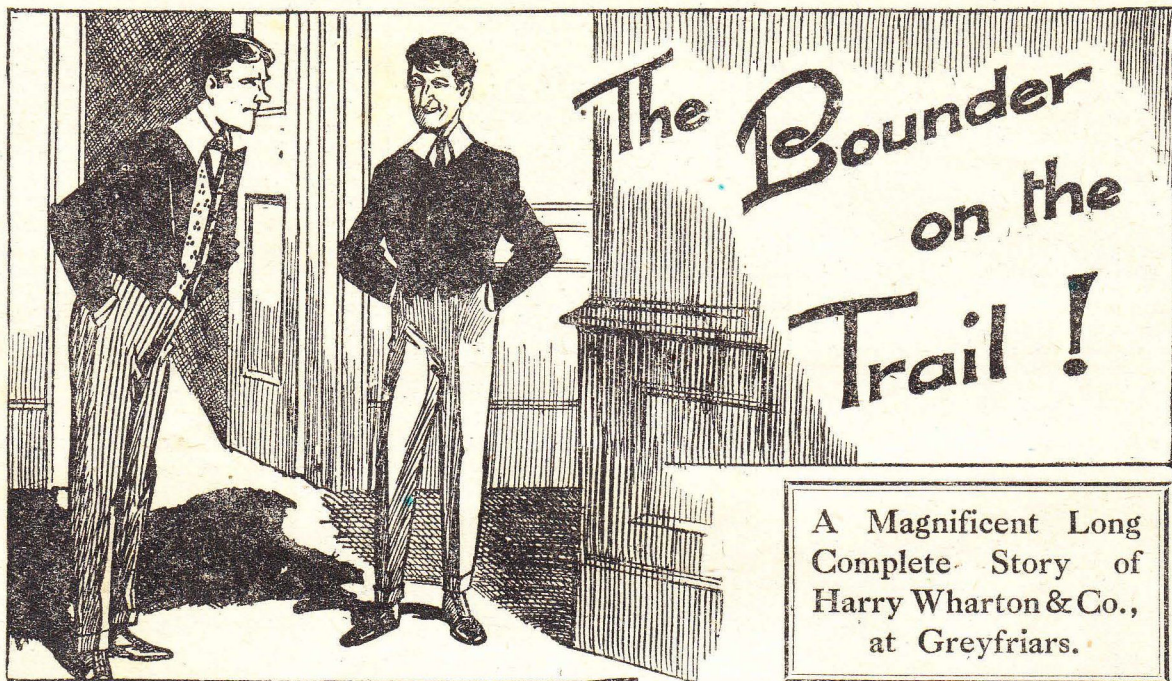
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NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE GOLDEN FORTUNE MINE!"

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

A SPLENDID STORY, TELLING OF A CHANGE OF IDENTITY, AND OF HOW VERNON-SMITH MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.



By FRANK RICHARDS

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Startling News.

THE Remove Form at Greyfriars was in a state of great excitement. There was, as Bob Chery expressed it, mystery in the giddy air.

Mr. H. Quelch, master of the Remove, had had a visitor late the night before, who had given the name of Ferrers, Harry Wharton & Co., commonly called the Famous Five, had been down to the village after lights out to fetch a supply of tuck for a dormitory feed, and had seen Mr. Quelch in the lane.

Yet when they returned to the school, thinking Mr. Quelch to be out, and, consequently, rendering strict caution unnecessary, they had dropped right into the Form-master's arms!

That was the mystery. How had Mr. Quelch got back in time? Had Mr. Quelch a double in the neighbourhood, and had that double been his visitor later that night?

The food the juniors had bought had been confiscated, which did not make them feel any too genial towards their Form-master. But at breakfast-time that morning no mention of the bounds-breakers had been made, and, what was more important to William George Bunter, the fattest junior at the school, no mention had been made of the confiscated grub.

The Bounder, Vernon-Smith, had found out that the name of Mr. Quelch's visitor was Ferrers. He mentioned it to his pal Skinner, who looked very thoughtful before hurrying away to his study.

What the juniors could not know was that the visitor had been Ulick Ferrers, a fugitive from justice, and a distant cousin of Mr. Quelch. Neither could

they know that the man they had looked upon in the dining-hall that morning was not their Form-master at all, but Ulick Ferrers in disguise.

The real Form-master was a prisoner in the vaults!

Shortly before the chapel bell rang, Skinner came up to Vernon-Smith in the Close, with a newspaper in his hand, and a flush of excitement in his face.

"Look at this, Smithy!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?"

"I've got Gosling's paper," said Skinner. "I thought I'd seen the name of Ferrers in the paper lately, and I've looked through this morning's paper for it. Look at this! If this doesn't beat cock-fighting, I'm a giddy Dutchman!"

The Bounder took the paper eagerly, and scanned the paragraph Skinner pointed out to him. He gave a low whistle of amazement as he read it. For this is what the paragraph contained:

"Ulick Ferrers, who absconded from Lord Upshott's house on Monday, with a thousand pounds which he had obtained by means of forging his lordship's name to a cheque, is still at large. The police have a clue to his whereabouts, however, and his arrest is momentarily expected at Scotland Yard. It is believed that Ferrers still has the money in his possession, and that he is making for the coast, doubtless with the intention of escaping abroad."

Vernon-Smith stared blankly at Skinner.

Although the Bounder had quite decided in his mind that there was something "fishy" about that mysterious midnight visit to Mr. Quelch's study, he had hardly figured in his mind anything like this.

"Ulick Ferrers!" he said, with a deep breath. "I don't know about the Chris-

tian name, but the man who came here last night was named Ferrers, right enough."

"Quite sure of that?" asked Skinner.

"Quite!"

"Do you think it's the same?"

"Well, we can't be sure," said the Bounder slowly. "But—but it looks jolly like it, to me. Don't you think so?"

"It sounds rather thick," said Skinner. "How could a respectable old bird like Quelch be connected with a forger?"

"Well, I suppose this man Ferrers must have been respectable before he became a forger. He was living in Lord Upshott's house."

"Yes, that's so."

"And he may be a relation of Quelch's—perhaps he was a tutor or something. Something in the schoolmaster line," said the Bounder. "I wish they'd given a description of him. My hat, fancy old Quelch having a friend a fugitive from justice! If we could make sure—"

"Well?" said Skinner.

"I fancy we could keep old Quelch in order," said the Bounder coolly. "If he's helped a man who's running away from the police, we should have him under our thumb."

Skinner whistled.

The chapel bell rang, and the subject was dropped.

The Remove master was a little late in the Form-room that morning. The juniors did not guess that he waited for them to go into their Form-room so that he should know which room belonged to him.

He came in a few minutes after the last of the Remove.

The part he had to play in the Form-room was not specially difficult to the impostor. He had been a tutor, and at one time had had a post as master in a school, and so the Form work of the Lower Fourth was not new to him. It

was only a question of mastering details of Mr. Quelch's personal ways and habits.

Did the rascal think, then, of the man who was shut up in the darkness of the vault under the cold chapel—a prisoner in cold and gloom?

If he did, there was no indication of it in his manner. Probably he was too concerned about his own difficulties and dangers to have much thought to waste upon the man whose name and place he had stolen.

For that morning, as he was assured, there would be a visit from the police, and he would have to see them.

While he was going through the ordeal of first lesson he was thinking of that, and listening for the summons that he knew must come.

The Remove were in second lesson when there was a tap at the door of the Form-room.

"Come in!" rapped out the master. Trotter, the page, put his head into the Form-room.

"If you please, sir, a gentleman to see you."

"I can see no one in the class hours," said the Remove master tersely. "Request him to call again."

But his manner changed as he glanced at the card Trotter presented.

"Ahem! Show Mr. Spott to my study," he said.

"Yes, sir," And Trotter retired.

The Remove master turned to his Form.

"I am compelled to leave you for a few minutes," he said. "You will kindly continue your work, and if there is any disturbance during my absence, it will be punished."

And he left the Form-room.

There was a slight buzz among the juniors. Vernon-Smith rose from his place, and went to the door, and glanced into the passage. His eyes gleamed as he saw a constable standing at the end of the passage.

"My hat," muttered the Bounder, "a peeler!"

There was no sign of Mr. Quelch. The Remove master had evidently gone to his study to see his visitor.

Vernon-Smith stepped coolly out of the Form-room, and looked round for Trotter. He soon found the page.

"Who was it called to see Quelch, Trotter?" he asked, showing a shilling between his finger and thumb.

Trotter's eyes were on the shilling at once.

"Mr. Spott, sir," he said.

"What kind of a man—bobby?" Trotter grinned.

"The name on his card was Inspector Spott, Master Smith," he said.

"Inspector—eh?" Vernon-Smith tossed the shilling to the page, and returned to the Form-room.

He had discovered what he wanted to know. Inspector Spott and a policeman had come to the school together to see Mr. Quelch. That circumstance did not leave much doubt whether the "Ferrers" who had visited Greyfriars the previous night was the Ulick Ferrers who was being searched for by the police.

The Bounder's eyes were gleaming as he whispered with Skinner in the Form-room. He did not take anyone else into his confidence. Skinner was a fellow after his own heart, and quite ready to make profit of the Form-master's secret, if he had one.

"The rotter came here to see Quelch," Vernon-Smith muttered cautiously. "What did he want? Not money, as he

had a thousand quid on him? He came here to hide."

"Hide!" repeated Skinner, starting. The Bounder nodded.

"That's it. Quelch is in the game. Perhaps he's going to have some of the thousand quid, if Ferrers gets clear."

"Oh, draw it mild, Smithy!"

"Anyway, he's helping the man, that's certain. My belief is that he's hiding him somewhere about the school."

"My hat!"

"That means imprisonment," said the Bounder coolly.

"I say, if he's doing a thing like that he ought to be shown up!" said Skinner, with virtuous indignation.

"Perhaps he ought!" said the Bounder, with a chuckle. "But I know a trick worth two of that. Quelch has been down on me hard enough and often enough, and this is where I get a little bit of my own back. See?"

"I don't see how—"

"After school I'm going to scout round, and see whether the man is hidden anywhere here. If he is, we've got Quelch under our thumb."

Skinner shifted uneasily.

"I—I say, that's jolly risky business, Smithy. Quelch is an awfully tough customer, you know."

"Rats! I'll take the toughness out of him, if what I think is true," said Vernon-Smith. "We needn't lose any time. We're free for a quarter of an hour at eleven o'clock, and then we'll see. If the man's hidden about Greyfriars, there's only one place that would be safe—the vaults under the old chapel."

"But they're locked up."

"Gosling has the key, and we can get it away from him."

"But if Quelch has put anybody there to hide, he will be taking jolly good care of the key," said Skinner.

"Yes, and if we find that he's taken the key from Gosling, that will be proof, won't it?"

"I suppose so."

"What are you rotters whispering about?" demanded Bob Cherry in disgust. "Jawing over poor old Quelch, I suppose?"

"Find out!" said the Bounder.

Eleven sounded from the clock-tower, and as their Form-master was not present to dismiss them for the recess, the Remove dismissed themselves. As the juniors swarmed out of the Form-room, Vernon-Smith and Skinner lost no time in making their way to the porter's lodge.

Gosling, the school porter, was there, and Vernon-Smith tackled him at once.

"Warm weather, Gossy!" he said genially.

"Yes, and thirsty weather, Master Smith," said Gosling.

"Just what I was thinking," agreed the Bounder; "and I've got a half-crown here that I don't know what to do with."

Gosling grinned.

"Wot is it you want me to do, Master Smith?" he asked.

"I want you to lend me the key of the vault under the old chapel, Gossy. Want to have a look round there."

Gosling shook his head.

"It's agin borders for you young gents to go there," he said.

"Only for ten minutes," urged the Bounder, taking the half-crown from his pocket.

Gosling's eyes lingered lovingly on the coin, but he shook his head.

"Can't be done, Master Smith," he

be done. "I'd like to oblige a young gentleman like you, but I can't do it."

"I've got a half-crown here that I don't know what to do with."

Gosling grinned.

"Wot is it you want me to do, Master Smith?" he asked.

"I want you to lend me the key of the vault under the old chapel, Gossy. Want to have a look round there."

Gosling shook his head.

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"Only for ten minutes," urged the Bounder, taking the half-crown from his pocket.

Gosling's eyes lingered lovingly on the coin, but he shook his head.

"Can't be done, Master Smith," he

"But you've got the key, Gossy," said the Bounder.

"I've got it," said Gosling.

"Haven't you got it now?"

"No. Mr. Quelch asked me for it this morning," said Gosling. "I handed it to 'im."

The Bounder gave his companion a glance of triumph. Skinner gasped. This proof of the Bounder's suspicions took him by surprise.

"Mr. Quelch has it?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Yes," grunted Gosling. "And wot I says is this 'ere. The 'Ead told me to mind that key, and now Mr. Quelch 'as took it. I s'pose he thinks it ain't safe with me. Huh!"

"Isn't there another key?" asked the junior.

Gosling shook his head.

"There ain't but one."

"But I suppose he's going to give it back to you?"

"Which he didn't say so."

"Oh, rotten!" said the Bounder; and he walked away with Skinner.

"Well, what do you think now?" he demanded.

"Looks queer," said Skinner. "Only if Quelch didn't get the key till this morning, as Gosling says, how could he have hidden the man in the vault last night?"

The Bounder started a little. In his eagerness he had overlooked that objection to his theory.

"Anyway, he's got the key," he said, after a pause. "Perhaps he had another key to the vault, and wanted to make sure of this one as well, so that nobody else could get in. What did he want the key all of a sudden for, unless he's got a secret locked up there—eh?"

And Skinner had to admit that it looked very probable.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Ordeal!

"INSPECTOR SPOTT?"

"Yes, sir!"

The inspector, a stout, red-faced gentleman, had seated himself in Mr. Quelch's study, and he rose as the master came in.

He started as his eyes fell upon the Form-master's face.

"By gum!" he murmured.

The resemblance of the man before him, in feature, to the missing forger had struck him at once.

"What can I do for you?" asked the Remove master.

"You are aware of the object of my visit, sir, I presume?" said Inspector Spott, still with his eyes curiously upon the Remove master's face.

"Pray sit down. Yes, I think I can guess. I have seen in the papers the disgrace that has fallen upon my cousin," said the master. "You are doubtless aware that Ulick Ferrers is my cousin."

"Exactly, sir, if you are Mr. Henry Quelch."

"That is my name."

"I should have known you as a relation of the missing man, sir, at once," said the inspector. "The resemblance is striking."

The Form-master nodded.

"It has been remarked upon," he said. "In earlier days I knew Ferrers very well, and our resemblance was much remarked upon at that time. Of late years I have seen little of him; our way of life was very dissimilar."

And the Form-master drew himself up a little.

"Then you have not seen him lately, THE POPULAR—No. 132.

Mr. Quelch?" the inspector asked, looking disappointed.

"Lately! How do you mean?"

"I surmised that he might have applied to you for help to escape, sir."

"Absurd!"

"Ahem!" said the inspector, a trifle nettled.

"Excuse me, Inspector Spott, but you evidently are not aware of the terms I was on with Ferrers. I have said that our ways of life were very dissimilar. If you know any of his private life, you will know that there could be nothing in common between him and a man in my position, with a reputation to take care of," said the Remove master acidly. "He deceived Lord Upshott as to his character, I should suppose, or he would never have obtained his position as tutor to his lordship's son."

"So it proves, sir. Our investigations have shown that Lord Upshott was very much deceived in him. He seems to have led a wild life in secret—betting, gaming, drinking, and other things—and in debt in a dozen different places," said the inspector. "I suppose he knew that the crash was coming, as the state of his affairs could not have been concealed much longer, and he made this last haul before he bolted."

"So I should suppose. But I am the last man in the world to whom he would come for help. He knows me well enough to be perfectly aware that if he came here I should hand him over at once to the police."

"It would be your duty to do so, sir, I know. But the claims of relationship are—"

The Remove master interrupted him.

"The claims of relationship have nothing to do with it. If I shielded a criminal from justice, I should be no better than a criminal myself. I have decidedly strict ideas upon such subjects. Moreover, the terms I was upon with my cousin have not been such that he had, or could have, any hope of assistance from me. In fact, I was sufficiently aware of his wretched conduct to remonstrate with him, and to tell him very plainly that I considered our acquaintanceship at an end. Not more than a month ago I wrote him a letter to that effect."

"That letter has been found among his papers at Upshott House, sir."

"You have seen it, then?"

"Yes."

"Then you should know how little likelihood there is of rendering assistance to the man."

"Quite so. But in a search of this kind it is our custom to leave no stone unturned," said the inspector.

"I am sorry I can give you no information, Mr. Spott."

"You have not heard from your cousin since his flight?"

"No."

"Nor seen him?"

"Certainly not."

"Yet it appears to have been his intention to visit you, sir."

"Indeed! What causes you to think so, if I may ask?"

"His flight was in this direction. On Monday he was traced to a town only ten miles from here, and yesterday he was seen—we have some very good evidence to that effect—in a village near this school—Friardale."

"That is extraordinary!" said the Remove master. "Are you sure that this information is correct?"

"I am pretty certain of it. And if he came as far in this direction as Friardale, THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

he can only have intended to come here, I should imagine."

The Remove master shook his head.

"I cannot think that that was his intention," he replied. "He knows very well that he has nothing to expect from me. It is more probable that he was making for the coast. There is a fishing village about a mile from here, where vessels sometimes cross to Dutch and German ports."

The inspector smiled.

"Every vessel at Pegg is under observation," he said, "and searching inquiries have been made as to whether strangers have been seen there."

"And you have learned nothing to that effect?"

"Nothing."

The Remove master pursed his lips.

"It transpires, too, that he was educated at this school, as a boy," said the inspector. "That might be an additional reason for his coming here. There might be some nook or cranny in an old place like this where he might hope to be concealed."

"It is possible," said the Remove master thoughtfully. "The Black Pike, for instance—the hill you must have noticed coming here. There are caves there in the rocks, well known to most of the boys. Yet I do not see how he could lie concealed for long without food and drink; and he would scarcely venture to show himself to procure them."

The inspector looked at him keenly.

"Unless he has a friend who would supply him," he said.

"You surely do not suspect that a man in my position would undertake such a service for a criminal fleeing from justice."

"I did not say so."

"That is what your words implied," said the master, frowning.

The inspector coughed.

"If you assure me that you know nothing of the man's whereabouts, Mr. Quelch, I accept your assurance, of course," he said.

"I do assure you, most certainly."

"Then I have nothing more to do here," said the inspector, rising.

"Stay! If you would care to see the headmaster here, Dr. Locke will tell you whether I am likely to have acted in the way you have surmised," said the Remove master.

"It is not necessary," said the inspector courteously. "You must excuse me, sir, but men of my profession are sometimes compelled to ask questions not wholly pleasant. We cannot afford to lose a chance in searching for a criminal."

"I understand that, of course."

"I am afraid I have taken you away from your occupation."

"I was called from the Form-room here, certainly," said the Remove master, with a smile. "But I am entirely at your service. I am only sorry that I cannot help you."

"If you should by any chance hear from Ferrers—"

"If I should receive a letter from him I shall place it immediately in the hands of the police. If he should have the astounding impudence to come here himself, I shall telephone to Courtfield Police-station immediately."

"I can ask no more than that, sir," said the inspector. "Thank you, and good-morning!"

And the inspector took his leave.

The Remove master closed the door, and then crossed to the window. He stood behind the curtains, and watched the inspector and the constable cross to

the gates and disappear. Then he drew a deep, almost sobbing breath.

"That is over!" he muttered thickly.

He opened the locked drawer of the table, and took out a flask, and drank a deep draught from it before he quitted the study.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter Has Rotten Luck!

"I SAY, you fellows, it's rotten!" Billy Bunter made that remark dolefully.

Lessons were over at Greyfriars, and the chums of Study No. 7—Peter and Alonzo Todd, Billy Bunter, and Tom Dutton, were in the Close. There was a shade of thoughtfulness upon the brow of Peter Todd. Bunter was evidently downhearted.

"Hallo! What's the matter with you, porpoise?" asked Peter Todd.

"What are we going to have for tea?" grunted Bunter. "Now the tuckshop's closed, what are we going to do?"

It was indeed a knotty problem.

