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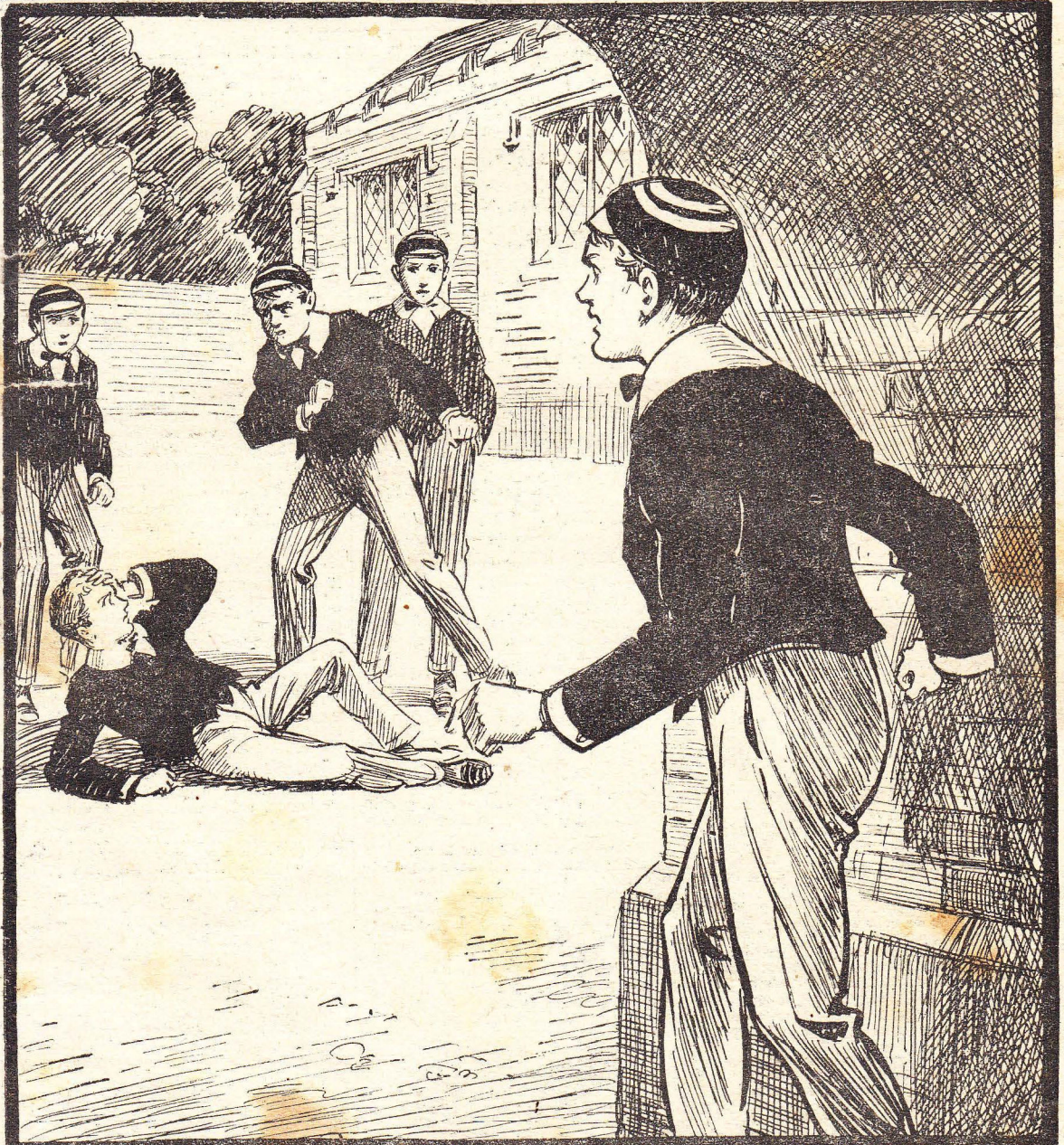
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# The POPULAR 2d

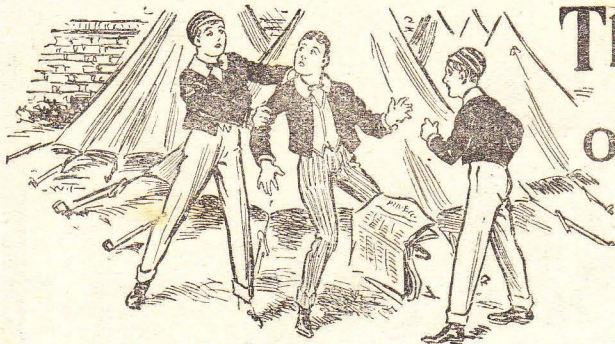
GREATLY ENLARGED.

SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.



**JIMMY SILVER TAKES A LICKING FROM THE FUNK OF THE FOURTH!**  
(A Dramatic Incident from the Long Complete Tale of Rookwood School in this issue.)

THE STORY OF A SPLENDID SACRIFICE, BY WHICH JIMMY SILVER PAYS THE PRICE TO SAVE HIS COUSIN'S HONOUR.



# The PRICE of HONOUR!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co., at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Jimmy Silver is Wrathful.

"FIVE to one against!"  
"That's it, Algy!"  
"It sounds ripping!"  
"It is ripping, old nut!"

Jimmy Silver jumped.  
The captain of the Rookwood Fourth could not see the speakers, as the bulk of a tent partly interposed.

But he knew the voices—those of his young cousin, Algy Silver of the Third Form, and Bertie de Vere, also of the Third.

Jimmy Silver halted, and seemed to be rooted to the ground.

The voices had ceased for the moment, and all was silent among the tents, save for the distant clinking of hammers, where the workmen were busy on the school buildings, making extensive repairs and alterations.

Rookwood School had been under canvas for a week or two, and, it being a half-holiday that day, Jimmy Silver was looking for his bag cousin in the section of the school camp devoted to the Third.

His chums—Lovell and Raby and Newcome—had agreed that Algy should come with them up the river that afternoon, nobly consenting to be bothered with Jimmy's cousin for once in a way.

So Jimmy had come for Algy, and this was how he had found him!

"Five to one against!" De Vere was speaking again. "Don't let it slip, Algy! I'm having a quid on it!"

"But—"  
"Nethin' doin' this afternoon. Come along with me an' see Joey Hook. He'll fix it for us."

"But—"  
"My dear man, you're not a billy-goat! Leave off buttin'!"

"But—"  
"There you go again!"  
"Count me out, Bertie," said Algy Silver at last. "I promised my Cousin Jimmy that I wouldn't play that game again, and I won't!"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. He was glad to hear that, at all events. The graceless young scamp of the Third had his good points, and a regard for his word was one of them.

It suddenly occurred to Jimmy Silver that he was listening, and he started forward to come in sight of the speakers.

Algy Silver was seated on a box outside a tent, and Bertie de Vere was lounging with his hands in his pockets.

There was a cynical grin on De Vere's face. Jimmy Silver felt strongly inclined to take him by the scruff of the neck as he saw it.

Bertie de Vere, in spite of his high-sounding name, was probably as dingy a young rascal as could have been found in the three kingdoms.

He affected an elegance, personally, that was rather remarkable in the Third Form, modelling himself apparently on the lines of Smythe of the Shell.

Algy Silver had been very chummy once with the elegant Bertie, but Jimmy had

hoped, and believed, that that was at an end.

Neither of the fags observed Jimmy coming round the tent, and Bertie de Vere went on speaking, oblivious of the fact that his words were falling upon a third pair of ears.

"Are you jokin', Algy?"

"No."

"What does your blessed cousin matter? He's your cousin, I suppose, not your kind uncle, isn't he?"

"Well, you see—"

"My dear old bean, life's too short to be as solemn as Jimmy Silver! Make the best of it while it lasts!" said De Vere, with quite the air of a man of the world. "And I tell you Pink Pippin is a corker—a real corker—and you'll bag a fiver! You see what the man says about it in the paper."

Algy glanced at a pink paper that was open on his knees.

Evidently he had been consulting that honourable journal for information on the subject of Pink Pippin and his chances in a race.

"Yes," said Algy. "But—"

"Oh, come along with me, and let Uncle James take care of himself, old bird!" said Bertie. "Jimmy Silver can go and eat coke! He— Ow—ah—yah—groogh!"

The elegant Bertie's remarks were suddenly cut short by a grip like iron fastening on the back of his neck.

He spun round, in surprise and rage, to find himself looking into the angry face of Jimmy Silver.

"Leggo!" he spluttered.

Jimmy Silver, with a black brow, shook the young rascal savagely, a good deal like a terrier shaking a rat.

Bertie's teeth chattered together, and he uttered dismal howls.

Algy Silver started to his feet.

"Let him alone, Jimmy!" he exclaimed.

"Shake, shake, shake!"

