

MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATE OF A MONSTER LOCOMOTIVE  
Presented FREE in this Issue!

Week Ending—  
Aug. 5th, 1922.

New  
Series.  
No. 185.

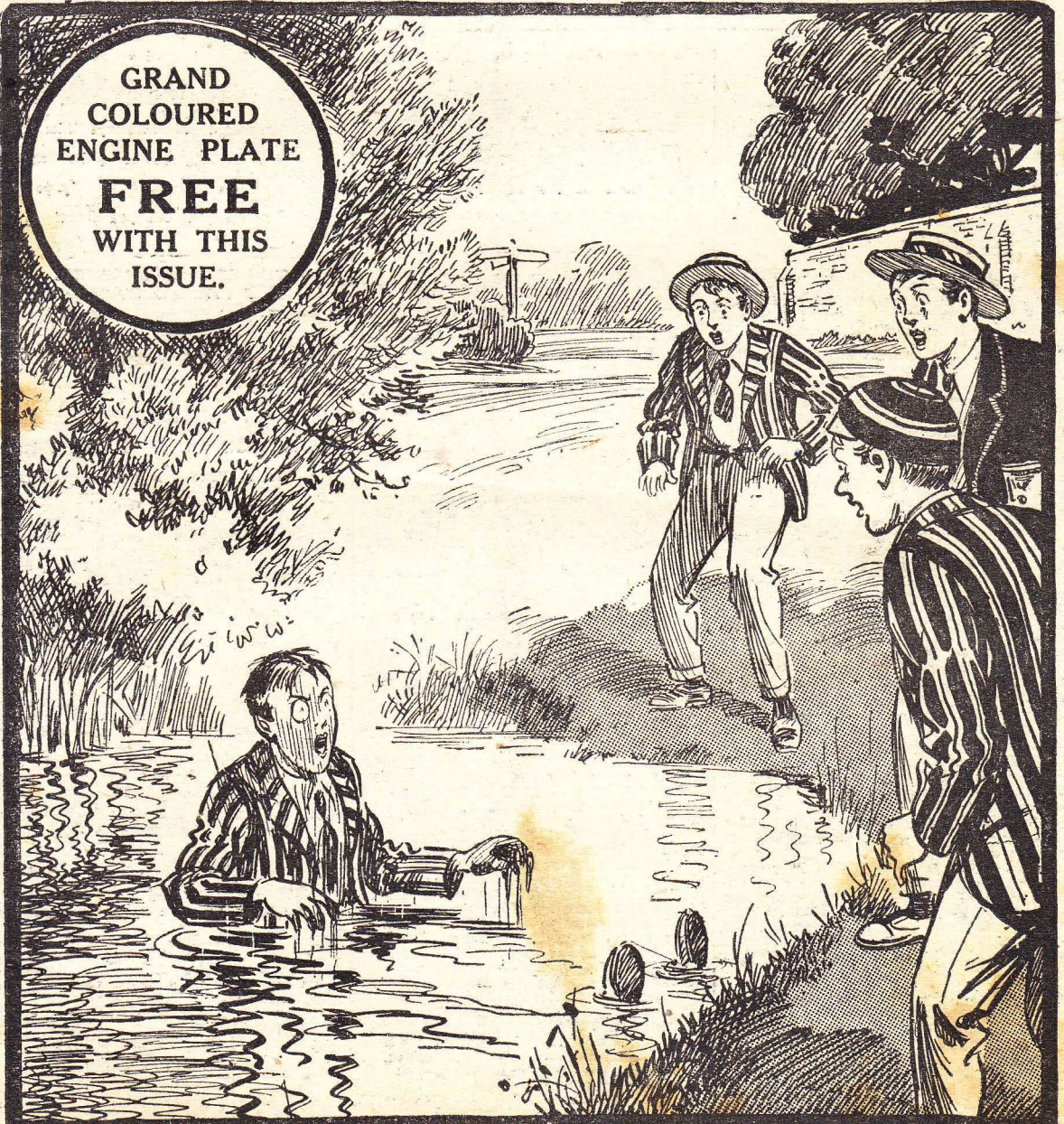
28  
Pages.

# The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED.

SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.

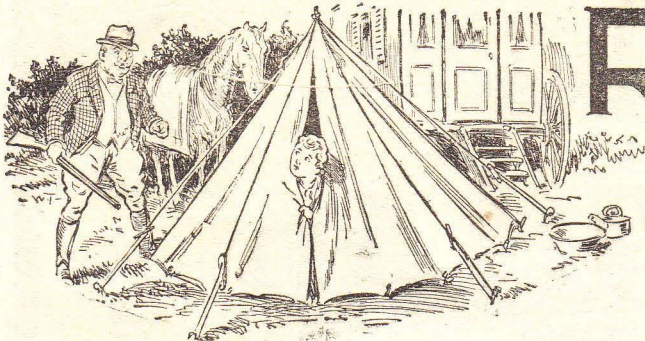
GRAND  
COLOURED  
ENGINE PLATE  
**FREE**  
WITH THIS  
ISSUE.



**THE ROOKWOOD PRACTICAL JOKERS MAKE A SAD MISTAKE !**

*(A humorous incident from the long Rookwood story inside.)*

ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE CHEERY ROOKWOOD CARAVANNERS ON TOUR!



# RIVALS ON TOUR!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Tales of Rookwood, now appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
Late Hours!

"O H dear!"  
"Oh crumbs!"  
"Oh, Jerusalem!"  
From those remarks it might have been judged that the Rookwood caravanners were not in high spirits.

As a matter of fact, they were not. Jimmy Silver was manfully keeping silent, while Lovell and Raby and Newcome indulged themselves freely in the ancient British privilege of grouching.

As for Tubby Muffin, he was fast asleep inside the caravan, dreaming of huge joints of beef.

The Fistical Four were tramping with the horse, and they were tired; and Robinson Crusoe, the horse, was tired, too, and ill-tempered.

The caravan was progressing slowly up a steep lane.

Every now and then Robinson Crusoe stopped, and blood-curdling threats and oburgations failed to make him move on again till he considered it proper to do so.

Probably Robinson Crusoe considered it high time that all respectable caravanners and caravan horses were in bed, for it was past ten o'clock, and the Rookwooders were travelling by moonlight.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. were not to blame.

They were heading for Little Scratcham, and they had been assured by a wayfarer that Little Scratcham was only a few miles ahead, and that at Little Scratcham they would find a beautiful meadow for camping, with village shops just handy.

Since then they had covered six miles at least, but Little Scratcham still remained conspicuous by its absence.

High hedges and fields and heavy woods they passed in abundance, but no village came in sight.

The road was steep, and they were tired, and Robinson Crusoe was fractious; and even Tubby Muffin's snore from the caravan was irritating, in the circumstances.

The Rookwood juniors were beginning to think that the kind wayfarer who had directed them to Little Scratcham was a person with a misplaced sense of humour.

Such persons are sometimes met with on a caravan tour.

"Puzzle—and Little Scratcham!" groaned Newcome, glaring round into the dim, uncertain moonlight. "I'm beginning to think that Little Scratcham is like old Dickens' Mrs. Harris—there ain't no sich person! Oh dear!"

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Rats!"

"Shurrup!"

"We're bound to come out somewhere," said Jimmy comfortingly.

But his comrades, like Rachel of old, refused to be comforted.

"Did you work that out in your 'head'?" asked Lovell, with crushing sarcasm. "What a thing it is to have a really brainy chap in the party! Oh dear!"

"That merchant was pulling our leg," said Raby. "I remember now he had a sort of

grin when he directed us. I wish I had him here!"

"This blessed lane don't lead anywhere, unless it's into the clouds!" said Lovell, with conviction. "The place is a desert, without a single native to ask questions of. Blessed if I knew there were uninhabited deserts in England before! Why don't they colonise England instead of sending chaps to the ends of the earth? Gee-up, you brute!"

Robinson Crusoe had halted again. A chorus of oburgations fell upon his ears, but his ears were closed to the voice of the charmers.

Apparently Robinson was fed-up. Lovell, out of patience, brought the whip into play.

Robinson Crusoe looked round reproachfully, and set his forefeet more firmly into the chalky dust.

Judging by appearances, he had decided to remain there the rest of the night.

Lovell pulled at his head, and Jimmy Silver and Raby pushed at his haunches, and Newcome tapped him with the whip.

And Robinson Crusoe stood like a British Grenadier, with a firmness that was entirely out of place at such a moment.

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Lovell. "I believe this blessed hoss would let me pull his silly head off rather than move! Kim up, you hony old scoundrel!"

"Gee-up!" roared Raby. "You rotter! Gee-up!"

But the caravan horse firmly declined to "gee."

"Well, this puts the lid on!" said Newcome. "Let him rest for a bit. I'm going to sit down."

The snore in the caravan ceased, and Tubby Muffin's fat face looked out.

"Stopped?" asked Tubby. "Camping—what? I say, I'm ready for supper!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Ain't you camping yet?"

"Can we camp here in a narrow lane?" roared Lovell.

"Why don't you find a camping-place?"

That question was too much for Lovell.

He caught up a chunk of chalky earth from the road, and projected it at Tubby with deadly aim.

The fat youth of Rookwood disappeared into the caravan again, with a loud yell.

"Now put your fat head out and ask some more questions!" roared Lovell.

But Tubby did not. Lovell's answers to his questions were too emphatic.

"If we only had just a faint notion where we were!" murmured Newcome. "If only some blessed native would crop up!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"What are you halloing about, fathead?"

"Somebody's coming."

"No such luck!" growled Lovell.

"Listen, duffer!"

There was a sound of footsteps on the hard road. It came from behind the caravan.

Evidently somebody was coming.

The caravanners' hopes rose.

A native of that benighted region would at least be able to direct them somewhere, to Little Scratcham or somewhere else.

They waited eagerly for the stranger to come up.

A boyish figure loomed up at last in the moonlight on the road.

The caravanners dimly made out a slim and elegant youth, in a straw hat, with a light cane in his hand.

They gathered to intercept him and question him.

But as the stranger came up he was the first to speak.

He raised his straw hat politely to the caravanners, and addressed them:

"Pway excuse me! Can you direct me to Little Scwatcham?"

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
A Friend in Need!

"O H my hat!" groaned Lovell. There was no help to be had from the newcomer. He also was in quest of that mysterious spot, Little Scwatcham.

But there was something familiar to Jimmy Silver in the rather striking accent of the stranger, and also in the elegant lines of the slim figure.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy. "I think I know you!"

"Bai Jove! Have I met an acquaintance heah?"

"You're D'Arcy, of St. Jim's?"

"Yaas, wathah! Bai Jove, and you are Jimmy Silvah, of Wookwood!" exclaimed the newcomer, in tones of great pleasure and satisfaction. "Vewy glad to meet you, deah boy! Fancy meetin' you heah!"

"D'Arcy, by gum!" said Lovell.

The meeting was an agreeable one to the Rookwood caravanners, though it did not improve the position so far as information went.

Well they remembered Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, whom they had last met at a junior cricket-match between the two schools.

Arthur Augustus shook hands with the Rookwooders with great pleasure.

"Awf'ly jollay to meet you chaps in this feahful desert!" he said. "Pwwaps you know where you are. I don't. Cawavannin'—what?"

"That's it!" said Raby.

"Wippin'! I went cawavannin' once with some chaps ffrom St. Jim's, and it was no end jollay. You're keepin' on the woad wathath late."

"We're trying to find Little Scwatcham, and the horse has gone on strike!" groaned Lovell.

"Oh, gweat Scott! I'm twyin' to find Little Scwatcham, too!" ejaculated D'Arcy. "A chap a few miles back told me it was on this woad, and only a couple of miles! He seems to have made wathah a mistake."

"Chap with a red nose and beery eye?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yaas; that describes him wathah accuwately."

"Then that's the chap who directed us. A practical joker, I believe. I don't think Little Scwatcham exists at all!"

"Oh cwumbs!"

Arthur Augustus took out his eyeglass, polished it very thoughtfully, and jammed it into his eye again.

"What are you doing on this road?" asked Jimmy. "If you're lost, you'd better stick to us for a bit."

"Thank you vewy much, Silvah! I shall be vewy glad to. I am quite a stwangan in this remarkable locality. I awbided by twain at Oak End, and started to walk to Oakshott Manor. That chap with the wed nose told me that there was a short cut by going through Little Scwatchesam, when I asked him the way. I have been walkin' a feahful long time. Do you chaps know where Oakshott Manor is?"

"Never heard of it!"

"My bwothah Conway is stayin' there," explained D'Arcy. "It belongs to a chap he knows—a Colonel Thompson. Evah heard of him?"

"Never!"

"Bai Jove, then I don't look like findin' the place to-right! How vewy fortunate that I left my bag at the station to be sent on! I might have been cawwycin' it all this time! Wathah a stwoke of luck—what?"

"Terrific!" said Jimmy Silver gravely.

"Yaas, I am wathah a lucky chap in some things," said Arthur Augustus. "I suppose you chaps will be campin' out somewhah soonah or latah?"

"I suppose so."

"If you weally don't mind 'my inflectin' myself on you, I'd like to camp out with you. I am wathah fatigued with walkin'."

"Welcome as the flowers in May!" said Jimmy Silver. "I wish we had a camp to offer you. What the thump's to be done? We shan't get to Little Scwatchesam to-night, that's a cert!"

"If we could find Oakshott you could camp in the park," remarked Arthur Augustus thoughtfully. "Old Thompson is a decent old boy and I'm sure he would willin'ly give you permish. But as you can't find it, that wathah cracks the idea on the head, doesn't it?"

"It does—a trifle," agreed Jimmy Silver.

"I wonder where those Modern bounders are camping!" growled Lovell. "We sighted them yesterday, and they can't be far off."

"Modern boundahs!" repeated D'Arcy in surprise. "Who are they, deah boy?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Some chaps of Rookwood School—Modern side," he explained. "We're Classicals, of course. You know them—Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. They're caravanning, too, and they can't be many miles away."

"Bai Jove! If we could spot their campfah we could dig them out!" said Arthur Augustus hopefully.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Gee-up!" roared Lovell.

"Anythin' the mattah with the horse?" asked D'Arcy.

"Only he won't stir."

"May I make a suggestion, deah boys?"

"Go it!"

"If the horse will not go up-hill, pewwaps he will go down-hill," suggested Arthur Augustus sagely. "It is impos to camp in this nawrow lane, but lowah down—"

"Well, we can't stop here, for certain," agreed Jimmy Silver. "I believe that red-nosed chap was gammoning with his Little Scwatchesam; and this lane leads out on the Downs, I thnk. Shall we go down again, you fellows?"

"May as well," said Lovell. "Can't go farther up, and can't stick here, so there doesn't seem much choice."

"Come round, you brute!" said Raby, tugging at Robinson Crusoe's head.

Robinson Crusoe shook his head, to shake off Raby's hand, though it looked as if he were answering in the negative.

"Pewwaps I could lead him," suggested D'Arcy.

"Try if you like. I believe the brute's taken root here."

Arthur Augustus took the bit, and, somewhat to the surprise of the caravanners, the horse obeyed his hand without demur.

The swell of St. Jim's had a way with horses, and Robinson Crusoe apparently recognised the fact.

It was rather difficult to turn the caravan in the narrow lane, and it had to be backed into a hedge before Robinson Crusoe could be brought round.

There was a bump as the back of the van smote the high, thick edge.

It was followed by another bump inside the caravan and a fiendish yell from Tubby Muffin.

"Yaroooh!"

"Bai Jove! Is there somebody inside the van?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus in surprise.

"Ha, ha! Yes. Tubby Muffin was in the bunk. I fancy he's on the floor now."

"Yaroooh! Wharrer you up to?" came a roar from the van. "You silly asses, I've broken my neck! Ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come wound, old horse! That's wight!"

Robinson Crusoe came round, and quite contentedly started down-hill. He seemed to like that better than going up.

Tubby Muffin put a furious face out of the van.

"What silly id ot is that leading the horse, and bumping a chap out of bed?" he roared.

"Bai Jove! I'm leadin' the horse, Muffin."

"Oh! Ah! You! Is that D'Arcy? How do you do old chap? Sorry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby disappeared again.

The van rumbled away down the steep lane, the caravanners heading for the spot where they had met the red-nosed gentleman, and where the road was at least wide enough for a ha't to be made for the night.

Before they reached it, however, a pedestrian came in sight in the moonlight.

"Bai Jove! That's the chap!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"Collar him before he can get away!" whispered Lovell. "We'll teach the silly idiot to play tricks on caravanners!"

The red-nosed man stared at them and came up, heedless of the glares the caravanners turned on him.

"Didn't you find Little Scwatchesam, after all?" he inquired.

"No!" said Lovell sulphurously.

"Given it up—eh?" asked the stranger.

"You didn't keep on far enough. I'm going there myself, if you'd like a guide."

**A WONDERFUL  
COLOURED PLATE  
of a Monster Locomotive  
of the Commonwealth  
of Australia Railways.  
PRESENTED FREE IN  
NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.**

Jimmy Silver & Co. blinked at him, restraining their desire to seize him and bump him on the road.

It was possible, after all, that the man had given them directions in good faith, and if that was the case they did not want to reward his good-nature with a bumping.

But they did not feel inclined to accept his offer of guidance.

If he was, as they suspected, a practical joker, he was quite likely to strand them high up the hill and vanish.

Moreover, it was improbable that Robinson Crusoe could have been induced to negotiate the steep lane again.

"Thanks!" said Jimmy, rather uncertainty. "But we're sticking to the lower road. We'll take our chance."

"Pewwaps you can direct us to Oakshott Manor," remarked Arthur Augustus. "I know it is somewhah about."

"Quickest way is through Little Scwatchesam," answered the red-nosed gentleman, so gravely that it was impossible to tell whether he was "putting their leg" or not. "I told you so, sir."

"Yaas, but isn't there some othah way?"

"Well, there's the way by the high-road, of course, if you prefer that."

"That'll suit us," said Jimmy Silver. "You think Colonel Thompson would let us camp in his park, D'Arcy?"

"I am quite suah of it, deah boy. He is a friend of my patah, you know, and I know him vewy well. Wely on that."

"Good! How do we get there, by the high-road?" asked Jimmy, eyeing the red-nosed gentleman keenly.

The man reflected.

"Keep down this road for a mile or so," he said. "Turn to the left, at the cross-

roads, and keep on another mile. Then you'll see a white gate in the park wall. You could go in there if you liked, but if you want the grand entrance, you'll have to keep on to the pond, and turn to the right again, which will bring you to the front gates of Oakshott."

"Thank you!"

"Not at all, sir; always glad to help a stranger find his way," said the man civilly, and he touched his hat and went on.

"Bai Jove! That seems cleah enough," said Arthur Augustus. "Come on!"

"Well, we shall see whether he was gammoning," remarked Lovell. "I don't trust that chap much."

The caravanners moved on.

Robinson Crusoe seemed to be understudying a snail in his rate of progression, but they reached the cross-roads at last.

There they turned to the left, as the red-nosed gentleman had directed, and kept on for another mile and a half.

By that time they were tired almost to sinking, and they were murmuring remarks about the red-nosed man.

But the sight of a great white gate in a park wall cheered them up.

"Bai Jove! It's all wight!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "There's the gate!"

Jimmy Silver looked at his watch.

"Midnight, I suppose?" asked Raby.

"Half-past!" said Jimmy.

"Oh, my hat!"

The caravanners stopped abreast of the big, wooden gates that gave admittance to the shadowy park.

The gates were on the latch.

Jimmy Silver looked at Arthur Augustus inquiringly.

"You feel sure the colonel would let us camp here?" he asked.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"It would be a bit thick knocking up the place after midnight, to ask permission," said Jimmy. "They must all have been in bed long ago. And—and it means a thumping long walk to get round to the front of the place. This park seems to run along a good half-mile."

"Let's go in here," said Lovell.

Arthur Augustus nodded.

"Yaas, I think that's a good ideah. I weally do not feel inclined to wake them up at this hour, if it can be helped," he said.

"You see, they won't be expectin' me to-night, as I did not awvive in time for bed. I was supposed to get there earlay. I would rouch wathah dwop in in the mornin', if you fellows could put me up."

"No difficulty about that," said Jimmy.

"The only question is, are you quite sure that Colonel Thompson won't mind us camping without asking him first?"

Arthur Augustus smiled.

"I know he wouldn't like to be knocked up at this time of night," he said. "But I am equally suah that he would not have the slightest objection to your campin' head, especially as you are friends of mine. Pway let us enter heah, and make the best of it."

"All right, then."

Arthur Augustus opened the wooden gate as he spoke, and the caravanners gladly led Robinson Crusoe through.

Knocking up the house at one in the morning was not agreeable to them, and it would certainly have put a big strain on the colonel's civility.

More serious still than that was the fact that going to the house meant another long tramp, when their legs were aching already with fatigue.

So far as they could see in the moonlight, the park stretched without limit, and the mansion might have been a mile away or more.

D'Arcy's assurance as to the hospitality of the colonel seemed quite sufficient, as he knew the gentleman well.

But fatigue was the most convincing argument, and the caravanners were not inclined to argue the point.

Arthur Augustus held the gate open while the caravan was led in, and closed it carefully again.

A broad drive ran along under big trees, and lost itself in the distance.

In the moonlight, the caravanners turned from the drive into a dusky glade of the wood.

There, in great relief, they halted.

Robinson Crusoe was turned out and

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD  
:: By GWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE VENTRILOQUIST'S REVENGE!" ANOTHER GRAND CHUMS.

tethered, and he began cropping at once, with great satisfaction.

The tent was taken out and erected, and then there was a cold supper—the caravaners did not think of lighting a camp-fire.

But bread and cheese, and cold boiled potatoes, and cold coffee, were very welcome, and Arthur Augustus pronounced it a "wippin' wepast."

Lovell turned in in the van, braving Tubby, Muffin's snore, and Arthur Augustus shared the tent with Jimmy and Raby and Newcome.

And about a minute after they were in the blankets the caravaners and their guest forgot all their troubles in balmy slumber.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**The Wrong Box!**

**G**OOD gad!" That exclamation, uttered in thunderous tones, awakened Jimmy Silver & Co. in the morning.

Jimmy put his head out of the tent. It was still early, but the summer sunshine was streaming down upon the park and the camp of the Rookwood caravaners.

A stranger had arrived on the scene. He was a man of middle age, in shooting clothes, with a gun under his arm.

An eyeglass was screwed into his right eye, and his eye gleamed behind it like an electric spark.

His white moustache, which contrasted with the brown of his face, was trembling with wrath.

In fact, the shooting gentleman seemed to be bristling all over, like an angry porcupine.

"My hat!" murmured Jimmy. "I wonder who that merchant is? If it's the colonel he doesn't seem pleased."

The gentleman with the gun was staring at the caravan camp, walking round it and ejaculating, peering at the van, the tent, the tethered horse, and the other appurtenances.

He really looked as if he could hardly believe his eyes, or his eyeglass.

"Good gad!" he repeated. "Amazing! Good gad!"

"Better get your clobber on, you fellows," murmured Jimmy Silver. "I've a faint idea that there's going to be trouble. I—I'm afraid D'Arcy was mistaken about the colonel giving us a welcome."

"Impossible, dear boy! I am quite suah of it."

"He doesn't look pleased, anyway." Arthur Augustus peered out of the tent.

"Bai Jove! That old corkah isn't Colonel Thompson!" he said.

"Oh! He looks as if he owns the place."

"Must be a guest of the colonel's, dear boy. I dare say he is surprised to see a cawavan heah, but, as he is only a guest in the place, he weally has no wight to cut up wusty."

Jimmy Silver was relieved. "All serene, then," he said. "But dress quick, all the same."

It did not take the caravaners long to dress.

Lovell and Tubby Muffin turned out of the caravan as Jimmy Silver, Raby, Newcome, and D'Arcy came out of the tent.

The man with the gun glared at them, his eyes glittering, and his face almost purple.

"Who are you? What are you doin' here?" he spluttered.

"Pway leave it to me, deah boys, as I am a guest of the colonel's," said Arthur Augustus. "I will deal with this person."

"Who are you?" roared the irate gentleman. "What do you mean by camping here, you gang of vagabonds?"

"These chaps camped here on my suggestion," answered Arthur Augustus calmly.

"You! Who are you?"

"I wufuse to weply to a question couched in such wude terms."

"What? What?"

"I wegard you as actin' in an unbecomin' mannah, sir!" said Arthur Augustus reprovingly.

Certainly, the stranger was acting in an unbecoming manner in displaying so much fury; but the expression on his face when D'Arcy told him so was really entertaining.

He spluttered for some moments, as if the swell of St. Jim's had quite taken his breath away.

"You impertinent young scoundrel!" he gasped at last.

"Sir!"

"How dare you trespass here?"

"I do not wegard our pwoccedin' in campin' in this park as twespassin'."

"What? It is a private park!"

"Yaas; I am awah of that fact. But I have as much wight heah as you have!"

"You—you—you impertinent young vagabond! I'll have the lot of you arrested, by gad! As much right here— Good gad!"

"Certainly, sir! I am a guest of the mastah of this place, as I pwesume you are, frow your pwesence heah!" said D'Arcy, with dignity.

"What? I am the master of this place, you young fool!"

"Wubbis!"

"Wha at?"