Mrs. Mimble, who kept the little tuckshop in the corner of the Close, was the victim of an attack of influenza, and during her absence on the sick list the school shop was closed. Fellows who wished to indulge in the delights of tuck had to fetch supplies from Uncle Clegg's in the village while Mrs. Mimble was on the sick list.

Not that that made much difference to Bunter, who was in his usual state of impecuniosity, and who had already reached the limit of credit with Mrs. Mimble.

"Had a postal-order, Bunty?" asked Peter Todd, rather sarcastically.

Billy Bunter sniffed.

"Well, I'm expecting one," he said.

"I dare say the school shop will be opened again by the time it comes," Peter Todd suggested kindly.

Bunter sniffed again.

"Well, I might have got something on tick from Mrs. Mimble," he said. "But old Clegg is a suspicious old beast. No good asking old Clegg to trust a chap till Saturday. He wouldn't trust his own grandfather."

"Well, we must have tea," said Peter Todd.

"I wonder what Quelch has done with those things he bagged last night? He can't have eaten them."

"They're generally sent down into the kitchen," said Bunter. "That kind of thing has happened before lots of times."

"They haven't been sent down into the kitchen this time; I've asked Trotter," said Peter Todd. "They must be still in Quelch's study."

Bunter's eyes glistened.

"Might be a chance—" he began.

"My belief is that he's eaten them, when I come to think of it," said Peter, after a pause. "Quelch has developed an abnormal appetite, according to Trotter. When I asked him about those things, he said Quelch was taking to feeding in his study; he's had sandwiches sent in twice, between meals, and Trotter says the plate comes away quite clean—not a crumb left."

"But he wouldn't eat jam-tarts!" said Bunter. "They'd give the old bird indigestion, you know. I suppose he shoved them into his cupboard and forgot all about them. I think it's up to you to look, Peter."

"Yes, I can see myself being caught by old Quelch exploring his study!" growled Peter.

Billy Bunter snorted.

The Owl of the Remove had a strong

objection to taking risks; but if there was anything that could induce him to take risks, it was the prospect of a feed. And so long as their confiscated eatables were supposed to be in Mr. Quelch's room, that room had an irresistible attraction for William George Bunter.

After thinking the matter over, and learning that Mr. Quelch was not in his study, Billy Bunter presented himself there, with Virgil under his arm. If by any chance the Form-master had returned, Billy Bunter was ready with a question about Virgil—having developed a sudden appreciation for the famous shipwreck passage in that great poem.

If Mr. Quelch wasn't there, a very short search would reveal the hidden treasure—in the shape of tarts and doughnuts and cream-puffs and ginger-beer.

Bunter tapped at the study door and opened it.

The room was empty.

The Owl of the Remove hesitated a moment or two in the doorway. If Mr. Quelch returned and found him there, it would mean trouble.

But the tempting prospect of the whole feed to himself gave him courage. He stepped into the study and closed the door behind him.

He glanced into the study cupboard, but found only books and papers there, and a pile of manuscript which contained the greater part of that famous "History of Greyfriars," upon which Mr. Quelch had been engaged almost ever since he was a master at the school.

There was no sign of the feed. Bunter hunted round the study, almost forgetting the danger of discovery by Mr. Quelch in his keenness to discover the jam-tarts.

"The beast!" murmured Bunter at last. "Where has he put them? He hasn't scooped them himself. They must be here somewhere."

There was a travelling bag on the floor, under the table, and Billy Bunter looked into it, as a last chance, without much hope of discovering the missing eatables there.

"My hat!"

There they were!

Cakes and tarts and doughnuts and other pastries, neatly packed in their paper bags, and several bottles of ginger-beer. And with them were wedges of sandwiches, wrapped in impot paper, packed into the bag.

Bunter blinked at the interior of the bag through his big spectacles in utter amazement, hardly believing his eyes or his glasses.

What in the name of wonder had Mr. Quelch packed these articles into a bag for?

They had not been thrown in carelessly, out of the way; they were packed, and the sandwiches were packed with them. Bunter remembered Trotter's story of the sandwiches that had been sent into the study for the unusually hungry Form-master. Mr. Quelch had not eaten them, then—here they were!

"He can't be going on a picnic!" murmured Bunter. "What on earth does it mean? Anyway, I'm jolly well not going to leave them here. They're ours!"

And Bunter clutched up a bag of tarts to begin with and jammed one into his mouth by way of a start.

The next moment he swung round with a gasp of alarm.

The study door had opened, and an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown had come in, and stood staring fixedly at Bunter.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say,

Mr. Quelch—I say, sir! I—I—I just came here to ask you a question about—about talia jcatanti stridens—Ow!"

The Remove master's grip fastened on his shoulder with a vice-like intensity that made Bunter yell with pain.

Bunter had seen Mr. Quelch look angry before. But he had never seen such an expression of fury as that which now convulsed the face of the master.

"You young scoundrel! You are spying!"

"Ow! Leggo! I didn't—I wasn't! I didn't know the grub was there!" wailed Bunter. "And it's ours, too—yow—I didn't—yah!—I—oh!"

The master did not speak again. He shifted his grasp to the back of Bunter's collar, and caught up a cane with the other hand.

Swish, slash—swish!—slash, slash! The cane descended upon Bunter's fat person in a rain of blows.

Billy Bunter had been licked before—but that licking was a record. The Form-master did not seem to care how hard he struck. The cane crashed and rang upon Billy Bunter, till the fat junior roared with anguish.

"Ow, ow! Leave off! Help! Fire! Murder! Oh!"

Slash, slash, slash!

The cane broke with the force of the final blow.

Bunter yelled frantically. The angry Form-master whirled him to the door, and, with a swing of his arm, hurled him into the passage, and slammed the door after him. Bunter went staggering along the passage, shrieking, and fell in a heap.

"Great Scott! What's the matter with

you?" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth, coming quickly out of his study.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow!" bellowed Bunter.

"What's happened to you?"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Shut up that fearful row!" exclaimed Wingate. "Have you been licked?"

"Ow, ow! Yes. It's old Quelch! The beast! Ow! He's broken a cane on me!" howled Bunter.

The Greyfriars captain whistled.

"Draw it mild!" he said.

"I tell you he has!" yelled Bunter. "Ow! I'm aching all over! Yow! And they're our tarts, too! Ow! Yow! I'm going to complain to the Head! Yah!"

And Bunter picked himself up and staggered away, panting with rage and pain.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Vernon-Smith Knows!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Wherefore this thushness?"

Bob Cherry stared blankly at Bunter as he asked the question. Bunter had rolled out into the Close, sobbing with pain. The tears were running down his fat cheeks.

"What's the matter with you, Bunter?" exclaimed Peter Todd, running up. "My hat! It's not gammon this time! He is hurt?"

"Looks like it," said Harry Wharton.

"Is it Loder, Bunt?"

"Ow! No," groaned Billy Bunter.

"Nor Smithy?" asked Peter Todd.

"No," broke in the voice of the Bounder: "it wasn't Smithy. It was Quelch; I saw him through his study



A LICKING FOR BUNTER!—The Remove master's grip fastened on Bunter's shoulder with a vice-like intensity that made the fat junior yell with pain. "You young scoundrel! You were spying!" thundered Mr. Quelch. He caught up a cane, and it descended upon Bunter's fat person in a rain of blows. (See Chapter 4.)

window. He ought to be put in prison for the way he licked Bunter! If the Head knew there would be a row!"

"Oh, rot!" said Harry Wharton at once. "Quelch isn't a brute. If Bunter got a whaling, I dare say he was asking for it."

"Ow, ow! I'm marked all over—I know I am!" wailed Bunter.

"Rats!" said Peter Todd. "Quelch wouldn't lay it on so hard as that!"

"You didn't see it," said Vernon-Smith. "I did—so did Skinner. We were outside the study window."

"It was awful!" said Skinner. "I've never seen Quelch in such a wax! I suppose Bunter was asking for it, as he was looking for grub in Quelch's study. I suppose that was it, wasn't it, Bunt?"

"Ow! Yes," groaned Bunter. "You didn't expect to find it in a travelling-bag, did you?" chuckled Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, that's it?" said Bob Cherry, in disgust. "You were spying into Quelch's things?"

"The grub was in the bag!" howled Bunter. "All our grub was there, packed up, and the sandwiches, too, that Trotter had taken in for Quelch. He's keeping our grub to go on a picnic or something. Ow!"

"What rot!"

"Well, it was there!" said Bunter. "And then Quelch came in and caught me, and he broke a cane on my back!"

"Phew!"

"You're such a blessed Ananias!" said Bob Cherry dubiously. "If he did that, you'd have marks to show for it."

"So I have—I know I have!" groaned Bunter. "I'll show you!"

He tore off his jacket and waistcoat.

"Here, draw a line!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "You're not in the dorm now, and there may be ladies round about."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come round the corner, Bunt, and show us the dreadful wounds!" said Peter Todd, grinning.

Bunter rolled round the corner of the School House, and unfastened his collar, and pulled his shirt down to show his shoulders. There was a general exclamation of horror and surprise from the juniors.

Bunter's statements for once were quite correct. The skin of his back was scored and marked in great veins where the savage blows had fallen.

"What do you think of that?" howled Bunter.

"My hat!"

"Phew! That takes the cake!"

"Go and show it to the Head, Bunter!" advised Skinner. "If Dr. Locke knew that a master hit a kid like that he'd boot him out of the school!"

"I jolly well will, too!" said Bunter.

"Better not sneak," said Harry Wharton. "You'll never get any good out of sneaking. Quelch must have been awfully out of temper. It's not like him at all."

"I can't understand it," said Bob Cherry, in perplexity. "If anybody had told me that Mr. Quelch would hit a chap like that, I'd have called him a liar at once!"

"Seeing is believing, I suppose?" grunted Bunter.

"Well, yes; but I can't understand it!"

"I'm aching all over!" groaned the Owl of the Remove. "I've a jolly good mind to go to the Head about it!"

"Come down to Uncle Clegg's instead, and have a feed!" said Harry Wharton.

Bunter's expression changed at once. THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"UNMASKED!"

"Well, that's a good idea," he said. "I'll come with you with pleasure, Wharton!"

And Billy Bunter replaced his shirt and waistcoat and jacket with great alacrity.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Nothing like jam as a balm for wounds, and ginger-beer to wash the pain away!" he remarked. "I'll come with you, and we'll feed poor old Bunter up to the chin!"

And Billy Bunter, drying his tears, was led away to feed—the greatest comfort and consolation the juniors could possibly administer.

Quite a crowd had gathered round to see Bunter's injuries, and the juniors discussed it with much excitement.

Mr. Quelch was a severe master, but he had never been known to be brutal before, and the occurrence amazed the Removees.

Vernon-Smith and Skinner drew apart to discuss the matter. Vernon-Smith had his own opinion about the incident.

"I suppose you know what that means, Skinny?" he remarked.

"Quelch was awfully ratty, finding Bunter spying into his bag," said Skinner.

"No reason why he should thrash him like that, though—like a drunken hooligan."

"Well, no; it was thick, and no mistake!"

"You heard what Bunter said—the grub was packed in the bag, and sandwiches with it. What do you think it was for? You don't fancy Quelch is going out on a picnic on his lonesome?"

"No; rather not!" grinned Skinner.

"I know what the grub was in the bag for. He's got somebody to feed."

"My hat!"

"He's keeping his cousin in the vault, to hide him," said the Bounder coolly. "That's what he had the key from Gosling for, to take care that nobody was able to enter the vault. And he's going to take him grub after dark."

Skinner whistled.

"He's had the sandwiches sent to his study, pretending he wanted them himself, and he's stuck to the grub he colared from Wharton last night," said the Bounder. "I don't think it could be much clearer."

"That's so."

"And I'm going to make jolly certain of it to-night," said Vernon-Smith.

"How will you do that?"

"By keeping an eye on Quelch," said the Bounder. "I'm going to get out of the dorm after lights out, and keep watch on the old chapel."

"That ought to settle it, but—"

"But what?"

"I shouldn't care to be in your shoes if Quelch spots you!" grinned Skinner. "You saw how he handled Bunter."

"He wouldn't handle me like that!" said the Bounder grimly. "I've only got to give him a hint of what I know to bring him to his knees. He must have denied knowing anything about Ferrers when Inspector Spott was here asking him questions, so if the man's found here it will be a clear case against him. It means arrest, my boy. He can't face that. I'll bring him to his senses with two words if he cuts up rusty with me."

And when the Remove went to bed that night, Vernon-Smith only partially undressed before getting into bed.

When ten o'clock sounded from the clock-tower he got up; and, without answering any of the questions of the juniors who were awake, quitted the dormitory.

A quarter of an hour later he was in the ruins of the old chapel, crouching there in the darkness, under cover of the old masses of masonry—waiting and watching.

He had a long time to wait.

Eleven o'clock sounded from the clock-tower, and no sound of a footstep had disturbed the silence of the gloomy ruins.

Another long, weary hour!

Midnight!

The last light was out now in the windows of the school, and the Bounder was growing cramped and cold and uncomfortable.

But he was patient.

He was certain that he was upon the right track, and he did not intend to let a little personal discomfort stand in the way of accomplishing his worthy object—that of getting his Form-master under his thumb, as he elegantly expressed it.

His patience was rewarded at last.

A quarter of an hour after midnight the silence of the old ruin was broken by the sound of a cautious footfall.

The Bounder's eyes gleamed like a cat's in the darkness, and he crouched still deeper into the black shadows of the masonry.

A dark form loomed up in the gloom. Dimly he made out the figure of the Form-master with a bag in his hand.

Vernon-Smith's teeth came hard together. There was no doubt now. With thumping heart he watched the dim figure descend the steps to the entrance of the vault. There was a sound of a key grating in the lock, the door opened, and shut again!

Vernon-Smith rose to his feet.

"That settles it!" he muttered.

Dearly the spy would have liked to see and hear what passed in the old vault, but he could not open the door without instant discovery. But he was satisfied; and he chuckled to himself several times as he made his way back to the Remove dormitory.

The Bounder had found out just what he wanted to know.

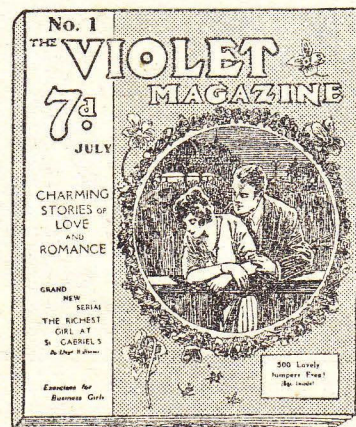
It remained to be seen what use he made of his knowledge! Certain it was that whatever else happened, Mr. Quelch was in for a warm time at the Bounder's hands.

THE END.

(Another grand long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars in next week's issue!)

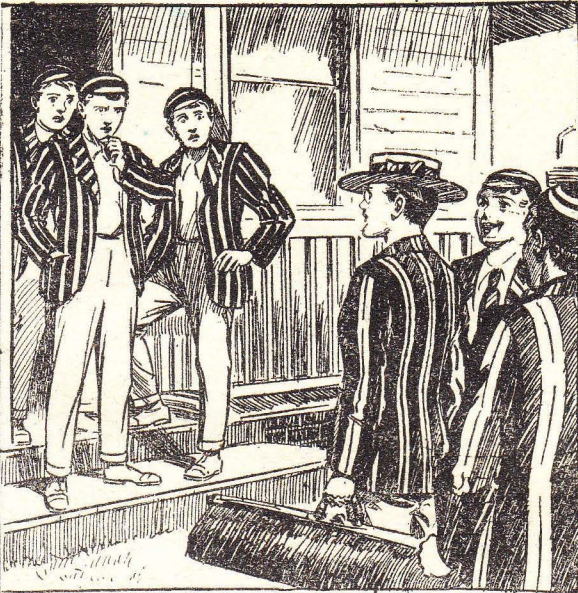
A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

Packed with Tales of Love and Romance



NO. 1 NOW ON SALE

A THRILLING TALE WHICH TELLS OF THE STRANGE AWAKENING OF A BORN SLACKER, AND OF THE GREAT SURPRISE WHICH TOM MERRY & CO. GET.



THE SLEEPER AWAKES!



A Grand New Long Complete Tale of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's.



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Help Wanted!

"HALLO! Here comes Weary Willie!" ejaculated Monty Lowther.

"Or Tired Tim," chuckled Manners.

"He certainly seems a very dozy merchant," said Tom Merry.

The Terrible Three of St. Jim's were standing on Rylcombe platform. They had been purchasing their favourite magazines at the bookstall.

A train had just halted at the little station.

From a first-class compartment stepped a very languid-looking youth in Etons. This youth was slim and elegant, and not bad-looking. But he seemed to be only half awake. It was as much as he could do to drag one leg after the other.

The youth halted in front of Tom Merry & Co., and surveyed them with a lack-lustre eye.

"You fellows from the Grammar School?" he asked, with a slow drawl.

"Not guilty," said Monty Lowther. "We belong to a public school, not a kindergarten."

"Are you going to the Grammar School, kid?" inquired Tom Merry.

"Yes, as soon as I can summon up sufficient energy to get there."

"What's your name?"

"Endersby—Dick Endersby."

"And you're going to join Gordon Gay's merry band—what?"

"Yes. I'm goin' into the Fourth. I ought to have arrived here three hours ago, but I went to sleep in the train, an' went on to Brighton."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've had to fag all the way back, you see," explained Endersby. "Still, I had another nap in the train, an' I got a fellow to dig me in the ribs at Rylcombe an' rouse me."

"Well, of all the dreamy, dozy customers—" began Manners. "I'd back you against Rip van Winkle in a sleeping contest. By the way, where's your luggage?"

"I had it sent on in advance," said Endersby.

"Good! Well, all you've got to do is to trot along to the Grammar School. We'll show you the way."

"One minute," said the new boy, who was destined for Rylcombe Grammar School. "I'm just goin' to get a lemonade."

And he disappeared into the refreshment buffet.

The Terrible Three exchanged glances. "That fellow wants waking up," said Tom Merry.

"Gordon Gay & Co. will see to that," said Manners. "The Grammar School's no place for born-tired slackers."

Monty Lowther chuckled but said nothing.

The minutes passed, and Endersby did not reappear.

"He's a mighty long time drinking his lemonade," said Tom Merry. "Let's come and see where the duffer's got to."

The juniors went into the refreshment buffet. Endersby was there. He was stretched out on the settee, fast asleep.

On a small table beside him was a glass full of lemonade. The new boy had not even had the energy to drink it.

"Did you ever!" gasped Tom Merry.

"No, never!" said Monty Lowther solemnly.

Tom Merry went forward and roused the sleeper by the simple expedient of tweaking his nose.

Endersby shot up with a violent yell.

"Yarooooop!"

"Wake up, you ass!" said Tom Merry.

"You were due at the Grammar School hours ago. They'll be getting anxious about you. Dr. Monk will think there's been a railway accident!"

Endersby caressed his nose.

"Would one of you fellows be good enough to get me a cab?" he murmured.

"Too late," said Manners. "All the cabbies have gone home. You'll have to walk to the Grammar School."

"Imposs, dear boy."

At the mere suggestion of walking

Endersby shuddered. He seemed to be absolutely barren of energy. He was

like a limp rag.

"I'm afraid I must ask you fellows to be good enough to help me to my destination, begad," he muttered.

"All serene!" said Monty Lowther.

On the platform, just outside the refreshment buffet, was a short ladder. It had been left there by workmen who were doing repairs to the roof of the buffet.

There was also a coil of rope handy. At Monty Lowther's signal the Terrible Three lifted Endersby off the settee, and carried him outside.

The new boy was then laid upon the ladder, and securely fastened thereto by means of the rope. He didn't seem to mind the ordeal a little bit. On the contrary, he appeared to enjoy it.

"Heave-ho!" said Monty Lowther. "You take one end of the ladder, Tommy, and I'll take the other. Manners can act as relief if one of us gets tired."

To the utter amazement of the solitary porter who witnessed the proceedings, Endersby was carried away on the ladder.

There was quite a sensation in the old-fashioned High Street as the procession passed through it.

Errand-boys and others came crowding on the scene, and missiles, in the shape of lumps of turf, and eggs which were in a state of dissolution, began to whiz through the air.

Endersby was subjected to a terrific bombardment. He had been in the act of dozing off to sleep again but an egg crashed upon his upturned nose and effectively roused him.