"Leggo!" shrieked Bertie. "I'll hack your shins! Groogh! Let me alone, you bully! Gurrgh! Yow-ow!"

"Shake, shake!"

Having shaken the young scamp till his arm ached, Jimmy Silver pitched him into the grass.

Bertie sat down with a heavy bump.

Then the captain of the Fourth turned to his cousin.

"Algy, you young scamp—"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Algy.

"I thought you'd done with that shady little scoundrel!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Groogh!" came from the shady little scoundrel gasping in the grass.

"Well, so I have!" said Algy. "This is the first time I've spoken to the chap this term, an' I don't know that I wanted to, either."

"Groogh!"

"Well, that's good!" said Jimmy. "He's a shocking little beast, Algy!"

"My dear old Jimmy, I know that better than you do," answered Algy calmly. "Don't you be alarmed about me. Think I can't take care of myself?"

"Well, I hope you can, Algy. Where did you get that pink paper?"

"Borrowed it, dear boy!"

"What for?"

Algy grinned.

"What do you think?" he asked cheerfully. "It wasn't to brush the flies off, nor yet to send to the camp's library. Think it over, Jimmy, and it'll dawn on you that I borrowed it to read."

Jimmy knitted his brows.

"I suppose that means that you're hankering after playing the goat, as you did last term?" he snapped.

"Is that firstly?" asked Algy.

"What?"

"Get on with the seventhly and lastly, old bean, and then give a chap a rest."

Jimmy Silver breathed hard.

His Third-Form cousin took a delight in pulling the leg of Uncle James, and Jimmy was greatly inclined to give him a second edition of what he had just given the cheery Bertie.

But he realised that such drastic measures were more likely to drive the wilful fag into rotten ways than to keep him out of them.

Algy had evidently dallied with temptation, but it was plain at the same time that his former chum had nothing like the hold over him that he once had.

Jimmy Silver controlled his temper.

"Give me the paper, kid!" he said, as calmly as he could.

"But it's not mine!"

"I'll give it back to the chap you borrowed it of. Who was it?"

"Chap in your Form!" grinned Algy. "You're not all giddy angels in the Fourth, you know."

"What's his name?" asked Jimmy between his teeth.

"Well, suppose I said it was Mornington?" said Algy calmly.

"I shouldn't believe it! Mornny's clucked that kind of thing, and he'd never have led a fag into it at any time!"

"What about Lattrey?"

"Lattrey! Oh, Lattrey! Then it was Lattrey!" Jimmy Silver clenched his hands hard. "Lattrey, was it?"

"Jimmy, old man, you're too funny to live!" grinned his cousin. "If I said it was Lattrey, you'd go and hammer the chap. As it happens, it wasn't! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who was it?" shouted Jimmy, exasperated.

"I'll give you a name, if you like."

"Give it, then!"

"But I sha'n't give you the right name," said Algy, with provoking coolness. "I'll say it was Towney, or Topham, or Peele, or Gower, or Oswald, or Conroy, or Van Ryn—anythin' you like— Here, hands off, you rotter!"

Jimmy Silver's patience was at an end.

Algy's pleasantry was interrupted by the Fourth-Former striding at him, grasping him forcibly, and taking the paper away with a wrench.

"Give me my paper!" roared Algy furiously.

The captain of the Fourth shoved the pink paper into the inside-pocket of his jacket.

"That stays there!" he said. "And as

soon as I find out the owner, I'll hammer him pink and yellow."

"You interferin' cad!" howled Algy. "Give it to me!"

"Give it to him, you rotter!" exclaimed De Vere, getting on his feet at last. "Let's tackle the cad together, Algy, and take it away from him!"

A back-hander from Jimmy Silver sent De Vere spinning, and he sprawled over a tent-rope and measured his length on the ground again.

Jimmy had no ceremony to waste on the rascal of the Third.

"You bullyin' rotter!" panted Algy Silver. Jimmy calmed himself.

He had come there to take Algy with him on a pleasant little excursion for the afternoon, and this was rather a bad beginning.

"I looked in for you, Algy," he said.

"We're going up the river—"

"Go, and be blowed! Give me my paper first!"

"We want you to come with us."

"You can want!"

"Come along, kid," said Jimmy pacifically.

"It's ripping up the river. You can row if you like."

"Give me my paper!"

"You can't have it, Algy! You know you'd get into trouble if you were seen with it. Anybody might have heard you talking, too, just as I did. Suppose your Form-master had heard you?"