"Wubbish!" said Arthur Augustus. "I am alludin' to Colonel Thompson."

"What—who?"

"It is quite useless for you to pwetend that you are Colonel Thompson," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "I am vewy well acquainted with that gentleman, and you cannot spoof me, sir."

Splutter!

"Pway contwol your tempah, sir. It is weally dangewous, at your age, to give way to angwy passions like this. You might have a stwoke."

"Good gad!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned joyously.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was a delight to the Rookwood fellows, though his interlocutor did not seem to be delighted.

"By gad," spluttered the angry man, "I'll have you turned off by my keepers! I'll have you arrested! I'll have you flogged! Here, James—Thomas!"

Two men dressed as keepers were coming along the drive, and they hurried their steps at the call.

They, too, seemed astonished to find a caravan camp in the park.

"Turn them out!" roared the white-whiskered gentleman. "Drive them off my land!"

A dreadful suspicion flashed into Jimmy Silver's mind.

Such conduct on the part of a guest in the place was impossible, unless the old gentleman was mad.

Certainly he was not Colonel Thompson; but it was pretty clear that he was master of the place.

Jimmy remembered his suspicions of the red-nosed man who had directed him, and those suspicions were confirmed now.

He realised what had happened. "Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Is this place Oakshott?"

D'Arcy glanced at him.

"Of course it's Oakshott, Silvah!"

"You're making a mistake, sir," said one of the keepers, civilly enough. "Oakshott Manor is six miles from here."

"Gweat Scott!"

Arthur Augustus almost fell down.

"What place is this, then?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Oak End Chase, sir."

"Oh crumbs!"

"We—we—we've been taken in!" stuttered Raby. "Oh, my hat! That beast was a practical joker, after all."

Arthur Augustus stood rooted to the ground.

He realised the dreadful truth. It was not Oakshott at all, and the irate gentleman was monarch of all he surveyed on that especial corner of the earth.

The red-nosed man had evidently been humorous once more at the expense of the caravaners, and had deliberately sent them to Oak End Chase instead of to their destination.

And the landowner was evidently not a hospitable gentleman—not at all.

"Oh cwumbs!" murmured Arthur Augustus at last. "We appeah to have put our foot in it, deah boys! I weally apoligise!"

"Turn them out!" the old gentleman was raving. "Kick them out at the gates!"

"Who is that person, my man?" asked D'Arcy, addressing one of the keepers.

"Squire Tipton, sir. You'd better go."

Arthur Augustus stepped towards the furious man.

"Pway allow me to explain, sir!"

"Don't address me, you tramp! Drive them out!"

"I insist upon explainin', Mr. Tipton. We came in heah undah the impression that this was Oakshott Manor—"

"Don't tell me silly falsehoods!" roared the squire. "By gad! Don't turn them out! I'll have the whole gang arrested! I've no doubt they've been stealing! I'll have that van searched! Keep them here till I come back!"

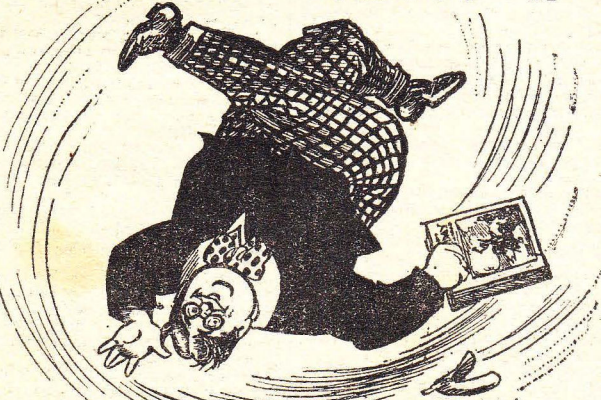
Mr. Tipton strode away up the drive. Arthur Augustus glanced at the dismayed Rookwood juniors.

"Undah the cires, deah boys, I think we had better not stop for bwekkah," he said calmly. "Bettah get out, as our pwesence heah seems wathah unwelcome to the ownah of the place."

"I rather agree!" said Lovell, with a faint grin.

The two keepers exchanged glances. "You heard what the squire said, sir," said Thomas. "You're to stay here till he comes back."

**LOOK SLIPPY ABOUT IT—**



**—AND GO AND ORDER YOUR COPY OF THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL—**

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"THE VENTRILOQUIST'S REVENGE!"**

ANOTHER CHUMS.

GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

"The squire can go and eat coke!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Get the horse in, you chaps!"

And the caravanners prepared to start, the two keepers watching them rather uncertainly.

Robinson Crusoe was put in, and the tent was struck, and the caravanners hastily packed up their impedimenta.

But as Jimmy Silver started to lead the horse back to the drive the two keepers barred the way.

"Clear!" said Jimmy tersely.

"You heard what the squire said—"

"Bother the squire!"

"Yaas, wathah! I wufuse to take the slightest notice of that extremely wude and ill-mannahed old person!"

"You can't go!" said the keeper.

"We'll jolly soon see about that!" answered Jimmy Silver, his eyes gleaming.

"Will you let us pass?"

"No!"

"Play up, Rookwood!" shouted Jimmy.

The Fistical Four rushed on the two keepers, Arthur Augustus with them.

James and Thomas had set themselves to carry out their master's autocratic order; but, as a matter of fact, they had taken on a task that was rather too large for them.

The juniors collared them, whirled them over, and pitched them among the trees, in spite of their struggles.

Then the caravan rumbled on.

The two keepers sat up in the grass, gasping, and blinked after the caravan as it rolled on towards the white gates.

They did not follow it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. marched out of the gates unhindered, and the caravan took the road, and—rather anxious to put a good distance between themselves and Oak End Chase—the juniors pushed on without a pause, feeling rather relieved when two or three good miles lay behind them.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Gussy Gets It!

"B AI Jove, I'm wathah glad we've got cleah away Iwom that extremely unpleasant old gentleman!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Lovell.

"We must have covahed four miles at least," remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I think we must be vewy neah Oakshott now."

"About a mile," said Jimmy Silver.

At some distance from the Chase the caravanners had inquired their way again.

Arthur Augustus wanted to get to Oakshott, where his brother was, and he assured the caravanners so sincerely that they would be welcome there that Jimmy Silver & Co. decided to accompany him.

They wanted to camp somewhere for breakfast, and Oakshott seemed a safe refuge from possible pursuit by the incensed squire.

Tubby Muffin's voice was heard in plaintive accents from the van. Tubby wanted to feed.

But they did not heed Tubby.

In cheery spirits they sauntered along the sunny lane with the rumbling caravan, Robinson Crusoe pulling with equal cheerfulness for once.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Lovell suddenly.

He was looking across the fields to the right.

In the distance there was a lane at right angles, and coming along that lane towards the corner where the roads met was a caravan.

The Classical juniors recognised it at once.

"The merry Moderns!" ejaculated Raby.

"This is the third or fourth time we've dropped on them," said Jimmy Silver.

"They must have been in Oak End this morning, to judge by the way they're coming."

"Your friends at Wookwood?" asked Arthur Augustus, turning his eyeglass towards the distant Modern caravan across the fields.

"That's it."

"We shall meet them at the cornah," said Arthur Augustus. "Bai Jove! They're lookin' this way!"

"They've seen us," said Lovell, and he waved his hand.

A minute or two later the caravans were hidden from each other as they moved on past an enclosed park.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE VENTRILOQUIST'S REVENGE!" ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD

The park wall ran right on to the corner, and the high wall and the trees behind it hid the two parties from one another's view.

The three Tommies had recognised the Classical van before it passed out of sight.

Tommy Dodd knitted his brows.

"It's the Classical gossoons!" said Tommy Doyle. "Phwat are ye thinking of, Tommy darling?"

"I've got it!"

"Phwat have you got?"

"No rags," said Cook. "We're three and they seem to be six now—and it's not good enough, Tommy. We should get the ragging."

Tommy Dodd sniffed.

"There's such a thing as strategy," he answered loftily.

"Yes, I know; but you don't know anything about it, old chap."

"Fathead!"

Having crushed Tommy Cook with that emphatic rejoinder, Tommy Dodd went on victoriously:

He started at a run for the corner, and his two chums followed him.

They reached the corner, where the brick wall had a sharp angle, while the Classical van was still at a distance from the spot.

Doyle was about to look round the corner, when Tommy Dodd grasped his neck and dragged him back just in time.

"Yow-ow!" gasped Doyle.

"Don't show yourself, fathead!" said Dodd in a fierce whisper.

"Phwy not?"

"Isn't it an ambush?" said Tommy.

"Oh, I see!"

"Time you did!" snorted Tommy Dodd. "We're going to give Jimmy Silver a shock. They don't know we're here; they think we're crawling on with the caravan, same as they are. Their van was nearer to the corner, and they'd have got here first, only we've run it. Hark! I can hear their wheels now."

There was a rumbling of wheels and a jingling of harness round the corner.

The Classical caravan was close at hand.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat up, dazed, in a foot of water, amazed, and blinking helplessly at the practical jokers.

"D-D-D'Arcy!" stuttered Tommy Dodd. "I thought it was the Classical caravan! Sorry, old chap!"

(See Chapter 4.)



"They're out of sight now, but they're going straight on to the corner. So are we. We shall meet at the corner."

"Sure, it's as good as anything in Euclid, Tommy darling! Did you work that out in yer head?"

"Don't be a funny ass, old chap! Halt!"

"Phwat are we halting for intirely?"

"Because I tell you to, ass!" replied Tommy Dodd autocratically.

And the Modern caravan came to a standstill.

"Oh, all right!" said Doyle resignedly.

"Now, look here," said Dodd. "This brick wall runs right along to the corner."

"Looks to me as if it's standing still."

"Eh? Of course it's standing still!"

"Sure, you said it was running along to the corner," said Doyle innocently.

Tommy Dodd gave his chum an almost sulphurous look.

"You funny ass!" he roared. "I wasn't asking you for idiotic jokes. This wall reaches as far as the corner, where it turns off sharp. Well, leave the van here for a bit, and come on."

"You see that pond in the middle of the cross-roads?" continued Tommy, his eyes gleaming with the light of battle, and satisfaction at his own masterly strategy.

"Sure, I'm not blind!"

"Well, as soon as they come up we rush out—"

"Do we?" asked Cook doubtfully.

"We do!" hissed his leader. "We seize the first one that comes to hand—let's hope it's Jimmy Silver—and before they have time to say 'Bow-wow!' we rush him and sit him down in the pond!"

"Oh!"

"Then we bunk," said Tommy Dodd. "They're too many for us, or we'd duck the whole gang! See?"

"Suppose we collar Tubby? No good ducking him."

"It won't be Tubby. He never walks if he can help it. He'll be in the van."

"Yes, that's so. It's bound to be one of the Fistical Four!" said Cook. "We'll give 'em fistical fours!"

"Hush! They're close!"

The three Tommies lay very low.

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

It was the old rivalry of Modern and Classical at Rookwood which had led Tommy Dodd to lay that little ambush.

Sitting a Classical suddenly down in a shallow pond appeared a screaming joke to the Moderns, though the Classical point of view was likely to be quite different.

They charitably hoped that it would be Jimmy Silver upon whom their hands fell, but Lovell or Raby or Newcome would be almost equally welcome.

They waited breathlessly.

Rumble, rumble!

The Classical van was almost at the corner. A youth walking a little ahead of the caravan came past the corner, and the three Tommies rushed out, like hawks swooping upon their prey.

Without even looking at the newcomer they pounced at him.

A startled gasp escaped him as three pairs of hands grasped him suddenly, and he was whipped off his feet and rushed to the pond. Splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Moderns as the unfortunate victim sat down in a foot of water.

"Yawwooh!"

"Hallo! Why—"

"G'wreat Scott! Yawwooh! Wescue!" shrieked the victim.

Tommy Dodd & Co. had intended to rush back—executing a masterly, strategic retreat—as soon as they had sat the Classical in the pond.

But they stopped.

For it was not a Classical—it was not a Rookwood fellow at all—whom they had collared and ducked.

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's.

The St. Jim's junior sat dazedly in a foot of water, utterly amazed, and blinking helplessly at the practical jokers.

"Gwoogh! Oh deah! Yawwooh! Oh! Ah! Yah!" he stammered.

"D-D-D'Arcy!" stammered Tommy Dodd blankly. "I—I— Oh, my hat!"

"A—a St. Jim's chap!" gasped Cook. "I—I thought that was the Classical caravan! Sorry, old chap!"

The hapless jokers supposed for a moment that it was a St. Jim's caravan party they had mistaken for the Classicals.

But they were quickly undeceived.

They stared round to find Jimmy Silver & Co. rushing at them.

The Fistical Four had been as surprised as D'Arcy for a moment, but only for a moment.

They understood that the unfortunate swell of St. Jim's had got what was intended for them, and they rushed to the attack.

Had the three Tommies executed their strategic retreat at once all would have been well with them.

But the recognition of D'Arcy had held them to the spot. It was only a matter of moments, but moments were enough.

The Fistical Four came upon them with a rush.

"Duck them!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Here—I say— Oh, my hat!"

The three Moderns resisted gallantly.

But four to three were too many for them. There were three heavy splashes in the pond.

And the three Tommies did not sit in it. They went in headlong.

Three gurgling yells were heard, and there was a terrific puffing and gasping and splashing.

Arthur Augustus had scrambled dazedly to his feet, and Jimmy Silver gave him a hand out of the water.

He came out dripping.

"B-b-bai Jove! Wh-a-at does this mean?" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Yow-ow-ow!" snorted Tommy Todd. "Oh deah!"

He stood up in the water and glared at the grinning Classicals. "Sorry, D'Arcy! We took you for one of these rotters— Ow! Ow!"

"Oh! Bai Jove!"

"Just like you Moderns—always bungling!" said Lovell disparagingly. "Don't try to crawl out. You'll only get shoved in again!"

"Bai Jove! I'm wathah wet!"

"Not half so wet as those Modern worms!" said Raby contemptingly.

"Let us out, you silly chumps!" roared Tommy Doyle.

Arthur Augustus gazed down at his lower garments in dismay.

His beautiful trousers were in a dreadful state, dripping with water and oozing with mud. But he grinned a little.

The contrition of the Modern juniors was very evident, and their punishment had been prompt and severe.

"Pway let them out, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus. "It's wathah wuff on a fellah's twousahs."

"Better pelt 'em!" said Newcome.

"There's some clods here."

"No; let them out, deah boy."

The three Moderns were allowed to crawl out of the pond.

They were dripping with mud from head to foot, and presented a sorry spectacle; and the Classicals howled with merriment at the sight of them.

Arthur Augustus smiled, in spite of the state of his "twousahs."

"Bai Jove! You fellows look wet," he remarked.

"Ow! Ow! Groogh!"

"You had better come along with us," said Arthur Augustus hospitably. "You want a clean and a change wathah badly. We're just on Oakshott, where we're goin' to stop, and you can get a change there. I will see you thorough, deah boys."

"Thanks!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "I—I say, it was too bad sitting you in the pond, but—but we—we—"

"All right, deah boy. Come on!"

And the Classicals and Moderns arrived at Oakshott together, Jimmy Silver & Co. chortling all the way, and Arthur Augustus smiling.

The rival caravanners camped at Oakshott for a day and a night, finding a warm welcome there.

When they took the road again it was in company, and they buried the hatchet till the caravan tour closed with the holiday, only to renew it, of course, when the new term opened at Rookwood School.

THE END.

(Another splendid story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, entitled, "The Ventriloquist's Revenge!" in next week's issue.)

## South Africa's Brobdingnagian Locomotives!

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

THE Union of South Africa has an extremely extensive railway system which includes the railways of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange State, and Transvaal. It also works important sections of the Rhodesia railways. The South African railways are expected to be much in the public eye when the Cape to Cairo railway dream becomes a reality.

The Cape, or southern, section of the iron road that is to run from the Mediterranean coast of the Africa continent on the north to the extreme south of it at Cape Town is finished in working order. We can already travel by train for 2,632 miles, from Cape Town to Bukama, in the Congo State, of which nearly 2,000 miles, through British territory—the Union of South Africa, Bechuanaland, and the Protectorate, Mashonaland, and Rhodesia—to the Congo State border at Sakania is by the weekly Zambesi express de luxe mail, occupying four days on the journey.

The big Pacific engine, a representation of which in facsimile colours is presented with this issue of the POPULAR, is not uncommon in South Africa, although the Motherland only boasts two examples at present—the Great Bear (G.W.R.) and the Great Northern (G.N.R.).

The great size of No. 816 is the more remarkable as the gauge of the South African railways is only 3 ft. 6 in., against the 4 ft. 8½ in. of this country. Our gauge is therefore 34 per cent bigger than the South African. But the absence of overbridges

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

and other restrictions enable on the principal sections of the South African system locomotives 10 ft. 10 in. wide (above platform level) and 13 ft. high, to the top of the chimney, to be employed. The "overhang" from the outside of the rail on either side thus being no less than 3 ft. 5 in.—almost equal to the gauge, which is reckoned from inner edge to inner edge of the pair of rails.

It is worthy of record that the earliest railways in South Africa—both in the Cape and in Natal—were originally laid to the standard English gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in., but the gauge was afterwards narrowed to 3 ft. 6 in. Of this 3 ft. 6 in. gauge, the Union of South Africa Railways possess no less than 8,264 miles. The State also works 968 miles of 3 ft. 6 in. gauge railway in what was German South-West Africa. The Union of South Africa owns also 1,296 miles of railway of the extremely narrow gauge of 2 ft., and works in the conquered German territory a further 317 miles of 2 ft. gauge line.

The South African railways were laid out without much regard for express trains and heavy loads. Although much has been done and is still being done to improve the railway, there are still several long lengths of line which have terrible curves and extremely steep gradients.

With the less powerful locomotives of some years ago, running trains over the curves and inclines of the Heek Mountains section was exciting work, and caused much anxiety to the railway staff. But the powerful engines

similar to No. 816 have largely dispersed the troubles and dangers from the South African railways, as these big Pacifics are masters of all reasonable loads. This will be obvious when we mention some of the dimensions. The cylinders (two outside) have the big diameter of 22 in., and the stroke is 25 in.; the six coupled wheels are only 5 ft. diameter, whilst the bogie wheels have a diameter of 2 ft. 6 in., and the trailing pair are 2 ft. 9 in. diameter. The steam pressure allowed is 180 lb. per square inch, whilst the heating surface totals up to as much as 2,177 sq. ft., and the grate area is 36 sq. ft. There are 5½ tons weight available for adhesion on the six coupled wheels, the total weight of the engine being 83 tons and of the tender 5½ tons—a total of 134 tons. The engine and tender are 56 ft. in length—equal to the combined frontage of three really large shops in London's best business thoroughfares.

Like most modern locomotives, the South African railway giants are super-heaters, the super-heat surface being 267 sq. ft. The tender is carried on two four-wheel bogies; its capacity is 4,250 gallons of water and 10 tons of coal.

The Union of South Africa Railways own nearly 1,800 engines and 2,900 passenger, etc., vehicles, besides nearly 32,000 goods wagons of various kinds. A hundred million pounds have been spent on the system. Last year the gross revenue was nearly £24,000,000, with a surplus of about £5,000,000 towards interest, etc., charges.

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE VENTRILOQUIST'S REVENGE!" ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. :: :: By OWEN CONQUEST.

—Presented FREE in this Week's issue of the "Magnet" ?

A SPLENDID STORY, TELLING HOW "POKER PETE" MEETS HIS MASTER AT LAST IN FRANK RICHARDS' CANADIAN UNCLE!



## A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of **FRANK RICHARDS**

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

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Frank Richards takes a Hand.

"THE brute!"

Frank Richards' eyes blazed as he uttered the words. Frank and his cousin Bob were on their way to Cedar Creek School in the frosty winter morning.

As they approached the opening of the trail through the timber a loud, shrill squealing greeted their ears—the shrill, hysterical squealing of a horse in pain.

The chums quickened their pace, and rode into the timber, and then the scene burst upon them that called that indignant exclamation from Frank's lips.

A horse was roped to a tree beside the trail, its head down to the trunk, and a man was raining blows upon it with a heavy cowhide.

The schoolboys knew the man by sight. It was Poker Pete, the "sport" of Thompson, an enterprising sharper who lived by playing poker and euchre with the cattlemen and ranchers.

The horse was a handsome animal, and evidently an expensive beast. It looked like a cross between a Western pony and an English thoroughbred.

Roped securely to the tree, the animal could only whirl about and kick, unable to get at its tormentor.

Taking care to keep out of reach of the lashing hoofs, Poker Pete lashed and lashed with the cowhide with all the strength of his arm.

The chums of Cedar Creek drew rein at once.

"You coward!" bellowed Bob Lawless furiously. "Leave that horse alone!"

Poker Pete glared round.

The man's swarthy face was set with rage, his eyes gleaming. He paused a moment in the cruel punishment.

"Mind your own business!" he snapped savagely.

Frank Richards jumped to the ground.

"It is any decent fellow's business to interfere, you cowardly brute!" he exclaimed. "How dare you treat a horse like that?"

"It's my horse, you young fool!"

"That doesn't give you a right to treat the animal in such a brutal way!" exclaimed Frank hotly. "You ought to be lynched!"

"Oh, don't chew the rag with me!" snarled Poker Pete. "Get on your way to school, you baby-faced whelp!"

He turned to the horse again, and the cowhide rose and fell with cruel force.

The horse kicked and plunged and squealed. Frank Richards ran forward, his teeth set.

Poker Pete was a full-grown man, and Frank was a boy; and the man was reputed a dangerous character.

But Frank did not hesitate. He grasped the ruffian by the shoulder and dragged him back with such force that Poker Pete whirled round and sat down in the snow.

The sudden fall jarred every bone in his body, and he sat and gasped.

Bob Lawless joined his chum at once, riding-whip in hand.

Poker Pete glared up at them breathlessly. "You—you—" he stuttered.

"Get up, you rotter, and try it on us instead of the gee-gee!" exclaimed Bob.

"We'll hand you up as good as you give!" The sport staggered to his feet.

He gripped the cowhide hard, and seemed on the point of rushing on the two schoolboys.

Frank and Bob faced him coolly, gripping their riding-whips.

It dawned on the sharper that he was not likely to get the best of such a contest, and he paused, gritting his teeth.

"You young fools!" he shouted. "Can't you mind your own business? I'm breaking in that horse!"

"Liar!" said Bob cheerfully. "You're ill-treating it because you're a cowardly beast!"

"I tell you he threw me this morning!" said Poker Pete hoarsely. "He pitched me out of the saddle. I'm teaching him a lesson!"

"You should learn to ride, then!" said Bob contemptuously. "He wouldn't pitch me off, I guess. Take some riding lessons instead of playing poker so much in the Red Dog saloon."

"Will you clear off and leave me alone, you young hounds?" shouted Poker Pete.

"I guess not!"

"I tell you I'm going to cowhide that brute till he hasn't a kick left in his carcass!" said Poker Pete between his teeth.

"And I tell you you're not!" said Frank Richards grimly. "You're not going to touch him again!"

"I guess—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Poker Pete seemed again on the point of springing at the chums like a panther. But again he restrained himself.

He stepped back and leaned against a tree, with a bitter look, and took out his cigar-case.

"I guess I'll wait!" he remarked.

There was a pause.

The sport knew that Rancher Lawless' son and nephew were on their way to school, and that they had no time to lose. He could afford to wait, and they could not.

Bob Lawless looked doubtfully at his chum. "We shall be late, Franky!" he muttered.

Frank Richards' jaw set grimly. He did not intend to abandon the horse to the cruelty of its owner.

From Frank's point of view, a man who could not treat a horse decently had no right to own one, though perhaps that point of view was not yet embodied in the law.

He turned his back on the sport, and moved towards the panting horse.

"Look out, Frank!" exclaimed Bob anxiously.

"All serene, old scout!"

Frank was careful not to get within reach of the hoofs.

The horse was in a frantic state from its savage punishment, and would certainly have smashed up friend or foe if within reach.

Its eyes gleamed wickedly round at Frank, and it made an effort to reach him with a kick.

But the schoolboy kept clear.

He moved round the tree to which the animal's head was roped, and took out his clasp-knife.

Poker Pete started forward as he understood the schoolboy's intention.

"Let that rope alone!" he shouted.

"Stand clear!" answered Frank.

The rope passed right round the trunk, and from the safe side of the tree Frank Richards sawed across it with the keen blade.

Bob Lawless ran back to the ponies in the trail and mounted one, holding the other ready for Frank.

As soon as the maddened horse was loose it was prudent to keep out of its reach.