"Yaroooooh!" he roared. "This is worse than being pilloried, begad! Make those cheeky kids stop it, you fellows!"

But the Terrible Three were powerless to check the activities of the youth of Rylcombe. As a matter of fact, they made no real effort to do so. They considered that the bombardment would be a good thing for Endersby.

Unfortunately the aim of some of the youths was none too accurate.

THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A lump of turf cannoned against Monty Lowther's ear with terrific force. Lowther gave a yell and dropped his end of the ladder. Tom Merry, unprepared for the action, dropped his end also. And ladder and Dick Endersby came crashing to the pavement.

"Wow!" gasped Endersby. "Is an earthquake happenin', or what?" "Sorry!" panted Lowther. "Bless your sorrow! I believe my back's broken!"

"In that case," said Tom Merry, "we must hustle you along to the Grammar School with all speed, and summon the doctor. Heave-ho, Monty!"

The ladder was reared upon the juniors' shoulders once more, and the procession proceeded on its way.

The Grammar School was reached without further mishap.

Gordon Gay & Co. were standing in the school gateway, and they gasped and rubbed their eyes when they saw the weird procession coming along.

In the past, new boys had often arrived in weird and wonderful ways. One fellow had driven up to the school in a Rolls-Royce. Another had come by aeroplane. Yet another had astonished the natives by turning up in a wheelbarrow. But this was the first time on record that a new boy had arrived at Rylcombe Grammar School on a ladder.

"What the thump——" began Gordon Gay, in amazement.

"Herewith Richard Endersby, alias Weary Willie!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "He didn't feel like walking, so we brought him along on a ladder." "Great pip!"

The ladder was set down in the school gateway, and the rope which secured Dick Endersby was unfastened.

The new boy staggered to his feet. He extended a limp hand towards Gordon Gay.

"How d'ye do?" he murmured. Gordon Gay shook hands with the new boy. So did Monk and Lane and Wootton major and Carboy.

The Grammarians did not look best pleased. They could see that the new fellow was a hopeless slacker, and Rylcombe Grammar School had no use for slackers.

"You've made a frightful ass of yourself, being brought here like this!" said Gordon Gay.

"Sorry, dear boy, but I couldn't have walked. For one thing, it's much too hot, an' for another, the train journey sapped all my energy. An' I haven't a great deal at the best of times."

"I seem to have heard your name before," said Frank Monk. "Are you the son of Professor Endersby?"

The new boy nodded. "Your pater's a jolly energetic sort," said Gordon Gay. "It's a great pity he can't transfer some of his energy to you!"

"He's tryin' to!" said Endersby. "Then I hope he succeeds, that's all," said Gordon Gay curtly. "Slackers are not wanted here."

The speaker turned to Tom Merry & Co.

"I suppose we ought to thank you for bringing this bright specimen along," he said. "But I can't help wishing that he'd gone to St. Jim's, instead of coming here!"

The Terrible Three nodded cheerfully to the Grammarians, and went on their way. And they were devoutly thankful that Dick Endersby, slacker and dreamer, was not to be one of them.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Transformation!

ENDERSBY slept like a log that night.

The majority of new boys sleep but little on their first night at a strange school. They are on their guard against dormitory japes, and so forth.

But Endersby didn't worry. He was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

The rising-bell rang out in due course. But Endersby did not hear it. He slept on.

"Strikes me the fellow is suffering from sleeping sickness!" said Wootton major. "The din of that bell is enough to wake the dead; but, look, he's sleeping as soundly as a giddy dormouse!"

It was not until a torrent of cold water was shot over his features that Dick Endersby awoke.

He sat up in bed, gurgling and spluttering, to find Gordon Gay standing over him with a water jug.

"Tumble out, you slacker!" commanded the leader of the Grammarians. "Yaw-aw-aw! I'm tired, by Jove!" said the new boy drowsily.

"Then the sooner you shake off that tired feeling, the better it'll be for you!" said Gordon Gay.

Endersby got out of bed with a great effort. He performed his ablutions in a weary, listless manner.

Then he seemed suddenly to remember something.

"Before I left home, the pater gave me some special tablets to take," he muttered. "He made them himself. They're supposed to have a wonderful effect."

The new boy produced a small bottle of white tablets. He emptied a couple into his palm, and swallowed them.

There was no immediate result.

Endersby was half asleep during breakfast. And when morning lessons were in progress, he actually dozed off, to be awakened by a series of sharp raps from the Form-master's pointer.

At about midday, however, a remarkable change came over the new boy. His whole manner changed as if by magic. His eyes became clear and eager. His shoulders were braced back. A flush overspread his cheeks.

During the latter part of morning lessons there was no smarter and more alert pupil in the class than Dick Endersby.

The Form-master rejoiced to see the sudden change. So did Gordon Gay & Co.

When the class was dismissed, Endersby suggested cricket.

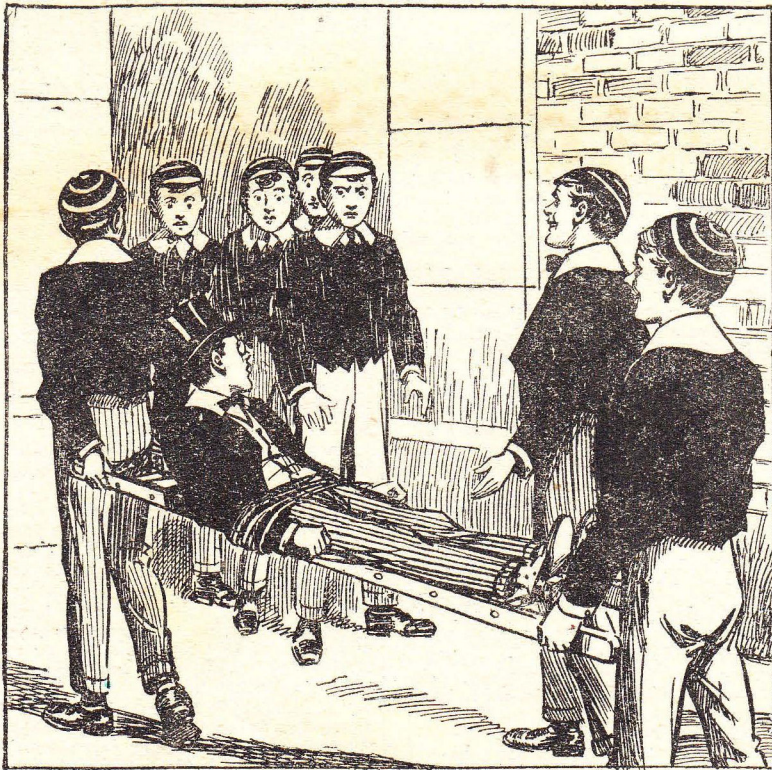
"I'm simply brimmin' over with energy!" he exclaimed. "I feel as if I could push a house over!"

"Is this the result of your pater's tablets?" asked Gordon Gay.

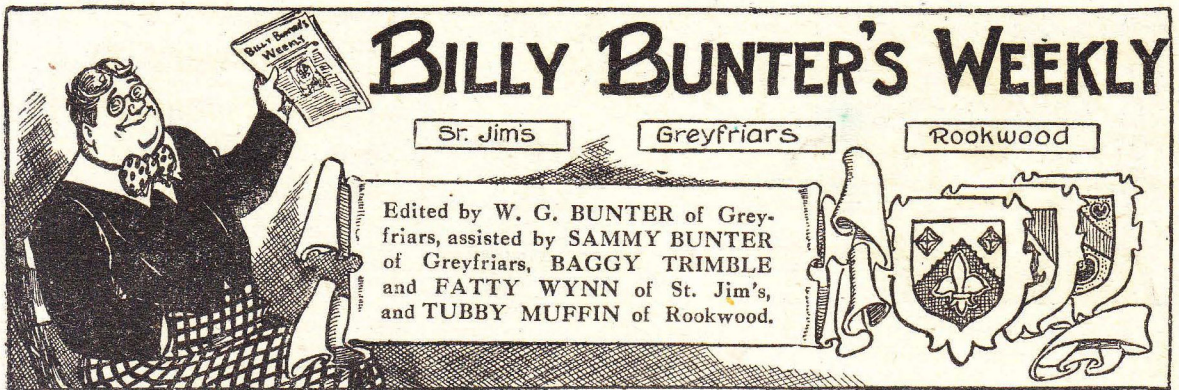
"I suppose so. He's a wonderful man is the pater. He told me that a couple of those things would make me feel quite different, and he's right, by Jove! Comin' along to the nets, you fellows?" Gordon Gay & Co. assented with alacrity.

It was a boiling hot day, but the Grammarians were anxious to put in plenty of practice, for they were due to meet St. Jim's on the following Saturday.

(Continued on page 17.)



THE SLACKER ARRIVES!—Gordon Gay & Co. were standing at the gates when they saw the weird procession coming along. "What the thump——" began Gordon Gay, in amazement. "He didn't feel like walking, so we brought him along on a ladder," said Monty Lowther, with a chuckle. (See Chapter 1.)



IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers,—Day by day, in every way, it's hotter and hotter and hotter! My editorial sanktum is like a furniss. Try as I mite, I simply can't keep cool.

I've got damp, notted towels round my head, and I keep sending my miney Sammy to the tuckshopp for iced jinger-beer. But I can't dodge the terrifick heat, and grate beads of inspiration are trickling down my cheeks.

The whether eggsperts tell us that we are in the grip of a heat wave. Personally, I've got a positiff horror of heat waves. Like most fat people, I perspire in every pour.

Phew! It's really too hot to breathe! I shall have to have some electrick fans fitted up in my sanktum, and a moskeeto net placed across the window.

How can a fellow write, or do work of any descripshun, when it's ninety in the shade?

The only sort of wave I like is an eat wave. No matter what the whether is like, my appetite never suffers. I shift as much grub in summer as I do in winter; and I need it, bekawse, you see, I am a growing boy.

Eggscuse me a minnit, dear readers, while I mop my heeted brow. Ah, that's better! I've just despatched Sammy to the tuckshopp with my last tanner. Soon he will come toddling back with a refreshing strobbery ice. Mrs. Mimble makes delishus ices. I could go on eating them till the cows come home.

Well, dear readers, I can picture you reclining in your hammox, in some shady recess, enjoying this special heat-wave number. Pity the poor skoolboy jernalists who have had to prepare it, and who are unable to escape from the heat! Me and my four fat subbs resemble five greese spots!

Oh dear! How I pine for a trip to the Artick regions! I shouldn't need damp towels or iced jinger-beer up there!

Your warm friend,
YOUR EDITOR.

**FOR NEXT WEEK!
ANOTHER
BUMBER
NUMBER.**

Supplement 1.]

THE POET'S DESIRE!

By DICK PENFOLD.

O to lie down beneath the shade,
Alone with pints of lemonade!
O for a negro with a fan
To cool my brow—a ripping plan!

O for a gurgling, cooling stream
Where I might float, and idly dream!
O for a punt where I might lie
And watch the water rippling by!

O for a ripping strawberry-ice,
Cooling, refreshing, pure and nice!
O for a glass of ginger-pop
With real ice floating on the top!

O for some lofty, ice-topped peak
Where I might sojourn for a week!
My hat! It would be simply grand
To take a trip to Switzerland!

Like Bunter, I can't stand the heat,
I cannot work, or sleep, or eat.
I'm being scorched, and well I know it,
I am a parched and roasted poet!

My coat is off; my arms are bare,
Yet there is not a breath of air
Within the study where I write:
I sit and swelter day and night!

The beastly sun is heating down
Upon my unprotected crown.
I feel I'm melting by degrees:
How I should dearly love to freeze!

I have no energy nor vim,
I shun the playing-field and gym.
I cannot work, I cannot play,
I just perspire and pant all day!

I cannot write another line,
Upon my couch I must recline.
And there I'll lay, in heat and pain,
Till the thermometer drops again!

**SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.
MISCELLANEOUS.**

FAMILY OF WHITE MICE FOR SALE. Owing to reduced allowance of pocket money, owner can no longer afford to feed his pets. Will take five bob for the lot. Stupendous sacrifice.—WINGATE MINOR, Greyfriars School.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED! A black cat, with blue ribbon tied round its neck. May possibly have strangled itself in the quad. Owner desperately anxious to recover his pet and offers FIVE SHILLINGS REWARD!—JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY, School House, St. Jim's.

HOW I KEPT COOL!

By SAMMY BUNTER

"I T'S going to be blazing hot in the Form-room to-day," said Dicky Nugent.

"The windows will be open," I said. "Trew. But there's not a breth of air. The plaice will be like the Black Hole of Calcutter. A fat fellow like you, Sammy, will be sure to feel the heat."

This set me thinking of ways and means of keeping cool.

Prezantly I decided to take a bowl of cold water into the Form-room, and stick my bear feet in it. I sat in the back row, so it was unlikely that old Twigg would spot the bowl of water.

I went into the Form-room just before the bell rang for lessens. In my hands I balanced a brimming bowl of water. I deposited this under the desk, and then took off my shoosie and sox.

Whilst the other fellows were gasping and perspiring, and complaining of the heat, I sat with my feet immersed in the bowl, and I felt as cool as a cucumber.

"This is ripping!" I muttered to Dicky Nugent, who sat next to me.

Mister Twigg looked up with a frown. "Bunter miner, you were talking!" he wrapped out. "Come out before the class!"

"Oh crumms!"
"Do you here me, Bunter?"
"Yessir, I here you!"
"Then obey me instantly!"

When I walked out to the front of the class in my bear feet, and with my trowers turned up to the neeze, old Twigg had several sorts of a fit.

"Boy," he thundered, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Ahem! I—I've been keeping cool, sir. I thought that if I sat with my feet in a bowl of water, I should make better progress with my lessens."

"What!" roared Twigg. "Am I to understand, retched boy, that you have had the oddasity to bring a bowl of water into the Form-room?"

"I—I had to keep cool somehow, sir. This heat wave is getting me down."

"Bring the bowl of water hear at once!" kommanded Twigg.

I was in such a state of treppidation that when I went to put the bowl on Twigg's desk I upset it, and a jet of water shot into his face, and trickled down his gown.

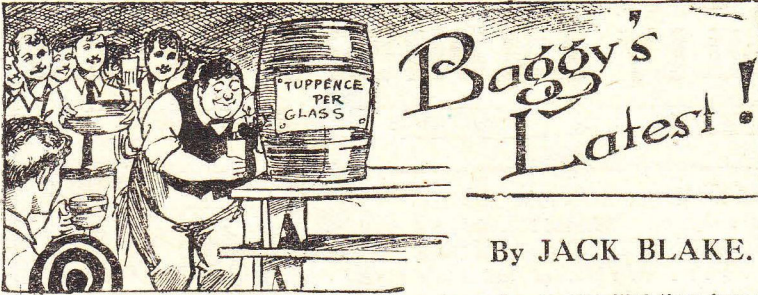
"It was a pure axcident, sir—" I stammered.

But Twigg was not in the mood to take eggscuses. He picked up his poynter, and tanned my hide with grate vigger.

Wack, wack, wack!
"Yow-ow-ow!"
"Now go to your plaice," said Twigg, "and put your shoosie and sox on! I have never, in the course of my kareer as a skoolmaster, eggspierenced such konduct!"

I crawled back to my seat. And for hours I sat and stewed in a stuffy Form-room, without getting any releef from the heat.

THE POPULAR.—No. 132.



By JACK BLAKE.

THE heat wave brought a big brain-wave to Baggy Trimble of the Fourth.

There was a big demand for cooling drinks, and Dame Taggles, at the tuck-shop, was completely sold out of minerals. Baggy therefore conceived the notion of inventing a thirst-quenching drink, and presenting over a stall on the cricket-field.

Baggy turned the matter over in his mind. "All I shall want," he reflected, "will be a few lemons—or, rather, some cheap lemonade-powder—and some sherbet, and a big barrel with a tap to it. Fellows who want drinks will have to bring their own glasses and mugs."

Baggy set to work at once. He happened to have a little money on him—sufficient to purchase the lemonade-powder and the sherbet, anyway.

In the wood-shed there was an old barrel with a tap to it. It had formerly contained oil of some sort, and Baggy had to thoroughly sterilise it before it could be used.

The "stall" on the cricket-field consisted of a couple of forms, one mounted on top of the other.

Plentiful supplies of cold water were obtainable, and Baggy's business as a dispenser of drinks was soon going strong.

Thirsty cricketers surrounded the barrel, bringing all sorts of vessels with them. Some had cups, others had glasses. Grundy of the Snell brought a soup-basin, with a view to getting a bigger drink; and Monty Lowther had an inverted topper!

Orders were fired at Baggy Trimble's head, so to speak.

"Buck up, Baggy!"

"Drinks this way!"

"How much are you charging for your coloured water?"

"Tuppence a glass," replied Baggy. "Likewise tuppence a cup. That basin full will cost you a tanner, Grundy. And if you want that topper filled, Lowther, it'll be eightpence."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy was kept very busy during the next half-hour.

In their thirst state the fellows thoroughly enjoyed Baggy's concoction. Many of them emulated Oliver Twist, and asked for more.

At the end of the half-hour the barrel was empty. And a broad grin of satisfaction spread over Baggy Trimble's countenance. He was hoping that the heat wave would continue!

The fat junior set to work to prepare a fresh barrel. He still had some lemonade-powder left, but he had run out of sherbet.

Dame Taggles didn't sell sherbet, and a fresh supply could only be obtained from the village. To proceed thither would be a serious waste of time—and profit.

Baggy decided to find a substitute for sherbet. Any old thing would do, he reflected. He hurried along to his study, and discovered what he wanted.

The second barrel of drink was duly prepared, and a crowd of customers approached Baggy Trimble's stall.

"Baggy," said Monty Lowther, "I feel as thirsty as a parched pea in a frying-pan! I've brought a quart milk-jug with me, but I'm afraid it won't be big enough. However, I can always get it replenished. Buck up, and turn on the merry tap, old scout!"

Tom Merry mopped his perspiring brow. "My kingdom for a drink!" he exclaimed.

"Baggy, dear boy," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "I'm simply gaspin', bai Jove!"

"All serene," said Baggy Trimble. "Don't be impatient, you fellows. I'll serve you all in quotation."

"Ha, ha!" He means 'rotation'!" chuckled Talbot.

Baggy Trimble was in his shirtsleeves, looking very businesslike. He took the drinking

vessels one by one, and filled them from the tap. And the money flowed freely into his coffers. Seldom indeed had the fat junior known such prosperity.

"Here you are, Lowther! Here's a quart, and don't make a beast of yourself. Here's yours, Merry. Gimme your glass, Gussy. Hi, Lowther, you haven't paid! That's eightpence!"

"I'm expecting a postal-order—" began Lowther.

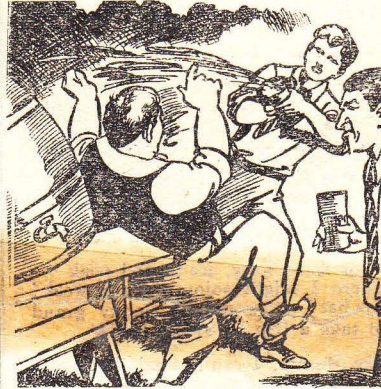
Baggy gave a yell.

"Pay up!" he exclaimed. "I'm not running my business on credit!"

Lowther paid up, and commenced to drink out of the quart jug. Then he pulled a wry face, and gave a queer gurgle.

"Gug-gug-gug! Ugh!"

"Anything the matter, Monty?" inquired Tom Merry, in alarm.



Baggy Trimble staggered back, and as he did so Monty Lowther discharged the contents of the quart jug at him.

"Groo!" said Lowther. He was not capable of giving a more intelligible answer.

Tom Merry sipped his own drink. Then, to the general astonishment, he dashed the contents of his glass full into Baggy Trimble's face.

"Ooooooh!" spluttered Baggy.

He staggered back, and as he did so Monty Lowther discharged the contents of the quart jug at him.

Baggy completely lost his balance. He collided heavily with the barrel, and knocked it off its perch. The barrel rolled merrily down a grassy incline.

"You—you rotters!" roared Baggy, mopping his streaming face. "What did you want to do that for?"

"You've put salt in the stuff!" exclaimed Tom Merry wrathfully. "It tasted like brine!"

"Ahem! That was just to give it a flavour, you know!"

"Gwoo! I feel as if I've been swallowin' sea-water!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The fellows were simply furious. They pounced upon Baggy Trimble, and started to roll him in the same way that the other barrel was rolling.

Baggy whizzed down the incline at a terrific speed.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Chuckit! Stoppit!" he panted.

Several buckskin cricket-boots clumped upon Baggy's plump person. And the fat junior's yells fairly awakened the echoes.

Baggy now wishes that he had taken the trouble to go to the village and lay in a fresh supply of sherbet. His salt substitute cost him dearly, for he was not allowed to resume his business.

The firm of B. Trimble, purveyor of cooling drinks, went into liquidation forthwith!

Answers to Korrespondents!

By BILLY BUNTER.

(It has been utterly impossible for me to reply to the many billions of letters which have reigned in upon me, and snowed me up, during the last few weeks. I have picked out a few at random, and am replying to them hearwith.—Ed.)

"Worried Reader" (Barnsley).—When ever the craving for an acid-drop comes upon you, suck a cigarette!

C. H. B. (Canterbury).—"My pater keeps a sweet-shop, Billy, and he makes wonderful ice-cream." One of these fine days I shall borrow Johnny Bull's bike and pop over to Canterbury, with a view to sampling your pater's ices and comparing them with Mrs. Mumble's. There will be no charge, of course?

"Sportsman" (Surbiton).—Kricket? Don't talk to me about kricket in this heat. I shall eggspire!

"Pompey" (Portsmouth).—"Do you happen to have a brother in the Navy, Billy?" No, but I've got a sister in the Air Force!

"Indignant" (Kennington).—"I went to the barber's, and he cropped my hair with a pair of sheep shears." I don't blame him. You don't want to go about looking like a Bolshevik or a Spring Poet, do you?

R. B. (Rochdale).—"I want to make some home-made lemonade, Billy. Can you advise me as to the ingredients?" The answer's a lemon!

"Perplexed" (Highgate).—"I don't know where to spend my summer holidays. I've had an invitation from my uncle in town, and from my aunt at the seaside." Go to the aunt, thou daggard!

A. W. P. (Tonbridge).—"Are you fond of boiled puddings, Billy?" I hate them as much as I hate myself!

"Bertie" (Ventnor).—"Every time I see a porpoise in the water, Billy, I think of you." That is distinctly rood!

"Heat Wave" (Hastings).—"Dear Billy, I am simply overcome with the heat. I've tried heaps of ways of keeping cool, but without result." I'd better send Sammy down to fan you!

"Curious" (Chester).—"What is your batting average, Billy, to date?" Oh, about two hundred odd!

A. R. M. (Bristol).—It is quite correct that my ancestor, Lord Bunture de Bunture, came over with William the Konkeror. Our family seat is at Bunter Court, Bunkumshire.

"Sunny Jim" (Sheffield).—I'm not going to give you my resippy for making home-made toffy. It's a dead secret.

"Alarmed" (Bayswater).—I can only advise you, if there is sooperfluous hairs on your upper lip, to shave!

FREE REAL
PHOTO'S
FOR YOU!

SEE PAGE 24.



Bunter's Night Aloft!

By DICK RUSSELL.

"FAN me, Sammy!" murmured Billy Bunter.

"Rats! You jolly well fan yourself!" growled Sammy.

Billy Bunter, reclining on the sofa in Study No. 7, glared at his minor.

"If you want to keep your job on the staff of my 'Weekly,' young Samuel," he said, "you'll wait on me hand and foot. This heat wave is too awful for words. It's getting me down. I want fanning."

"Ain't got a fan!" muttered Sammy.

"Find one, then!"

Sammy gazed around the study.

"Will a newspaper do?" he asked.

"Any old thing! Fan away!"

Sammy dragged an old newspaper out of the fireplace, and proceeded to fan his major.

Billy Bunter lay back with his eyes closed.

"That's ripping!" he said. "Keep it up, Sammy. I'll pay you a penny an hour."

Sammy fanned away industriously for some time. Then he paused, panting and gasping.

"I think we ought to change over now, Billy," he said. "Let me lie down on the sofa—"

"Sh?"

"And then you can gently fan me to sleep."

"Oh, can I?" growled Billy. "A jolly fine thing, when an editor has to start fanning one of his own subs! Look here, Sammy, you're my slave, and the sooner you cotton on to that fact the better. I won't be a hard taskmaster. I won't scourge you with whips, or anything of that sort. That's what usually happens to a slave. I'll be kind and generous, and give you a decent salary. Put that paper down, and go and get me a strawberry-ice."

"Where's the money?" demanded Sammy.

"Take a bob out of the funds."

Sammy went to the box which contained the funds of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

"There's only a tanner here!" he said.

"Well, that'll pay for an ice. And you can get one for yourself, on tick—if Mrs. Mumble will let you have it!"

Sammy reflected that there was a very big "if" about that. He dragged his way wearily to the tuckshop, in the blazing heat, and bought the strawberry ice for his major.

When he asked Mrs. Mumble if he might have one for himself, to be paid for when his ship came home, the good dame sent him about his business.

Sammy carried the ice across the Close, taking sundry licks en route. By the time he got to Study No. 7 the ice had diminished in size.

Billy Bunter eyed his minor with suspicion.

"I wanted a sixpenny ice," he said.

"Well, here it is," said Sammy defiantly.

"This is only a penny one, judging by the size! There's not enough of it to feed a gnat!"

"Ahem! It—it melted a bit while I was bringing it over," explained Sammy.

"You greedy young bounder! I believe you've been helping yourself!"

"Not at all!" said Sammy indignantly. "I wouldn't touch your beastly ice with a barge-pole! I hate ice-cream."

Billy Bunter consumed what was left of the ice.

"Now go and get a damp towel, and bind it round my forehead," he said.

"Look here," said Sammy. "I'm fed up with waiting on you hand and foot! The heat's just as bad for me as it is for you. I feel as if I was being roasted by inches!"

Billy Bunter looked grim.

"Are you going to do as I tell you," he said, "or do you want me to start laying in to you with a cricket-stump?"

Very reluctantly Sammy went off in quest of a towel. He put it under the cold-water tap, and brought it dripping into Study No. 7. Then he tied it around his major's heated brow.

"Good!" murmured Billy. "Now you can start fanning me again, and I'll give you your orders for the night."

"For the—the night!" stuttered Sammy. "Surely you don't expect me to sit on your bed in the Remove dorm and fan you all night?"

"I'm not sleeping in the dorm to-night," announced Billy calmly.

"What!"

"For three nights," said Billy, "ever since this heat wave started, in fact, I've not had a wink of sleep. The dorm has been like a giddy oven. As soon as Wingate has seen lights out to-night, I'm going to change my sleeping quarters."



Black clouds drifted into view, and presently a terrific hailstorm broke out. Billy Bunter crouched near a chimney for protection.

"Where are you going?" asked Sammy, in astonishment.

"On the roof."

"My hat!"

"With the aid of a ladder I can easily get on to the roof of the gym," said Billy.

"It's nice and cool up there. I shall want you to give me a hand in rearing the ladder."

"Oh crumbs!"

"You're to meet me outside the woodshed at half-past nine," said Billy. "And don't fail, or there will be ructions!"

"Look here—"

"Don't argue. Carry on with the fanning. If I'm not properly fanned, I shall get fever. I've got a frail and delicate constitution, as you know."

Sammy continued to flourish the newspaper.

"I feel like dropping!" he groaned.

"Well, fan away, and then drop!" growled Billy.

Shortly afterwards Peter Todd and Tom Dutton came into the study. Seeing Sammy there, they promptly ordered him out. Sammy had no objection whatever to going!

"Don't forget!" shouted Billy, as his minor rolled out of the study. "Half-past nine at the woodshed!"

"Hallo!" said Peter Todd. "What's all this? Are you planning a nocturnal raid on the school kitchen, porpoise?"

"You mind your own 'bizney, Todd!" said Billy Bunter loftily.

Peter did not press the matter. He and Dutton sat down, and started on their prep.

Billy spent the evening on the sofa. He went up to bed with the rest of the Removites, but as soon as Wingate had seen lights out, he rose and dressed.

"What's the little game, Bunter?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"I've got the beastly toothache," groaned Billy Bunter. "I'm going to pop down to the study to get some stuff for it."

"Well, don't be long."

Billy Bunter rolled out of the dormitory, with his hand pressed to his jaw. He groaned as he went. His imitation of a fellow in anguish was perfect.

Instead of going to his study, however, Billy made tracks for the woodshed.

Sammy was there. With great difficulty he had managed to keep the appointment.

"Good!" said Billy. "Jolly lucky for you that you've turned up, or I should have come along to your dorm and yanked you out. Now, gimme a hand with this ladder."

A long ladder lay at their feet. Billy and Sammy stooped and picked it up, and carried it round to the outer wall of the gym.

"Stand on the bottom rung while I climb," commanded Billy. "As soon as I've got to the top, take the ladder away, or some prowling master might spot it."

"I shan't be able to carry the beastly thing by myself," protested Sammy.

"Drag it, then. And don't pull it away till I give the signal, or I might break my neck. And I'm not insured."

Billy climbed the ladder, and was presently lost to sight on the roof. It was a hot, stifling night, and he had brought no blankets with him. Blankets would have been an unnecessary encumbrance.

Sammy dragged the ladder away, and put it round the corner out of sight. Then he went back to his dormitory.

Midnight brought a sudden and dramatic change in the weather. Black clouds drifted into view, and presently a terrific hailstorm broke out. The hailstones descended upon Billy Bunter like an avalanche of peas.

"Vow-ow-ow! I shall be soaked to the skin in a minute!" groaned Billy.

Billy Bunter was a helpless prisoner on the roof. He was exposed to the mercy of the storm. And the storm did not spare him. His clothing became saturated, and he was in a terrible plight. He crawled to the edge of the roof and peered over into the darkness. But still there was no sign of anyone.

The hailstorm passed, and a cold wind sprang up, causing Billy Bunter to shiver as if with the ague.

The fat junior groaned aloud. He longed for his warm bed in the Remove dormitory. And the prospect of remaining all night on the roof was gall and wormwood to him. A few hours before he had imagined himself in danger of contracting fever. He was now in real danger of contracting a chill.

It was not until three o'clock in the morning that relief came.

Harry Wharton happened to wake up, and to notice that Billy Bunter's bed was empty. Wharton roused his chums, and they set out to investigate.

Shouts for help guided them towards the gym. After some delay they found the ladder reared up, and rescued their fat school-fellow, who was in a very sad and sorry state.

Harry Wharton & Co. were really concerned on Bunter's account. They took him along to Study No. 1 and made him a jug of steaming cocoa. Then they assisted him to bed.

Billy was his old self next morning. But it will be a long, long time before he forgets that terrible ordeal of a night aloft!

THE END.

THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

SOME "COOL" SUGGESTIONS!

By KIT ERROLL.

NOW that the heat wave is upon us, I consider that the Rookwood authorities should seriously consider the following suggestions for keeping cool.

Electric fans in the Form-room are not only desirable, but necessary. There should also be a huge barrel of lime-juice cordial near the master's desk, so that the pupils may walk up and refresh themselves when they feel so disposed.

During the mid-morning break, strawberry and vanilla ices should be served, free of charge, to all Forms. Sprays, similar to those used in picture-palaces, should also be used for cooling the Form-rooms.

All hot joints should be abolished, and dinner should consist of salmon and cucumber, to be followed by fruit salad. A large lump of ice should be placed on every fellow's plate.

Regulation bathing costumes should be worn, and tight-fitting Etons prohibited. Lessons, meals, etc., should be attended in bathing costumes only.

Every member of the Fourth, and higher Forms, should be provided with a fag, whose duty it will be to fan him while he reclines on the sofa.

Hammocks should be slung on the trees on the cricket field, and open-air sleeping should be compulsory. Fags would be required to rock their masters to sleep.

Mosquito-nets should be issued to all the fellows. Patent gnat-killers should also be provided.

Form-masters should keep their canes in ice before use, so as not to make their pupils' palms too hot.

Any fellow deserving of punishment should be made to take a hot-water bottle to bed with him.

Damp towels and lumps of ice should be provided for use during prep.

Icebergs should be placed in the river, for the convenience of Rookwood bathers.

If the temperature should rise above eighty in the shade, all lessons should be abolished.

THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

ODE TO A PERSPIRING PORPOISE!

By FATTY WYNN.

Too hot to work, too hot to play,
Too hot to feel alert and gay;
This is the hottest month, they say:
JULY!

Too hot to bowl for hours on end,
Too hot to sit in study penned,
Or to go cycling with a friend:
JULY!

Too hot for this, too hot for that,
Too hot to field, too hot to bat.
I wish I were a water-rat!
JULY!

Figgins and Kerr are full of glee,
For they are nice and slim, you see.
They do not feel the heat like me.
JULY!

The perspiration down my cheeks
Is rolling in unsightly streaks.
I haven't felt so baked for weeks!
JULY!

The heat waves come, the heat waves go,
This is the worst we've had, you know.
I'm melting to a grease-spot—oh!
JULY!

Old Taggles snoozes in his lodge,
The heat wave he contrives to dodge.
Alas, for me, poor, plump old podge!
JULY!

Oh, Figgy! Fan my fevered brow!
Take pity on me! Do it now!
Or I shall soon expire, I vow!
JULY!

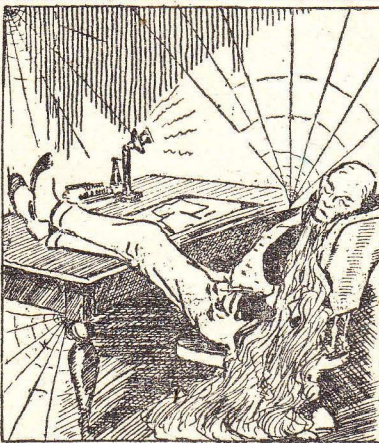
Give me merry month of May,
Or give me June, so bright and gay.
But, oh, why doesn't someone slay
JULY?

In cellar cool I'd love to be,
A tray of ices on my knee;
Then would I shake my fist at thee,
JULY!

This fearful heat will do me in,
And chaps will murmur, with a grin:
"Here lies what's left of Fatty Wynn!"
JULY!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



LORD MAULEVERER. (Fashion Controller)

HOW I CAME TO GREEF!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

I am in trubble again, dear readers. It seems to be my natcherl state.

When the heat wave came upon us, I thought of a very good and prophetable wheeze.

"Why not make some ice-cream," I reflected, "and serve it to my skool-fellows?"

It seemed a really brainy stunt, espeshully as Sergeant Kettle, at the tuck-shopp, didn't happen to be making ice-cream.

I went first of all to the ice factory in Latcham, and asked them to deliver a duzzen blox of ice, without fail, by three o'clock that afternoon.

Then I went along to the grocer's, and bought several packets of custerd powder. On returning to Rookwood, I borrowed a large tub from the skool kitchen.

Having made these preparations, I pinned the following announcement outside the door of my studdy:

"WALK UP! WALK UP! WALK UP!

TRY TUBBY MUFFIN'S
ICE-CREAM!

KORNETS, 2d.; WAFERS, 2d.;
MIXED FROOT, 6d.

KUSTOMERS WILL BE SERVED
STRICKTLY IN ROTATION!"

I borrowed a gallon of milk from the kitchen, and I now had all my ingredients ready eggsept the ice.

I waited and waited for the ice to turn up. But nothing happened.

Meanwhile, the fellows waxed impatient. Jimmy Silver & Co. came in from the cricket-field, very hot and parched. They demanded kornets and wafers and mixed froot ices.

After announcing that I supplied ices, I couldn't very well disappoint my kustomers, so I started to make ice-cream as best I could without the ice!

"Buck up, Tubby!"

"Ice-cream this way!"

"Put a jerk in it!"

I bent over the tub in my shirt-sleeves, and worked away industriously. Then I started to serve the ices.

There was a howl of wrath from Lovell. "This isn't ice-cream! It's hot custerd!"

"It's so hot that it's burnt my tung!" yelled Newcome. "Muffin has been spoofing us!"

"Bump the fat bounder!"

Violent hands were laid upon me, and I was sent whirling to the floor of the studdy.

In vain I protested that I would make some ripping ice-cream as soon as the ice arrived. The people at the ice factory didn't send it—bekawse I hadn't paid for it, I suppose—and Jimmy Silver & Co. gave me a most terrific bumping.

I have now gone out of business as an ice-cream merchant. It duzzent pay! When the next heat wave comes along I shall sit tight and do nothing!

THE SLEEPER AWAKES!

(Continued from page 12.)

In their cricket contests with Tom Merry & Co., they were invariably defeated, and they were desperately anxious to turn the tables.

Gordon Gay took up his position at the wicket, and the others bowled to him.

He was quite at home to the bowling of Monk and Lane, and Wootton and Carboy, and he flogged it all over the place.

When Endersby bowled, however, he had the leader of the Grammarians tied up in knots.

The first ball beat the batsman entirely, and just skimmed the bails. The second ball was stopped dead. And the third ball made a nasty mess of Gordon Gay's wicket. The middle stump performed revolutions, and the bails went flying into space.

"Bravo!"

"Well bowled, sir!"

Gordon Gay stood blinking at his wrecked wicket. Then he turned to the new boy.

"I thought your name was Endersby—not Hitch!" he shouted.

Endersby grinned, and carried on with his bowling.

There was no doubt that the new boy was a deadly bowler. He got plenty of pace on the ball, and the batsmen were paralysed.

Before the practice had been in progress ten minutes, Gordon Gay had decided to include Dick Endersby in the Grammar School team which was to meet St. Jim's.

He had not seen Endersby bat. Possibly the fellow was a rank duffer at batting. But on the strength of his bowling achievements alone, he well deserved a place in the team.

Endersby had all the batsmen guessing. Some of them managed to survive a few balls; but all of them were clean bowled at the finish.

"We've got a giddy capture here!" said Carboy.

"Absolutely!" said Wootton major.

"The fellow's a marvel!"

The terrific heat didn't seem to upset Endersby in the least. His pace never slackened, his arm never tired. He was full of energy and vim. Like Tennyson's brook, he could have gone on for ever.

Presently it came to his turn to bat.

Endersby's batting was of the fearless, dashing order. He took far too many risks. He was the sort of fellow who would get a "duck" in one match, and a century in the next. But, as Gordon Gay pointed out, his bowling alone entitled him to a place in the team.

After Endersby had hit a ball from Carboy through one of the Form-room windows, Gordon Gay approached him.

"Will you turn out for us on Saturday, kid?" he asked.

"Like a bird!" was the reply.

"You don't think your energy will have petered out by then?"

"Not if I take the tablets regularly."

"Your pater must be a wonderful chum!"

"He is!" said Endersby simply.

The dinner-bell put a period to the practice—and to the conversation.

Endersby went into the dining-hall with the others, and he ate a hearty meal.

It was a half-holiday at the Grammar

School, and the majority of the fellows had decided to take things easy, owing to the almost unbearable heat.

Endersby, however, was bubbling over with energy. He suggested an outing on the River Rhyl, and he rowed with the strength of two.

Gordon Gay & Co. were with him, but they soon wearied of the exertion. Rowing, on such a fiery afternoon, was no joke.

Endersby, rowing like a Trojan in his shirtsleeves, was inexhaustible. It seemed incredible that this was the same fellow who had arrived at the Grammar School overnight—wearing and limp and languid.

After giving a lively exhibition of oarsmanship, Endersby went for a swim.

The others also took a plunge, in order to cool themselves. But they were content with swimming in a leisurely manner on their backs, whereas Endersby employed an energetic overarm stroke which carried him through the water at a terrific speed.

"What's the next item on the program, dear boys?" inquired Endersby, as he towelled himself briskly on the bank.

"Personally," said Gordon Gay, "I'm going to take forty winks on the study sofa. I'm as fond of exercise as anybody, but we've had enough and to spare this afternoon."

"Oh, don't be lazy!" said Endersby.

"I'm going to do a five-mile walk!"

"Then you'll walk alone!" said Wootton major, with resolution. "If you like to make a grease-spot of yourself, go ahead! I'm going to take things easy!"

"Same here!" said Lane and Carboy together.