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!" A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD. ::

Poker Pete ran towards Frank. But the keen blade was through the rope in a couple of slashes, and the horse threw up its freed head. The sport made a desperate spring back, and leaped into the branches of the nearest tree as the animal reared and plunged. Frank Richards swung himself upon a branch. With a shrill neigh, the black horse dashed out into the trail, his tail tossing wildly, his mane streaming in the wind. Down the trail towards the distant Cedar Creek he went at a mad gallop, his reins on his neck, his hoofs thudding furiously. Frank dropped to the ground again, and went into the trail. He mounted his pony, and rode on with his chum after the fleeing horse. Loud and savage curses came to their ears from Poker Pete as they rode on. But they were out of hearing in a few minutes. The sport was left, with his useless cowhide, to make his way home on foot, and his prospect of recapturing the horse, free now to take to the plains, was a very problematical one.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
**Doubts!**

**B**OB LAWLESS grinned as the chums rode on at a smart gallop up the timber trail. Frank's face was still dark and angry, but it cleared, and he smiled as he met his chum's glance. The thud of the runaway's hoofs had died away ahead. "By gum!" Bob Lawless chuckled. "Has it struck you, Franky, that it's rather high-handed to let a galoot's horse loose like that?" "Wasn't it the only thing to be done?" asked Frank. "Ha, ha! Yes, from the gee-gee's point of view. I don't know what a lawyer would say about it, though." "Well, I don't, either, and I don't care much." "Same here," said Bob cheerfully. "Poker Pete will be in a terrific wax, though. That horse was worth a lot of money. Three or four hundred dollars, at least. Poker Pete must have had a lot of luck lately with the wicked pasteboards, to buy a horse like that." "The rotten cad!" said Frank hotly. "Why, the poor brute was marked all over with that cowhide! I'm sorry now we didn't lay our whips about that sharper." Bob laughed. "But that runaway may do some damage—breaking fences, and so on," he remarked, becoming grave. "If he does, we get the bill, Franky. I'm not sure whether Poker Pete won't have a claim on us for damages, if he loses the horse. Never mind; I think it was right." "I'm sure of it," answered Frank. "Hallo! Here's the Cherub." The chums reined in their ponies and dismounted as they saw Vere Beauclerc waiting at the fork of the trail. The remittance-man's son joined them, and they walked on together. The cousins were accustomed to walking the rest of the way to school, as Beauclerc had no horse. "There's a runaway gee on the trail," Beauclerc remarked. "He passed me a few minutes ago, going like thunder." "We know—we know!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Franky conferred the boon of liberty upon him." "Frank did?" questioned Beauclerc, in amazement. Frank Richards explained. "Jolly good!" exclaimed Beauclerc heartily. "The brute doesn't deserve to have a horse. That was a splendid animal, too. I wish I had the tin to buy him from that gambling brute." "He didn't look an easy critter to ride," remarked Bob. "No, that's so. I think I could ride him, though. I'd try, anyway." Vere Beauclerc looked thoughtful as he walked on and there was a shade on his brow. The son of the remittance-man of Cedar Camp had little money at any time, and certainly never such a sum as would have purchased the black stallion. When Mr. Beauclerc's remittance arrived

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!"

from the Old Country, it always went the same way—in the payment of part of a mass of pressing debts, and the rest in a "tear" at Thompson. The grim hand of poverty was always to be seen in the shack by the creek where Beauclerc lived with his father. "You're an ass, Cherub!" remarked Bob Lawless. Beauclerc looked up and smiled. "Why?" he asked. "My popper offered you a pony, and you refused it. You oughtn't to have done that." Beauclerc coloured painfully. "Perhaps I ought not, Bob," he answered. "I know that Mr. Lawless only meant to be kind. But—but I couldn't. I suppose it must seem rather surly to you; but I've nothing except independence, and—and—" Bob laughed. "I understand, but I think you're an ass, all the same," he said cheerfully. "Here we are, and here's Chunky. Found any more gold-mines, Chunky?" Chunky Todgers greeted the chums with a fat grin, as they came in at the gates. But he did not reply, as his fat cheek was distended by an enormous chunk of maple-sugar, which he had not yet masticated. "Just in time," said Frank Richards, as the bell began to ring, and the chums went on to the schoolhouse. Frank Richards was rather thoughtful in class that morning. He was not wholly occupied in thinking about his lessons, either, as Miss Meadows found once or twice. Frank was wondering what would be the outcome of his morning's adventure. Though he was quite satisfied that his action was right, he knew that the legal aspect of it was at least doubtful. Poker Pete's feelings would be like those of an old-time slave-owner when someone came between him and "his nigger." For Poker Pete himself Frank had no fear, nothing but the most profound contempt. But he had the inborn British respect for the law, and he wished that there had been some other way of saving the black horse from Poker Pete's cruelty.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**Called on the Carpet.**

**F**RANK RICHARDS and Bob Lawless were both in an unusually thoughtful frame of mind, as they rode home that evening, after parting with Vere Beauclerc on the trail. If Poker Pete carried his complaint to the sheriff, they could not guess what the result might be. Yet Frank could not regret what he had done. His blood boiled at the thought of the cruelty he had witnessed, and if the affair had happened over again, he would not have

left the unfortunate animal to the tender mercy of its owner. Billy Cook, the foreman, met the schoolboys on the trail to the ranch, and made a sign to them. They drew rein. "What have you young galoots been up to—eh?" demanded Billy Cook, with a solemn shake of the head. "Anything happened, Billy?" asked Frank. "Yep!" "Oh! Has Poker Pete been here?" exclaimed Frank. "You've hit it. And I guess he's still here," said the ranchman, eyeing the schoolboys curiously. "I'm giving you the tip." "Thanks!" said Bob. "Is the popper mad with us?" "I guess so—a little," admitted Billy Cook. "Poker Pete's spun a yarn about you stealing his horse." "Well, popper wouldn't believe that, anyway." "Nope! He reckons it's one of your tricks, and he's waiting for you to come home," said Cook, with a grin. "Pete's waiting, too. He's threatening to lay the case before the sheriff of Thompson." "Let him!" growled Frank. "If he had a good case, he'd have laid it before the sheriff already!" Billy Cook nodded, and the schoolboys rode on to the ranch. Frank Richards' brows were wrinkled. "It's rotten if it means any trouble for your pater Bob," he said ruefully. "I didn't think about that, at the time." "I guess we couldn't have done anything else, if we had," said Bob sturdily. "I don't think popper will blame you, Franky, when he knows the facts. He's only heard Poker Pete's yarn, so far." But it was in a rather troubled frame of mind that the chums of Cedar Creek entered the ranch house, after putting up their ponies. "Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Mr. Lawless gruffly as they came in. Mrs. Lawless looked very distressed, but she did not speak. Poker Pete was in the room, with an unlighted cigar gripped between his teeth. His eyes gleamed at the sight of the two schoolboys. "Yes, here we are, dad," said Bob. "Have you brought the horse here?" demanded the rancher. "Eh? What horse?" "Poker Pete's horse, of course. He says you took it away from him in the timber this morning," said the rancher gruffly. "I am sure they did nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawless. Bob gave his mother an affectionate grin. "Right!" he answered. The rancher looked puzzled. "Did you have anything at all to do with the man's horse?" he exclaimed. "Yes, that much is true, uncle," said Frank Richards. "Well, tell me what you did." "They'll tell you lies, of course," sneered Poker Pete. "But I reckon I want that animal, or there will be trouble." The rancher turned on him angrily. "My son won't tell me lies, or my nephew, either," he said. "I'll thank you to keep your tongue between your teeth, Poker Pete. Now, then, Bob, I'm waiting to hear you." "Frank had better spin the yarn," grinned Bob: "He's a better hand than I am. Go ahead, Franky; I'm going to get busy with this corn-cake." Frank smiled, but his face became grave as he related the incident of the morning. His voice vibrated with indignation as he told how the tied-up animal had been lashed with the cowhide. The rancher listened with a rather grim expression on his bronze face. But his face relaxed after a time. "We couldn't do anything but what we did," concluded Frank. "It would have been mean and cowardly to leave the poor animal to that brute." "I knew the boys were right," remarked Mrs. Lawless. The rancher smiled. "Hold on!" he said. "Horses need larrupping sometimes, Frank, my lad; and we don't stand on ceremony on this side of the Rocky Mountains. A man's horse is a man's horse." "I guess so!" chimed in Poker Pete emphatically. "Yes, I know, uncle," said Frank. "But there's a limit. The brute had drawn blood; By MARTIN CLIFFORD. ::

**OMAR THE MAGNIFICENT!**

Start this thrilling new adventure story of the mysterious East to-day.

Ask for

**The Boys' FRIEND**

1 1/2c



the horse was marked all over. He was nearly mad with pain. You should have seen how he bolted when I set him loose."

Mr. Lawless nodded.  
"Still, I guess it's a bit high-handed to set a man's horse loose in this country," he said. Frank coloured.

"I'm sorry if you think I did wrong, uncle," he said.  
"I don't know about that. It depends a good deal on the way the man was treating his horse," said the rancher. "I hope no son of mine—or nephew, either—would stand by and see an animal ill-treated without chipping in. You're quite sure that Poker Pete was actually cruel to the beast?"

"I wish you could have seen it," said Frank. "There was blood running down its flanks."  
"Robert, you cannot blame the boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawless warmly. "I should be ashamed of them if they had not interfered."

"Leave it to me, Mary," said the rancher. His brow was wrinkled with thought. He turned at last to Poker Pete, who was waiting with a sneering face. "I guess, Poker Pete, that the boys have made out their case. You were treating that horse badly, and they were bound to chip in."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob delightedly, and Frank Richards looked very relieved. Poker Pete gritted his teeth.

"I guess you're not the judge in the matter," he said. "I claim that horse, and it's mine. I reckon you ought to cowhide those young scoundrels."

"I guess you'll be disappointed on that score," said the rancher, unmoved.

"That's as you choose," sneered Poker Pete. "But you'll hear from the sheriff about my horse, I promise you. Hoss thieves are not encouraged in the Thompson valley."

"Better language, please, Mr. Poker Pete," said the rancher quietly. "I guess I've made up my mind. I've always known you for a sharper and card-player, and I know now that you are a bully and a brute. If I'd laid on the scene this morning, I'd have laid my cowhide about you yourself. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

The sport flushed with rage.  
"The matter can be settled," continued the rancher, in the same stolid way, quite unheeding the looks of the Thompson card-sharper. "The boys speak of a black horse. I guess that's the horse I've seen you with in Cedar Camp. How much did you give for that horse?"

"What's that to do with the matter?"

"I'm willing to buy it from you."  
"I'm not willing to sell," said Poker Pete coolly. "I'm going to get that horse back, and I'm going to cut him into ribbons when I get him. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" he added with a grin.

He made a movement towards the door as he spoke.

Mr. Lawless stepped between him and the door, and the sport halted, with a furious look.

"Let me pass!" he exclaimed fiercely.

"I haven't finished with you yet."

"I'm finished, and I'm going."

"I'm not finished, and you're not going," answered Mr. Lawless calmly.

There was a pause, and the chums looked on breathlessly.

But the sport of Thompson did not care to try conclusions with the stalwart Canadian rancher.

And Billy Cook's burly form loomed up in the porch outside. Poker Pete stepped back, with a muttered curse.

"What do you want?" he muttered.

"I want to buy that horse," answered Mr. Lawless.

"I won't sell!"

"You will!"

And again there was a breathless pause.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
Brought to Terms.**

**P**OKER PETE stood with his hands clenched, his eyes blazing at the calm, stolid rancher.

His rage did not affect the rancher in the least; indeed, Mr. Lawless did not seem even to observe it.

He was as calm and unmoved as if he were conducting any ordinary business transaction. Frank and Bob were smiling now.

Mrs. Lawless went out quietly from the room.

"The horse is lost at present, it seems,"

**NEXT TUESDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!"**

said the rancher, after a pause. "You claim that it has been stolen."

"It has been stolen!" hissed Poker Pete.

"Lost, at all events. You claim compensation, I understand?"

"Yes, hang you!"

"Very good. Sell me the horse at a reasonable figure, and I'll take the risk of not finding him," said Mr. Lawless.

It was a fair offer indeed, but Poker Pete was not in the least inclined to accept it.

"Yes, or no?" asked the rancher impatiently.

"No!" snapped Poker Pete.

"You won't sell the horse?"

"No, I won't sell him!"

"Not though he's lost, and, according to your own yarn, you can't recover him?"

"I guess I shall get him back some time," said Poker Pete venomously; "and then I'll take the skin off him in strips. That's the good your meddling brats have done him."

"Oh, you brute!" muttered Frank.

"How much did you give for that horse, Poker Pete?"

"Find out!"

"I intend to," said Mr. Lawless calmly.

"You there, Billy?"

"Hyer I am, boss!" answered Billy Cook, from outside.

"Bring me a riding-whip, will you?"

"Won't I just!" grinned Billy Cook.

Poker Pete turned pale.

His hand slid inside his jacket to the hip-pocket, which concealed a weapon.

Mr. Lawless' quiet glance upon him never wavered.

"If you draw a pistol here, Poker Pete, I'll have you up before the sheriff, and have you sent to prison for five years by a Thompson jury," he said coldly. "You're not in Boot Leg Camp or the Black Hills now, my man!"

Poker Pete drew a hissing breath.

"Will you let me pass?" he muttered, in a choking voice.

"Not yet, I guess."

"I—I—"

"Answer my question," said Mr. Lawless.

"You'll have to answer it when Billy Cook comes in, anyhow."

"I—I didn't buy the horse," muttered Poker Pete. "I won him over a poker game."

"I might have guessed that," assented the rancher, with a nod. "What figure would you put on him to sell?"

"I'm not going to sell."

"I should say three hundred dollars," remarked the rancher.

"You can say what you like," sneered Poker Pete. "I'm not selling."

"I don't want to skin you on the deal," continued Mr. Lawless, unheeding. "It's a good horse—a very good horse—a dash of the Old Country thoroughbred in him, I should say. I've seen him, and I know something about horseflesh. What do you say to three hundred and fifty?"

"I'm not selling."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Poker Pete, between his teeth. "Because I'm going to cut him to ribbons after I get hold of him, even if I lose half the value of the beast in doing it! Is that good enough for you?"

He cast a malignant glance at Frank Richards as he spoke, all his cruel, base nature gleaming in his eyes.

He knew what the boy felt like when he heard that savage threat uttered. And there was no doubt that the ruffian meant it.

Frank cast an almost beseeching glance at his uncle.

Mr. Lawless looked the sport over with a calm eye. His bronzed face was just a trifle harder and grimmer.

"So that's the game, is it?" he remarked.

"Yes, that's the game, and be hanged to you!"

"I don't think you'll play that game," said the rancher quietly. "I'm offering you three hundred and fifty for that horse, Poker Pete."



**A CLOSE SHAVE!** Frank Richards cut the rope in a couple of slashes. Poker Pete made a desperate spring back, and leaped into the branches of the nearest tree as the maddened horse reared and plunged. Frank then swung himself upon a branch, and the animal, with a shrill neigh, dashed out into the trail. (See Chapter 1.)

"Make it three thousand, and I'll say the same!"

"I don't intend to make it three thousand. Three hundred and fifty is the figure. Bob, bring pen and ink and paper here for the gentleman."

"Yes, dad."

Bob brought the writing materials at once. Poker Pete looked at them and at him, and then at the rancher, puzzled and savage. "I'm not going to sell you the horse!" he exclaimed. "Do you think you can make me?"

Mr. Lawless nodded.

"Yes, I think I can make you," he answered calmly.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Frank Richards. He had never admired his uncle so much as he did at this moment.

Bob's face was beaming.

"Make me?" repeated Poker Pete, in angry amazement.

"I guess so."

Billy Cook entered the room, with a riding-whip in his hand and a huge grin on his rugged face.

There was no love lost between the honest cattleman and the sharper from Thompson. "Hyer you are, boss!"

Mr. Lawless took the riding-whip, and advanced towards the sport.

Poker Pete's hand slid into his hip-pocket again.

"Lay a finger on me, and I'll let daylight through you!" he said hoarsely.

"And he hanged afterwards at Kamloops!" smiled Mr. Lawless. "I guess that's all moonshine, Poker Pete. I'm risking it, anyhow."

The sport's face was pale with rage now. But he did not draw his weapon.

The Thompson Valley was not the Black Hills, and Poker Pete knew the difference.

Blood had stained his hands during his reckless career, but not under the shadow of Canadian law.

He trembled with rage, and perhaps something else, as the stalwart rancher came at him.

Mr. Lawless, with his left hand, pointed to the writing materials on the table.

"Make out the paper," he said. "Put in the horse's description, and sign the receipt for three hundred and fifty dollars sale price. It's a bit over the mark, but you're welcome to the difference."

"It won't hold in law," muttered Poker Pete, gnawing his lip.

"I think it will. You'll be welcome to dispute it in the law courts afterwards, if you like."

Poker Pete clenched his hands.

"You know I'd have no chance—a sportsman against a rich rancher in the law courts!" he muttered.

"That's your look-out!" said Mr. Lawless. "You're a cardsharpener by your own choice. I suppose. There's work for you to do in Canada, if you choose—and in your own country, too, I dare say. But I've wasted enough time on you, Poker Pete. You're going to sell me that horse, and I take my chance of recovering him. The butt-end of the bargain is all on your side. I may be simply throwing my money away if the horse isn't caught. You ought to be glad of the chance."

"I won't sell!" shouted Poker Pete furiously.

"You'll be thrashed till you do, then."

"Oh, ripping!" gasped Bob.

Poker Pete sprang back, and then made a desperate rush for the door.

Billy Cook grinned, and collared him. He grasped the sport's arm, and held back his hand from the hip-pocket, for the desperate man might have drawn the revolver at that moment.

"Take his pill-box away, Bob," said Billy Cook, holding the rascal in his muscular grip.

Bob Lawless jerked the revolver from Poker Pete's pocket, and laid it on the table.

"Throw him over here, Billy!" said Mr. Lawless.

Crash!

The sport sprawled on the floor at the rancher's feet.

The riding-whip sang through the air, and came down across Poker Pete's shoulders with a cut that made him howl with pain.

He scrambled away, and staggered to his feet.

"Are you selling yet?" asked the rancher calmly.

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!" A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The sport panted.

"Hang you! I'll sell! Hang you!"

"Good! You might as well have saved the time you've wasted. Put it in black and white."

Panting with rage, the baffled rascal sat down at the table and jabbed the pen into the ink.

"Make the receipt for three hundred and sixty—that covers the popgun," said Mr. Lawless. "You're better without this popgun, my man. It will get you into trouble some day."

Poker Pete was too enraged to reply; but he did as he was bidden.

He finished the paper, and Mr. Lawless picked up and read it carefully through.

Then he nodded.

"I guess that's square. It's a good sale," he said. "Bob, take this key, and fetch me three hundred and sixty dollars from the strong-box in my room."

"Yes, dad."

Bob hurried out of the room.

Poker Pete rose to his feet, trembling in every limb with rage and humiliation.

Mr. Lawless, quite unmoved, called Billy Cook to witness the document, which the ranchman did with great gusto.

Mr. Lawless folded the paper, and placed it methodically in his pocket-book.

The black horse was his property now—if found.

As the animal was at large, the former owner had all the "butt-end" of the bargain, as the rancher expressed it, but he did not look gratified.

Bob came back with the Canadian bills, and Mr. Lawless counted them over and laid them on the table.

"There's your money, Poker Pete!"

The sport gathered up the bills sullenly and savagely.

He was beaten, and the money was all that remained to him.

"Now you can go, and the sooner the better!" added Mr. Lawless.

Poker Pete stepped towards the door, and Billy Cook, grinning, stepped aside to let him pass.

In the doorway the sport half turned, his face white, his eyes gleaming.

"I'll remember this!" he said, in a choking voice. "My turn will come!"

"Your turn in the penitentiary perhaps," said the rancher. "It's high time you were there, my friend. And I'll give you a warning. There's law in Canada to deal with brutes of your sort, and if you don't take mighty good care, you'll find yourself inside Kamloops Prison! Now get out before you're kicked out!"

The sport gave one last savage look of hatred round the room, and tramped out, and his footsteps died away.

Billy Cook, grinning from ear to ear, followed him out.

"Oh, dad," exclaimed Bob breathlessly, "it was ripping! I never reckoned you'd deal with that bulldozer like that!"

"It was splendid, uncle!" said Frank Richards. "But—but you lose your money if the horse isn't found."

"I guess Billy Cook and the rest will be hunting him to-morrow," said the rancher, with a smile. "I'll take the risk of that. But I guess he'll be found sooner or later. Now you young rascals, get to your supper!"

Frank and Bob were very cheery over their supper that evening. The affair of Poker Pete's horse had ended to their complete satisfaction.

As for the threatened revenge of the cardsharpener, they did not give that a thought.

"Isn't the popper a brick, Franky?" said Bob Lawless, when they went up to their room that night. "A really gilt-edge brick—eh?"

"Yes, rather!" said Frank heartily. "I only hope he won't lose the money over it. If the horse isn't found by Saturday, Bob—" He paused.

Bob grinned.

"Just what I was thinking," he agreed. "If the gee's not found by then we'll take a hand in looking for him, and show them how Cedar Creek fellows do it. Rather! It will be ripping fun!"

"Good!" said Frank.

And the chums of Cedar Creek went to bed feeling quite satisfied with their day's work.

THE END.

(There will be another grand long, complete tale of Frank Richards & Co.'s schooldays in the backwoods of Canada in next week's issue.)

## RESULT OF POPULAR PUZZLES COMPETITION.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £10 has therefore been awarded to:

A. Jones,  
Vine Cottage,  
Dudley Road,  
Ventnor.

whose solution came nearest to correct with two errors.

The second prize of £5 has been awarded to:

William Scott,  
424, Parliamentary Road,  
Glasgow,

whose solution came next nearest to correct with three errors.

Two competitors with four errors each divide the third prize of £2 10s.:

Cyril Bovingdon 66, Colville Road, South Acton, W. 3; William Downs, 45, Wordsley Green, Worsley, near Stourbridge, Staffs.

The twenty prizes of 2s. 6d. each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit:

Stanley Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, South Beach, Ardrossan; Miss G. Jeffery, 25, Field Road, Reading; P. Charles, 521, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol; John Simpson, 8, Mill Road, Halfway, Cambuslang, Lanark; G. W. Amphlett, 190, Highgate Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; Fred Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Rhondda, Glam; William H. Radford, 128, Hollybush Street, Plaistow, E. 13; H. G. Burrows, Albury, Hounslow Road, Twickenham; F. T. Flanders, 72, Fritchville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12; S. Consterdine, 33, Charles Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts; Miss B. Buckley, 7, Well Street, Hanley, Staffs; Lily Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; Charles H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth Street, Sunderland; Norman E. Stibbs, Rock Cottage, Hanham, Bristol; S. J. Evans, 44, Regent Street, Gloucester; J. Marriott, 193, Conran Street, Harpurhey, Manchester; Kenneth Marshall, Sunnyside, Elm Grove, Thorpe Bay, Essex; Raymond W. Kernick, 62, Ivor Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; Albert E. Stocks, 2, Factory Lane, Doncaster, Yorks; Muriel Higgin, The Poplars, Mayfield Park, Fishponds, Bristol.

### SOLUTION.

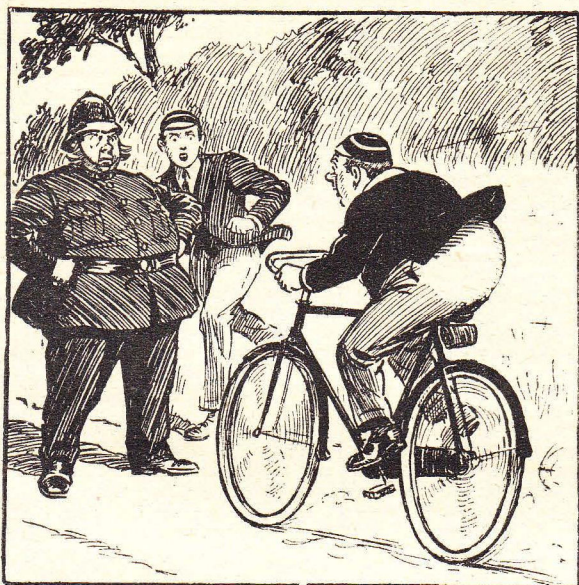
No. 1.—Harry Wharton, leader of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, was once the least liked lad in the whole school. He had been spoiled, and on arrival thought everyone should do as he told them. He soon found out his mistake, and became more popular. Later he was elected captain of the Form.

No. 2.—Bob Cherry, a member of the Famous Five at Greyfriars is one of the finest junior boxers in this country. He is well known at Greyfriars for his cheerfulness. He is a staunch friend of Mark Linley, who has been saved much trouble and worry through Bob's cheerful guidance.

No. 3.—Frank Nugent is one of the most likeable lads at Greyfriars. He is, unfortunately, rather weak-willed, and this has led him into numerous troubles. But Frank claims the friendship of several fine fellows, and they have always backed him up, and got him out of his troubles.

No. 4.—William George Bunter, sometimes called the Owl of the Remove, is the best known junior at Greyfriars. Everyone knows Billy Bunter, for the plump junior takes good care that they do. He has a craving for food—in fact, it has been stated that Billy only came to Greyfriars for grub.

MISTAKES WILL OCCUR IN EVEN THE BEST REGULATED SOCIETY. GERALD KNOX, THE SIXTH FORM BULLY, FINDS THAT OUT TO HIS SOBBOW!



# A CYCLING COMEDY!



A Splendid Long Complete Tale of TOM MERRY & CO., The Chums of St. Jim's.



:: By ::

## MARTIN CLIFFORD.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Baggy Borrows a Bike!

"IT'S a ripping machine!" murmured Baggy Trimble of the Fourth. It certainly was.

The bicycle in question was a brand new one. It stood unattended, outside the entrance to the School House. Its handlebars glistened in the bright July sunshine.