Gordon Gay and his chums strolled back to the Grammar School, to rest after their strenuous exertions.

Dick Endersby went off by himself. And he went at a swinging stride, heedless of the heat.

The new boy's energy was amazing. And Gordon Gay & Co. marvelled more and more to think that only a short time before Endersby had not had a spark of energy in him.

"We'll spring a surprise on St. Jim's when Saturday comes!" chuckled Gordon Gay.

"Yes, rather?"

"Tom Merry and the others will think I'm mad to include Endersby in the team. But when they have to face his bowling they'll think differently."

"No mistake about that!" said Frank Monk. "Let's hope the fellow's energy doesn't wear off between now and Saturday; that's all!"

"Make him take his tablets regularly, Gordon," said Lane.

"You bet!" chuckled Gordon Gay.

It was an hour later when Dick Endersby put in an appearance.

Most fellows would have been utterly fagged out after a five-mile tramp on such a day. But Endersby, although perspiring profusely, was still full of beans. He went along to the gym, and busied himself at the punching-ball for half an hour. And in the evening, when he had finished his prep, he had the gloves on with Gordon Gay. The latter held his own for three rounds, and then he felt too fagged to continue.

"I'm fairly energetic," said Gordon Gay, "but I've had quite enough exertion for one day."

"I'm still brimful of energy, begad!" said Endersby.

"Then take my advice, old chap, and reserve it till Saturday. You'll need every ounce of it then."

Endersby grinned.

"If we don't put it across St. Jim's," he said, "I'll eat my Sunday topper!"

"Then I'm afraid you're booked for an attack of indigestion!" said Gordon Gay. "St. Jim's, let me tell you, are jolly hot stuff!"

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Dramatic Finish!**

"GREAT jumping crackers!" exclaimed Monty Lowther. "Do my aged eyes deceive me, or is that the dozey merchant we carried along to the Grammar School on a ladder?"

"It is—it are!" said Manners.

"He's in flannels, too!" said Tom Merry. "Surely he isn't going to play?"

"Gordon Gay would hardly be such a champion chump as to include him," said Lowther. "He'd go to sleep at the wicket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Terrible Three were standing on the pavilion steps with the other members of the St. Jim's eleven.

The Grammarians had just alighted from their brake. And Dick Endersby, clad in spotless flannels, was among them.

Tom Merry shook hands with Gordon Gay.

"Brought a good team over?" he inquired.

"The strongest we could get together."

"I see you've brought Endersby. Is he going to umpire?"

"No."

"He's not? Then he'll keep the score, I suppose?"

"He'll do nothing of the sort!" said Gordon Gay. "He's playing."

"Great pip!"

Tom Merry stared blankly at Gordon Gay.

"You must be potty," he said, "to include a born-tired slacker in your team!"

Gordon Gay grinned.

"I fancy Endersby will justify his inclusion," he said. "Are we ready for business?"

"Quite!"

"Toss the merry coin, then!"

Tom Merry won the toss, and he decided to bat first.

It was a day of fierce heat and flaming sunshine. The spectators were reclining in groups under the trees. Minerals and ices were in great demand. And a hose-pipe was playing over the cricket pitch, in order to refresh the sun-baked turf.

Tom Merry and Talbot opened the innings for St. Jim's. And Gordon Gay and Frank Monk shared the bowling.

Endersby was told off to field at mid-on.

"I won't put you on to bowl just yet," said Gordon Gay. "I'll keep you up my sleeve, and spring you on the St. Jim's fellows later."

"All serene," said Endersby.

St. Jim's opened strongly.

Tom Merry and Talbot soon found their form, and the bowling had no terrors for them. They clumped it to all parts of the field.

As a matter of fact, it was so hot that neither Gordon Gay nor Frank Monk could put much pace on the ball.

Runs came rapidly, and the spectators under the trees languidly signified their approval.

"Good old Talbot!"

"Keep it up, Merry!"

The score had risen to forty before the two chums were separated.

THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN GLIFFORD.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"CHAMPION OR DUFFER?"

Tom Merry made a terrific drive. The ball was clear of the ground, and Endersby shot out his right hand and brought off a brilliant catch.

"Oh, well held, sir!"

Tom Merry gave a gasp.

"Didn't dream you'd stop that one!" he said to Endersby, as he passed him on his way to the pavilion.

Endersby smiled.

"I'm a bit wider awake than I was the other evenin'," he remarked.

Figgins came in next, and played a useful innings. With the score at sixty-five, he was snapped at the wicket.

By this time the bowlers were utterly exhausted. The perspiration was streaming down their faces. It was obvious that they had had enough.

Gordon Gay beckoned to Endersby.

"Will you take over at this end?" he said. "Wootton major will relieve Monk."

When Endersby went on to bowl there was a loud murmur of surprise from the St. Jim's partisans. They had heard of Dick Endersby as a hopeless slacker, and they had no idea he could bowl.

Talbot, who was well set, faced Endersby with confidence. He anticipated no difficulty in dealing with the new boy's deliveries.

"You took four? That was rather rash, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know! The pater didn't say that the tablets were harmful."

Gordon Gay looked doubtful.

"They must be pretty potent—to give you all this energy," he said. "You were rather a chump to take so many."

There was an interval for tea before the Grammarians batted; and the cricketers were glad of it. They felt nearly roasted, after their activities in the broiling sunshine.

"Would you like to come in first with me, Endersby?" asked Gordon Gay.

"Pleasure, dear boy! I should get sick of loafin' about in the pavilion. I want action—action all the time!"

Shortly afterwards, the Grammarians started their innings.

Endersby was very unsteady at first. He spooned his first ball straight to cover-point. But cover, with the sun in his eyes, bungled the catch.

The batsman nicked his second ball through the slips. Gordon Gay called him for a run, but Endersby insisted on taking a couple, and he was very nearly run out in so doing.

After these early lapses, however, Endersby gave a brilliant and a faultless display of batting. He made Fatty Wynn's bowling look cheap and com-

order. He hit hard, and he hit often. Sixty appeared on the telegraph-board; then 70; and then, after an interval, 80.

Endersby contrived to get the bowling to himself, and he punished it without mercy.

When the 100 went up, and the Grammarians only required 5 runs to give them the victory, Tom Merry went on to bowl himself.

Forgetting the fierce heat; forgetting everything save the vital necessity of winning the match, Tom Merry bowled as he had never bowled before. Even Endersby dared take no liberties with the first three balls Tom sent down.

The fourth ball, however, slipped out of the bowler's hand, and was a full toss.

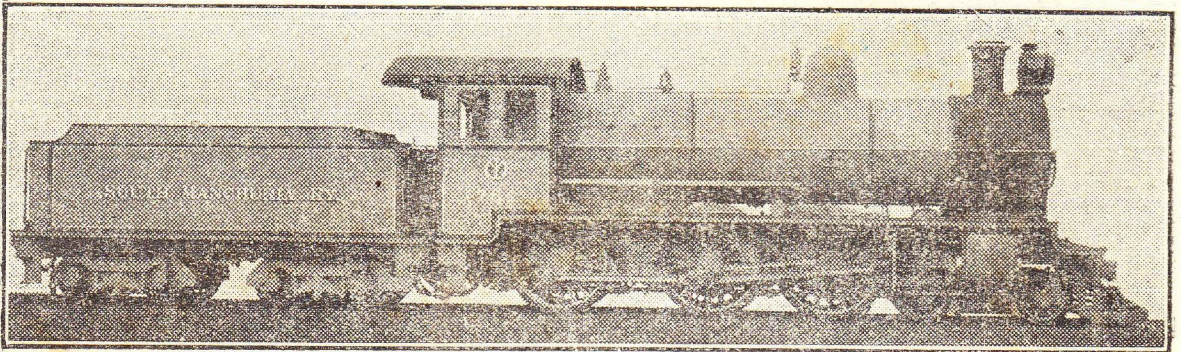
Endersby leapt forward, the smile of victory on his lips. And the ball went soaring away into space, to alight eventually, with a loud clatter, on to the roof of the pavilion.

After the winning hit had been made, Carboy played recklessly, and was bowled.

Shortly afterwards the last wicket fell, with the score at 112.

Rylcombe Grammar School had defeated their old and keen rivals by 8 runs!

ANOTHER GRAND COLOURED ENGINE PLATE FREE!



A Famous Express Locomotive of the South Manchuria Railway.

PRESENTED WITH NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

But Talbot had a rude shock the next moment when his leg stump was knocked flat.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "I confess I didn't see that one. The blessed thing came down like a cannon-ball!"

The next man in—Dick Redfern—very cautiously played out the over. Nobody, however, was comfortable against Endersby.

Quite a lot of runs were knocked off Wootton major's erratic deliveries, and St. Jim's managed to top the hundred. Their total was 104, and it was quite a useful one.

Dick Endersby had taken six wickets for 21 runs. Gordon Gay clapped him on the back as they came off.

"Jolly good work!" he said approvingly. "I can see now that it was a mistake not to have put you on at the beginning. You're looking rather queer," he added, noting Endersby's flushed cheeks, "do you feel all right?"

"I feel as if I could go on bowlin' till the cows came home," was the reply.

"You took your tablets this morning, of course?"

The new boy nodded.

"I took four instead of two, so as to feel specially energetic," he said.

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NEXT

TUESDAY!

"CHAMPION OR DUFFER?"

monplace. And whenever he got a loose delivery he opened his shoulders to it, and sent the ball speeding to the boundary.

The other batsmen, however, failed lamentably.

Gordon Gay managed to scrape together ten runs. Then he put his pad in front of a straight one from Fatty Wynn, and was promptly given l.b.w.

Frank Monk, and Wootton major, and Lane came and went without adding very much to the score.

Wickets fell frequently. But Dick Endersby's remained intact.

The last man in but one was Carboy. Gordon Gay spoke to him as he went down the pavilion steps.

"We still want fifty runs," he said, "and only Endersby can get them. What you've got to do, old man, is to keep your end up. Don't be tempted into slogging at Fatty Wynn's teasers. Just guard your stumps, and leave the rest to Endersby."

Carboy carried out this advice to the letter. Playing with a straight bat, he stopped every ball dead. Fatty Wynn tried to tempt him out of his crease, but there was nothing doing.

Meanwhile, Endersby continued to hit. And his hitting was of the hurricane

On his way to the pavilion Dick Endersby collapsed. As Gordon Gay had feared, the effects of taking four of his father's tablets proved disastrous.

Endersby was assisted to the waiting brake, and on arrival at the Grammar School he was put to bed, where he was obliged to remain for the next twenty-four hours.

Dr. Monk, the headmaster, on learning what had taken place, got into communication with Professor Endersby, and strongly urged him to discontinue the supply of the energy-forming tablets, which, declared Dr. Monk, were likely to do more harm than good in the long run.

The supply of tablets ceased, and the energy of Dick Endersby ceased also. He became as he had been before—slack and sleepy. His amazing burst of energy was over, and he showed no further desire for cricket.

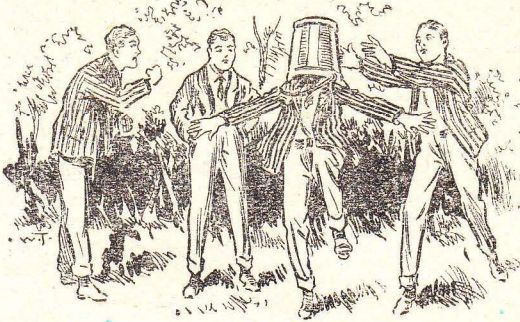
But neither at St. Jim's nor at Rylcombe Grammar School will they soon forget that thrilling period when the slacker awoke!

THE END.

(You must not miss reading next week's splendid tale of Tom Merry & Co., entitled "Champion or Duffer?" By Martin Clifford.)

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE CHERRY CARAVANNERS DISCOVER THAT THE GULELESS CLARENCE CUFFY IS TOO MUCH OF A HANDFUL, SO THEY ADOPT DRASTIC MEASURES TO RID THEMSELVES OF THEIR "GUEST."



PUTTING UP with CLARENCE!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. on Tour.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Very, Very Painful Parting!

"JIMMY, you ass!"
"Jimmy, you fathead!"
"Jimmy, you chump!"
Lovell and Raby and Newcome all spoke together.

The Rookwood caravanners were in camp. The caravan stood in the grass of the common, and Robinson Crusoe, the horse, was cropping away industriously.

Jimmy Silver was seated in what a novelist would call an attitude of unstudied grace—his legs straddled out in the grass, his back supported against a rather dusty wheel, his straw hat on the back of his head.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were standing, their eyes fixed on him in exasperation.

Tubby Muffin nodded assent to Lovell & Co.'s remarks, but he did not speak, as his jaws were otherwise engaged.

A bag of apples had recently been purchased at a farm, and Tubby was apparently trying to get to the bottom of the bag in the shortest possible space of time.

In the distance, Clarence Cuffy, of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood, could be seen. He was gone to the stream for water.

He was out of hearing of the Classical juniors, and the Co. had taken that opportunity of telling Jimmy Silver what they thought of him.

"Of all the crass idiots!" Arthur Edward Lovell said reflectively. "Of all the howling, burbling, rabidous jabberwocks!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Jimmy Silver defensively. "It wasn't my fault that Cuffy joined us."

"He belongs to Tommy Dodd's caravan," said Lovell. "He's a Modern, ain't he? He's been with us twenty-four hours, and he's broken nearly all the crocks in the van, he's nearly set fire to the tent, he's upset all the milk twice, and spilt paraffin on the cheese, and—"

"I know he's an awful duffer," said Jimmy.

"And the worst of all, he's bored us all to death," groaned Lovell. "He never leaves off talking, and he talks pink piffle, and you oughtn't to have planted him on us, you shrieking ass!"

"I didn't! Only—only I put him up to japing the Moderns, and they kicked him out, so we were bound to take him in," said Jimmy Silver.

"I don't see it."
"Noblesse oblige, old chap."
"Noblesse o'rats!" said Raby.

"He's a good chap," said Jimmy Silver. "He can't help being a duffer and a bore. He's gone to fill the water jug now, like a good chap."

"Bet you he'll bust the jug."
Jimmy groaned.

"He can't! It's a tin jug."
"Then he'll lose it in the stream."
Lovell's words were prophetic.

Clarence Cuffy came back towards the camp, and the Classical juniors noted at once that he came back empty-handed.

"Where's the jug?" asked Newcome.

"I am so very, very sorry," said Cuffy. "It slipped from my hand, and lies now at

the bottom of the stream. Was it not unfortunate?"

Lovell snorted.
Clarence Cuffy had a genius for blundering. He was not useful on a caravan tour.

And Cuffy really belonged to the Modern caravan party, but he had been Jimmy Silver's unconscious instrument in japing Tommy Dodd & Co., and the three Tommies had become exasperated with him.

After that Jimmy felt bound to take him when he proposed joining the Classical party—he felt that it was a case of "noblesse oblige."

But the duffer of Rookwood was a sore trial, and Jimmy's comrades did not seem to feel so keenly the claims of noblesse oblige.

"That's our last big jug," said Lovell, in tones of tragic resignation. "Cuffy broke the other. We shall have to fetch water in teacups after this."

"Cuffy hasn't broke all the teacups yet," remarked Jimmy, by way of consolation.

"Not quite all," said Raby. "There's enough to last him over to-morrow."

"My dear friends—" said Cuffy.
Lovell groaned.

That was Cuffy's way of speaking. "My dear Lovell, are you in pain?" asked Cuffy, with great concern.

"Yes, awful," grunted Lovell.

"My dear fellow, I am so very, very sorry," said Cuffy. "Perhaps I can be of assistance to you, Lovell. If you are ill, I would nurse you."

"Thanks! I'm not tired of life."
"My dear Arthur—"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Lovell.
Clarence Cuffy turned to Jimmy Silver again.

"My dear James," he said, "I have been reflecting. I have now been with you twenty-four hours, and it has been very enjoyable—has it not, my dear friends?"

"Ripping!" said Raby, with a deep sarcasm that was quite lost on Clarence Cuffy.

"Topping!" said Newcome.
"Simply terrific!" gasped Lovell.

Cuffy beamed.
"I'm so very, very glad to hear you say so, my dear fellows," he exclaimed. "But I parted from dear Thomas Dodd in anger. I had been smitten with violence upon the nose, and I regret to say that it made me very, very angry. But, my dear friends, I fear—"

Cuffy paused, breaking it gently. "I fear that it is my duty to assure Tommy Dodd of my forgiveness."

"Eh?"
"And prove to him that I do not bear malice—"

"What?"
"By rejoining his party," said Cuffy.

"Such is the result of my somewhat serious and prolonged reflections, my dear friends."

The Classical juniors gazed at him. They could hardly believe their ears.

Cuffy met their glances sadly.

"I am so very, very sorry to give you this painful shock," he said. "We have been so very, very happy together. But do you not agree with me, my friends, that such is my duty? Can I leave dear Thomas under the impression that I have allowed the sun to go down on my wrath? Can I?"

Jimmy Silver gasped.
"Impossible!" he exclaimed fervently.

"You can't!" said Lovell. "Not a shadow of doubt about that."

"Not the slightest."
"I'll get your bike ready, Cuffy," said Raby.

"You are very, very kind. If you do not object, I will depart this evening, as then I can reach Valley Wood before dark, and I am aware that dear Thomas is camping there to-night," said Cuffy. "Would you mind, my dear friends?"

"Not a bit!"
"Not at all!"

"Give our love to dear Thomas!"
"You are quite, quite sure that you are not offended by this somewhat abrupt departure?" asked Clarence anxiously.

"Not in the least, old fellow. We—we don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go!" gasped Lovell.

And Clarence Cuffy went, much to the satisfaction of the Classical chums.

"This is something like!"
Tommy Dodd made that observation, in tones of deep contentment.

The sun was setting on the hills, and in the valley the Modern caravanners were camped, within a mile of the farmhouse where they obtained supplies for supper.

They had enjoyed their supper after the day's march, and were taking it easy resting in the rich grass, and watching the red sunset.

"Beats classes at Rookwood—what?" said Tommy Cook, with a grin.

"Faith, and ye're right," said Tommy Doyle. "I wonder where those Classical asses are now?"

"And Cuffy?" said Tommy Dodd. "I suppose poor old Cuffy's gone home. I really wish his nose hadn't been punched so hard."

"The howling ass! He ought to have been lynched."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
The ringing of a bicycle-bell on the foot-path caused the three Tommies of Rookwood to raise their heads and glance round.

A cyclist was bumping along the grassy path towards the camp.

Tommy Dodd's face altered.

"Oh, my only Aunt Sempronia! Cuffy!"
"Cuffy!" said Cook and Doyle, in a breath.

The three Modern juniors watched Cuffy as if fascinated as he came up and jumped off his bicycle.

Clarence beamed upon them.
"Here I am, my friends!" he said.

"Oh, there you are, are you?" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

"My dear, dear friends, I sincerely hope that you did not suppose I was still angry with you," said Clarence. "I have forgiven you from the bottom of my heart. I felt that I had done wrong in leaving you, dear Thomas. That is why I have returned. I am sure you are very, very glad to see me!"

"Oh, begorra!"
"I—I thought you'd gone home!" stammered Tommy Dodd.

"I fell in with the Classical fellows, THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

A GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"A CRICKET REVENGE!"

A GRAND

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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By OWEN CONQUEST.

Thomas, and have remained with them until this evening. They fully agreed that I ought to come back to you," said Clarence, beaming.

"I'll bet they did!" muttered Tommy Cook.

"I felt that I must," continued Clarence. "Your Uncle Dodd, my dear Thomas, would have been so disappointed to hear that I was not spending the holiday with you. It might also have pained my dear papa. Was it not fortunate that I remembered your intention of camping here this evening?"

"Awfully!" gasped Tommy Dodd. The three Moderns looked at the ineffable Clarence.

There were certain considerations of politeness to be observed, and, moreover, Tommy's kind uncle, Mr. Dodd, wanted his old friend's son to spend the vacation caravaning with the three Moderns, and Tommy Dodd had not liked to refuse.

But Clarence Cuffy was a heavy trial. He was far from realising that, however. In the simplicity of his heart, Cuffy was assured that he spread pleasure and contentment wherever he went.

The three Tommies did not look either pleased or contented. But Clarence Cuffy had come, and they did not quite see how they were to get rid of him again. So for the present there was nothing to do but resign themselves to his presence in the party.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Stranded!

LOOK after the van and the horse, Cuffy!

"Certainly, my dear Thomas!" "We'll be back under the hour." It was morning, bright and sunny, and the Modern caravanners had turned out in cheery spirits.

Even Cuffy did not seem so much of an infliction that sunny morning.

The three Tommies started for the farmhouse, a mile away up the valley, out of sight of the camp.

They carried a big can and a bag and a basket, in the hope of obtaining supplies of milk and eggs and bread.

Cuffy, duffer as he was, was supposed to be able to keep watch at the camp while they were gone.

Clarence wanted to be useful, and as soon as his comrades had departed he proceeded to gather materials for the morning fire.

When he returned to the camp, with his arms full of brushwood, he found that it was not untenanted.

Two rough-looking fellows were standing there, surveying the caravan and the horse, and looking about them curiously.

They turned and stared at Cuffy as he came up.

"Good-morning!" said Cuffy brightly.

The two tramps blinked at him.

"This 'ere turn-out belong to you, sir?" asked one of them, a burly fellow with a black patch over one eye.

"To me and my friends," answered Cuffy. The two men exchanged glances.

"Oh, there's some more of you, hay?" said the one-eyed man.

"Yes. My friends have gone up to the farmhouse," said Cuffy.

"Jest coming back, I dessay?"

"Oh, no; they will probably be absent nearly an hour!" answered Cuffy innocently.

"I think the farmhouse is a mile away."

"Oh! You're all alone 'ere, then?"

"Quite alone, my friend," said Clarence unsuspectingly.

The two men exchanged glances again.

Anybody but Clarence Cuffy would have seen that they were a pair of tramps of a particularly unpleasant kind, and would have kept a very sharp eye on them.

But Cuffy was not suspicious.

"This 'ere looks all right, Bill," murmured the one-eyed man.

"A bit of all right, and no mistake, Ikey," answered Bill, in the same tone. "Why, we could be miles an' miles away."

"And a fresh coat of paint would make that there van look a bit different," murmured Ikey.

"And we know where to get rid of the 'orse," murmured Bill. "The gipsies we saw yesterday wouldn't ask no questions."

"You're right, ole pal!"

Clarence was piling up the brushwood for

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"A CRICKET

the fire while the two tramps were muttering together.

"So them blokes going up to the farmhouse was your friends, sir?" said Ikey, addressing Clarence again.

"Yes," assented Cuffy.

"Then the message they give me is for you, I s'pose," continued Ikey, watching Clarence's simple face intently.

"Did they give you a message for me?" asked Cuffy, with interest.

"They did that. They want you to meet them 'arf-way back and 'elp them to carry something," said Ikey. "Come on, Bill; time we was going."

The two tramps slouched off, and disappeared through the trees.

Out of sight of Clarence Cuffy they stopped, and peered back at him under cover.

Their intention was to impress Cuffy with the fact that they were gone, so that he would have no hesitation in leaving the camp unguarded.

But they need not have taken that trouble, for Cuffy had no suspicions.

He started up the path to the farmhouse at once, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

Ikey indulged in a chuckle.

"That blessed young idjit's gone, Bill!" he murmured. "This is where we come in, I think."

"I think we does!" grinned Bill.

The two tramps hurried back to the camp, and in hot haste put the horse to the caravan.

Cuffy's bike was shoved in the van, and the vehicle led out of the camp to the path down the valley.

Taking the direction opposite to that taken by Cuffy, Ikey and Bill drove off in great spirits.

They came out into the country lane, and turned into another lane, and another, feeling the safer for every turning they placed between their precious selves and the owners of the stolen caravan.

Meanwhile, Clarence Cuffy was tramping contentedly towards the farmhouse. He enjoyed that pleasant morning walk.

He was in sight of the farmhouse when he met Tommy Dodd & Co. on their way back.

Tommy Dodd had the big can full of milk, Cook had the basket of eggs, and Doyle had his bag full of other comestibles.

"Hullo! Here's Cuffy!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, in surprise. "What have you left the camp for, fathead?"

"I came to help you carry the things, my dear Thomas," answered Clarence.

Tommy Dodd grunted.

"That's all very well, but you ought to have stayed at the camp. It's not safe to leave the van alone."

"But you asked me to come, my dear Thomas!" exclaimed Cuffy, in surprise.

"Eh! I did nothing of the kind."

"Yes. Your message—"

"My what?"

"Your message," said Cuffy, in bewilderment. "Surely, Thomas, you have not forgotten sending me a message to meet you half-way?"

"I never sent you any message!" roared Tommy Dodd. "How could I send you a message when there was nobody to send?"

"Those two men—"

"What two men?"

"The two men at the camp, dear Thomas."

They said you had sent me a message to meet you—"

"Oh, my only hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd, in dismay. "What were they like?"

"Somewhat rough in appearance," said Clarence, "but very civil-spoken, I thought. It is possible that they were tramps."

"You—you've let yourself be sent away from the caravan by a couple of tramps!" stuttered Cook.

"But they said—"

Tommy Dodd set down the milkcan.

"They'll have stolen everything they can lay their hands on," he said. "Perhaps the horse, too, and Cuffy's bike—goodness knows! Oh, you idiot! You rabious dummy! Come on, you chaps!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Cuffy, in horrified surprise. "Is it possible, my dear

Thomas, that those persons have deceived me, with dishonest intentions?"

"Idiot!"

The three Tommies set down their burdens, and, without wasting further words on Cuffy, started for the camp at a run.

They were filled with the darkest forebodings.

Cuffy blinked after them in dismay, and then gathered up the can, the basket, and the bag, and started after them.

Tommy Dodd & Co. ran their hardest.

They came in sight of the camp at last. They expected to find the caravan rifled, and possibly the horse gone.

But no caravan met their gaze. The camp was empty, save for the pile of brushwood Cuffy had gathered.

Horse and van were gone from their gaze like a beautiful dream.

The tramps had made a clean sweep.

"Gone!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"The caravan—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"After them!" shrieked Tommy Dodd.

Up and down and roundabout the three furious caravanners raged in search of the thieves. But they raged and searched in vain.

The tracks of the van were lost in the many tracks of the rutty lane, and there was no clue to the direction taken by the two rascals.

Tired, breathless, and furious, they returned to the spot where the camp had been, in utter dismay.

Clarence Cuffy had arrived there.

"The caravan is not here, my dear Thomas," he said. "Is it possible that those unscrupulous persons have taken it?"

"Dummy!"

"I—I have brought the things you left on the footpath, dear Thomas," said Cuffy meekly. "I am very, very sorry to say that I have spilt the milk, and that the eggs are broken."

The three Tommies looked at him.

Their breakfast was strewn somewhere along the footpath, and the caravan was gone, and they were hungry and stranded.

It was too much. They fell upon Clarence and smote him, and bonneted him with the empty milk can.

Then they held a desperate council of war—what time a suffocated and anguished voice proceeded from the interior of the milk can—a voice they heartlessly refused to heed.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Capture From The Enemy!

MY only summer hat!" Jimmy Silver uttered that exclamation in tones of surprise.

"What's the row?" asked Lovell, looking round from the horse which he was leading.

The Classical caravan was rumbling on its way through a deep lane in the morning sunshine.

"Those blessed Moderns seem to be haunting us!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"The Moderns!"

"Look there!"

Jimmy Silver pointed.

A short distance ahead of the Classical van a side-lane turned off from the road.

Down that lane there came a caravan rumbling.

It had nearly reached the corner when Jimmy Silver spotted it across the intervening field.

"Tommy Dodd's lot, by Jove!" exclaimed Raby.

"Look here, don't you let Cuffy plant himself on us again, Jimmy Silver!" roared Lovell. "If you begin any more noblesse oblige on us, we'll begin with our boot-leather on you, so you can take that as a tip!"

Jimmy Silver did not answer.

He was walking on beside the Classical van, but his eyes were fixed on the Modern van about to turn into the lane.

He knew Tommy Dodd's van by sight, of course.

It was rather gaily painted, and Jimmy Silver would have recognised it half a mile off, and it was now only twenty yards away.

It was the Modern van, but where were the Moderns?

A rough-looking man, with a black patch over his eye, was driving the horse, and another rough fellow sat by him, smoking a pipe.

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!

REVENGE!

A GRAND

!!

Nobody else was to be seen about the van. It was absurd to suppose that the three Tommies and Cuffy were packed inside the closed caravan that warm morning; but if not, they were evidently not with their van at all, and it was entirely in charge of the two rough-looking men.

"What's the matter with you, Jimmy?" asked Lovell, surprised by Jimmy's fixed expression.

"There's something jolly wrong about this," said Jimmy Silver. "Stop those men—get the van in the way! It looks to me as if Tommy Dodd's van has been stolen."

"Great pip?"

But the same thought came to Jimmy's chums as they looked at the two rough men alone in the charge of the Modern van.

They hurried Robinson Crusoe on to the turning and reached the corner in time to block the progress of the other caravan.

Ikey and Bill, on Tommy Dodd's van, had to stop.

The Classical van was halted right across the narrow side-lane, and there was no advance to be made, and the lane was too narrow for turning the big vehicle in a hurry; that was an operation that required time and care.

But Ikey and Bill were not thinking of turning the van.

They were not aware that it was known by sight to the caravaners in the road.

"Hi, there!" yelled Ikey wrathfully. "Whatcher blockin' the way for? Let a chap pass, can't yer?"

"Clear the road, blow yer!" exclaimed his companion.

Jimmy Silver ran towards them, his comrades at his heels.

Tubby Muffin prudently remained behind. He did not like the looks of the two tramps, and thought he would like them still less at closer quarters.

"What are you doing with that van?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Ikey gave him a one-eyed glare.

"Driving it, ain't I?" he replied.

"Hain't you got any heyes?"

"That van doesn't belong to you."

"Wot do you know about it?"

"I know the chap that caravan belongs to," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I want to know how you come to be driving it, my man."

Ikey gripped his whip.

"Are you going to clear the road and let a bloke drive on?" he demanded.

"No fear!"

"Then I'll start on yer!"

Jimmy Silver looked at the ruffian coolly as he gripped the whip and raised it.

"If you use that whip, my man, we'll have you off that van before you can do it twice," he said. "Be careful!"

Ikey paused.

The four Rookwood juniors were rather a handful to tackle, and they looked quite determined.

Ikey lowered the whip.

"Well, let a man pass, then!" he said sulkily.

"You're not going to pass till we know how you got hold of that caravan. Where are the chaps it belongs to?"

"It's all right, sir, on my davy," said Ikey, civilly now. "The young gents asked me to drive this 'ere van for them. They—they're taking a walk, and they're going to join us at the next town."

Perhaps that was the best yarn Ikey could be expected to spin on the spur of the moment, but, naturally, the Classical juniors of Rookwood were not inclined to believe it.

It was too highly improbable that Tommy Dodd would have entrusted his caravan to the hands of such exceedingly disreputable persons as the two tramps evidently were.

Lovell grinned.

"Is that the best you can do?" he asked.

"I don't know wotcher mean."

"Well, I mean that if you can't make up a better yarn than that, you may as well give up trying."

Ikey looked at his comrade.

The two rascals were nonplussed.

"You may as well own up," said Jimmy Silver, as the ruffians did not speak. "You've stolen this caravan."

"Look 'ere!" roared Ikey. "Nuff of this 'ere! You move your van out of the way and let a chap pass, or I'll soon shift yer! See?"

"You're going to give up that van," answered Jimmy Silver quietly.

"We'll see about that. Come on, Bill!"

Ikey jumped down into the road, grasping his whip, and his comrade jumped after him.

They advanced fiercely upon the Rookwooders.

The two ruffians looked dangerous enough, but Jimmy Silver & Co. did not flinch.

"Line up!" said Jimmy quietly.

"Now, then, out of the way!" shouted Ikey, and he rushed forward, lashing with the whip.

Jimmy Silver yelled as he got the lash, but Ikey did not have time for another.

The captain of the Rookwood Fourth dodged in under the whip, and closed with the one-eyed man.

They struggled fiercely.

"Lend a hand, you fellows!" panted Jimmy.

Raby was springing to his aid, while Lovell and Newcome tackled Bill.

Ikey went down with a crash, with Jimmy Silver and Raby on top of him.

The whip flew from his hand, and Ikey found himself grasped by the ears, and his head jammed on the hard road.

He roared with anguish.

"Yow! Leggo! 'Elp! 'Elp! Lend a cove a 'and, Bill! 'Elp!"

But Bill had plenty to do, without helping his comrade.

"The rotter ought to be locked up," said Newcome.

"He ought to be," said Jimmy Silver. "But it will save time to give him a jolly good Rookwood bumping, and kick him out."

"Hear, hear!"

"Ere, I say—let up—chuck it!" roared Ikey.

Ikey probably was not conversant with Rookwood customs, and a bumping was a new experience to him.

To judge by the sounds that proceeded from him, it was not a pleasant experience.

Bump, bump, bump!

Once, twice, thrice the unhappy Ikey smote the hard road with his frowsy person, and each concussion elicited a fiendish yell.

Then he was pitched into the hedge.

"If you're not gone in a second—" said Jimmy Silver, picking up the whip.

But Ikey was gone in a second.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Jimmy Silver Has an Idea!

"My dear Thomas—"

"Shut up!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"I sincerely hope you are not cross, Thomas."



BUMPING THE CARAVAN STEALER! "Give him a good Rookwood bumping!" said Jimmy Silver. The tramp was collared on all sides by the juniors, and the unfortunate Ikey smote the ground thrice. To judge by the sounds that proceeded from him it was not a pleasant experience. (See Chapter 3.)

Lovell and Newcome were pressing him hard, and Bill was retreating before the vigorous attack.

Instead of coming to Ikey's assistance, Bill suddenly made a jump for the hedge, plunged through it, and went fleeing across the fields. Bill evidently had had enough.

Lovell and Newcome, panting, turned to Jimmy's aid.

Ikey's resistance ceased then.

The four juniors collared him, and dragged him to his feet, keeping a tight grip on him.

"Heasy does it, gents!" mumbled Ikey. "No offence, gents! Go heasy with a man! It was only a lark, young gents! 'Pon my davy, it was!"

"You stole that van?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"We—we borrowed it!" gasped Ikey. "Only a joke, sir, on my davy! We wasn't going to sell the contraption to the gipsies, sir—we wasn't, really!"

"Where did you steal it?" demanded Jimmy.

"We—we borrowed it a few miles from 'ere, sir," said Ikey dolefully. "Down the valley, sir—Valley Wood, they calls the place. No 'arm done, sir. Never knowed they was friends of yours, sir, on my davy!"

"Do you want to be slain, and buried in some quiet spot in this valley, Cuffy?" asked Tommy Dodd, in concentrated tones.

"Godness gracious! Certainly not!"

"Then shut up!"

Clarence sighed, and was silent.

The Modern caravaners were not in a good humour.

They were tramping on a dusty road, in very bad tempers, as a matter of fact.

They had held a long council of war at their camping-place, but the only decision they could arrive at was that there was nothing doing.

They made what breakfast they could upon the loaf in the bag, which, fortunately, Cuffy had not been able to damage.

Then they started out.

There was nothing to be done but to walk to the nearest town, and there give information of their loss to the police.

And the nearest town was several miles distant.

They came up the footpath and turned into the road, Clarence Cuffy with an expression of patient martyrdom on his face.

Cuffy was, as he would have expressed it, very, very hurt at the crossness of his companions.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!
 Tommy Dodd looked up crossly as the bicycle bell rang ahead.
 Then he jumped.
 "Jimmy Silver!" he exclaimed.
 It was the captain of the Rookwood Fourth, mounted upon Clarence Cuffy's bicycle.
 He pedalled up, smiling, and jumped down to greet the surprised Moderns.
 "That's Cuffy's bike!" exclaimed Cook.
 "Goodness gracious, so it is!" said Clarence.
 "Where ever did you find it, dear James?"
 "In the van," answered Jimmy Silver carelessly.
 "In our van?" yelled Tommy Dodd.
 "Yes, my infant."
 "Then—then—"
 Jimmy Silver laughed.
 "It's all serene, Tommy!" he said. "We came on the rosters who bagged your van, and got it back for you. I found Cuffy's bike inside the van, so I got on it and came back this way to look for you. Your van's three miles away, so you've got a walk before you."
 Tommy Dodd fairly gasped with relief.
 "Oh, my hat! I say, Silver, we're awfully obliged."
 "Don't mence, my dear chap!" said Jimmy Silver airily. "It's up to us, as the top side of Rookwood, to help you poor little Moderns out of your scrapes."
 To which the three Tommies replied, with one voice:
 "Rats!"
 A walk of three miles did not hurt the Modern juniors, with their van waiting for them at the end of it.
 Tommy Dodd explained, en route, how the van had been lost, and Jimmy Silver chortled.
 "It's all very well to cackle," said Tommy dolefully. "But if you had that born idiot planted on you—I say, would you like to try him again?"
 "No jolly fear!" said Jimmy Silver promptly. "Why don't you make him tired of caravanning, same as you did the sergeant, when he was with you?"
 Tommy Dodd shook his head sadly.
 Jimmy Silver chuckled as they walked on.
 Having suffered under Clarence himself, he could feel for his old rivals of Rookwood, but he could see the humorous side, all the same.
 "Hallo! Here's our van!" exclaimed Cook, in great satisfaction.
 The two vans were drawn up together beside the road.
 Lovell and Raby and Newcome grinned at the Moderns as they came up, and Tubby Muffin emitted a fat chuckle.
 "You blessed Moderns are a worry!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "We've lost most of this morning waiting about with your blessed van!"
 "Much obliged!" said Tommy Dodd.
 "Oh, all serene, old scout! Rookwood always backs up Rookwood," said Lovell, laughing. "Here's your van, none the worse

for wear. I should advise you to keep it on a chain after this."
 The Moderns took possession of their caravan again, with great satisfaction.
 The Classical van started up the road.
 Jimmy Silver lingered to speak a quiet word in Tommy Dodd's ear, out of hearing of the ineffable Clarence.
 "I've got an idea, Tommy," he said.
 "You'd like to take Cuffy?" asked Tommy hopefully.
 "No fear!"
 "Then bother your idea! Your blessed Classical ideas ain't worth much!" said Tommy Dodd peevishly. "I—I wonder if it would offend my Uncle Dodd very much if I sent him home by goods-train, this side up with care?"
 "Ha, ha! But I've really got a wheeze," said Jimmy.
 "Well, what is it?"
 "Go mad," said Jimmy.
 "Wha-a-at?"
 "You wouldn't have far to go, you know!"
 "Look here, you silly ass—"
 "Go mad," repeated Jimmy, in a whisper.
 "Violent and raving, you know. Cuffy would get fed-up with that. See?"
 Tommy Dodd stared at him blankly for some moments. Then he burst into a chuckle.
 "What a wheeze!" he murmured.
 "Good enough for Cuffy!" said Jimmy Silver. "Ta, ta, old chap!"
 Jimmy Silver ran after his comrades, and the Classical van rumbled on out of sight.
 Tommy Dodd & Co. breakfasted in the van before they started.
 And when the Modern van went on Cuffy was left inside, washing up, while the three Tommies walked with the horse.
 While they walked there was a good deal of whispering among the three.
 There were subdued chuckles as well as whispers, as they discussed the startling wheeze suggested by Jimmy Silver.
 "It'll suit you best, Doyle," murmured Tommy Dodd. "Being Irish, you're a bit potty, anyway."
 "Why, you silly spalpeen," exclaimed Tommy Doyle, in great wrath. "it's as potty as a looney ye are yerself intirely. But if you mane that I can do it best—"
 "Yes, that's exactly what I mean, old scout."
 "Then, sure, I'll thry it!"
 Clarence put his head out of the van.
 "My dear Thomas, I have finished washing up. I am very, very sorry to say I have somehow broken the bowl—"
 "Oh, my hat!"
 "And it is very, very unfortunate that the water has fallen over your coat, my dear Thomas. Does it matter?"
 Tommy Dodd did not reply to that question. Clarence jumped off the van.
 "Shall I lead the horse?" he asked.
 Doyle looked at him.