Baggy Trimble halted and looked longingly at the bicycle.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and Baggy wanted to go over to Wayland. And it was no joke tramping to Wayland and back on such a scorching hot day.

Baggy, who never relished walking at the best of times, would have preferred to cycle.

The fat junior had no machine of his own. But what was the matter with this one, which stood outside the School House entrance?

There was no name on the saddle-bag—nothing to show whom the bicycle belonged to.

From the size of the machine, Baggy Trimble judged that it was the property of a senior.

Baggy cocked his eye thoughtfully at the bike.

"I shall have to lower the saddle before I can ride it," he murmured. "Hope nobody comes along and catches me in the act."

Like Moses of old, Baggy looked this way and that way, and there was no man.

Swiftly the fat junior unfastened the saddle-bag and took out the necessary implements for lowering the saddle.

Having performed this operation, Baggy darted another keen glance around him.

There appeared to be no one in sight. But the short-sighted Baggy did not notice that Knox of the Sixth was watching him from his study window.

Satisfied that the coast was clear, Baggy Trimble calmly mounted the machine and pedalled away in the direction of the school gates.

There was a sudden yell from Knox of the Sixth.

"Hi! Come back you young rascal!" Baggy Trimble made it convenient not to hear. He bent his head over the handlebars and pedalled for all he was worth.

"Come back! Do you hear?" roared Knox, leaning perilously out of his window. "That's my bike you've bagged!"

Baggy the bike-bagger had by this time reached the school gates.

Knox grew more and more excited as he watched machine and rider disappear. "Stop thief!" he roared.

And when Knox roared it was like a siren going off.

The prefect's temper was never very good at the best of times. And it was very bad now.

Knox closed his window with a resounding slam; then he came rushing down into the quad. He dashed into the bicycle-shed, and took the first machine that came to hand. In a second he was astride of it and pedalling away in pursuit of Baggy Trimble.

Now, the machine which Knox had taken happened to be Kildare's, and, unfortunately for Knox, Kildare saw him take it.

"Hold on, Knox, that's my property!" called Kildare from his study window.

Knox paid no heed. "Bring that bike back!" thundered Kildare.

But Knox was far too intent upon recovering his own machine to worry about Kildare's.

The captain of St. Jim's strode out of his study looking very annoyed.

In the passage he almost bumped into the Terrible Three of the Shell.

"Wherefore that worried brow, Kildare?" Monty Lowther ventured to ask.

"Knox has taken my bike," said Kildare briefly, "and I want it back."

He would have gone in pursuit of Knox himself, only it would have been rather undignified for one senior to be seen chasing another. If the Terrible

Three were able to recover his bicycle, all well and good.

"Good!" said Tom Merry. "This is a job after our own hearts!"

"We're dabs at recovering stolen property," said Monty Lowther.

"It isn't stolen, you young ass!" said Kildare. "It's been borrowed. If Knox had asked my permission he could have had the bike with pleasure. But I don't like his way of taking things for granted. Cut along, you kids, or you'll never catch him!"

Tom Merry & Co. entered into the chase with zest. They did not know that Knox, in turn, was chasing Baggy Trimble. Nor would they have cared if they had known. They had received instructions from Kildare to recover his bike, and they meant to carry out those instructions to the letter. They disliked Knox intensely, and they were not at all displeased at the prospect of a skirmish with him.

"Quick's the word!" rapped out Tom Merry.

"Mount the merry jiggers and full speed ahead!" said Monty Lowther.

"It won't take us long to overhaul Knox," said Manners. "He can't bike very fast. He doesn't keep himself in condition."

The Terrible Three hurried round to the bicycle-shed and took out their machines.

"Forward, the bike brigade!" sang out Monty Lowther.

They were off in a flash.

Through the school gateway sped the trio of cyclists, nearly bowling over Taggles the porter as they went.

Taggles bellowed a number of uncomplimentary remarks after them as they disappeared in a cloud of dust.

There was great activity on the Wayland Road that afternoon.

Baggy Trimble, on the brand-new bike, led the way. Behind him, pedalling furiously, came Knox of the Sixth. And behind Knox, though he was not aware of the fact, came the Terrible Three.

Baggy Trimble was in rather a

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

A LONG NEW TALE OF ST. JIM'S. :: By MARTIN CLIFFORD. ::

NEXT TUESDAY!

"A FALSE ALARM!"

desperate plight. Knox was gaining on him rapidly.

The fat junior kept giving startled glances over his shoulder—a foolish thing to do, because with every glance he slackened his speed.

Baggy was finding the pace very warm, too. He had intended to cycle to Wayland at a leisurely pace—not to “scorch” there. That sort of thing was all very well for scraggy fellows, Baggy reflected. But when a fellow turned the scale at fourteen stone—well, cycle-racing was jolly hard work.

Knox was drawing nearer and nearer, and the following jerky dialogue ensued between the prefect and Baggy Trimble.

“Come back!”  
 “Sha’n’t!”  
 “Come back, I tell you!”  
 “Rats!”

“That’s my bike you’ve bagged, you fat villain!”

“I don’t care!”

But Baggy did care a great deal. He realised that if Knox were to get hold of him he would strew the hungry churchyard with his bones, so to speak. Knox was in a towering rage, and not at all a nice sort of person to encounter at that moment.

Baggy looked back over his shoulder once more.

To his horror, he saw that only a dozen yards separated him from Knox.

At that moment a motor-horn sounded, and Baggy instinctively drew in to the side of the road.

A charabanc came thundering past. Baggy Trimble clutched at the back of the charabanc like a drowning man clutches at a straw. He then had the glorious satisfaction of being whirled along without effort.

Looking back, Baggy saw, to his delight, that his pursuer had dropped far behind.

Faintly from the rear came the cry of the exasperated prefect.

“Come back!”  
 “Not this evening!” chuckled Baggy Trimble. “Some other evening!”  
 And the charabanc to which he clung bore him onwards into Wayland.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Police are Called in:

“W E’RE gaining!”  
 “Ride like the very dickens!”  
 “We’ll bag the bounder soon!”

The Terrible Three were riding full-pelt after Knox.

Knox himself, although he knew that he had no hope of catching Baggy Trimble, now that the fat junior had attached himself to the charabanc, rode as furiously as ever. His feet could scarcely keep pace with the pedals.

Swiftly as Knox rode, however, the Terrible Three were faster. They sped along side by side at a terrific pace. And the distance between them and the prefect was gradually narrowed down to a matter of twenty yards.

Hearing voices behind him, Knox turned round. He was surprised to see three juniors bearing down upon him.

“What the thump—” he began.

“Halt!” commanded Monty Lowther.

Knox’s face, already crimson with his exertions, assumed an even more heightened colour. He slowed up and dismounted.

“How dare you speak to me like that, you cheeky young cub!”

The Terrible Three dismounted also. They placed their machines against a gate near by, and turned to Knox.

“Hand it over!” said Tom Merry.  
 “Eh? Hand what over, you impertinent young sweep?”  
 “Kildare’s bike!”

Knox glared.  
 “Oh, it happens to be Kildare’s bike, does it?” he growled. “I didn’t notice whose it was when I borrowed it. Well, I’ll hand it over when it suits me to do so, not before!”

“You’ll hand it over here and now!” said Tom Merry grimly.  
 “What!”

“We promised Kildare we’d get his bike back, and we mean to do it!”

“Even if it means laying hands on the sacred person of a prefect!” chimed in Monty Lowther.

“You—you wouldn’t dare—” panted Knox.

“We’d dare anything to do Kildare a good turn,” said Manners. “Take my advice, Knox, and hand over that bike quietly.”

Knox gave a snarl, and started to remount the machine. But before he could do so the Terrible Three were upon him like tigers.

“Collar him!” panted Tom Merry.  
 There was a wild and whirling battle in the roadway. It was a short battle, and a sweet one—except for Knox.

Tom Merry and Monty Lowther sent the prefect crashing to the ground, and they clung to him as he fell. And Manners took possession of Kildare’s bike.

Knox struggled desperately on the ground, but he hadn’t a hope. His captors rolled him over and over until he was on the brink of a very deep and stagnant ditch.

“In with him!” chortled Monty Lowther.

“Don’t you dare—” spluttered Knox.

But the juniors did dare. They gave a final heave, and there was a loud splash as the prefect’s lanky form struck the water.

“Yoooop!” yelled Knox.

And the next moment he was spluttering and gurgling hysterically, and frantically gouging the mud from his eyes and his hair.

“A pretty picture, and no mistake!” said Monty Lowther. “Wish you had your camera here, Manners.”

“I’ve got a vest-pocket one,” said Manners.

“Oh, good! Do take a snap of this beauty having a mud-bath!”

Manners obliged willingly enough. And Knox gave a snort of rage as he heard the click of the camera.

“I think we’ll be getting back to St. Jim’s now,” said Tom Merry. “We don’t want to linger too long near Knox. There’s rather an unpleasant aroma about him!”

“I’ll have you expelled for this!” spluttered Knox.


“And put in irons, and fed on dog-biscuits, I suppose?” murmured Monty Lowther.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

The Terrible Three were in high good-humour. Knox’s threats did not worry them in the least. They remounted their machines, and cycled back to St. Jim’s.



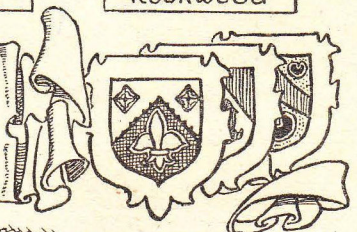
**RUCTIONS ON THE ROAD!** “Collar him!” panted Tom Merry. There was a wild and whirling battle in the roadway. The two juniors sent Gerald Knox crashing to the ground, and they clung to him as he fell. Then Manners took possession of Kildare’s bike which the bully of the Sixth had borrowed. (See Chapter 2.)



# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Sr. Jim's      Greyfriars      Rookwood

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



## IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By Billy Bunter.

My Dear Readers,—I have always taken a keen interest in amateur photography, and I thought it would be a good wheeze to publish a special number dealing with this fascinating subject.

Of course, I have always been skilled in the use of the camera. Like most bulldogs, I am very fond of "snapping." I learnt how to handle a camera almost before I could toddle!

Do you ever look at the photographs in the currant newspapers? Do you ever wonder who takes them? Me, of course! I always keep the papers well supplied with toppike views.

There is only one drawback to photography as a hobby. It's too jolly eggspensive. In the first place, you've got to buy your camera. Then you must buy a roll of films. (Personally, I prefer rolls of a different type—sossidge rolls, to be eggsact!) Then you've got to buy your solution, and other stuff that is used for developing. Strictly speaking, photography is a hobby for millyunaires.

I must confess, however, that I've not spent a grate deal on photography this term. Whenever I want to take some snaps I always borrow somebody else's camera—when they happen to be out! And I get the local chemist to develop my films on tick.

You will find a lot to interest you in this number. In fact, it's the best number I've produced since last week!

I eggspect a lot of you will be busy with your cameras during this summer. You will be on the look-out for ripping views, and I hope you will "click."

By the way, if any reader happens to have a camera going begging, I shall be pleased to take it off his hands, and look after it for him, if he will pay me half-a-crown a week. I konsider that is a very fair offer.

I must now buck up and finnish this Editorial. I've prommist to go along to Dick Penfold's studdy to have my photograph taken. Oh, yes, Pen is a photographer as well as a poet! You can tell he's a photographer, bekwase he's got such "taking" ways!

Your sincere pal,  
Your Editor.

## TAKING BUNTER'S PHOTOGRAPH!

By Dick Penfold.

Seat yourself in that armchair,  
Mind it don't collapse—take care!  
Please don't frown and scowl and glare—  
Look pleasant!

Cross your legs, and fold your arms,  
And reveal your manly charms.  
Banish worries and alarms—  
Look pleasant!

Fix your eyes on that plum cake,  
Then you'll smile, and no mistake!  
Do not wriggle, squirm, or shake—  
Look pleasant!

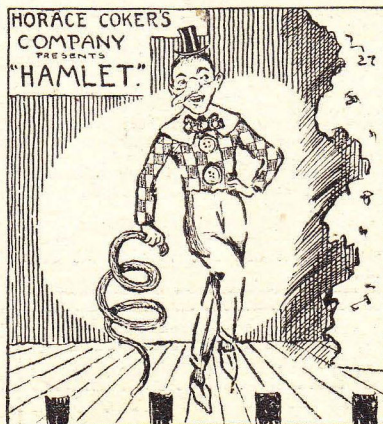
Don't, for goodness' sake, be glum!  
Try and look, my portly chum,  
As if your postal-order's come!  
Look pleasant!

A fly has settled on your nose,  
I will wait until it goes.  
Now we're off—don't move your toes!  
Look pleasant!

Click! At last the deed is done.  
Many thanks, my chubby one!  
I'll feed you with a currant bun!  
Look pleasant!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.

By George Kerr.



HORACE COKER.

## MY PORTRATE GALLERY!

By Sammy Bunter.

It is kommon with most fellows, I keep a photograph album. It is sumwhat dog-eared and thum-marked, but it is one of my most cherished possessions. I wouldn't part with it for anything—though if a fellow were to offer me fourpence for it, I might konsider the transaction.

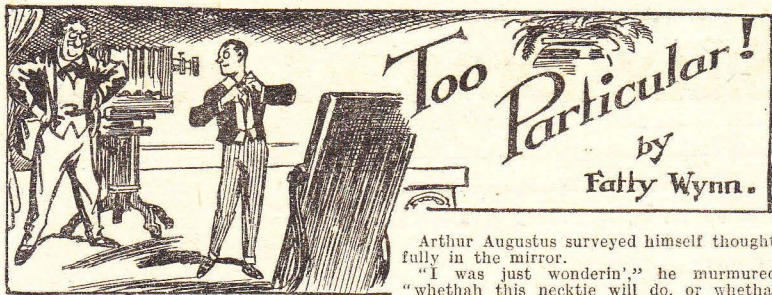
The first photograph in the album is one of Myself. I look very hansom, with my round fool face, and my neat little nose, and my dubble chin. Without any swank, I reckon I should prance off with the first prize in any Mail Beauty Kontest. I'm the best-looking fellow at Greyfriars, with the possibul eggsepction of my brother Billy, who has a beautiful face and figger. (It's no use, Sammy; I can't lend you any munney! —Ed.)

The second photograph is of Tubb of the Third, swimming in the River Sark. Tubb has only been known to enter the water once—he has a possibul horror of it—so the photograph is a grate novelty. It was printed upside-down, and you can't recognise Tubb bekwase somebody spilt a blob of ink over his chivvy. But it's a very rare and vawewable photograph, all the same.

Then comes a portrate of Mister Twigg, the man who rules the Second Form with a rod of iron—or should I say an ashplant? I snapped Mister Twigg when he was in the act of missing his tea-shot at golf. He wouldn't be best pleased if he saw the photograph. But there! He'll never see it.

There is also a photograph of Bolsover minor having a scrap with Dicky Nugent. I got it rather out of focuss, with the rezult that Bolsover's fist has come out bigger than his boddy. But little blunders like that are bound to happen in photography.

I have also got portrates of Gatty, and Myers, and Jack Wingate, and all my pals. And there are some topping views of Billy in the tuckshopp, and Billy playing cricket, and Billy writing his editorial for the "Weekly." My big brother Bill is a wonderful chap. No photograph album would be complete without him. (Once again, Sammy, I am on the rox, and can't advance you any munney in return for these kompliments! —Ed.)



**W**HITHER bound, Gussy?" Jack Blake asked the question as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, looking as resplendent as Solomon in all his glory, came swaggering down to the school gates.

Arthur Augustus smiled. "I am goin'—" he began.

"To a wedding?"

"No, deah boy."

"To a funeral?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then why are you dressed to kill?" demanded Blake. "Spotless Etons, silk spats, a fancy waistcoat, and a pink carnation in your buttonhole—"

"I'm goin' to be taken, deah boy."

"Eh? Taken where? To Colney Hatch?"

"Don't be an ass! I'm goin' to have my photogwaph taken."

"Oh!"

"There's wathah a wippin' place in Wayland, I believe," said Arthur Augustus. "The Select Studio, I think it's called. They charge you five shillings for a cabinet."

"And how much for a complete government?" asked Blake humorously.

"Ass! I mean a cabinet photogwaph!"

"Well, whatever you do, Gussy," said Jack Blake, "don't go smashing the plate! Your face will put rather a strain on the camera, you know!"

So saying, Blake darted away before his indignant chum could get at him.

The elegantly attired Gussy went on his way. He walked very circumspectly, fearful of getting mud on his shining patent-leather shoes.

On reaching Wayland the swell of St. Jim's proceeded straight to the Select Studio.

A very tired-looking man was standing on the threshold. This was Mr. Shutter, the working manager of the studio.

Mr. Shutter had been taking photographs all day, and he was sick of it. He had photographed a bridal couple outside the porch of Wayland church, and he had been smothered with confetti in the process. He had also photographed a cricket eleven, a local prizefighter, a number of family groups, and about a dozen old maids.

Mr. Shutter was heartily weary of asking people to look pleasant. And he was looking far from pleasant himself as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy strutted into the studio.

"Yes, sir?" said Mr. Shutter wearily.

"I want you to take my photogwaph," said Gussy.

"This way, please."

The swell of St. Jim's followed Mr. Shutter into a room where there were painted screens, and flowers and ferns in pots. There was also a very ancient chair, on which generations of people had seated themselves in order to be photographed.

Mr. Shutter pointed to the chair. He looked about as gloomy as a dentist who was going to perform an extraction.

"Take a seat," he said in sepulchral tones.

"One moment," said Gussy. "I find that my hair has got slightly disawwanged. Will you lend me a bwush an' comb?"

Mr. Shutter sighed heavily, and produced the articles in question.

Arthur Augustus then proceeded to spend about ten minutes at the mirror. During this time Mr. Shutter strode up and down, with growing impatience.

"I would point out," he said at last, "that this is a studio, not a toilet-saloon!"

"Sowwy to keep you waitin'!" said Gussy cheerfully.

"Will you be seated, please?"

"One moment—"

"I have already waited one moment—multiplied by ten!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

Arthur Augustus surveyed himself thoughtfully in the mirror.

"I was just wonderin'," he murmured, "whethah this necktie will do, or whethah I ought to pop out an' buy another one."

"Will you be seated, please?"

Mr. Shutter's tone was ominous.

"On considewation," went on Gussy, unheeding, "I think this necktie will do. Now comes the question of a monocle. Shall I be photogwaphed with a monocle or without one? It is wathah an important question to decide. I must carefully think it ovah—"

"Will you be seated, please?"

Mr. Shutter's tone was hostile.

"I think I had better have the monocle," murmured Arthur Augustus. "It will give me a more dignified appearance. Now there is another big problem to be decided. Shall I be taken full face or side face? I must pause an' reflect—"

"Will you be seated, please?"

Mr. Shutter's tone was explosive.

"I think I will have one of each," muttered Gussy, after a pause. "Now, before I sit down, I must make up my mind whethah to be taken smilin' or lookin' sewious. That is a vewy delicate point—Yawwoooooh! What are you up to?"



A very dishevelled-looking junior sat on the pavement in Wayland High Street.

The long-suffering Mr. Shutter had come to the end of his tether.

In the ordinary way, he would not have dreamed of laying hands on a customer. But it must be remembered that he had had a very trying day. On more than one occasion he had been on the verge of losing his temper, and Gussy's behaviour was the last straw.

Mr. Shutter was a powerful man. He rushed at Arthur Augustus and sent him whirling through the doorway. The swell of St. Jim's felt as if he was at the mercy of a cyclone.

A few minutes later a very dishevelled-looking junior rose up from the pavement in Wayland High Street. His collar and tie were streaming loose, his hair was ruffled and awry, and he appeared to have been through a mangle.

Gasping and groaning, Arthur Augustus limped slowly back to St. Jim's. He had paid his first and last visit to the Select Studio!

**HAVE YOU SEEN THE  
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT  
ON PAGE 28?**

## FACING THE CAMERA!

By Baggy Trimble.

**I** DON'T suppose there is any fellow at St. Jim's who has had his photograph taken as often as I have.

I was first photographed at the tender age of three weeks, and you can't see anything of me. It's merely a bundle of clothes!

I was next taken at the age of one year. Being a very forward little fellow, I was able to talk and toddle at that age. I was photographed in the nursery, with a huge feeding-bottle in my mouth. And even in those days I was very plump. My nurse found it a job to carry me, anyway.

At the age of two I was photographed in my baby-karridge. Although I had been able to walk for a year, I liked to ride in state in my karridge occasionally.

That particular photograph was published in all the papers, under the heading of:

"Bagley Trimble—Britain's Biggest Baby!"

And with that same photograph I took first prize in a baby's beauty kontest.

I used to be very fond of having my photograph taken, bekwase on each occasion my parents had to give me a chunk of toffy to make me smile! I refused to sit still and look plezzant until the toffy was handed over.

Behold me, at the age of six, a stout, sturdy fellow in a nickerbocker suit. I was photographed with a bat and ball in my hands, for even in those days I was a wonderful cricketer. I remember playing for fat boys of six versus scraggy boys of seven. On that memmerable occasion I scored a sentury, and took no end of wickets.

Since coming to St. Jim's I have had my photograph taken reggularly every month. I have numerous admirers—mail and femal—all over the country, and they are constantly klammering for my foto. Far be it from me to disappoint them!

There is an art in facing the camera. You've got to look perfectly natcheral, and not many fellows can do it. If you smile, it shouldn't be a forced smile, but a natcheral one. And if your teeth are perly white, like mine, you should show them. If not—keep your mouth shut!

Your hare should be carefully brushed, and your jeneral appearance should be neat and tidy. You don't want to look as if you've just been through a mangle, or under a steam roller!

If you are ugly you should never be taken at all. Fotography was never intended for ugly people—only for plump, hansom spessimens like myself.

I should very much like to reproduce in this paper all the photographs which have been taken of me. But Billy Bunter, who is jellus of my good looks, won't allow me to do it. He says it would take up too much room, which is absurd.

Of course, I am an eggspert fotographer myself. So if you happen to be passing St. Jim's at any time, drop in and be taken! My fees are very modderate, and my fotographs are works of art. Of course, you will have to bring your own camera, bekwase unfortunately I don't possess one.

[Supplement II.]



# The Prize Photograph!

By FRANK NUGENT.

A CROWD of fellows swarmed round the school notice-board like flies round a honey-pot.

The latest announcement caused a great deal of excitement.

"NOTICE!

"In order to encourage amateur photographers, Mr. Walter Bunter will award a special prize of One Guinea for the best photograph of a humorous incident on the school playing-fields.

"The winning photograph will be the one which depicts the most comical happening.

"Photographs should be sent to Mr. Bunter, at his study, not later than Monday next."

"A guinea going begging, by Jove!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Guess I'm freezing on to this!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Hear, hear!"

"There ought to be plenty of humorous incidents on the playing-fields," said Bulstrode. "Billy Bunter getting a duck's-egg, for instance."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or what price Coker of the Fifth trying to bowl, and hitting the wicket-keeper on the nose?" suggested Dick Russell.

"Comical happenings will be as plentiful as blackberries," said Bob Cherry. "I mean to keep my optics open, and snap the first good scene that comes along."

Mr. Wally Bunter's offer was hailed with great delight in the Remove.

Amateur photographers sprang up like mushrooms. Cameras, which had long lain neglected in the lumber-room, were dragged forth. Hardly a fellow was without one.

Even Billy Bunter managed to get hold of a camera. It bore a suspicious resemblance to the camera belonging to Hoskins of the Shell. But Hoskins was away from Greyfriars for a few days, so Billy Bunter held undisputed possession.

The fat junior had quite made up his mind to win the guinea. For such a sum, he reflected, he would be able to obtain a right royal feed at the tuckshop.

For the next few days, Billy Bunter simply haunted the cricket ground, in quest of a fitting subject for his camera.

Humorous incidents, however, were few and far between, and not only Bunter's camera, but everybody else's, remained idle.

Then came the day of the Highcliffe match. Billy Bunter was convinced that something unusual was going to happen.

"I shall stand up one of the trees," he declared, "where I can get a good view of everything that goes on."

"But supposing something happens at the other end of the field?" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, I shall get it in all right. It's only a matter of adjusting the view-finder. Hoskins' camera—I mean, my camera, is a jolly good one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Just before the match started, Billy Bunter ascended one of the lime-trees which skirted the field.

Bunter was no climber. He lacked the agility of a Tarzan. Moreover, he was handicapped by the camera. But after a desperate struggle, watched breathlessly by the crowd below, he managed to perch himself on one of the topmost branches. And there he sat, resting the camera on his knee, and waiting for something to happen.

The Greyfriars Remove batted first. But there was nothing comical about their innings. They piled up runs at a great rate, and by the time the tea interval arrived they had scored 144 for seven wickets.

Tables had been set out underneath the trees—tables which were covered with snowy white cloths, and laden with good things.

The cricketers sprinted eagerly towards them, in quest of refreshment.

Mr. Prout, who had been acting as umpire, was the last to leave the playing-field.

Mr. Prout wanted his tea as badly as anybody, but he was not going to make a dash for it. Oh dear, no! That would be inconsistent with his dignity as a Form-master.

Mr. Prout walked off the playing-pitch in a leisurely and sedate manner, until suddenly there was a loud warning shout, which caused Mr. Prout to glance back over his shoulder in great alarm.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the master of the Fifth.

For a moment he stood still, as if petrified. An infuriated bull came charging across the greensward.

Mr. Prout happened to be wearing a flaming red tie against the white background of his umpire's coat. The bull had evidently caught sight of this tie. It bellowed ominously.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "With the exception of our friend Johnny, it isn't often we see a bull on the cricket ground! Where did that beast come from?"

"Major Thresher keeps a bull," said Harry Wharton. "It must have knocked the fence down at the other end of the field, and got through."



Billy Bunter landed fairly and squarely on the table at which the Remove players were seated.

"Why doesn't Prout run?" panted Mark Linley. "He'll be gored if he stands there waiting for the bull to charge him!"

The cricketers sprang to their feet, and chanted in chorus:

"Run, sir—run!"

Mr. Prout continued to gape at the bull, as if hypnotised by the sight of its onrush. Then he wheeled round suddenly, and fled in terror towards the tea-tables.

Mr. Prout was not ordinarily a good sprinter, but fear lent him wings.

With the tails of his long umpire's coat flapping in the breeze, he ran like a champion of the cinder-path. The bull, snorting loudly, came thundering after him.

Billy Bunter, seated on his perch in the lime-tree, was fairly crooning with delight.

Billy placed his camera in position, and there was a sudden click.

"Got it!" chorled the fat junior. "This will be the prize photo—it's bound to be! Prout being chased by a mad bull! What could be better? He, he, he!"

Mr. Prout, meanwhile, dodged behind the Remove cricketers for safety.

"Wharton! Cherry!" he panted. "Keep that creature off! Protect me! I—I am undone!"

Fortunately, the bull did not charge into the tea-tables, as at first appeared likely.

Having lost sight of the flaming necktie, it gave up the chase. Wheeling round, it rushed back to the other end of the field, where a couple of gardeners, employed by Major Thresher, were waiting with stout cudgels and a rope.

Mr. Prout was almost sobbing with relief.

"It has gone!" he murmured, mopping his perspiring brow. "Thank goodness! Sit down and resume your tea, my boys."

Scarcely had the cricketers resumed their seats, when a startling thing happened.

There was a terrible cracking sound overhead, and a fat junior came hurtling downwards through space, like a bolt from the blue.

The branch on which Billy Bunter had been seated was a fairly strong one, but it had never been intended to accommodate a fellow who weighed fourteen stone. It had put up with the fat junior as long as possible, but at last it had given way under the strain.

Bunter landed fairly and squarely on the table at which the Remove players were seated.

Crash! Crash!

Crockeryware went flying in all directions. Harry Wharton & Co. sprang back to avoid the flying fragments.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Bunter's fairly done it this time! Shouldn't be surprised if he's broken his back!"

Billy Bunter, however, was severely bruised and shaken, but nothing more.

Mr. Prout stood blinking in astonishment at the fat junior, who was sprawling on the table.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the amazed Form-master. "Where did this wretched boy descend from?"

"Yow-ow-ow!" groaned Billy Bunter.

"I do not regard that as an intelligible answer, Bunter," said Mr. Prout. "Did you fall from the tree?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all, sir!" moaned Bunter, with gloomy sarcasm. "I tumbled out of an aeroplane, from a height of ten thousand feet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take a hundred lines, Bunter, for impudence!" snapped Mr. Prout, very red in the face.

"I don't care!" muttered Billy Bunter, under his breath. "I've taken the prize photo, anyway!"

As soon as he had recovered from the calamity, the fat junior took his film down to the chemist's in Friardale to be developed.

The result exceeded Billy's expectations. The photograph of Mr. Prout fleeing from the bull turned out a real treat.

When Monday came, however, Bunter received a rude shock. For his wonderful photo failed to take the prize, after all!

The guinea was won by Monty Newland, of the Remove, who had "snapped" Billy Bunter in the act of falling from the tree.

Bunter's photo of Mr. Prout was funny. But Newland's photo of Bunter was funnier still. It caused roars of laughter in the Remove, and everybody agreed that Monty Newland deserved the prize—with the solitary exception of William George Bunter!

ORDER YOUR COPY OF THE  
"HOLIDAY ANNUAL"

NOW. . . . See page 28.

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

## SOME SPLENDID "SNAPS!"

By Jimmy Silver.

**W**HEN my Uncle Robert sent me a camera it was the noblest deed he ever performed in his natural. Practically every day this term my camera has been in action, and I have managed to get some really ripping snaps. Uncle Bob will have many a hearty laugh when I take my album home at holiday-time.

I've got a photo of Adolphus Smythe crawling out of a duck-pond. You wouldn't know it was Smythe. You'd think it was a seal emerging from a pool of slime and ooze. Reeds are clinging lovingly to Adolphus' noble neck, and his face is a picture! It's safe to say that his own mother wouldn't know him, from that photograph! How Adolphus got into the duck-pond was a mystery. I only know that I snapped him in the act of emerging—and that's all that matters!

Then there is a really ripping snap of Bulkeley of the Sixth making the winning hit for Rookwood in the match with St. Jim's. Big, broad-shouldered Bulkeley has come out jolly well, and I feel proud of that photograph. I had to trespass on the playing-pitch in order to get it, and Carthew, who was umpiring, gave me a hundred lines. But it was worth it.

I have also got a photo of Tubby Muffin in the bathing-pool. Tubby looks more like a prize porpoise than ever, as he wallows in the water. He had just got out of his depth, and was velling for help, when I took the snap. But Lovell and Newcome towed Tubby safely to the bank.

Another gem in my collection is the snap of Tommy Dodd performing a high dive. Tommy is my deadly rival, but I'm the first to admit that he is a magnificent high-diver, and the snap has come out really well. Tommy is shooting downwards through the air, graceful as a swallow on the wing. I gave him half a dozen special prints for himself, and he was awfully bucked.

Then there is a photo of a glove-fight between Lattrey and Kit Erroll. The snap was taken just as Erroll's fist crashed upon Lattrey's nose. It was a knock-out blow, and Lattrey is in the act of toppling backwards. The cad of the Fourth would give a good deal to have that photo destroyed, but I've got it safe and sound in my album.

Space will not permit me to tell you of all my snaps. There is a lovely one of Mr. Manders, on the Head's lawn, trying to slay a wasp, and hitting Dr. Chisholm on the napper with a large plate! I happened to be hiding in the shrubbery, close by, when I got that photo. There is also a snap of Tubby Muffin asleep on the stool in the tuckshop; and there is a lively photo of the Rookwood cricketers executing a sort of war-dance after defeating Greyfriars. My album is now nearly full, and, though I say it who shouldn't, it's the choicest collection of photographs in all Rookwood!

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

## BAZAAR, EXCHANGE, and MART!

(Advertisements in this column will be inserted at a tanner a time. Postle-orders should be made payable to William George Bunter, and crossed "Tuckshopp Account."—Ed.)

**CAMERA FOR SALE!**—In eggcellent kondition, eggst that the lens is missing and the shutter won't shut. Advertiser will sell at grate sacrifice for a bob. Or will exchange for a brand-new motor-bike.—Apply EDWARD HANSOM, Fifth Form, Rookwood School.

**FOOL FACE PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR EDITOR!**—Seated at his desk with all his korrespondence around him, and with his miner Sammy in the background. A splendid photograph, specially taken by the Court Photographer. Price, from one pound to a fiveer, according to means of the applicant. I have only a few million koppies left, so apply at once to THE EDITOR, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," Study No. 7, Remove Passidge, Greyfriars School.

**ADVERTISER** wishes to exchange vest-pocket camera for an ear-trumpet.—TOM DUTTON, Study No. 7, Greyfriars Remove.

**SMILE, PLEASE!**—Come and be snapped at the St. Jim's Fine Art Studio. Splendid photographs taken at reasonable cost. Amateurs' films developed. Advice given gratis.—Apply HARRY MANNERS, St. Jim's.

**TO BATHERS, BOY SCOUTS, HOLIDAY-MAKERS, AND OTHERS!**—If you happen to visit the village of Pegg, on the Kentish Coast, don't forget to have your photo taken by SAM SNAPPER, the Pegg photographer! Snapper's Snaps are famous all the world over!

**WILL** somebody kindly toddle along to my study with a camera and snap me? I've promised my Uncle Horace that I'll have my photo taken, and I'm too lazy to visit a photographer. As Mahomet will not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet! I don't want the amateur photographers of the Remove to be angry with me. I want them to "take it lying down!"—LORD MAULEVERER, Slackersville, Remove Passage, Greyfriars.

**FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHS** of Rookwood School (twelve in packet). Advertiser will exchange for a rabbit-pie or a hamper of tuck.—TUBBY MUFFIN, Rookwood.

**GREYFRIARS PHOTOGRAPHERS** are requested to attend a special meeting, in the Rag, of the Remove Photographic Society, on Wednesday evening at eight. The proceedings will be heard in camera!

**COAL-CELLAR TO LET!**—Highly suitable for dark-room for amateur photographer. Rent, one shilling per week, payable in advance.—Apply to EPHRAIM TAGGLES, Porter, St. Jim's.

**WILL SOMEBODY KINDLY TAKE A PHOTO OF MY BULLDOG?**—I tried to snap it myself, and it snapped me instead! I can't go within twenty yards of the beast. Be a sport, somebody, and do the daring deed!—GEORGE HERRIES, Fourth Form, School House, St. Jim's.

**TO CLAUDE HOSKINS, Greyfriars.**—I borrowed your camera the other day, and I dropped the beestly thing in the river. Thought I'd better tell you. I'll buy you a new one directly my postle-order comes!—BILLY BUNTER.

DON'T MISS NEXT  
WEEK'S BUMPER  
NUMBER OF MY  
"WEEKLY," YOU  
CHAPS.—W.G.B.

## IN THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CHAIR!

Mr. HORACE MANDERS.

By Our Tame Photographer.

**A**H! Good-morning, sir! A grand morning, is it not? The rain keeps off.

"I did not come here," snapped Mr. Manders, "to discuss the climatic conditions!"

"No?"  
"I wish to be photographed."  
"Oh, that's rather awkward!" I murmured. "I doubt if I have a camera that will survive the ordeal!"

I thought Manders was going to fly at my throat. He looked positively Hunnish.

"I did not come here to be insulted, either!" he said. "Will you take my photograph, or will you not?"

"Well, I'll have a shot at it. Be seated, please. You are Mr. Manders, of Rookwood, I believe?"

"I am!"

"What's the idea of having your photo taken? Do you propose to sell copies of it to your pupils at a tanner a time?"

"Sir, you are insolent—"

"Or are you going to stick it on the school notice-board, with 'Tarzan of the Apes' written beneath it?"

"You—you—"

"I must say you are not exactly a type of English beauty," I said, as I dived my head beneath the cloth. "I've seen handsomer creatures than you in the monkey-house at the Zoo. Will you sit still? You're bobbing up and down like a buoy in a rough sea! That's better! Now, will you try to look pleasant? I know it's a big thing to ask of you, but make an effort."

Manders scowled furiously.

"You look like a bloodthirsty Bolshy," I said. "For goodness' sake try to smile! Only mind your false teeth don't fall out!"

Manders nearly choked.

"I—I will not suffer—" he began.

"No; it's the camera that'll suffer!"

"I will not suffer this continued impertinence!"

"Keep your wool on!" I said blandly.

"Now, are you ready?"

"I have been ready for the last five minutes!" snapped Manders.

"Here goes, then."

Click!

The deed was done. I had photographed Manders in one of his most aggressive moods. He was scowling viciously, and he looked an utter bully and a tyrant.

"Thank you, sir," I said, holding open the door. "The photographs will be ready next week. If not, next month. And if not then, next year. I never hurry. I was a Government clerk before I came into the photographic business."

"I regard you as an insolent jackanapes!" snarled Manders. "If those photographs are not ready within a week I will give you cause to regret your slackness!"

And he passed out into the street.

Manders can jolly well wait for his photographs. I shall take my time over printing them. And I sha'n't forget to send one to the British Museum as a curiosity!



## A CYCLING COMEDY I

(Continued from page 12.)

and Manners piloted Kildare's bicycle beside his own.

Meanwhile, Knox extricated himself with some difficulty from the ditch.

He was in a terrible plight. There was mud on his clothes, mud on his face, mud on his hair—mud everywhere. And an unsavoury aroma accompanied the mud.

Knox's first impulse should have been to go and get a hot bath. But it wasn't. He was still bent on recovering his bike—the bike which Baggy Trimble had "borrowed."

To pursue Trimble into Wayland was now out of the question.

There was only one way of trapping Trimble. Knox decided to lie in wait for him. The fat junior was pretty certain to come back by the same road.

"I'll hide behind the hedge, and spring out on the young rascal when he comes along!" muttered Knox.

He was about to put his plan into execution when a portly and pompous personage came waddling slowly into view.

This was P.-c. Crump, the village constable.

Mr. Crump surveyed the drenched and dripping prefect in open-mouthed wonder.

"My heye!" he ejaculated. "Which you look a pretty fine spectacle, Master Knox, an' no mistake! Did you fall in the ditch?"

"Oh, no!" replied Knox, with biting sarcasm. "I climbed up a tree. That's how I got into this state."

"Who done it?" asked Crump. "Three young rascals who will pay dearly for it later! But look here, Crump, I want your assistance."

The constable puffed out his chest. He swelled so much that he seemed in danger of emulating the frog in the fable.

"If it's a case of nippin' a haect of lor-breakin' in the bud, Master Knox, I'm your man!" he said.

"Well, listen to me. I've got a brand new bike. It was only delivered at the school this afternoon, and that fat young boulder Trimble has bagged it and gone into Wayland."

"Ho!" said Crump. "He'll be back at any moment," Knox went on, "and I want you to come into ambush with me behind that hedge and wait for him."

"Certainly!" said Crump. "I never shirks a dooty, even a dangerous dooty like this!"

"There's no danger, you fool!" snapped Knox. "But if there are two of us, Trimble will have no chance to give us the slip. We'll spring out on him and bar his progress."

Crump nodded. "Will you want 'im took into custody, Master Knox?"

"Of course not! I'm quite capable of dealing with the young villain myself. But I'll give you a tip if we manage to collar him all right."

Crump beamed at the mention of a tip. "We'd best take up our position be'ind that 'edge," he said.

Prefect and constable strode across the ditch into which Knox had been precipitated. Then they crawled through a gap in the hedge, and ambushed themselves.

"You're sure Master Trimble will come on the other side, by this road?" said Crump.

"It's a salmon to a sprat that he will," said Knox. "Listen!"

There was the clang of a bicycle-bell.

Knox poked his head cautiously through the gap in order to investigate. A cyclist came speeding past. But it was not Baggy Trimble, it was Fatty Wynn of the New House.

"Have you just come from Wayland?" called Knox.

Fatty gave a start on seeing the prefect's head protruding from the gap in the hedge.

"Yes," he said. "Seen anything of Trimble?"

"I met him in the High Street," said Fatty Wynn. "He was riding a brand new bike—said his Uncle Bob sent it to him—"

Knox almost foamed at the mouth. "His Uncle Bob be hanged!" he snarled. "That's my bike that he's borrowed! Wait till I get hold of him!"

"He's just coming along, Knox," said Fatty Wynn. "He'll pass this spot in a jiffy!"

"Oh, good!" Knox rejoined P.-c. Crump behind the hedge, and Fatty Wynn rode on to St. Jim's.

Meanwhile, Baggy Trimble, blissfully unconscious of the trap which had been set for him, was homeward bound. He came whizzing along the dusty road at an

## HAVE YOU SEEN THE GRAND REAL PHOTO OF

### J. COCK

(Chelsea)

## Presented FREE

IN

## THE "MAGNET"

THIS WEEK?

alarming rate, and he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"I don't know whose bike this is," he murmured, "but it's a ripper! Three-speed gear, oil-bath, and every modern convenience. I'll always borrow this machine when I want to pop over to Wayland."

The bicycle fairly flashed along the level stretch of roadway. Like Jehu of old, Baggy rode furiously.

He was going at his fastest when two figures suddenly sprang out from the hedge. There was a lanky figure and a rotund figure. In a twinkling Baggy Trimble identified them as Knox of the Sixth and P.-c. Crump.

The village constable planted himself in the middle of the roadway, with arms and legs akimbo.

Sternly his voice rang out. "Stop! Stop, in the name of the lor!"

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Knock for Knox!

**B**AGGY TRIMBLE could not have stopped just then, either in the name of the "lor" or in anybody else's name.

The machine was whizzing along at breakneck speed, and Baggy was much too startled to think of applying the brake.

"Stop!" roared Knox.

"Stop!" boomed Crump. The cyclist came on, like a rushing mighty wind.

Mr. Crump would have been wise to have hopped out of the way. But advancing years had not taught Mr. Crump wisdom. He stood in the middle of the roadway, as firmly implanted as a stout oak-tree.

Baggy Trimble's way was effectually barred. If he swerved aside to avoid Mr. Crump, he would dash into Knox.

A collision was inevitable. What Baggy had to decide was this: Should he collide with Knox or with Crump?

Baggy chose the constable. Mr. Crump was certainly a more inviting target.

Crash! The front wheel cannoned violently into the constable's portly person.

With a bellow of anguish, Mr. Crump toppled backwards. As falls the riven oak, so fell he. And Baggy Trimble, unseated from the machine, clung wildly round Mr. Crump's neck.

They smote the earth with a sounding impact.

"Ow!" "Wow!"

Together they rolled, constable and junior, in the roadway.

Baggy Trimble struggled frantically to free himself, while Mr. Crump endeavoured to pin the fat junior down.

And as they struggled, they rolled over and over, nearer and nearer to that ditch into whose yawning depths Knox the prefect had been hurled.

"Look out!" It was a shout of warning from Knox. But it came too late.

P.-c. Crump and Baggy Trimble rolled over the edge, and fell heavily into the stagnant water.

"Yaroooh!" "Gug-gug-gug!"

"Elp me hout o' this, Master Knox!" spluttered Crump.

But Knox was otherwise engaged. He was attending to his machine, which had careered across the roadway.

Fortunately, the bicycle was only slightly damaged.

Knox decided to ride back to St. Jim's and change his soaking garments. He would deal with Baggy Trimble later. Meanwhile, Baggy was floundering in the ditch with Crump. They looked a lovely pair, with reeds and slime clinging to their faces.

Knox himself looked far from beautiful. He realised what a grotesque figure he cut, and he fervently hoped that he would encounter nobody on his way to the school.

Leaving Crump and Trimble to sort themselves out, Knox pedalled away to St. Jim's.

He met nobody on the road. But as he neared the school he could see that there was a crowd of fellows in the quad. He would have to run the gauntlet of them.

"I'll shoot through them like lightning!" muttered Knox. "Then they won't have a chance to see what a state I'm in."

Taggles, the school porter, was sweeping up the leaves in the gateway. He obstructed the entrance.

Knox rang his bell furiously. "Out of the way, you fool!"

Either Taggles was deaf, or he shammed deafness. Anyway, he didn't move.

Knox was coming along at such a

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

A LONG NEW TALE OF ST. JIM'S.

:: By MARTIN CLIFFORD. ::

NEXT TUESDAY

"A FALSE ALARM!"

pace that he was unable to pull up in time.

He swerved to one side in order to avoid Taggles, and he succeeded. But he did not avoid the porter's broom. It got in the way of his front wheel, and before Knox could realise what was happening, he was pitched clean over the handlebars.

There was a shout from Tom Merry & Co., who witnessed the calamity.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "Knox is giving us an acrobatic performance!"

"Didn't know he was a trick cyclist!" said Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Just look at the bike!" exclaimed Manners. "It seems to be slightly bent!"

Knox had alighted on all fours on the flagstones, and beyond a severe shaking he was uninjured.

The bicycle had gone farther and fared worse. It had swerved aside, and dashed into one of the massive school gates, which stood open.

The gate survived the collision, but the bike didn't. It was not merely "slightly bent," as Manners had expressed it. It was twisted and contorted into a shapeless mass.

The machine, which had been in perfect condition only an hour previously, was now only fit for the scrap-heap.

Knox picked himself up, and surveyed the wreckage. Then he gave a groan.

"My new bike!" he muttered. "That's fifteen guineas gone west!"

"Which you should 'ave been more careful, Master Knox!" said Taggles.

Knox spun round angrily upon the school porter.

"It was your fault, you priceless idiot!" he hooted. "You wouldn't get out of the way when I rang my bell, and you wouldn't shift your blessed broom!"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Oh, shut up! You'd better fade away into your lodge, before I do you an injury!"

Taggles didn't like the expression on Knox's mud-bespinkled face. He promptly "faded."

Knox was still surveying the battered bicycle, when an athletic figure in cap and gown came striding down to the school gates. It was Mr. Railton.

"Knox!" thundered the Housemaster.

"Sir?"

"How dare you take the liberty of borrowing my bicycle without permission?"

"W-w-what!" gasped Knox.

"You have not only had the effrontery to do that, but you have smashed the machine beyond repair!"

For a moment Knox's head seemed to swim.

"But it—it isn't your bike, sir!" he managed to stutter. "It's mine!"

"Nonsense! This machine arrived for me this morning, from the Wayland Cycle Works. I left it outside the School House entrance, whilst I went in to speak to Dr. Holmes, and when I came out, the bicycle had disappeared."

Knox looked dazed.

"I—I made sure it was my bike, sir," he stammered. "I ordered one myself from the Wayland Cycle Works."

"No doubt," said Mr. Railton. "A machine arrived at the school only half an hour since, addressed to you."

"My hat!"

"So it is your Housemaster's machine you have smashed up—not your own," said Mr. Railton. "I can see, now, that you acted in ignorance. But I shall have to ask you to make good the damage."

"Oh crumbs!"

"The machine looks to me to be beyond repair," said the Housemaster. "If this proves to be the case, then you will have to pay for a new bicycle."

Knox gave a hollow groan.

"How came you to be in that muddy state, Knox?" demanded Mr. Railton.

"I was pushed into a ditch, sir, by three young villains—"

"Moderate your expressions, Knox. Who were the boys to whom you refer?"

"Merry, Manners, and Lowther, sir."

"Very well. I will make inquiries into the matter."

The Housemaster did so. And when he found that the Terrible Three had been acting on Kildare's instructions, he let them go unpunished.

As for Knox, he was in a fuming, tearing rage for the rest of that day.

Having had a much-needed bath, he awaited the return of Baggy Trimble.

"I'll simply smash him when he turns up!" snarled the enraged prefect. "He was the cause of all the trouble. If he hadn't bagged that bike in the first place, all this wouldn't have happened."

Knox waited long and impatiently for Baggy Trimble to appear. But he waited in vain.

Baggy could guess that Knox was in a homicidal frame of mind. And he kept out of harms way. Wild horses would not have dragged Baggy into the presence of Knox just then.

As Gerald Knox had taken up his station at the school gateway, Baggy Trimble deemed it advisable to enter St. Jim's by the back entrance. As the fat junior was crossing the Close with stealthy footsteps, he bumped into the Terrible Three, who were taking a stroll.

"Someone looking for you, Baggy, my infant!" grinned Monty Lowther.

"Ow! Is it Knox?" asked Baggy Trimble plaintively.

"That is the gentleman who requires to see you," said Tom Merry. "I think he is a little wild about somebody borrowing his bike."

"Yow! Don't let him see me!" said Baggy. "He might use his ashplant."

"He might," said Manners laughingly. "I should make yourself as little as possible. We won't give you away, you fat bounder!"

Baggy heaved a sigh of relief and made a dash for the School House and disappeared inside.

So the prefect was baulked of his prey, and he retired fuming to his study.

Next day he found himself confronted with a bill for fifteen guineas, which he was obliged to forward to his father, since he could not pay it himself. And Mr. Knox waxed wroth, and threatened to cut off his son's supply of pocket-money for some time to come.

It was rather rough on Knox, in a way. But Tom Merry & Co. had no sympathy for him. Knox was a bully and a bounder, and whenever he came a cropper, as on this occasion, he was only getting his just deserts.

Thus ended the cycling comedy—though Gerald Knox would have preferred to call it a cycling tragedy!

THE END.

*(There will be another grand, long complete story of Tom Merry & Co., the chums of St. Jim's, entitled "A False Alarm!" by Martin Clifford, in next week's bumper issue. Meantime, go to your newsagent and order a copy of the "Gem" Library, our grand Wednesday companion paper, in which there will be a splendid long complete story dealing with the further adventures of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's.)*

**THE COMPANION PAPERS.**  
**THIS WEEK'S GRAND**  
**FREE GIFTS!**

In this week's issue of the "Magnet" is presented a **FREE REAL ACTION PHOTO** of the famous English International centre-forward, **J. G. COCK**, of Chelsea F.C.

In the "Boys' Friend" is given away a splendid **REAL PHOTO** of **FRANK GODDARD**, the well-known English boxer.

In this issue of the "Popular" you will have received a splendid **COLOURED ENGINE PLATE** of a monster locomotive of the South African Railway.

In the "Gem" Library will be given away **TWO REAL PHOTOS** of **J. EWART**, of Bradford City F.C., and **T. BOYLE**, of Burnley F.C.

**MOST IMPORTANT!**

If you have not already done so, place an order with your newsagent for copies of **ALL** the above-mentioned papers to be saved for you, and participate in

**THE COMPANION PAPERS' GRAND FREE GIFTS!**

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT TUESDAY!