"Do you mane the rhinoceros?" he demanded.
 "The—the what, my dear friend?"
 "The rhinoceros! Do you mean to say that that's a horse, and not a rhinoceros?" roared Doyle furiously.
 Clarence Cuffy stared at him speechlessly. He mechanically put out his hand to lead the horse.
 "Kape away!" snapped Doyle. "You don't know how to manage a rhinoceros!"
 Cuffy tottered on with the Moderns. He was too astounded to speak. Tommy Doyle was beginning!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Dangerous!

"WELL camp here!" Tommy Doyle made that announcement suddenly. It was barely noon.
 "Not time yet," said Tommy Dodd.
 "We camp at sunset," answered Doyle.
 "Mum—mum—my dear Doyle, it is many, many hours to sunset," murmured Clarence Cuffy feebly.
 "Oh, you're mad, Cuffy!" answered Doyle.
 "I say it's sunset, and we're not going to wear out the rhinoceros by going any farther!"
 Dodd and Cook submitted, and the Modern caravanners camped on the edge of a common.
 Clarence Cuffy was in such a state of bewilderment that he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. He drew Tommy Dodd aside nervously.
 Tommy Dodd tapped his forehead.
 "Sunstroke?" asked Clarence, in horrified tones.
 "Yes."
 "Oh dear!"
 "In the family," said Tommy seriously.
 "Doyle's father and grandfather were as mad as he is. He's not often like this, of course. It's rare—very rare. Don't irritate him. My hat! What is he doing now?"
 Clarence glanced round quickly.
 Doyle had taken the carving-knife, and was concealing it under his jacket.
 "Wha-at is he—he—going to do with—that knife, Thomas?" asked Cuffy through his chattering teeth.
 "I sincerely hope that he's not going to commit murder with it," said Tommy Dodd with owl-like gravity. "That would spoil our tour, and no mistake!"
 "Hadn't you better t-t-take it away from him, Thomas?"
 "You take it away from him, Cuffy."
 "I—I—I think perhaps it would be wiser not to irritate him, Thomas, if he is really insane."
 "Mind you don't turn your back on him while he's got that knife!" whispered Tommy Dodd.
 "Oh dear!"
 Clarence Cuffy was not likely to turn his back on the mad junior. He eyed him nervously and incessantly.
 The caravanners lunched, and Tommy Doyle's actions were certainly most peculiar.
 If he was not insane he looked very much like it.
 He held his fork by the prongs instead of the handle, and when Dodd pointed that out to him he insisted that he was using chopsticks.
 He asked for another helping of oysters, to Cuffy's helpless bewilderment.
 "Will ye pass me the oysters, Cuffy?" he repeated truculently.
 "I am very, very sorry, but there are no oysters, my dear friend!" faltered Cuffy.
 "What do you call these, then?"
 "They—they are eggs, my dear fellow!"
 "Oysters, I tell ye!" shouted Doyle, leaping to his feet in great excitement. "Ye spalpeen, don't I know oysters from eggs?"
 "M-m-my dear, dear— Yaroooh!"
 "Are they oysters?" roared Doyle, seizing the alarmed Cuffy by the collar, and shaking him violently.
 "Ow, ow! Yow! Oh! Yes!" shrieked Cuffy. "Leggo! They—they certainly are oysters, my dear fellow!"
 "Then, why couldn't ye say so at first?" growled Doyle.
 Cuffy sat palpitating, squirming a little farther away from the lunatic.
 "This—is this is dreadful, my dear Thomas!" he whispered to Tommy Dodd.
 "Awful, isn't it?" agreed Tommy.
 "Frightful!" groaned Cook.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"A CRICKET REVENGE!"

A GRAND

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Had we not—not better get him to a doctor?" murmured Cuffy.

"Doctors have a frightfully exciting effect on him," said Dodd, shaking his head. "Do you think your dear papa would mind very much, Cuffy, if you should happen to be slaughtered?"

"Ow!"

Doyle rose to his feet.

His hand was groping under his jacket, and Clarence, who knew that the carving-knife was there, palpitated.

"Sure, and you've bought the sheep, then!" he remarked, looking at Clarence. "How much did ye give for that sheep?"

"Oh, gracious!" moaned Clarence. "The poor fellow! He takes me for a sheep! This is—is dreadful!"

Doyle came closer to Clarence Cuffy, inspecting him, as if he were an animal.

Cuffy trembled violently.

"Tain't a very good sheep," said Doyle disparagingly. "It's bony. It's got blinkers on."

"They—they are my spectacles, my dear afflicted friend!" murmured Cuffy.

"Hould yer tongue intirely! 'Tain't for a sheep to talk to a butcher!" said Doyle darkly. "This ain't much of a sheep, but sure I suppose I'd better kill it and get it cut up before we start, intirely."

Clarence jumped away.

"I'm not a sheep!" he shrieked. "Keep off! Oh dear! Keep off!"

"Sure, I'm sorry, but I've got to slaughter ye, or we sha'n't have any mutton for dinner," answered Doyle, sharpening the knife on his boot. "Bring that sheep here!"

"Better not cross him, Cuffy," whispered Tommy Dodd. "You have to humour lunatics, you know."

"B-b-but I cannot let him slaughter me, my dear Thomas!" gasped Cuffy.

"Well, I think you ought to humour him."

"B-b-but—"

Clarence Cuffy cast a longing glance at his bicycle, which was leaning against the caravan.

At that moment he would have given a great deal to be safe home in Gander's Green.

He made a movement towards the bicycle as Tommy Doyle made a movement towards him.

"Keep him off!" he shrieked.

"Catch that sheep for me!" roared Doyle. "Don't you know a butcher's a busy man intirely? I can't waste a whole day on one sheep!"

He made a rush at Cuffy, who skipped away wildly. Dodd and Cook grasped the "insane" junior, and held him back.

"Hook it, Cuffy!" shrieked Dodd. "He won't hurt us! Hook it!"

Cuffy already had one leg over his bike.

"Let me go intirely!" yelled Doyle. "That blessed sheep is getting away! Phwat are we going to do for mutton?"

"Whirr! Whizz! Whirr! Whirr! Clarence Cuffy was riding for his life.

He did not slack down till he was five miles from the Modern caravan.

Then, at a more leisurely pace, but still in haste, he pedalled on the road to Gander's Green.

Clarence had had enough of caravanning.

After he had vanished from view, naturally, he could not see the three Tommies.

If he could have seen them it might have dawned even upon Clarence Cuffy that his leg had been pulled.

The three merry youths threw themselves into the grass, kicking up their heels in hysterical mirth.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tommy Dodd & Co.

They laughed loud and long, what time Clarence Cuffy was whizzing away at top speed. They were still chuckling when they harnessed the horse, and the Modern caravan rumbled on its way.

Clarence Cuffy slept that night under the paternal roof at Gander's Green, while the Modern caravanners camped under the bright stars, and rejoiced.

THE END.

(There will be another magnificent long complete story; dealing with the further adventures of the Rookwood Caravanners.)

NEXT TUESDAY! "A CRICKET

THE CEDAR CREEK CHINEE!

(Continued from page 10.)

rushed it down to the water. It was pushed out cautiously on the ice towards the gap.

The end of it lapped over the opening, and reached the opposite side, forming a bridge across the gap in the frozen surface.

Frank Richards crawled out on it, and reached Eben Hacke.

He grasped the half-frozen schoolboy by the collar, and held on to him, kneeling on the branch.

"All right now!" he gasped.

Hacke, who was half unconscious now from cold, mechanically let go the Chinese.

Frank, with a strong grasp on him, drew him steadily on the branch that lay on the ice.

Bob Lawless and Beauclere crawled along to his aid, and among them the helpless schoolboy was drawn back to the bank.

"Yen Chin!" exclaimed Frank.

The Chinese was still hanging on the bough over the creek. His strength was spent, and he could not pull himself up.

"You helpee," he murmured faintly. "No can climb. Me dloppee if no helpee."

"Hold on, kid! I'm coming!"

Bob Lawless and Beauclere raised Hacke in their arms, and rushed him away towards the lumber school.

Frank clambered into the big tree, and out along the overhanging branch to where the little Chinese hung suspended.

He grasped Yen Chin, and by main strength dragged him up into the tree.

"Safe now, young 'un!" he said breathlessly.

"Allee light!" breathed Yen Chin.

Frank drew him into the tree, and Tom Lawrence and Dick Dawson received him from below as Frank lowered him down.

"Allee light!" murmured Yen Chin.

Eben Hacke did not turn up to after-

noon lessons that day. He lay in bed in the house, piled with blankets, with a hot-water bottle at his feet.

But for his hardy constitution he would have been booked for an illness.

But when the Cedar Creek fellows came to school on the following morning, they found Hacke up and out of doors, looking a little pale, but otherwise nothing the worse for his perilous adventure.

He came towards Frank Richards & Co., who had been joined on the trail by the Chinese schoolboy from Thompson.

Yen Chin scuttled behind Frank as he came up, warily.

"You young jay!" exclaimed Hacke.

"I'm not going to hurt you!"

"No wantee cowhide!" said Yen Chin.

"So you're all right again, Hacke?"

"Yep, I guess so. And that gold-darned Chow saved me," said Hacke.

"That blessed Chin—that pigtailed heathen! But for that Chow I should be under the ice on Cedar Creek at this blessed minute!"

"How did you come there?" asked Beauclere.

Hacke coloured.

"I was after him with my ridin'-whip," he confessed. "I thought he wanted a hiding; and I guess he did, too. I followed him out on the branch, and fell. And—and that Chow held me up—you saw him—"

"I saw him," said Frank Richards quietly. "He saved your life, Eben Hacke, after you had run him down with a riding-whip! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself!"

"I guess I am, if you come to that," said Hacke frankly. "I calculate I never thought the gold-darned heathen had it in him. I guess I was down on him because he's a Chow, and I guess I ought to be kicked for it. Yen Chin, you yellow heathen, I ain't going to lambaste you. Give me your fin!"

He held out his hand to the surprised Celestial.

Yen Chin eyed it warily.

"No ticklee?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, you heathen! Give us your fin!"

"Allee lightee?"

Yen Chin shook hands with the big youth from the States.

Hacke gave him a grip that made him wriggle a little.

"All O.K.," said Hacke. "You're a real white man, Yen Chin, though you're a lyn', thievin' heathen in some things. And I'm your friend, and any galoot that wants to cowhide you has got to walk over me first!"

Yen Chin grinned with satisfaction.

"Allee light! Yen Chin goodee boy!" he remarked. "Hacke goodee boy—oh, yes! Allee light!"

And for a day or two at least there was much limelight for the Chow of Cedar Creek.

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's splendid long, complete story of Frank Richards & Co., entitled "The Golden Fortune Mine!" By Martin Clifford.)

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STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.

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OUR WONDERFUL GIFTS.

Full particulars of the fine gifts which are being presented to all readers of the Companion Papers will be found on page 23 of this issue.

Now I will tell you something about the photos and coloured plate which will be presented next week. In the POPULAR there will be presented a **SPLENDID COLOURED ENGINE PLATE** with every copy. This plate will depict a giant express locomotive of the South Manchuria Railway. The "Magnet" Library will be on sale on Monday morning, and in it you will find a **Splendid Real Action Photo** of the famous International Centre-forward, Syd Puddefoot.

On the same day the "Boys' Friend" will make its appearance, and in it will

be a Wonderful Real Photo of Dick Smith, the well-known boxing champion. This is another of the splendid series of "Rising Boxing Stars." Be sure you do not miss it.

Wednesday is "Gem" day, and in the issue on sale **TWO REAL PHOTOS** will be given away FREE. George Wilson, of Wednesday, and J. Fort, of Millwall, will form the subjects of the "Gem's" grand free gifts. Make a point of ordering next week's copy of our Wednesday Companion Paper so that you will be sure of obtaining these magnificent free photos for your collection.

STORIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

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By Frank Richards.

That is the title of the first of our splendid list of school and adventure stories for next week's issue. In this story the chums of the Remove of Greyfriars get on the trail of Ulick Ferrers, the fugitive from justice, and make a startling discovery.

There will be another complete story of Frank Richards & Co.'s school days in the backwoods of Canada, entitled

"THE GOLDEN FORTUNE MINE!"

By Martin Clifford.

The chums of the backwoods school receive a dazzling offer of a share in a gold-mine, and guilelessly they fall into a carefully-laid trap.

Then we have a grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, entitled

"A CRICKET REVENGE!"

By Owen Conquest,

which deals with the further adventures of the Fistical Four on their caravan tour through the leafy lanes of Kent.

The fourth long complete school story is about Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, under the title of

"CHAMPION OR DUFFER?"

By Martin Clifford,

Baggy Trimble, the fattest junior in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, is very much in the foreground in this really excellent story. Mind you do not miss reading it.

There will be a further edition of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," and another thrilling instalment of our new and amazing serial, "The Pearl Poachers!" by Sidney Drew. A new competition for big money prizes goes to make the POPULAR the finest value-for-money weekly on the market to-day.

YOUR EDITOR.

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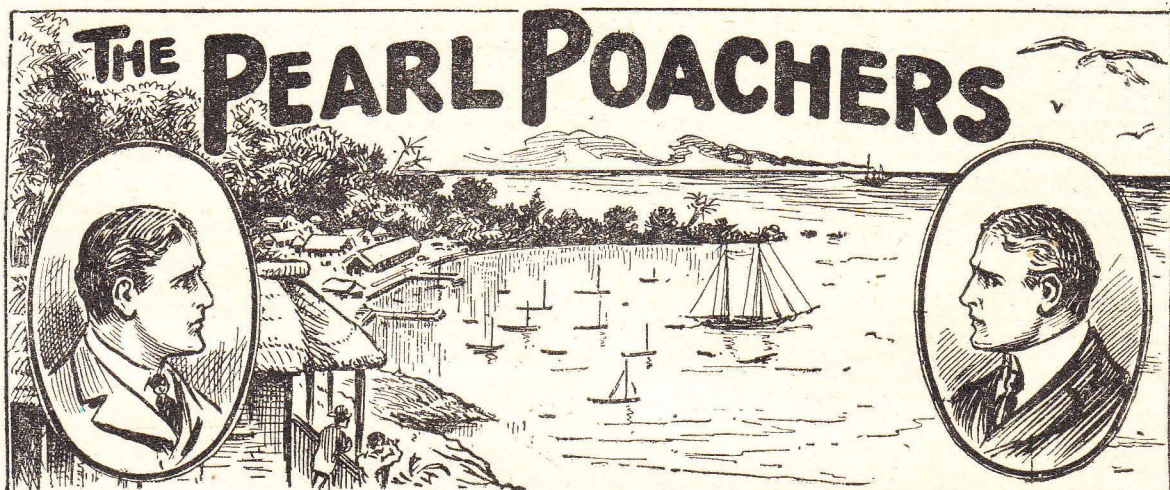
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By **SIDNEY DREW,**

(Author of "Gan Waga's Island.")

INTRODUCTION.

A meeting between Bruce Donelan and Harper Blaise, the mysterious pearl raider takes place in the manager's bungalow on Ferrers Lord's pearling-station the day before the arrival of the millionaire. Donelan, the manager of the station is struck by the amazing resemblance between Ferrers Lord and Blaise, and he unfolds a daring scheme for raiding the strong-room on board the Lord of the Deep. Blaise is to impersonate Ferrers Lord, get away in the yacht, then after taking the thousands of pounds of pearls and gold from her, sink the yacht in the lagoon. The plan is successful. Ferrers Lord is kidnapped; then Blaise sets sail on the Lord of the Deep. As

the yacht passes from sight, Ferrers Lord is conveyed to a deserted island by two of Blaise's men and marooned.

On board the yacht Harper Blaise comes to the conclusion that Rupert Thurston is a dangerous man, so he drugs him one day at dinner, and Thurston is laid up on the sick-list, in his cabin, unable to move.

Soon after the sailing of Ferrers Lord's yacht from the pearling-station, Donelan is surprised to see another yacht approach the island. At a close scrutiny through the glasses, he finds that it is not the vessel he fears it is.

(Now read on.)

doubly surprising, now that they knew from Donelan that he had visited the reef so recently.

"I hope Rupert Thurston isn't worse than they told us in the wireless, Hal," said Ching Lung. "Perhaps he found it too hot anchored here, and the Chief took him for a short cruise to give him a cool blow. They might have said something, anyhow. It's like the Chief, and yet very unlike."

The engineer nodded. It was like Ferrers Lord to disappear and reappear without notice or warning, but most unlike him to break an appointment. Not that it had been a really definite appointment. The whole thing was unusual; but, of course, they could not dream that anything was wrong.

Ching Lung had invited Donelan to dinner. He came aboard again after smartening himself up, and then for the first time the prince and Hal Honour heard the strange story of the raids for pearls and pearl shells. This seemed to throw a new light on the matter.

"I think that explains it, Hal," said Ching Lung. "The Chief learned something, and went off in a hurry to chase these brigands." "With all due deference, that's not my opinion, sir," said Donelan. "The raiders may have bolted for good, and Mr. Lord may have gone after them; but the niggers still whisper that their craft is still lurking about the islands out there, and you can generally rely on the information of that sort you get from the rogues, though they are astonishing liars. Mr. Lord's yacht isn't anywhere about for certain, or I should have heard."

"You met Mr. Thurston, I presume, Mr. Donelan," said Ching Lung. "Was he in good health?" "To all appearances he was in excellent health," answered Donelan. "I hope you have not heard anything to the contrary."

"We had a wireless message from Mr. Ferrers Lord some time ago that he was unwell, but not seriously so," said the prince. A message from the false Ferrers Lord. All was going well, then, and Harper Blaise was winning his gigantic game of bluff. To Donelan, any friends of Ferrers Lord were unwelcome, but he knew they would soon tire of waiting there in such a dreary, sun-baked hole. Like Thurston, Ching Lung did not form a favourable opinion of Bruce Donelan. The prince had known the former manager—quite a different stamp of man.

"I'll wager the Chief will soon give that chap his orders to pack up and march, Hal," he said, when Donelan had gone. "He's just a stop-gap, and won't do for the Chief. Queer how you can take a dislike to a person at first sight, isn't it? What's your opinion of him, may I ask?"

THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

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

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Ching Lung is Suspicious!

DONELAN heaved a sigh of relief, and ordered Jimmy to unsaddle the horse. Presently he could see for himself that incoming vessel was not the one he dreaded. She slowed down two miles from the reef, and signalled for a pilot. He put out to her in the motor-launch, taking a native with him. The flag she was flying puzzled him. It was white, with some strange monster on it in scarlet.

"By thunder, a Chinaman!" he said, as he caught sight of the yacht's name. "Kwen-hal, eh? It's an insult to a pretty ship to call her that. Some Chink millionaire, I guess, who has made a fortune out of preserved ginger or tinned pineapple. What does the beggar want on the reef, anyhow?"

The presence of the yacht had not surprised Donelan more than the absence of the Lord of the Deep had surprised Ching Lung.

"Good-day!" he said, as Bruce Donelan came aboard. "We are looking for safe moorings, and trust you can pilot us in."

"I've brought a black with me who can," said Donelan. "You'll forgive me if I ask your business, for we don't often see strangers on the reef."

Harold Honour was still busy repairing the watch. He raised his head and glanced at Donelan sharply, and then bent over his work again.

"I am here to keep an appointment," said Ching Lung. "I presume that you know Mr. Ferrers Lord?"

Donelan had sufficient control over himself to repress a start.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I manage the pearl-fishery here for him. You are days too late. He sailed on Thursday evening. My name is Donelan."

"Sailed?" asked the prince in surprise. "Where did he go, Mr. Donelan, and what message did he leave with you for me? I am Prince Ching Lung."

Donelan shook his head. He wanted time to think.

"I can't say where he went," he said. "He left no message for anyone. Mr. Ferrers Lord just cleared out."

"That's very extraordinary!"

"I thought so, too, sir," said Donelan. "He came ashore and had some supper with me. I saw him go aboard, and the next thing I saw when I looked out of the bungalow was the yacht moving off. I hadn't a notion she was going, and Mr. Lord didn't give me to understand that he expected anybody."

The native pilot was already on the bridge talking to Barry O'Rooney in pidgin-English. Barry had knocked about this world so much that he quite understood this extraordinary dialect, and they quickly had the yacht safely at anchor almost on the spot where the Lord of the Deep had been moored.

"Dears, dears! This a nice jolly old swindle!" said Gan Waga, greatly disappointed. "Where they gone and hopped it to, Barry? Where they goned, hunk?"