**"A FALSE ALARM!"**

A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the Holiday Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., and Lord Mauleverer, of Greyfriars, entitled:—

**"The Mysterious Foe!"**

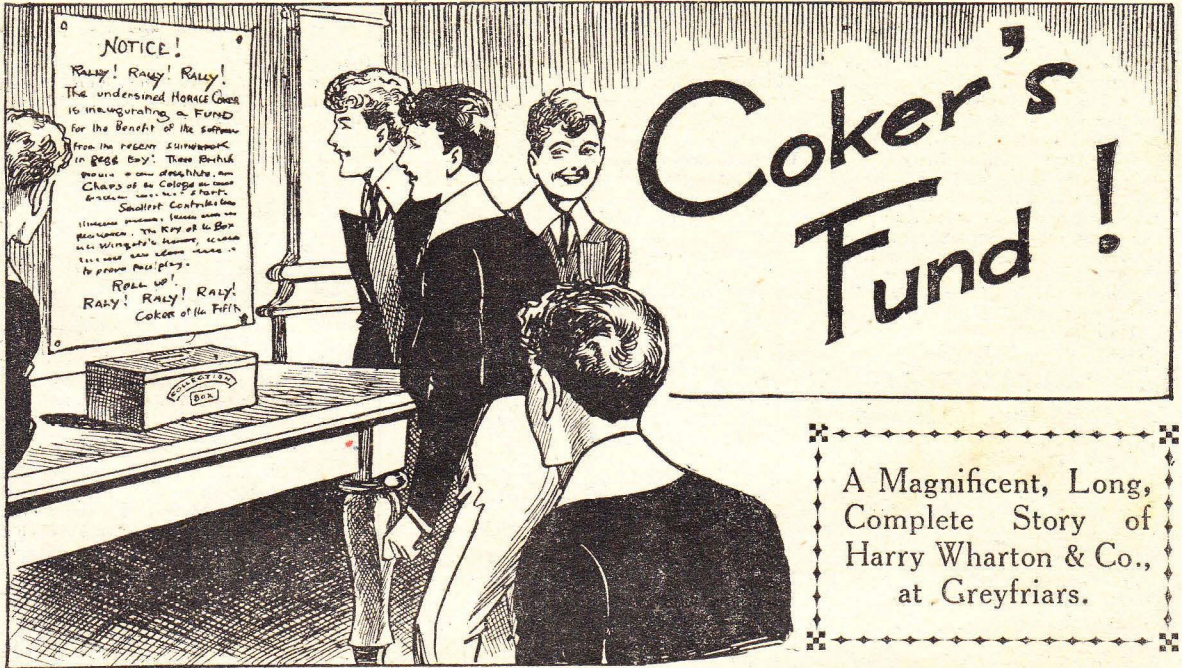
By **FRANK RICHARDS**,

in this week's issue of **THE MAGNET LIBRARY.**

**NOW ON SALE!**

A LONG NEW TALE OF ST. JIM'S. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

TELLING HOW HARRY WHARTON & CO. RESPOND TO HORACE COKER'S APPEAL FOR DONATIONS FOR HIS SHIPWRECKED SAILORS' RELIEF FUND!



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.

BY FRANK RICHARDS

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Coker's Idea!

"SOMETHING'S got to be did!" Horace Coker, of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, was very emphatic in that remark, though it was made to himself.

There had been a great storm the day before, and Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove had distinguished themselves by rescuing two white sailors and a lascar. Coker was very concerned about those sailors, and the morning after the storm he went in search of the five heroes.

He met the Famous Five in the Close, and nodded to them very genially and condescendingly.

"That was a jolly plucky thing you kids did yesterday," he said.

The juniors took off their hats all at once, and bowed to the ground before Coker.

"Thanks, mighty lord!" said Bob Cherry.

"It is a sufficient reward to have gained the notice of your noble lordship!" said Frank Nugent.

"The rewardfulness is terrific, great and ludicrous Coker!"

Coker frowned.

"Don't play the giddy goat!" he said.

"It was a plucky thing, though, of course, really, any fellow would have done it!"

"Of course, any fellow would!" agreed Wharton. "You'd have done it yourself, Coker. I know, if you'd had brains enough. But if you had gone out catching crabs, as you usually do, there would have been a Coker the less—"

"And we should have had to sing to one another: 'Oh, dry those tears!'" said Nugent, with a sob.

"And we should have put on the esteemed sackcloth and rashers for the august Coker!"

"Look here," said Coker, "don't be funny! I was going to say that you saved the lives of those chaps, and it's very creditable for you mere kids in a Lower Form. I've talked to the three chaps—their names are Johnson and Jones, and John Charles Henry, the nigger. They seem three decent sorts, and they've lost all their kit in the wreck. As the captain was the owner, and he went down, they're not likely to get any compensation. You didn't think of getting their traps ashore—"

"We didn't," agreed Wharton sorrowfully. "We were under the impression that there was no time for it. You see, we were in a hurry to catch the boat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I expect I should have managed it somehow if I had been there," said Coker; "but as the matter stands, the chaps are destitute. They've lost their traps, and their wages, and have nothing but the clothes they stand up in. I've got an idea. I think they ought to be helped. And I'm going to make a collection in the school for them."

"Well, that's not a bad idea," said Harry. "If we were in funds, we'd whack out willingly enough. We've got to find the tin somewhere to pay for the Cliff House boat. It was pretty well smashed to pieces, and it will cost a good bit to get it stuck together again. I'm going to write to my uncle about it. About your collection, Coker, old man, we'll do the best we can. I suppose every little helps."

"Right!" said Coker. "I've got a money-box with a key to it. I'll lock it, and hand the key to Wingate, so that it will be all right, though I hope nobody would suspect me of boning any of the tin. I'll stand the box in the hall with a notice on it. You fellows can tell the other kids—"

"The other what?"

"Kids!" said Coker. "And I shall expect all the fellows to roll up, and chuck something in. I'll go up and make the notice now."

And Coker, with a lofty nod, walked away to the School House. The chums of the Remove exchanged a grin.

"Kids," said Nugent reflectively, "Coker isn't exactly tactful when he's looking for subscriptions, is he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a jolly good idea to help those sailor chaps," Wharton remarked thoughtfully. "Sailormen don't get too well paid, you know, and a wreck like this leaves them stranded if they can't get compensation. They ought to be helped. But I think we ought to have the handling of the matter, not Coker. Coker's an ass!"

"A frabjous, burbling ass!" the other fellows agreed heartily.

Whether Horace Coker's collection was to be a success or not, the great man of the Fifth was certainly losing no time with it. When the Famous Five went in, they found the money-box on the hall-stand, with a notice pinned over it, in the sprawling handwriting and entirely original orthography of Coker of the Fifth. Coker had a minor who was uncannily clever, and was in the Sixth Form at Greyfriars. But Coker's acquaintances said that all the brains handed out to the Coker family had been bestowed on Reggie Coker. Certainly

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

ANSWERS EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY PLAYERS!" A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

Coker had reached the Fifth Form without mastering the mysteries of English spelling. His notice ran:

"NOTICE!

"Rally! Rally! Rally!

"The under-sined Horace Coker is inaugurating a Fund for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent shipwreck in Pegg Bay. Three British sailormen are quite destitute, and the Chaps of this College are called upon to subscribe to give them a start. Smallest contributions thankfully received; larger ones in proportion. The Key of this Box is in Wingate's hands, and the box will be opened in the presence of all the prefects, to prove fair play.

"Roll up!

"Raly! Raly! Raly!

"COKER OF THE FIFTH."

So ran the notice. Apparently Coker of the Fifth was in some doubt as to the exact allowance of "l's" in "rally," for he had put two in the first place, and only one in the second, getting one lot right, at all events.

The juniors chuckled gleefully over Coker's notice.

"Jolly good wheeze!" said Bolsover major. "I've got a shilling I'm going to put in. I've tried to pass it on Mrs. Mumble, and she won't take it; and I offered it to Gosling as a tip, and he wouldn't take it. I was going to keep it as a gift for a blind beggar, but I don't mind giving it to Coker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter as Bolsover major extracted his bad shilling from a recess of his pockets, and dropped it into the money-box.

Clink!

The sound of the falling coin reached Coker's ears, as he came down the passage. Coker looked very pleased.

"So you've started the ball rolling, you chaps!" he said heartily.

"Yes; I've begun with a shilling," said Bolsover major blandly. "I've been saving up that shilling for some occasion like this, and the fund is more than welcome to it, Coker!"

"Good for you!" said Coker heartily. "It's a noble object, my infant—to give those destitute sailormen a start, you know."

"Hear, hear!"

"It would give your Form-master a start if he saw your spelling," grinned Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker frowned.

"You let my spelling alone," he said. "That's all right. Besides," added Coker, with a hurried glance at the notice, "I know as well as you do that there are two 's's' in 'presence,' but I don't trouble about trifles like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shouldn't!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Do you know that there are two 'z's' in notice, Coker?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" said Coker. "Roll up with your subscriptions, and let the spelling alone. Hallo, Reggie! Got something for the fund?"

Reggie Coker, the great Coker's younger brother, came along with his gentle smile. Coker minor was in the Sixth, but there were few fellows in the Remove who could not have knocked him into a cocked hat in a "scrap," hence he received scant respect from the juniors. Fags in the Third would tap

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

Coker of the Sixth on the shoulder, and call him Reggie—when Coker of the Fifth was not by.

Reggie Coker admired his major's brawn and muscle, as much as Horace admired his minor's great brain powers. The brothers were very greatly attached to one another, and Horace fought all Reggie's battles. They would never have been fought at all if Horace had not fought them.

Coker of the Sixth dropped a half-crown into the box.

"Good for you, Reggie!" said Coker, giving his minor a friendly tap on the shoulder that made him stagger. "There's an example for you fellows from the Sixth!"

"Rally!" said Bob Cherry. "I mean rally!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And—perhaps under the influence of Coker minor's example—a good many of the fellows rolled up, and contributions clinked into the money-box—many and varied contributions, consisting chiefly of trousers' buttons, with a mingling of shirt buttons and pen-nibs and battered and defaced coins that had been refused at the tuckshop.

#### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

##### Rallying!

"I SAY, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer quickened his pace a little. Mauleverer, the champion slacker of the Remove, generally proceeded at a stroll, even when he was late for lessons or call-over—as he frequently was. But he quickened his pace whenever Billy Bunter was on his track. The dread of being buttonholed by Bunter was the only thing that could make the slacker of the Remove buck up.

But Billy Bunter was not to be shaken off easily. He quickened his pace, too, and caught Mauleverer by the sleeve.

"I say, Mauly, old man, stop a minute!"

"Oh, begad!"

Lord Mauleverer was Mauly to his friends, but he did not count William George Bunter among the number. But Billy Bunter was pally with his lordship, whether his lordship liked it or not. Bunter did not see that it required two to make a bargain.

"About that quid, Mauly!" said Billy Bunter. "I suppose, if I find it, I may regard it as a loan until my postal-order comes?"

"Yaas."

"Thanks. I've been looking for it again, but it hasn't turned up," said Bunter. "Of course, it's bound to come to light in the long run."

"Yaas."

"So I suppose it wouldn't make any difference to you, Mauly, if you handed me another quid now, and I hand you back that one when I find it?"

"Yaas."

"Eh?"

"Yaas."

"Look here, Mauly. Will you lend me another quid now, and I'll go and look for that one again presently? You know, I want to make a contribution to Coker's fund. It's a very deserving thing, you know—destitute sailormen and things. Don't you think so?"

"Yaas."

"Then you won't object to handing me the quid now?"

"Yaas."

"Look here, you ass!" bawled Billy Bunter. "Do you mean to say that you won't trust me with a quid?"

"Yaas."

And Lord Mauleverer gently detached

his arm from Bunter's fat fingers and walked away, leaving the fat junior blinking after him angrily.

"Well, of all the rotters!" growled Bunter. "After all I've done for him, too. Pah!"

And Bunter rolled away, disconsolate. He had hunted high and low for that lost pound note, but he had not succeeded in finding it. Doubtless it had been blown into some hole or cranny, where the short-sighted Owl of the Remove failed to perceive it. And he did not know exactly where he had dropped it, either, and the Close of Greyfriars was a wide ground to cover with a minute search. It would have been much simpler to get another pound note from the schoolboy earl, and it was very exasperating that Lord Mauleverer did not see it in the same light.

Billy Bunter brightened up at the sight of Coker in the Close. He bore down upon Coker with an agreeable grin on his fat features.

"I say, Horace, old man——" he began.

"Rats!" said Coker, surveying the Owl of the Remove with great disdain. "If you call me Horace, I'll dot you on your nose, you cheeky young rotter!"

"Ahem! It's about the fund, Horace—your fund for the destitute sailormen——"

"Oh!" said Coker, his expression altering a little. "If you want to make a contribution, you'll find the box in the hall."

"Good! I know where to find the box, but I don't quite know where to find the money," Bunter explained. "I've got a postal-order coming to-morrow, but that will be too late. I'm strictly opposed to borrowing, as a rule, but I thought I might borrow ten bob of a fellow, and let him have my postal-order for it to-morrow. Do you think I should be justified?"

"Certainly!" said Coker.

"Then you'll lend me the ten bob?"

"Eh?"

"Lend me the ten bob——"

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Coker.

And Coker playfully knocked Billy Bunter's cap over his spectacles, and walked away. The Owl of the Remove replaced his cap and set his spectacles straight, and snorted. He was still snorting when the Famous Five came by, and Bob Cherry gave him a gentle dig in the ribs that made him gasp.

"Wherefore that frowning brow, Bunter darling?" asked Bob.

Bunter growled angrily.

"It's that beast Coker! I want to make a contribution to his fund, and he won't lend me ten bob, though I've promised him my postal-order to-morrow for it. I want to make a contribution, you know. I don't want to be left out of this. It's in the cause of charity, and you chaps know what a charitable chap I am!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You'd borrow anything for the poor and needy, wouldn't you?" grinned Bob Cherry. "But there's only one poor and needy person—W. G. Bunter."

"Oh, really Cherry! Look here, I want to put in something, you know. Have you fellows been making contributions?"

"Yes."

"You might lend me something to contribute, then."

"You'd like to put in the same as I've done?" asked Bob.

"Yes; that would do." Bunter's eyes involuntarily wandered towards the tuckshop as he spoke. It was pretty evident where his contributions would be

made if he succeeded in raising a loan.  
 "Hand me ten bob."  
 "I didn't put in ten bob."  
 "Well, give me as much as you put in."  
 "The same thing will do?" asked Bob.  
 "Yes, yes!"  
 "Exactly the same thing?"  
 "Oh, certainly! Yes," said Bunter eagerly; and he held out a fat hand.  
 "Right-ho! I'll do that. You're sure you're going to put it in the box for the fund, and not take it to the tuckshop?"  
 "Oh, really, you know—"

"Well, you shall have it."  
 Bob Cherry searched through his pockets. Bunter watched him eagerly. He could hardly believe in his good luck.

"Here you are!" said Bob, finding at last the object he was in search of. He placed it in Bunter's fat palm.

The Owl of the Remove blinked at it. It was a bone jacket-button.

"W-w-w-what's that?" gasped Bunter.  
 "Same as my contribution to Coker's fund," said Bob Cherry blandly.

And the chums of the Remove chuckled and walked away, leaving Billy Bunter still staring blankly at the button in his palm.

"How's the fund getting on, Coker?" Harry Wharton asked, as they met Coker of the Fifth.

Coker gave a beaming smile.  
 "Ripping!" he said. "Nearly every minute you can hear the box clinking. Fellows are simply rolling up with their contributions."

"Oh, good! You'll be able to buy old age pensions for sailors."

"Well, it won't quite run to that," said Coker. "But there will be pounds and pounds. Have you fellows put something in?"

"Yes, rather!"  
 "Of course, we don't expect much from you fags," said Coker condescendingly. "But shillings and sixpences count up, in the long run, you know."

"I hope you don't mean to insinuate that you think I put in a shilling or a sixpence, Coker," said Bob Cherry indignantly.

"I suppose you didn't put in a quid?" said Coker, laughing.

"Well, no, not a quid. Still, it wasn't a sixpence, or a shilling, either."

"Well, the more the merrier," said Coker. "It will be a pleasant surprise for the sailormen when they get what's in that box, won't it?"

And Coker nodded, and went into the House to see how his fund was getting on. The chums of the Remove grinned at one another.

"It will be a surprise for the sailormen when they get what's in that box. I've no doubt about that," Nugent remarked. "I'm not so sure about the pleasantness of the surprise, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!

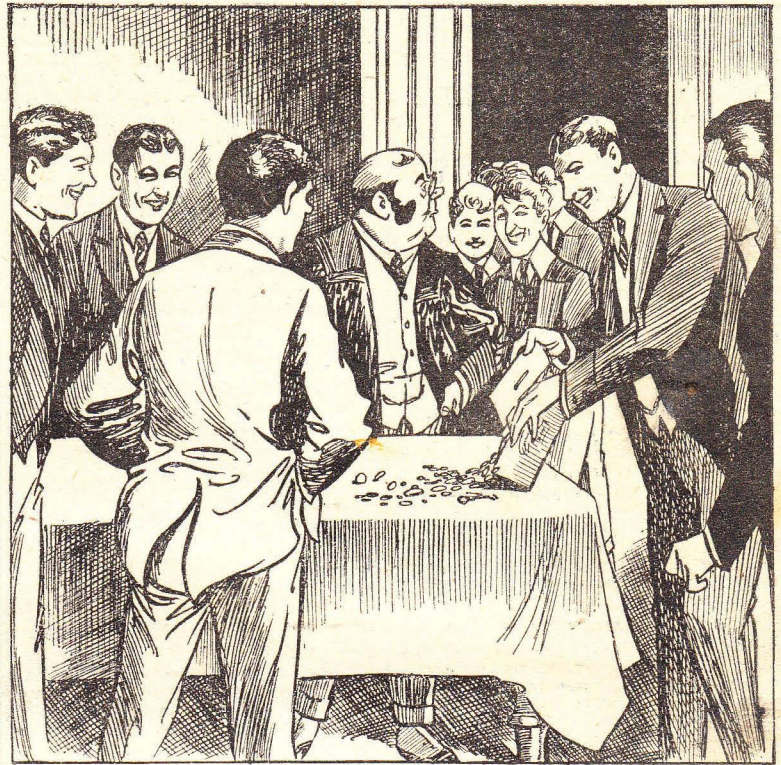
That pleasant sound greeted Coker's ears as he entered the House. Skinner of the Remove was at the money-box. Coker tapped him on the shoulder, and Skinner looked round quickly and turned rather red.

"Piling it in, eh?" said Coker good-humouredly.

"Ye-es," said Skinner.  
 "That's right! It's for a good cause, kid."

"That's why I'm doing it, Coker," said Skinner solemnly. "I'm glad you're pleased."

Coker looked very pleased as he walked away. He had not expected fellows to rally round the fund in this generous way, especially fellows like Skinner.



**A CURIOUS COLLECTION!** "Now look out for the circus!" murmured Skinner. The lid of the collection-box was raised, and the contents poured out on the table. There was a gasp from Coker. "Oh, my hat!" There were several coins in the collection, and a considerable number of buttons, pen-nibs, curtain-rings, and fragments of pencils! (See Chapter 3.)

Skinner of the Remove was not supposed to be generous with money; in fact, he had a reputation of being rather mean. It only showed that you never really knew a fellow, was Coker's reflection. Here was Skinner of the Remove, supposed to be a mean chap, dropping contributions galore into the money-box for the fund. It was really quite touching.

Skinner looked after Coker with a grin. "It's so pleasant to make one's schoolfellows happy, isn't it, Bolsover?" he remarked. "And especially if you've happened to find an old bunch of keys. Fancy pleasing Coker by dropping half a dozen old keys into his money-box! Queer world, ain't it?"

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**A Curious Collection!**

**M**R PROUT, the master of the Fifth, found Coker very inattentive that afternoon in class.

Coker was never distinguished for his scholastic attainments, and he had never been celebrated for attention to work. But just now he was quite indifferent to class business, and he turned a deaf ear to Mr. Prout, and that gentleman called him to order at last.

"May I beg you to observe, Coker," said Mr. Prout, in his tone of the most polished sarcasm, "that you are in the Form-room now, and not on the cricket-field? It is a common custom, when in class, to pay some slight attention to lessons. Some slight attention, you will observe—a mere trifle, of course, in comparison with the thought you bestow upon getting runs in a cricket-match."

The Fifth chuckled at the joke!

"Eh!" said Coker. "Did you speak to me, sir?"

"Really, Coker," said Mr. Prout, with great asperity, "this is intolerable!"

"Sorry, sir!" said Coker. "I was thinking!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Prout. "I am glad to hear it—very glad. Such unaccustomed exercise of your mental powers, my dear Coker, is greatly to be commended. I suppose it would be too much to hope, however, that you were thinking of your lessons?"

The Fifth did not chuckle this time, not being sure that this was a joke.

"It's about my fund, sir," said Coker. "The fact is, sir, I'm getting up a fund for the shipwrecked sailors at Pegg, sir, and I've been thinking out what ought to be done with the money. Perhaps you'd give me some advice, sir."

Mr. Prout softened.

"Well, that is certainly a very good and generous action, Coker," he said. "I shall be very pleased to give you advice. But pray leave the consideration till after lessons. There is a time for all things."

But Mr. Prout was very gentle with Coker after that. And when the Fifth were dismissed, Coker stayed behind a minute or two to speak to the Form-master.

"You—er—wished for my advice, Coker?" said Mr. Prout.

"Yes, sir," said Coker. As a matter of fact, Coker didn't. But, after all, it gave the fund more eclat to have a Form-master concerned in the affair. "You see, sir, I expected only a small sum to be collected, but the fellows have been rolling up like anything. I've seen

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

even small kids is the Third and Second putting things into the box. Of course, mostly coppers, I suppose; but every little helps."

"Quite so, Coker. And you think that the collection will amount to a sum of considerable magnitude?"

"Yes, sir. That's what I was thinking about. As there is a large sum raised, instead of the small one I expected, I don't know whether it ought to be handed over in cash to the seamen. You see, sir, they might be tempted to spend it on riotous living, especially as they are now living in a public-house. I thought perhaps it might be invested for them, and made quite safe."

"A very good idea, Coker," said Mr. Prout—"a very good idea, indeed. I shall be very pleased to help you decide when the amount of the collection is ascertained."

"Thank you very much, sir! I think the box ought to be opened now. Every fellow has had a chance of putting in his little bit. Wingate has agreed to open it in the prefects' room, in the presence of the prefects, sir, as a guarantee of fair play. Perhaps you would not mind being present?"

"Certainly, Coker."

They proceeded to the hall. Bolsover minor of the Third Form was bending over the money-box, cramming something in which was apparently too large for the opening. The fag skilfully concealed a curtain-ring in his sleeve as he caught sight of Coker, and vanished. Coker lifted the box. It was a good-sized box, and it weighed a great deal now that it was full—and it was evidently full. Coker beamed.

"Feel the weight of it, sir!" he said.

Mr. Prout felt the weight of the box.

"Very heavy!" he said.

"Even if it's mostly coppers, sir, there will be a good bit of money in that," said Coker.

"Undoubtedly."

"I'll carry it to the prefects' room."

And Coker marched off with the prize. There were smiles among the fellows who saw him go. They anticipated a surprise for Coker when the box was opened.

Wingate of the Sixth had the key, and he had agreed to open the box. Two or three good-natured prefects had assembled to witness the ceremony.

The box was placed on the table.

"Will you open it, Wingate, please?" said Coker.

"Right!" said the Greyfriars' captain.

A crowd of juniors were looking in at the open door. They were smiling. Loder made an angry gesture to them.

"Clear off, you kids!" he said.

"We want to see the show!" said Johnny Bull.

"Look here—"

"Oh, let them remain," said Mr. Prout generously. "Naturally the juniors wish to know how much money has been raised by their generous efforts, Loder."

Loder growled under his breath, but he could not gainsay a Form-master. The juniors remained in the doorway, looking on with great interest at the opening ceremony. Wingate produced the key and inserted it in the lock of the money-box.

Click!

"Now look out for the circus," murmured Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout looked round in surprise at the juniors.

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

"My dear boys," he said, "this is not a laughing matter. Coker's idea was a noble and generous one, and it seems to have been responded to in the same generous spirit by the boys of this school. Pray be serious."

The lid of the box was raised, and the contents poured out on the table.

There was a gasp from Coker and a chuckle from Wingate. The prefects looking on all grinned.

"Oh, my hat!" said Coker.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Prout.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a curious collection.

There were several coins—a couple of half-crowns, two or three shillings, some sixpences, and a little heap of coppers.

But the greater part of the collection consisted of buttons of all sorts and sizes, and there were a considerable number of old keys, broken pen-nibs, curtain-rings, fragments of pencils, and pebbles.

The total value of the cash was about ten shillings.

The value of the rest—the greater part of the collection—was nothing at all.

Coker's dreams of forty or fifty pounds faded away all of a sudden.

The Fifth-Former's face was a study as he gazed at the collection.

Mr. Prout was very pink.

"Ahem!" murmured Mr. Prout.

"There seems to have been—ahem!—something humorous in the ideas of the—ahem!—contributors, Coker! I do not think—ahem!—that it will be possible to find an investment for that collection, Coker."

And Mr. Prout rustled away.

Coker could not speak for a moment.

"Ten bob!" said Loder, with a laugh.

"Well, that will provide the destitute sailormen with drinks all round, Coker."

"It's a shame!" said Wingate, laughing. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "The—the rotters! Oh! That ten bob was nearly all put up by my minor and me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take that rubbish away!" said Wingate. "I'm afraid you're not exactly the person to make a successful collection for a charity, Coker. You had better take a plate round next time, so that you can see what the fellows contribute."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker glared at the grinning prefects, and glared at the collection. Then he gathered up the money and the money-box and stamped away.

"Don't leave this rubbish here!" called out Loder.

Coker snorted.

"Oh, you can have that!" he said.

And he stamped out of the prefects' room. He glared at the juniors, who were howling with laughter.

"You rotters! You young rascals! I—I—I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all right, Coker," said Bob Cherry consolingly, "this job's rather above your weight, you know. We're going to take it in hand, and make a success of it!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific, my esteemed and ludicrous Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker charged at the crowd of juniors, who scattered, still yelling with laughter. And then the hero of the Fifth stalked away to his study, in great dudgeon. And in ten minutes all Greyfriars was chuckling over the story of Coker's collection.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### The Remove Takes it Up!

"COKER has made a muck of it, as usual!" Nugent remarked, in Study No. 1, where the chums of the Remove had met in council. "But something is going to be done."

"Hear, hear!"

"And it's up to the Remove—that is to say, us!" said Harry Wharton.

"Our noble, esteemed, and ludicrous selves!" said Hurree Jamsset Iam Singh.

"The best idea on hand is a charity performance by the Junior Dramatic Society," said Harry Wharton. "All agreed?"

"Hear, hear!"

"I've called the members together," said Harry. "They'll be along here soon. I don't see why a really good play, really well played, shouldn't be a howling success."

"Why not?" said Johnny Bull. "Only what about the takings?"

"They will all go to the fund for the destitute sailors, of course."

"I don't mean that. I mean, will there be any takings?"

"Of course there will, ass, if we charge for admission."

"If anybody comes!" said Bull.

"If Bull is going to throw cold water on the scheme at the start—" began the president of the Junior Amateur Dramatic Club warmly.

"Not at all," protested Johnny Bull. "But we ought to arrange about the audience before we rehearse a play. No good playing a really good play really well, to a set of empty chairs, you know."

"Well, the good of the cause will make a lot of the fellows roll up," said Harry: "and if we give them their money's worth, why shouldn't they pay for admission?"

"We'll give them Shakespeare, done as Shakespeare should be done," said Nugent.

"Hear, hear!"

"But Wharton suggests giving them their money's worth!" said Johnny Bull.

"Won't Shakespeare be their money's worth, fathead?" roared the incensed members of the Amateur Dramatic Club.

"I don't think they'll think so. Shakespeare is above their heads—and mine. If you want to get in the money, and I suppose you do—"

"Yes, ass!"

"Well, then, have something comic, with ragtime in it."

"Rats!" said all the dramatists together.

There was certainly a slight doubt as to how Greyfriars would receive Shakespeare from the Junior Dramatic Club. But to descend from Shakespeare to ragtime was asking altogether too much. It would be from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the bare idea was not to be entertained for a moment.

"I think we'd better settle on Shakespeare," said Wharton, with dignity. "I suppose no member of this club wants to give an exhibition of the turkey-trot or the gargyle glide?"

"No fear!"

"The play's the thing," said Bob Cherry. "Shakespeare or the higher drama?"

"I admit that some of the fellows are fed up on Shakespeare," said Wharton.

"What about the higher drama?"

"Ahem!" said the members.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"THE SCHOOLBOY PLAYERS!"

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

"Where do you get higher dramas?" asked Johnny Bull suspiciously. "Might be able to get them on hire-purchase," suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The president frowned. "This is not a funny meeting," he said.

"Isn't it?" said Johnny Bull, in surprise. "My mistake! Go on!"

"Look here, Bull—"

"Look here, fathead—"

"Well, you know my opinion," said Johnny Bull obstinately. "Ragtime is the thing to catch the public—comic songs and things. Every fellow who's going to be allowed to join in the chorus will pay to come in. But you won't get anybody to lay down a bob to hear Nugent ask Bob wherefore he is Romeo."

"You're a Philistine," said Wharton—"a fatheaded Philistine! There's something due to the dignity of the dramatic art."

"Oh crikey!" said Johnny Bull. There was a bump at the door, and the other members of the Junior Amateur Dramatic Club came in. There were a good many of them, and the study was pretty well crowded when they were all inside.

"Any gentleman got any suggestions to make for the play to be given in aid of the fund for the destitute sailormen?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, rather!" said all the members at once.

"Don't all speak together—take it in turns," said Bob Cherry.

"Well, said Bulstrode, "I was thinking of 'Hamlet.' I should be willing to play the part of Hamlet."

"Go hon! Next!"

"Othello" was my idea," said Elliott. "I know Othello's part, and I could do it down to the ground—though I say it."

"Next!"

"Sure, I was thinking of 'The Merchant of Venice,'" said Micky Desmond. "I've got Shylock's part by heart, and sure I'll give ye a specimen—"

"Next man!"

"Hould on! I'll show ye how I do it, and you can decide whether it's first class or not," said Micky, his tone implying that it was first class in his opinion, and that he was prepared to disregard all other opinions.

"I'll have me bond; spake not against me bond."

"Sure, I've sworn an oath that I will have me bond—"

"Shut up!" said all the members together.

"Sure, and I—"

"Next man in!" roared Wharton.

"What about a sketch of Lancashire life?" asked Mark Linley, who came from that great county. "I could coach you in the dialect—"

"Thanks! Next man!"

"I've got a better idea than a rotten play," said Ogilvy. "Why not a series of Scotch dances and songs—the special point about the performance to be that it is entirely Scotch?"

"Go home! Any more ideas, you fellows?"

"Leave it to me," said Morgan. "I saw some recitals when I was in London last vac., and it struck me that a recital might be given here with splendid effect."

"What do you mean by a recital?"

"One chap does it all, you know, or nearly all—gives songs one after another. I have a set of Welsh songs, look you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, we're likely to sit round like hens in a barnyard and leave you all the show," said Nugent wrathfully.

"But look you—"

"Br-r-r-r! Rats!"

"Get out!"

"Cheese it!"

"Gentlemen," said Wharton, "all the suggestions we have received from members of the club turning out to be piffle—"

"Hear, hear!"

"It's up to the president to put it through. I think we're bound to stick to Shakespeare or the higher drama, at all events."

"You'll have to pay the fellows to come in," said Johnny Bull, "and what good will that do the fund?"

"Order!"

"And I may say," said Wharton, with a glare at Johnny Bull, "that I think the higher drama is the thing. Shakespeare, like the poor, is always with us! It would be the right thing to give the higher drama a leg-up, so to speak."

"Hear, hear!"

"But what the dickens is the higher drama?" asked Bulstrode.

"My dear chap, if you don't know what the higher drama is—"

"Well, what is it?" demanded Bulstrode.

"The higher drama," said Wharton—"the higher drama is—the higher drama, of course."

"Oh, I see!" said Bulstrode sarcastically. "That's quite clear."

"Something really modern," explained Nugent, "without any plot or action, and hardly any characters. What characters there are simply talk to one another and argue over social problems that only exist in books."

"That's it," said Harry. "You write a play round a problem. For instance, a mill-owner owns a mill. His eldest son becomes a strike leader. What ought they both to do under the circumstances? They talk to one another through three acts, and don't get any nearer a solution at the end than at the beginning. That's the higher drama."

"Sounds to me like silly rot!" said Tom Brown.

"Well, I suppose it is rot, when you come to think of it," admitted Wharton.

"But it catches on, you know, as a change from the common-sense that people have been accustomed to for a long time."

"Why not play something of Ibsen's?" said Nugent. "It would give the Dramatic Club a lot of kudos to play Ibsen."

"Hum! I don't think the Head would allow it," said Harry. "Ibsen's subjects are rather—rather beastly, besides being idiotic. But we might write a higher drama ourselves."

"My hat!"

"On the lines of a Norwegian drama, you know," said Harry eagerly. "Quite up to date, and bristling with problems in chunks. For instance, look here! I could write it. In fact, anybody could write an Ibsen drama."

Harry Wharton took a pen and a sheet of impot paper, and sketched out a scene for the drama. The juniors watched him curiously. Most of them had heard of Ibsen, but they had never read the works of the great Scandinavian. Wharton had seen some volumes by chance at his uncle's house, and had looked through them on a rainy afternoon in the holidays. Hence his unexpected knowledge of the higher drama.

Wharton's pen moved rapidly over the paper, and the scene grew.

"Read it out," said Nugent.

"Listen, you fellows!" And Wharton read out his Ibsen drama. "Scene one.

Scene: A Fjord in Norway.

Characters: The Banker Skagrack, the banker's wife, and Slackrags, the clerk.

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'It is now ten years ago!'

"Mr. Skagrack: 'Ten years.'

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'Yes. Ah, yes!'

"Mr. Skagrack: 'Ten long years.'

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'Precisely ten years.'

"Mr. Skagrack: 'Ah!'

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'Oh!'

"Mr. Skagrack: 'For those ten years, Elsa, we have been together, you and I.'

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'You and I—you and I! Ah, Eyolf! Should you not rather say, I and you?'

"Mr. Skagrack, giving a sudden start: 'I and you, Elsa.'

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'Is it not so, Eyolf?'

"Mr. Skagrack: 'Indeed you are right. Yet should we not rather say, neither I and you, nor you and I, but both? For who can truly say, Elsa, that the self—the Ego—should ever take the precedence of the inwardness of the Other. Yet why should the Other be before the One? Is it you who are with me, or I who am with you? Are we both with one another, or are we, indeed, one another with both? Who shall solve that problem, Elsa?'

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'Who indeed, Eyolf?'

"Mr. Skagrack: 'Ah!'

"Mrs. Skagrack: 'Oh!'

"That's all I've done, so far," said Wharton, pausing and gazing at the astonished juniors.

"But does it mean anything?" demanded Bulstrode.

"There's supposed to be hidden meanings in it," explained Wharton. "It's symbolical. It can symbolise anything you like. Every chap in the audience has a different idea as to what it symbolises, so all are satisfied."

"Oh!"

"The only thing is, it might be above the heads of our audience," said Wharton.

"Perhaps we'd better stick to the lower drama, then," said Bulstrode sarcastically. "Chaps are old-fashioned, you know, and might like to have something with some meaning in it."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, it's either the higher drama or Shakespeare," said Harry Wharton. "I leave it to the club to decide."

And the club decided with one voice: "Shakespeare!"

Harry Wharton grunted. Apparently the Remove did not think much of his ideas of a play.

Then the juniors searched the school for copies of King John, the play which they decided would about fill the bill.

What Coker would say when he realised that the Remove was going to take up the job of assisting the shipwrecked sailors, the cheerful juniors neither knew nor cared.

But it was certain Coker would be ratty, to say the least of it!

THE END.

(Another long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "The Schoolboy Players," in next week's issue.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

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

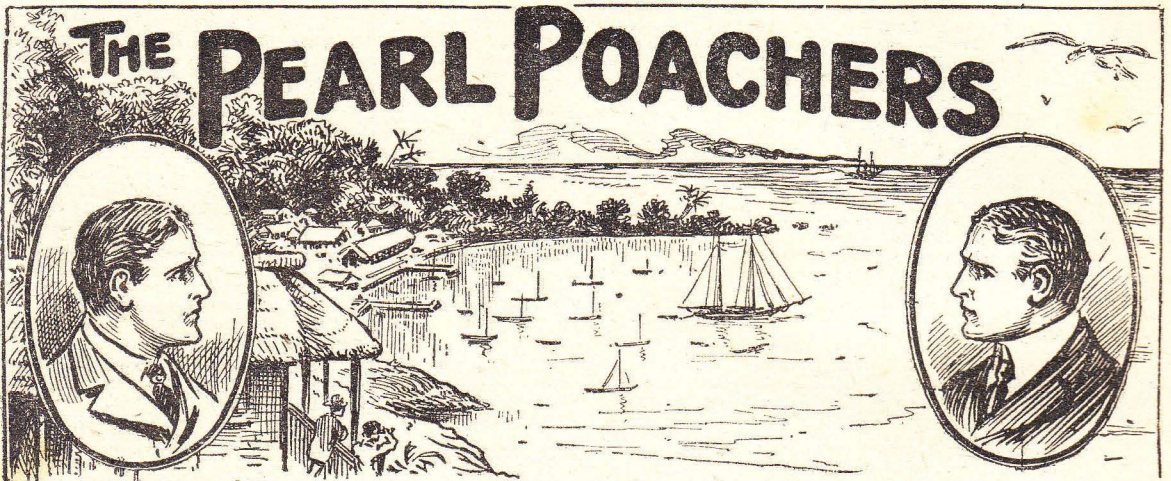
NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE SCHOOLBOY PLAYERS!"

..

..

ANOTHER SERIAL OF THE FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE ADVENTURER, FERRERS LORD, WHICH YOU WILL ENJOY READING! START TO-DAY!



A Grand New Serial, introducing Ferrers Lord, the Millionaire Adventurer, Ching Lung & Co., and the Daring Pearl Raider, Harper Blaise, the Terror of the South Seas.

**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.

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 Ferrers Lord's yacht leaves the station Ching Lung arrives, with Hal Honour and Gan Waga, in the prince's yacht. They hear of Donelan's daring scheme, and take him a prisoner. After a skirmish with the mysterious raider, in which they are torpedoed, they discover Ferrers Lord marooned on an island. Owing to the condition of the yacht, Ching Lung & Co. cannot leave the lagoon in which they have been trapped, so they commence to fortify themselves against an attack of the raider.

(Now read on.)

there's any disorder there'll be some shooting."

There was no disorder. The logs seemed to have been caught in an eddy, and for a time it looked as if they would go aground at the end of the island.

The crowded boats pulled away and came back. Ferrers Lord picked up a rifle, gave a quick glance ahead, and saw the logs drift back into the centre of the channel.

"It will be safer ashore, Honour," he said to the engineer. "We shall have some unpleasant visitors if we wait much longer."

He gave Ching Lung the honour of being the last man to leave the yacht. The searchlights still shone out as they hurried up the beach. Suddenly, in an uncanny way, as if directed by some mysterious agency, the logs bunched themselves together and moved forward, feeling the full strength of the current. They struck against the rope to which the floating mines were attached. It sagged, but held against the strain for a second or two, and then seemed to snap. Then came a roar and an uprush of flame and water, and the Chinamen, clasping their hands over their heads, scuttled farther inland.

Crash followed crash as more of the mines exploded. Ferrers Lord, Ching Lung, O'Rooney, Gan Waga, and Hal Honour lay down and watched the yacht, with the streaming searchlights fore and aft. It was still now, except for the gurgling of the water and the rustle of the winds in the palms and an occasional jingling sound as a couple of the mines collided.

"Phew!" Ching Lung pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "This is touch and go, isn't it, Chief? It can't be very good for the nerves!"

"Av she does go up, something will happen that will be a lot worse for the nerves, Hal," muttered Barry O'Rooney. "No grub and no wather!"

The engineer merely grunted and then went on smoking placidly. At last the millionaire stood up, with the rifle in his hand. He levelled the weapon and fired. Astern of the yacht a drifting mine exploded as the bullet struck it. On the crest of the wave that followed the explosion the millionaire saw a dark object. Shouting to the others to lie down, he dropped flat just as the mine was flung ashore. There was a terrific roar, and fragments of tin and scrap iron were hurled in all directions. The choking smoke blew inwards, and when it cleared Ferrers Lord was standing close to the edge of the water. By this time it was evident that the last of the mines must have grounded or drifted past, and O'Rooney heaved a thankful sigh.

"Bedad, gentlemen, Oi believe it's all clear," he remarked, "and the yacht isn't doomed to go up in the air this time! They tell

**Trouble for Ching Lung!**

**B**ARRY was correct about the swiftness of the tide, for an hour before high water it was running through the channel with great force. But the engineer did things so well, even when he had to do them hurriedly, that the prince felt sure that none of the mines would break away and float down upon the stranded yacht. They were not very deadly affairs, but one of them, if it exploded close to her, would be quite powerful enough to do serious damage.

With the cool breeze blowing, Gan Waga felt a great deal more comfortable. He climbed up to the bridge, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Ho, ho, hoo! It awful funniness to hears them, Chingy!" he said, with a chuckle. "Wow-oo-wow! Uha-balla-walla! Squeak, squeak! Just likes that!"

"Phwat d'ye mane—'ulla-balla-walla?' demanded Barry O'Rooney. "Phwat's got you now, blubberboiter? Who's wow-wowing and squeaking?"

"The Chief and old Jimmy," said the Eskimo. "The Chief he talk Jimmy's lingo, and it so funnifuls to hear I gotted to laughs!"

"Bedad, av ut's as funny as your own native lingo, ut would make a sick cow laugh!" said Barry. "Bad luck to the clumsy scoundrels!"

Something had happened to the forward searchlight. There was a sharp popping sound, and the light suddenly went out. Evidently the fuses had gone. Barry O'Rooney went down to see what could be

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE VENTRILOQUIST'S REVENGE!" ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

done to rectify matters, and the prince and Gan Waga remained on the bridge.

"How long we stops stuck here, Chingy?" asked the Eskimo.

"Don't I wish I could tell you, old lad!" said the prince. "I'd only like to pack up and make a move this very minute. Don't you like it?"

"It too hotness, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "I sooner have butterful snows, Chingy. I nots—"

The Eskimo broke off abruptly and bent forward, staring into the gloom ahead.

"Something afloats out there, Chingy," he said quickly. "It not a boats, but it coming down fast on the tide."

Ching Lung had excellent eyes, but he could see nothing. He took up the megaphone and shouted through it.

"Gan says there's something drifting down the channel, Barry! Can't you show a glim?"

"Bedad, Oi can't, sor!" replied Barry O'Rooney's powerful voice. "There's a bad fault somewhere. Why not put up a shtarshell?"

Ching Lung took the signalling-pistol out of the box and loaded it. As he snapped it off a dazzling blue light glowed out. It showed them a cluster of drifting logs. They had been cleverly launched so that the pull of the tide would carry them into the channel. At that moment Barry got the searchlight going once more. He shrugged his shoulders as he saw the oncoming logs—palm-trees sawn into lengths—for he knew the purpose for which they had been launched. Ching Lung set the bell clanging to bring up the crew. He bawled his orders through the megaphone in Chinese.

"Stations at boats!" he shouted. "Lower away, pull ashore, and boats return! If



us a sailor's life is a jolly wan, but Oi sometimes wish Oi'd niver left swate Bally-bunton and come to say! Gan, my plump bhoj, you're lucky! Av the yacht had been blowed to smithereens this would soon have become a cannibal island, and you being the fattest of the family, they'd have cooked you first!"

"They gotted to catch me firsts, old dear!" grinned the Eskimo. "I not stopping on any cannibal islands to get eated! I soon swim away!"

The danger was past, or some of it. Ching Lung whistled to call up his skulking crew. They came forward in little groups, but many of them held back. Then a thin-legged man with a long yellow face approached the prince and saluted. He spoke in a low, whining voice, and Ching Lung answered him angrily.

"Is there anything the matter, Ching?" asked Ferrers Lord's deep voice.

"As good as mutiny, Chief," answered Ching Lung bitterly. "They don't want to go aboard the yacht, but to remain on the island. They say the devil-ship, as they call her, will come back and shell the yacht and kill them all. What they want is to be allowed to stay ashore and make dug-outs."

The millionaire's forehead puckered, and Barry O'Rooney thrust his clenched fist in his pocket, for it was itching to hit the Chinaman on the nose.

"Do you want me to advise you, Ching?" "Please don't, Chief," said the prince. "You talk as if I were in command here, but I'm not. I've abdicated in your favour. You are the boss, not myself."

"Then let them stay ashore," said Ferrers Lord, lowering his voice. "Pretend to give in gracefully. Get the boats in first—all but one. Let them have that and some tools and provisions, but not too many provisions at a time. We can't fight Harper Blaise's gang and a mutinous crew as well. But get in your boats."

"Good!" said the engineer, with an approving nod.

Two hours later the Chinamen were digging furiously into the thin soil of the island. There was hard coral rock below, and Barry O'Rooney wished them joy to it. Three of the boats hung safely on their davits, and Ching Lung and Honour came aboard in the fourth one. Only seven men remained on the yacht—her owner, Harold Honour, Ferrers Lord, Gan Waga, Barry O'Rooney, and the two natives, Jimmy and the pilot. And Ching Lung was not in a good temper.

The night passed quietly enough, except for the noises ashore. Fear had filled the Chinese crew with energy, and they were still at work at sunrise, for a Chinaman can be either the laziest person or the most industrious of mortals. Not a single palm-tree was standing, for they had felled them all to make roofs for their dug-outs. They had managed to burrow down into the rock, but whether their dug-outs were shell-proof or not could not be seen from the yacht. And though Hal Honour had been on watch most of the night, the tireless engineer had managed to prepare breakfast.

"Oi can't say much for your good looks, Hal," said Barry O'Rooney, as he sat down to his rashers and coffee, "but you're a useful sort of chap av there's nothing ornamental about you! And, bedad, those Chinks must have lovely blisters on their hands, Oi'm thinking!"

"A lot of cowardly custards," said Gan Waga. "Dears, dears! Why they so frightened, hunk? What the matters with the idjits, Barry?"

"Wind up," said Barry. "They're suffering from a bad dose of the complaint known as the blue funk. And kape that plate on the table, my lad, and ate properly wid a knife and forrk. Whin Hal and Oi allow you to have breakfast wid us, you've got to behave decently, mind that. Bedad, av you don't want to ate that bacon juice on your plate, lave ut on the plate and don't let me catch you rubbing it on your hair, or, sure, Oi'll tomahawk you!"

Gan Waga's table manners could be excellent, but he was apt to be forgetful, hence Barry's reminder. Gan had been known to wipe a greasy plate on his head when he thought his hair needed oiling, and such things, of course, are not done in the best society.

"Yo' a cantankerous old fidgets!" said the Eskimo. "Ho, ho, hoo! I think poor Chingy

got the rats, too. Those Chinks got Chingy's back ups. What cheer, Chingy!" he added, as the prince came in. "Yo' all merry and brightness, hunk, old baked haricot beans?"

"Bedad, av the blubberboiter dared to talk to me loike that, Oi'd bang his thick head against the leg of the table a few toimes," said Barry O'Rooney.

"And there's me and Chingy and Hal would attend yo' funerals," said Gan Waga. "Give me some more bacons and not talks so much."

Harold Honour pushed back his chair and pointed towards the open porthole, through which the sunshine was streaming.

"I don't think you'll do any good, Hal," said Ching Lung. "Those chaps have been busy all night and they won't be in a humour to start again just yet."

All the same, Hal Honour went ashore. The engineer did not speak a single word of Chinese, but to the surprise of the prince and Barry O'Rooney, he managed to round up a dozen men or more and brought them back with him. Just as if Sharkfin Billy and the ghost-ship did not exist, the engineer set about the task of repairing the leaky boilers. He wanted a head of steam to work the pumps, and he intended to get it as quickly as possible.

Towards noon, the second shell came over. It must have been terrifically hot in the dug-outs, for most of the Chinamen were out in the blazing sun when the shell came whistling above the yacht. Before it struck the ground not a man was visible. The shell half buried itself, but did not explode.

"A dud," said Ching Lung. "Just a gentle reminder from that one-eyed assassin, Sharkfin Billy, that he is still on the spot."

Ferrers Lord, who was leaning back in a deck-chair, gave a lazy nod.

"I thought we might see him last night, after he had got rid of our mines," he said. "He must know pretty well everything that is going on."

"How?" asked the prince. "Do you think we are being watched from the other island?" "Yes, I think so, Ching. Take the glasses and look. There's one palm that stands

much higher than the others. I fancy ho has, or had, a spy perched up there."

The top of the tall palm-tree was clearly outlined against the sky, and the glasses brought its broad leaves and red-brown trunk up closer.

"If there's anybody up there, he's well screened, Chief," said the prince. "It's well within range of a rifle, but I don't feel inclined to try a shot."

"That is how I feel, or I'd have had the fellow out of it," said the millionaire. "It can only be some wretched black, for no white man would climb up there. As we have no secrets that are of much value, spying will not damage us much."

"No; but it would be precious awkward if the chap started sniping, Chief."