"Bedad, you can ask me a few more loike that, and you'll get no forrarder," said Barry O'Rooney. "They've mizzled; but sure, bhoys, there's no node to worry about ut, for you can't lose the spalpeens. Oi've been throying to escape their low company for years, and live loike an honest, respectable man, but they wouldn't let me. You'll never get rid of 'em, Gan, never till you're dead, and then av you want to get a bit of your own back, haunt them, bhoys!"

Ching Lung, Harold Honour, and O'Rooney were not so much surprised at the absence of Ferrers Lord's yacht as at the absence of any message from the millionaire. This was

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE GOLDEN FORTUNE MINE!"

The engineer never wasted words, and the grunt he gave might have meant a hundred things, or nothing at all.

"All right, old sulky!" said Ching Lung. "You're the least companionable boulder I ever met in my life! Oh, you are such cheerful company!"

Honour gave another grunt. He had not finished the watch, so he took out a little case of tools, and proceeded to do so. As Ching Lung went on deck, he heard a commotion aft, and a babel of voices. Gan Waga had hooked a shark, and the excited Chinamen were hauling the brute on board. It was bright moonlight, and the surf was booming along the beach with its everlasting, monotonous note.

"Shark-fin soups for breakfasts!" cried Gan Waga, as he rushed in with an axe to brain the monster. "Butterfuls stuff, shark-fin soups! I only want the finses, yo' yellow nets, so yo' can have all the rest of this little fellow. Minds he not buff you with his tail, or yo' be jolly sorryfuls!"

The dead shark was slung up, and after obtaining the fins, Gan Waga took a header overboard for a swim. The reef swarmed with sharks, but sharks had no terrors for the Eskimo. Ching Lung leaned on the rail, glad of the refreshing breeze, and looked towards the shore and the twinkling light in Donelan's bungalow. Suddenly he fancied he saw something dark on the white beach—something that moved. At first he thought it must be a turtle, and then, to his surprise, he saw that it was a man, creeping with frequent pauses towards the edge of the water.

"A black!" muttered Ching Lung. "But what's his game? Why is he crawling along like that, inches at a time?"

Ching Lung knew that some of the blacks were arrant thieves, but it was unlikely that one of them would have pluck enough to attempt to board the yacht and rob it; but the man's movements were extremely suspicious.

"If thieving is your game, my lad, you'll very soon be sorry for yourself!" thought Ching Lung. "Let me get a rope's-end."

The man had taken to the water, and the prince could see his black head and the silvery ripples caused by the movement of his arms as he swam towards the yacht. Ching Lung grasped the length of rope, and

stooped down. All the men who were on deck had gone aft to watch the shark being cut up, and obtain a portion of the spoils, for they were fond of shark.

Presently Ching Lung saw two wet, black hands grasp the rail. Then a head appeared, and Ching Lung saw two strange yellow eyes glaring at him.

"Not hit, boss!" said a voice quickly. "Me Jimmy, and Jimmy much good feller. Not come steal, boss. Jimmy come tell about bad feller, Donelan."

The prince tossed the rope aside. He would not have used it in any case when he saw how lean and old the black was.

"Come over, then," he said, "and prove you're not a thief. I've been watching you a long time, Jimmy. Honest people don't crawl on their stomachs."

"'Fraid bad feller Donelan look out and see—moon so bright," said the man with the yellow eyes. "He killa me if thought Jimmy knew. I savee yo' friend of big white boss, friend of good feller boss. Come in big ship like this. Big feller boss, top boss, no beard on face."

"Do you mean Mr. Ferrers Lord, Jimmy?" asked Ching Lung, making a guess at what the black was trying to convey. "Boss of big white yacht, savee?"

Jimmy nodded vigorously, wagging his great shock of grey hair.

"Yes, yes, good savee," he answered. "Donelan and other bad fella think kill him. If not kill him, nearly kill him, and take him way on boat. Other bad fella go on ship. Big good feller boss look outa there." He pointed a bony finger towards the islands.

"Good big fella boss go bungalow see Donelan. Other bad fella hide in bungalow. Knock good fella big boss on head. Other bad fella all samee like good boss. Face just samee, all alike. Other bad fella dress up like good boss, steal him clothes. Bad fella go on yacht, good fella boss take away out there."

Jimmy's yellow eyes seemed to grow brighter and more yellow as he jabbered on. Again he waved his bony arm seawards.

"For the sake of Mike go easy, Jimmy!" said Ching Lung. "I can't understand this rigmarole. Are you trying to tell me that Donelan and some other fellow clubbed Mr. Ferrers Lord on the head, and—"

"In bungalow," said Jimmy. "Other bad fella, all samee like good boss. Bad fella make himself good boss. Go on yacht samee good boss."

Ching Lung had got the drift of Jimmy's story now, but it was too preposterous.

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Ferrers Lord has been kidnapped, and that he is being impersonated on his yacht by a double?" cried Ching Lung.

Jimmy's knowledge of English was not equal to this.

"Wrong fella boss go on yacht; good fella boss knock on head, and taka out there," he said.

Ching Lung seized him by the arm, and almost dragged him below.

"Chuck that watch away, and make out this chap's yarn, Hal!" he gasped. "By Jove, man alive, I think he's frightened me."

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Accusation!

HAROLD HONOUR took his pipe out of his mouth and turned his blue eyes on Jimmy. The native was glaring round in wonder at the unaccustomed splendour of the saloon. The engineer gave the table a sharp rap with the bowl of the pipe. The native, as if electrified, drew his bony figure almost erect, and the yellow eyes met the blue ones in a long, magnetised stare. Honour made a gesture with his hand and spoke three words.

"Tella all quick!" he said gruffly.

"Big good fella Chief knock on head," said Jimmy. "Knock on head by bad fella just samee like good fella Chief. Done in bungalow, and Donelan help. Bad fella samee like good fella Chief, good fella boss. Bad fella steal good fella's clothes. Bad fella make him samee like big boss. Bad fella go on big smoke-boat and sail away. Good boss very sick. Take good very sick boss in little boat out there, and good fella boss no come back."

Jimmy's bony arm pointed seawards. Hal Honour rubbed his left hand over his closely-cropped beard.

"Bad!" he grunted, and tossed a cigarette and a match-box across the table towards Jimmy.

(Continued on page 27.)

The Mikados of the Canadian Pacific Railway!

BY A RAILWAY EXPERT. All About the Famous Engine Which Forms the Subject of Our Grand Free Plate.

OUR big English railway systems sink into insignificance in the matter of mileage, when compared with some of the systems operating in other parts of the British Empire. Easily the first of these huge railways of the Dominions Overseas, stands the famous Canadian Pacific Railway.

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These big heavy trains are hauled by locomotives of the POPULAR.—No. 182.

motives specially designed for effectively performing the arduous work they are called upon to do.

Glance at the fine C.P.R. locomotive represented in the colour plate of this issue of the POPULAR. The design is somewhat different from the locomotives already represented in this series, but No. 5302 has features necessitated by the particular class of work she is called upon to perform. The dimensions are colossal, her height is such that she could run on no railway in this country, the over-bridges and tunnels are not big enough to pass her through. Compared with her total height, her 9-coupled wheels look small, but these are 5 ft. 3 ins. in diameter. Notice also the size of her cylinders, and the length of her boiler and fire-box.

The wheel arrangement, 2—8—2 (known as the "Mikado"), is unusual, the trailing pair of wheels, it will be observed, form a novel feature. The big headlight—to light up the track ahead, and not a code sign to distinguish the class of train, as are the headlights carried by British locomotives—is a prominent feature of C.P.R. No. 5302. So are the immense sand-dome and bell on the top of the boiler, on which are also seen the steam-dome and safety-valve. The enginemen's cab is almost a room; observe the steps at entrance, the doorway and side windows.

The great tender attracts attention, and well it may, for it holds 12 tons of coal and as much water as the liquids you drink in forty years, allowing over half a gallon a day, the total being 8,000 gallons. A few weeks

ago we described the biggest British engine. Compare the dimensions with those of the C.P.R. No. 5302; those of the latter are: Heating surface, 3,665 sq. ft.; grate area, 70 sq. ft.; cylinders, 25½ ins. by 32 ins. Steam pressure 200 lb. per sq. in. Weight of engine, 143 tons; of tender, 79½ tons. The huge fire-gate is rocked by steam gear.

Altogether C.P.R. locomotive No. 5302 is a remarkable engine of the world's greatest railway. The C.P.R. has 14,000 miles of line in Canada, besides nearly 5,000 miles of railway in the United States. Its locomotives number over 2,300, its passenger coaches 3,000, and good service vehicles total not far short of 100,000. Its yearly receipts are about £44,000,000, out of which a profit of about £6,750,000 is made. In addition to the Atlantic steamers of the C.P.R. previously mentioned, the company has a fleet of fine mail and passenger vessels which carry the globe-trotter from Europe, who has reached Vancouver by C.P.R. steamer and train, across the Pacific to Japan, China, and Australia.

We must not forget to mention the C.P.R. as a landowner. As an inducement to build its line across what at the time were uninhabited prairie wilds, the Canadian Government gave the company 25,000,000 acres of land (nearly 40,000 square miles), or an area equal to that of Wales and Ireland together.

In our opinion the C.P.R. well deserves this grant. Without it Canada would be almost uninhabited, and there would be no mammoth locomotives such as No. 5302 in the Dominion.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"UNMASKED!"

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

"It can't be, Hal," said Ching Lung. "He's told it better to you than he's told it to me. I've got the hang of it now, but who could believe such an insane yarn? He's telling us that here in this out-of-the-world spot there's a man who's the Chief's double. You can't swallow that, can you?"

The engineer's answer came in the form of one of those irritating grunts that might have meant anything or nothing on earth.

"Well, I can't," said Ching Lung. "You'll never convince me that there's another man on earth like the Chief. Do you think Thurston and Prout and Maddock are raving mad? Even if he had made himself up to resemble the Chief, wouldn't Rupert Thurston discover the deception?"

Honour crooked his thumb and forefinger into the shape of a question mark. Why is the Lord of the Deep not here? was the question he asked in dumb-show.

Barry O'Rooney rapped at the door and came in. Jimmy had squatted down crossed-leg on the carpet, and was smoking the cigarette with great satisfaction.

"Bedad, phwat's the copper-coloured insect you have wid you at all, at all?" asked Barry, catching sight of Jimmy. "Sure, he looks fat enough to slip down the plug-hole of a bath! Oi remember wance at a fair at swate Ballybunion Oi was soft enough to pay tuppence to look at a lying skeleton about twice the soize of that."

"Oh, stop your nonsense, Barry!" said Ching Lung. "Hal sits there like a graven image, and— Do you know what this black fellow is saying?"

"Not being in the habit of sticking my ear at keyholes, Oi give you my solemn word of honour that Oi don't, sir," said O'Rooney truthfully.

"Well, he says that the Chief has been kidnapped, and been taken out to one of those islands, and that a man who is his exact double and is in the plot with that chap Bruce Donelan, has sailed off in the Lord of the Deep, posing as the Chief. And that beast Hal only smokes and grunts!"

Mr. Barry O'Rooney whistled a few bars of "The Wearing of the Green," and fixed his astonished gaze on the engineer. Honour did not even blink. Then Barry sank down on the carpet beside Jimmy and spoke to the native in pidgin-English with a soft Irish brogue, and Jimmy talked back.

"Bedad!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Av Oi'd towld this yarn to a bunch of Marines, they'd have killed me stone-dead after calling me every kind of liar and perverter of the truth they could lay their tongues to. Howld on whole! Oi pull meself together. And ut might be thrue, and av ut's thrue, that Bruce Donelan is the blackest ould rogue that's dodged the hangman. P'raps he knew that the yacht had come from Gan Waga's Olland, and had treasure on her. And the other spalpeen, who ould bones here was in his lingo is just samee likee good big boss fella, why shouldn't he be the same absolute rogue who owns the mysterious vessel that has been pirating along the reef and howlding up the pearl-stations, bedad?"

"Good!" grunted Hal Honour, with an approving nod.

"You're suggesting, then," said Ching Lung, "that the Lord of the Deep has been trapped, looted, and perhaps sunk? That this false Ferrers Lord has got Prout to run her aground somewhere by faking the chart when she would be at the mercy of his desperadoes, greedy for loot. Is that it, then?"

Harold Honour spread out his big hands hopelessly, but there was a twinkle in his blue eyes that was not so hopeless.

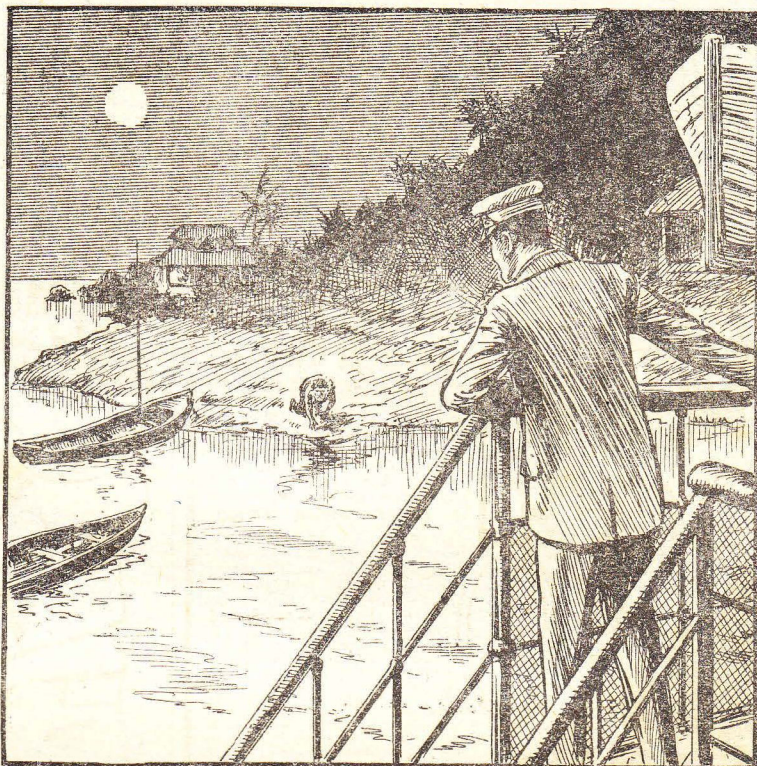
In waddled Gan Waga, with a large cigar stuck in the left corner of his mouth. For a moment Gan Waga gazed at Jimmy, and then advanced with outstretched hand.

"Dears, dears, dears!" said the Eskimo, his white teeth gleaming in a genial grin. "Where yo' been all these longness years, hunk? I not met you since lasts Christmas, did I? Ho, ho, ho, hoo! Yo' grow more butterfuss every days, Charlie! Why yo' note gets yo' hair cutted, hunk, Charlie?"

Jimmy salaamed, and then stood up again.

"Sausages, Charlie, old bean!" gurgled the Eskimo. "I gotted bags and bags of butterfuss sausages. Yo' hungriful, old boneyards, hunk? Come alongness!"

"Keep him on board, Gan!" said Ching Lung. "Don't let him give you the slip. He's told us a yarn that may be all a fake, so watch him!"



A PROWLER BY NIGHT!—Ching Lung leaned over the rail and looked towards the shore and the twinkling light in Donelan's bungalow. Suddenly he saw a dark figure of a man on the white beach, creeping with frequent pauses towards the edge of the water. "A black!" muttered Ching Lung. (See Chapter 10.)

"Don't yo' worry, Chingy, old beans!" grinned Gan Waga. "If Charlie tries to jump overboards, I fetches him back."

Jimmy and the Eskimo went off in the most friendly way together, and the prince swung round on Hai Honour.

"Are you coming?" he asked. The man of words, not deeds, formed another question-mark with his thumb and forefinger, and then clenched his hand and nodded. It was a great deal easier than talking, if the other person could understand it. With three brief gestures the engineer had intimated that he was going ashore with Ching Lung, that they would cross-examine Mr. Bruce Donelan, and that if his answers were not satisfactory, they would take possession of Mr. Bruce Donelan's body.

Bruce Donelan had not the remotest idea that he was in any danger. He had a tremendous contempt for Chinamen, as well he might, for the Chinks on the reef were a poor and servile crowd. There were not many of them left now, for they were tired of the slant-eyed, yellow men, and the law forbade them to land as settlers. Of course, Ching Lung was of a different stamp. He was a prince. But he was only a Chink.

The cool sea-breeze was blowing and the surf boomed, and Donelan, in his shirt-sleeves, sat smoking a cheroot and sipping his whisky on his veranda.

"They may stick here for a few days, and then they'll get fed up with it," he thought. "The beastly sun and the monotony of it will settle them. The red-hot, stinking hole! I shall be glad to see the back of it and the last of it—glad never to hear that cursed surf with its maddening, everlasting row! Hallo!"

A boat had put off from the yacht. Donelan shouted for Jimmy to come and put some more oil in the lamp, but there was no response.

"Gone to the village to get drunk again!" he muttered, and went for the oil-can himself.

"Good-evening, Mr. Donelan!" said Ching Lung's voice.

"Come in, sir—beg pardon, prince!" said

Bruce Donelan. "A bit late, but the best time to come ashore—the only cool time. Evening to you, Mr. Honour!"

Donelan pushed forward a couple of chairs. He had not expected any visitors, but he was quick to bring out the whisky-bottle and glasses.

"Thanks, I'm not drinking!" said Ching Lung. "We came to ask you a question, Mr. Donelan. Where is Mr. Ferrers Lord?"

"Where is Mr. Ferrers Lord?" said Donelan, repeating the question. "That's a funny thing to ask me. How should I know where he is, your highness?"

"To put it plainly to you, Mr. Donelan, we're not quite satisfied with the story you told us," said Ching Lung. "You said, in effect, that after his visit to you, Mr. Ferrers Lord went away in his yacht. He had not suggested to you that he was leaving the reef. He just hoisted anchor and went."

"Just that," said Donelan. "I guess I was a trifle surprised when I saw the yacht putting out. Anyhow, I'm not in Mr. Lord's confidence. In this sun-shrivelled hole of the earth, it's only once in a blue moon you get a stranger to pass the time of day with you, and when he's leaving you a stranger generally reckons to say good-bye before he clears out. We're a tough crowd, and don't have much to boast about in the shape of manners, but that's the rule. Mr. Lord just left."

"Oh!" said Ching Lung.

"And in a thundering hurry, too!" went on Donelan. "He'd rigged me up a supper, as I told you, in millionaire style, and his men didn't come to take away the glass and silver. I'm looking after that carefully. Those are a couple of the glasses I fetched out for you. Why Mr. Lord went at such a gallop has been puzzling me all the time. I could only work it in one way, that there was some important wireless message waiting for him when he got aboard. There's something puzzling, even more than that. Why, in the name of thunder, should your highness ask me where he is?"

THE POPULAR.—No. 182.

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"CHAMPION OR DUFFER?"

"Yes, I rather expected you would be puzzled," said Ching Lung. "Forgive my curiosity, but have any white men been here recently?"

Donelan was beginning to feel uneasy. Ching Lung's questions irritated him, but not so much as Hal Honour's silence. The burly engineer sat placidly with folded arms and half-closed eyes, as if the conversation had not the remotest interest for him.

"Yes; I've had the police," said Donelan. "They came after those pearl-poachers—weeks too late, as usual. I guess I'm saying things over again. I told you that."
"But before the police came, and shortly

before Mr. Ferrers Lord came—you had some white visitors then, I think. Who were they, Mr. Donelan?"

Harold Honour, who had been blinking lazily at the underside of the palm-leaf thatch, suddenly stirred, and looked at the peerler. Donelan was uneasy now.

"Is this a cross-examination?" he asked. "I might be a witness in the witness-box, with a lawyer biting at me! What is your highness driving at?"

"Only that the niggers in the village say that you had white visitors," said the prince quietly, "and that these men came to you by boat."

"Then they're liars!" growled Donelan. "All these scum are liars. If you suspect anything, out with it! What are you trying to get at?"

"I am trying to get at the truth, Mr. Donelan," said Ching Lung. "I'm not very familiar with the reef, but I do know that the nearest white people to you are at the Southern Cross. If they visited you, they'd come by land, and in the daylight. Who were those whites who only came ashore in the dark?"

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