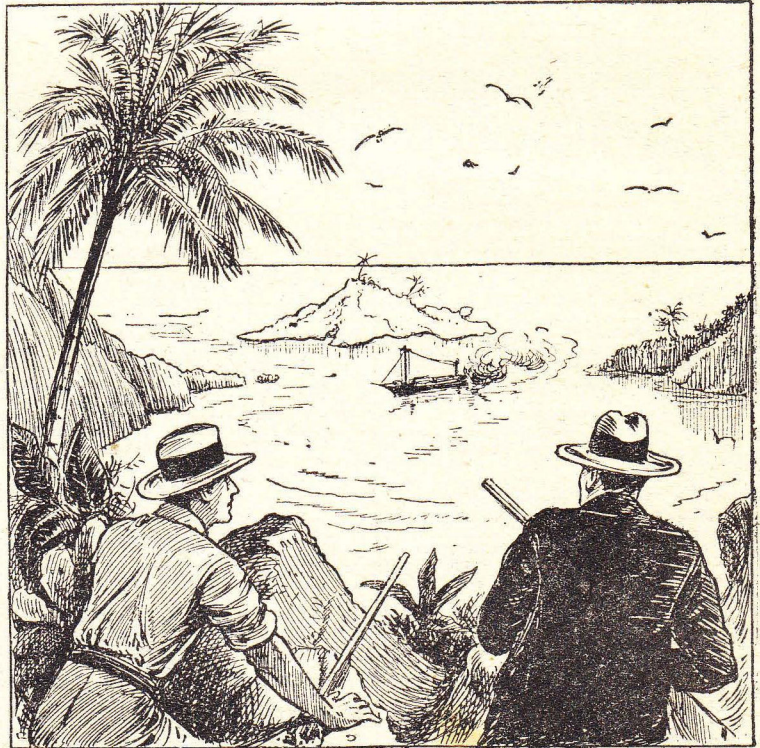
"For the sniper, yes," said the millionaire, smiling. "He would come out of that tree rather promptly. Shall we go ashore and investigate?"

Gan Waga rowed them to the beach, and he looked rather crestfallen when Ferrers Lord told him to go back to the yacht.

"Yes, scuttle off and keep yourself cool, Gan," said Ching Lung. "You'd melt. Go and enjoy yourself in the refrigerator for an hour, till we sail back again."

They shouldered their rifles. The island was considerably larger than the one on which the Chinese crew had taken refuge, and there was more timber. The undergrowth that had seemed very dense from the yacht proved to be less thick when they neared it. They kept a watch on the lofty palm, but if it was occupied, the occupant kept very still, for none of the leaves even quivered. When they were within thirty yards of it, Ferrers Lord stepped into the open and put the rifle to his shoulder, and the effect was instantaneous.

At once the feathery top of the palm became violently shaken, and two naked black legs came into view. The legs were promptly followed by the rest of their owner, and a black came shinning down the tree with extraordinary speed, the muzzle of his rifle following his descent. He dropped the last dozen feet, but jumped up unhurt, and



OVERLOOKING THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD! Ferrers Lord's whistle brought Ching Lung to his side. They lay down together and peered over the edge of the cliff and down on to the bay, where the raider floated on the glassy water. "There's nothing new about her that I can make out!" said the prince. (See page 26.)

held his hands above his head, trembling with terror that set his knees wobbling.

"Hi, Billy, you come here quick!" cried Ching Lung. "What you sit up alongside tree and watcha for? Savee? You're an ugly black trash spy—what?"

The black did not find his voice all at once, and when he did it was a very shaky one.

"Sharkfin Billy tella, boss," he said. "No want spy, but Sharkfin Billy, he no good, only make watch white fellas and yellow fella. No watch, Billy use whip."

"Same old yarn!" said Ching Lung. "All you blacks chin you good fellas when I savee you bad fellas. Tella quick—where along Sharkfin Billy?"

"No savee, boss, so no use able tella. Come back night Sharkfin Billy, and tella him then what see. I good fella, boss—no talk lies."

Ferrers Lord pointed to the palm-tree and patted the breech of his rifle.

"Up there and stop there!" he said. The native was an amazing climber. He went up the tree again, not so swiftly as he had come down, but with remarkable speed, and vanished from view.

"Keep an eye on him, Ching, and see if he attempts to signal," said Ferrers Lord. "I don't think he'll venture to do so just yet, but he might risk it. I'll push through to the other side. If you hear me whistle, join me; and if the nigger does anything suspicious, give me a whistle, and I shall be on my guard."

The native had concealed himself so well that he might easily have made dozens of signals without being seen from below. Ferrers Lord advanced in zigzag fashion from one palm to another, taking advantage of all the cover he could find. He caught the flash of blue water. There was no beach here, but a slip of reef, with a fall of sixteen or eighteen feet to the sea. Across the channel, which was a couple of miles in width, was another island. Beyond that they lay in clusters, stretching away into invisibility—a green archipelago intersected by blue creeks, tortuous and twisting. If any man lived who knew those perilous waterways, and had a fast petrol-launch of light draught and a good supply of petrol, he could snap his fingers at his pursuers.

"That was almost a fatal visit I made to Mr. Bruce Donelan," thought Ferrers Lord.

He had an aeroplane on board the Lord of the Deep, and had intended to make use of it to hunt down the pearl poachers and their elusive vessel, but Bruce Donelan and his accomplice, Harper Blaise, had got in their blow first. Nothing that floated on water had much chance of capturing the raider, except a vessel of its own type, and only then if piloted by a person who had an intimate knowledge of those countless reefs, with their shoals and dangerous coral reefs.

And then Ferrers Lord saw a puff of white smoke, and heard the cough of a gun and the whistling scream of a shell. He stepped back quickly, and sank on hands and knees, for the raider was not half a mile away, and he must have offered a fair mark for a rifle-bullet. Her sides were cleverly camouflaged blue, green, and brown, and that is why he had failed to see her at once.

Away behind him the shell exploded. The millionaire's whistle brought Ching Lung. They lay down side by side, and looked out across the sparkling sea.

"There's nothing new about her that I can make out, Chief," said the prince. "Almost flat-bottomed, for shallow water, and I expect she has a big centre-board she can let down to steady herself when she's out in the rough. I can see a big nozzle forward on her starboard side. I guess there's another on the port side, but I can't see it for her gun. That's what she pumps the smoke through to screen herself, I suppose. A very ordinary sort of gadget, anyhow."

"Did you expect anything extraordinary, Ching?"

"Not after seeing Sharkfin Billy," answered the prince, with a laugh, "though that walled-old pearl-thief is a bit extraordinary in his way! When you see things at close hand it usually does knock the romance out of it. This is the wonderful ship that goes and comes like a spectre, and lands dashing pirates to hold up astonished pearlers. And, THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

after all, she's nothing but an oil-tank with a gun, and some extra good machinery in her. Have a guess at her crew."

"Twenty would be rather a crowd," said the millionaire. "I see one rascal sitting on the gun, but not another soul. Perhaps they are taking their siesta."

"Then they won't thank the rascal for loosing off that shell," said the prince. "That bang must have disturbed their beauty sleep. He's turning round now. Yes, that's Sharkfin Billy. Notice him pull off his hat and wave it? He's signalling to that black rogue in the tree. Now they're waking up. Ugh! You one-eyed brute!"

Ching Lung grasped his rifle and levelled it.

"Steady, Ching!" said the millionaire quietly. "Don't fire, for you mustn't forget that I promised to save that gentleman for the hangman. If you kill him it will only make the others more vindictive, and if you miss it will do no good. Yes, they know we're here, and they'll be off in a hurry."

The deck of the raider suddenly seemed to swarm with men. A few seconds later the water astern of her frothed white, and her engines roared and rattled. She went away with a leap, as a straining greyhound leaps when released from the slips, leaving a creaming wake behind her.

"Sharkfin Billy was expecting a lead pill, and he might have had it before now if you hadn't stopped me, Chief," said the prince. "I wish you wouldn't make rash promises to hangmen."

The millionaire laughed.

GRAND REAL  
PHOTOS of  
— FAMOUS —  
FOOTBALLERS

FOR ALL  
READERS of  
THE MAGNET  
LIBRARY.

NOW ON SALE!

"We all have our foolish moments, Ching," he said. "I can't see much advantage to be gained even if we had sniped the fellow. If you want a shot, put a bullet into the palm-tree, and you may have everything you hit."

"Thanks, as I know that wingless blackbird has flown, I'm not wasting any cartridges," said Ching Lung. "There the beauty goes." The spy had taken to the water, and was swimming for his life for the island opposite. He had a long swim in front of him, so they let him go.

"I suppose that shell business is a method of terrorism," said Ching Lung, as they walked back across the island.

"Just that, Ching, pure terrorism. He told us the Chinamen would not fight, you remember, and occasionally the most elaborate liars can speak the truth. He has put them to ground already, and taken all the pluck out of them. Killing Chinamen cannot give even such a blackguard as that any pleasure. And there may be more method in it than we think. If he keeps shelling them regularly, he'll drive them crazy. You can guess the rest."

"Yes, Chief! I can, but I wish you wouldn't keep rubbing it in," said Ching Lung. "I'm heartily sick and ashamed of the whole cowardly pack of them. I'd like to have a white crew, but in my unfortunate position that's impossible. My beloved subjects pay for my yacht, but if I ever get her afloat again and reach home I'll sack this crowd. And I know exactly why you told me to get in the boats. That's what this shelling is all about, isn't it?"

"That must be at the bottom of it, Ching. If they kill a few, we may have to fight to hold the boats. We are only five men, for we count on the two blacks."

"I almost wish you'd pack up and leave me to it, Chief," said Ching Lung. "It's my business to stop with my men. You can have one of the boats."

Ferrers Lord smiled as he patted Ching Lung on the shoulder.

"Don't be absurd," he said. "You got yourself into this trouble looking for me, so we'll sink or swim together. That subject is now ruled out and dismissed."

When Gan Waga had rowed them aboard, Harold Honour, as black as a sweep and as greasy as an oiler, had come on deck for a breath of fresh air.

"Gone!" he grunted. "Scuttled."

"Yes, scuttled, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "The minute the old shell went pop, they were up and overboard like a shot, and ashore and down the holes."

The engineer's workmen had deserted him. It was almost certain that they would not return, for they would feel safer in the dug-outs than on the yacht. A quick glance passed between the engineer and Ferrers Lord, and Honour turned and went below again to ply his icily hammer. The millionaire also turned away.

"Och! Little things like this are sent to thry us," said Barry O'Rooney. "Pw'hat's the use of worrying? They've struck, and though Hal is a marvel in his own loine, he can't do wonders. O'm not saying that Hal couldn't patch up the yacht single-handed and get her afloat, too, but head we'll all have bald heads and white beards a foot long by six inches wide afore he'd finished. Arrah, th' lubbers! O'd loike to prance round them wid a cat-o'-noine-tails."

The prince made no reply, but got into the boat again. Barry O'Rooney and Gan Waga watched him land and walk up the hot, white beach. He shouted, and cautious yellow faces looked out of the dug-outs. The Chinamen gathered round their prince. They could not hear anything, but by the way the prince shook his clenched fists, Barry and the Eskimo could tell that he was furiously angry.

"Hallo! Redad, ut looks as av he's persuaded a few of the rabbit-hearted gang to come back to duty, blubberboiter," said Barry O'Rooney.

Six or seven of the Chinamen came forward and stood behind the prince. Ching Lung talked and gesticulated. Evidently he was winning them over, for a cheer was raised, by no means a very hearty one, but it was promising.

Behind the island a gun coughed again. The shriek of the approaching shell was enough. Yelling with terror, the Chinamen bolted back to their dug-outs. But Ching Lung scarcely stirred, except to fold his arms and look upwards, for the prince was almost heart-broken.

At the Gates of Treasure!

WHILE the unlucky yacht Kwai-hal lay fast on the coral, water-logged, her boilers leaky, and her crew terrified by Sharkfin Billy's shells into a condition of terrified mutiny, the Lord of the Deep, swift, neat, and shipshape, was speeding onwards towards the golden island. There were no blue skies above her now, no blue seas beneath her keel, and no burning sun shone. Gold, for which man slaves and fights and slays, has no choice of climate. The magic metal lies hidden in scorched rocks hot enough to blister the hand, and under everlasting ice and unmelting snows.

There was mist in the air, and the presence of icebergs gave it a chill that was familiar to Thomas Prout, as he glanced at the chart and then at the compass. Prout was uneasy, though he could scarcely have told why. They had sickness on board, but on a big yacht, even with a crew picked for their health and hardiness, sickness cannot always be avoided. Rupert Thurston, if no better, was no worse. Now the wireless operator had been taken ill with symptoms very similar to Thurston's, and, like Rupert Thurston, he was weak and feverish, and too weak to leave his cabin. Bassthorpe, his understudy, was a mere youngster, a good listener-in, but slow at sending off a message, and not to be trusted to decipher even the simplest code accurately.

"By honey, I can smell the old tang of the ice, Ben!" said Prout, as his friend Benjin-

A LONG NEW TALE OF ST. JIM'S  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Maddock joined him on the navigating-bridge.

"And I can feel it, souze me!" said Maddock. "All things considered, we're making a good run, but I never was fond of these waters."

"By the way you talk, mate, you might be suffering from a touch of the hump, mate," said Prout. "Or is it only your liver?"

"Bit of both, maybe, though I can't recollect ever being troubled by my liver afore," answered the bo'sun.

"Well, if I was you I'd go to the Chief and ask him to give you a dose out of the medicine-chest for it," said the steersman. "But you ain't really bad, Ben—eh?"

"No, I ain't bad, Tom," said Maddock slowly. "If they was all like me the doctors would be walking about wi' patches on their trousers and no soles to their boots, for they'd find precious little doing in the doctoring line. I'm worse than bad." He glanced at the motionless figure of the man at the wheel. "I've caught a complaint that never come my way afore, souze me!" Maddock lowered his gruff voice and fixed his troubled eyes on the grey sea ahead. "I'm worried, Tom."

Prout touched him warningly on the arm. "Easy, by honey—go easy, my lad!" he said warningly. "You've got me guessing; but steer steady. What's worrying you?"

"It's the Chief," replied Maddock in a hoarse whisper. "What's happened to him, souze me?"

Prout stroked his beard uneasily, and nodded to the bo'sun to proceed.

"He ain't the same man," said Maddock. "He's changed somehow, souze me. I can't make it out, but he's different, or else it's me. At one time if the Chief told me to dive overboard and drown myself, I'd have done it wi'out stopping to argue the point. Now, if he tells me to do anything, a feeling comes on me that makes me want to turn round on him and order him to do it himself. That's mutiny, but I can't help it, Tom. The influence don't seem to be there, the—the— You know what."

Maddock could not find the proper word, but Prout understood. With regard to Maddock, the Chief had lost that mysterious magnetic influence which makes a man feel that he is in the presence of a superior, a master-intellect and a leader. With Prout it was the same, though he had not ventured to speak of it, and had even tried to persuade himself that he was mistaken. A word, a gesture, or a glance from Ferrers Lord had cast a magic influence over him that had spurred him to energy, making no task seem too difficult, no peril too great to face. Now this dominance seemed to have gone. The two mariners knew little about such subtle things, but they knew that Ferrers Lord had changed.

"Now, just look at Mr. Thurston and poor Sparks," said Maddock. "Both laid up in dock for repairs, souze me. There was a time when the Chief would have had 'em afloat again like winking. I've worked it out, souze me—and a bad-headache it's give me, Tom—that the Chief can't be quite himself. He looks fit enough, but he ain't the same. There's a change somewhere—a puzzling sort o' change I can't get hold o'."

The bo'sun's voice sank lower still. "And he's losing his memory."

"Losing what, by honey?" asked Prout, glaring stonily at the bo'sun. "What's this you're telling me?"

"He's losing his memory," repeated Maddock tensely. "Souze me, I wouldn't breathe a word of this to nobody except to an old pal like you, for it hurts me, mate; but it's true. I was down in the wireless-room, and he was there. Something had come over, and he'd got it down. And the Chief couldn't read it."

"Couldn't read it—the Chief couldn't read it?" asked Prout, with a start. "Why, there ain't nothing the Chief couldn't read in the dark!"

"So I thought, souze me," said Maddock dismally. "On my oath, Tom, he was turning up the code-book. But that ain't the worst of it. Wi' lots and lots of things to think about like the Chief has, he might easy forget a code for a minute if it was a strange one. But this was our own code, souze me, that we all know so well by heart that it ain't even stuck down in the book. He shoved the thing at me and asked what one bit meant. I read the thing clear off. It was from some firm at Melbourne—the Southern Cross Pearlring Company—saying they'd buy the Chief out at the figure he'd named. And, souze me, the Chief couldn't read it!"

"S-sh!" said Prout. "Keep your mouth tight under hatches, Ben. He can't be well, that's the fact of it. I wish we were safe at anchor at Gan Waga's island, by honey!"

(Another thrilling instalment of our amazing serial of adventure next week.)

# WHERE ARE THESE BAGS BOUND FOR?

## NEW AND NOVEL COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE, £10!

SECOND PRIZE, £5!

THIRD PRIZE, £2 10s.!

FORTY PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS.

### Third Set.

Here's a splendid opportunity for you to win one of the handsome Cash Prizes offered above.

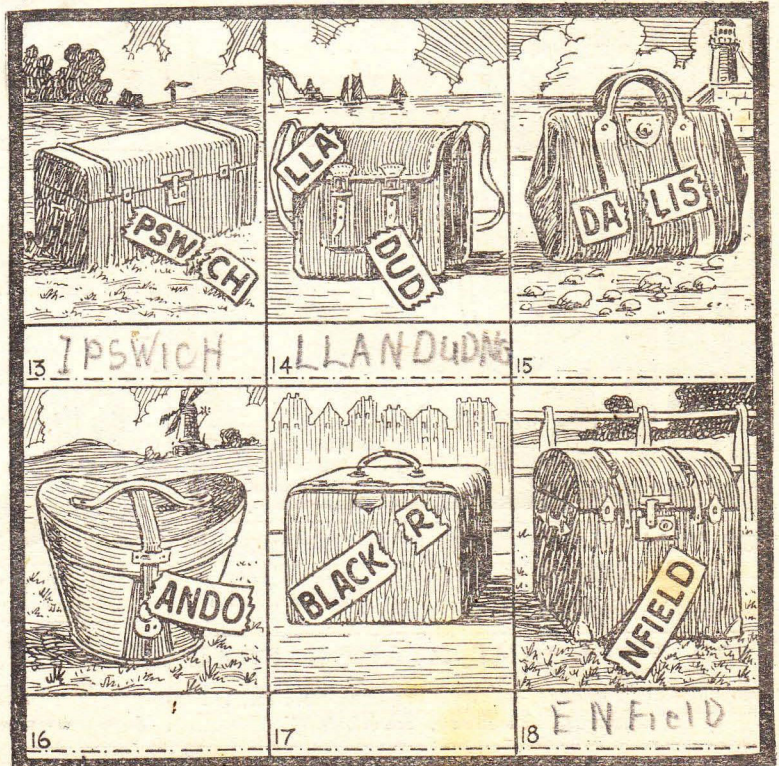
**WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.** On this page you will find six picture-puzzles. Each one contains a label which a careless porter has damaged, and you are invited to write, in the space provided under the picture, the full name of the place originally on the label.

**DO NOT SEND IN YOUR SOLUTIONS YET.** There will be six sets in all, and when the sixth and last set appears you will be told when and where you are to send your sets.

The **FIRST PRIZE** of £10 will be awarded to the reader who succeeds in sending a set of solutions exactly the same, or nearest to, the set now in the Editor's possession. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

It must be distinctly understood that the Editor's decision is final in all matters concerning this contest, and entries will only be accepted on this condition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are **NOT** eligible to compete.



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: This Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

Particulars of the fine gifts which are being presented to readers of the Companion Papers, this week, will be found on page 18 of this issue. A mere glance at this framed announcement will be certain to arouse your enthusiasm. Certainly not for many years has a group of papers made such astounding gifts to readers.

Having seen the nature of this week's gifts, I will tell you something about next week's Grand Real Photos and Coloured Plate.

In the first place, there will be another magnificent coloured Engine Plate of a famous Giant Locomotive, of the Commonwealth of Australia Railway, presented FREE with next week's issue of the POPULAR.

The "Magnet" Library will be on sale on Monday morning next, and with it will be given away TWO REAL PHOTOS of George Harrison, of Everton, and Franky Reilly, of Blackburn Rovers. These two photos will make a ripping addition to your collection.

Our other Monday companion paper, the "Boys' Friend," will be presenting FREE to all readers another magnificent Real Photo of Bermondsey Billy Wells, the wonderful little boxer, who has been doing such great things lately.

Wednesday is "Gem" day, and in that famous all-school story paper there will be given away FREE, a SPECIAL REAL ACTION PHOTO of MAX WOOSNAM, the well-known footballer, of Manchester City F.C., and all-round sports-champion. If you wish to keep your collection complete, you must not miss this splendid real photo of this great sportsman.

To make certain of obtaining next week's issues of these fine papers—The Companion Papers—go to your newsagent to-day and order them to be saved for you.

## OUR BIG FOUR.

Included in next week's grand programme of stories, there will be a magnificent long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

### "THE SCHOOLBOY PLAYERS!" By Frank Richards.

Following on the failure of Horace Coker's great relief fund for shipwrecked sailors, the Famous Five organise a concert, the proceeds of which to be forwarded to the sufferers of the recent shipwreck in Pegg Bay. That this story is the funniest tale we have had for some time, there is little doubt.

The second grand long complete school story, under the title of:

### "THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!" By Martin Clifford.

deals with the adventures of Frank Richards & Co., in the Backwoods School of Canada. An important problem arises, which gives the Cedar Creek chums food for thought, following the defeat of "Poker Pete" at the hands of Mr. Lawless. How to track and bring back the black stallion Mr. Lawless had bought is the question which confronts the chums, and in next week's grand story you will learn how they tackled the problem. Do not miss this exciting tale.

Then we shall have a splendid long and particularly amusing complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, which is entitled:

### "THE VENTRILOQUIST'S REVENGE!" By Owen Conquest

and the fourth of our grand school stories will deal with the adventures of Tom Merry & Co., the chums of St. Jim's, entitled:

### "A FALSE ALARM!" By Martin Clifford.

## OTHER FEATURES.

There will be a further edition of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," which its corulent editor tells us will be another Special Number. If you want a long laugh, don't forget to read this issue.

And another instalment of our wonderful serial of adventure will be found in next week's issue, which will be as thrilling as usual. A new trouble arises which keeps Ching Lung & Co. from following on the track of the great pearl raider, and the nature of that trouble you will learn when you read next week's instalment of

### "THE PEARL POACHERS!" By Sidney Drew.

Our new "Labels Competition," for big money prizes, goes to make the POPULAR the finest value-for-money periodical on the market to-day. See that you get your order placed early, or you may be disappointed.

### "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

It is worth making a special note of the interesting and altogether acceptable fact that the new volume of the "Holiday Annual" will be published on September 1st. The "Annual" appeals to everybody; it is a grand budget of stories, coloured pictures, fascinating articles, and humorous pages, which would bring rippling smiles to the face of the most austere cat. But the magnificent book has an extra-special appeal to readers of the POPULAR, since it brings into the limelight all the famous characters of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood. In the new edition of the "Holiday Annual," the celebrated authors of the Companion Papers have fairly excelled themselves. The forthcoming volume contains rollicking yarns of the three schools. I get letters every week about the yarns in the POPULAR, telling me how admirable they are, and it just stands to reason that my chums who support the "Pop." will be delighted to meet the good crowd of Greyfriars, and the ditto, ditto of Rookwood and St. Jim's, as depicted in the new stories which the "Annual" will offer on September 1st.

Your Editor.

400 MODEL

**\$5.15**

CASH



# 12<sup>6</sup>/<sub>a</sub> Month

is all you pay for our No. 400A lady's or gentleman's Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycles ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Built to stand hard wear. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled, exquisitely lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid on **15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and Accessories 33% below shop prices. Buy direct from the factory and save pounds. How a seven-year-old MEAD which had traversed 75,000 miles, beat 650 up-to-date machines and broke the world's record by covering 34,366 miles in 365 days is explained in our art catalogue. Write TO-DAY for free copy—brimful of information about bicycles and contains gigantic photographs of our latest models.

**MEAD CYCLE CO. (Inc.)**  
(Dept. B607)  
Birmingham

**BE TALLER.**—Height will make you respected in business and private life. Students of the Girvan Scientific Treatment report from 2 to 5 inches increase, with far better health. These advantages can be yours also if you are under 40. Over 40 years' unblemished reputation. The increase is quite permanent. Send P.C. today for particulars and our £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.

**100 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE**  
I will send 100 STAMPS (each different and all good), including such splendid varieties as UKRAINE (old purple trident, scarce One Rouble), MONTENEGRO, BOLSHEVIK UKRAINE, LIBOTENSTEIN, etc., to all who ask to see approvals and enclose 3d. for post and packing.  
**VICTOR BANCROFT, MATLOCK.**

# SUITS

## ON EASY TERMS.

S

75/-

Ready to wear and made to measure, on Easy Terms, 7/6 monthly. Write for Patterns to-day. We have all the new shades in Tweeds, Serges, etc. Fit and wear guaranteed. Our Easy Terms allow you to dress well by paying a little each month. Write for Patterns now and see what wonderful value we are giving.

**MASTERS, LTD.,**  
52, HOPE STORES, RYE. *Est'd. 1869.*

## XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS

Spare time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars Free.

**SAMUEL DRIVER, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds**

## YOURS for 1!



This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 1/- After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain offered Free with every watch. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 1/- now to Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 2) 94, Queen Rd., Brighton, Sussex

**CHAIN FREE.**

**MOVIES AT HOME.**—Projectors and Real Cinema Films. Lists FREE. Deak E. DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Faling, LONDON, W. 13.

When Answering Advertisements  
 Please Mention This Paper.