"Will you give me my paper?" yelled Algy.

"No, I won't!"

"I'd take it from you if I was big enough!" exclaimed Algy passionately. "You're a rotten bully, Jimmy! Go and eat coke! And I'll tell you what! I'm going to see Joey Hook this afternoon at the Bird-in-Hand, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it! That's all you get by your meddlin' and bullyin'."

Algy Silver walked away, and Bertie de Vere, with a black look at Jimmy, followed him.

Jimmy Silver stood staring after them.

If they had gone towards the gates Jimmy would have taken that to mean that Algy's threat was seriously meant, and he would have gone after his cousin fast enough. But the two fags strolled into Little Quad.

Jimmy Silver, breathing hard, made his way down to the river, where his chums were waiting for him.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Looking for the Culprit.**

"OH, here you are!" said Lovell.

"At last!" remarked Raby.

"We've been waiting!" said

Newcome, in a casual sort of way.

The three chums were lounging on the landing-raft, near the boat they were to launch as soon as their leader rejoined them.

They wore expressions of long-suffering patience.

"Sorry to have kept you!" grunted Jimmy.

"Well, all right now," said Arthur

Edward Lovell. "Isn't the kid coming?"

"N-no."

"Never mind; we'll bask in his fascinating company another day. Lend a hand with this boat."

Jimmy Silver did not move, and the cloud deepened on his face.

He was aware that his Cousin Algy had a rather exasperating effect upon his chums, and they could not be expected to "stand" him as Jimmy did.

"The fact is—" said Jimmy, hesitating.

"Lend a hand!"

"I'm not going on the river, after all."

Lovell assumed an expression of martyrdom.

"Something up with dear Algy?" he asked, with deep sarcasm.

"Yes," said Jimmy gruffly.

"Does the dear child want dry-nursin' this afternoon?"

"I'm not asking you to dry-nurse him, anyhow!" snapped Jimmy. "You can get out in the boat. I've got something else to see to. That's all!"

"You're not in a good temper, Jimmy!" remarked Newcome mildly.

"Bosh!"

That reply certainly sounded as if Newcome's remark was justified.

Jimmy Silver turned away.

He wanted to go up the river that sunny

afternoon, and he did not want to be bothered with Algy and his affairs; but a sense of duty governed him—and perhaps, naturally, his temper suffered a little in consequence.

Moreover, his chums were so thoroughly "fed up" on the subject of Algy that Jimmy felt a great repugnance to explaining.

But as he was marching hauffly off the raft he was suddenly stopped by a boat-hook hooking on his collar from behind.

"Yooop!" he stuttered. "What the—who the— Yah! Take that thing away, Lovell, you thumping idiot!"

Lovell grinned.

"Beloved uncle, it musn't let its little temper rise!" he added chidingly. "Is it wise, is it judicious, for Uncle James to show a ratty temper before the youths who model themselves upon him? Think of the effect upon us?"

"Look here—"

"Easy does it, old man! Cheer up, and tell your old pals all about it," said Lovell, taking away the boat-hook. "We won't go on the river. We'll come along and listen to your avuncular worries."

Newcome and Raby chuckled.

"Shush!" said Lovell, as Jimmy was about to speak. "Don't say a word until you're in a sweeter temper, Uncle James. I'm sure you don't know what a guy you look with that scowl on your chivvy. If Peele were here with his camera, I'd ask him to take a snap of you, and keep it as a warning to you in the future."

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"I'm not ratty—" he began.

"Appearances are deceptive, then," commented Lovell. "You look it!"

"Well, I didn't mean to be," said Jimmy, colouring.

"That's better. Keep smiling—your own merry maxim!"

Jimmy Silver smiled faintly.

"Hurrah!" ejaculated Lovell. "Now we're getting on! I say, Conroy, looking for a boat?"

"All out!" replied the Australian junior, who had come on the raft with Pons and Van Ryn. "Just our luck!"

"You can have ours. We're not going out, after all," said Raby. "Take it before it's bagged, old kid!"

"Sure?" asked Conroy.

"Quite!" said Newcome. "We're goin' to spend a merry afternoon helping Jimmy Silver in his avuncular duties."

"Oh, my hat!" said the Cornstalk.

Jimmy Silver & Co. left the raft, and the Colonial Co. ran the boat out merrily.

Jimmy Silver was looking worried again.

"I don't want to spoil the afternoon for you chaps," he began restively.

"Then don't look like a parboiled Hun!" said Lovell.

"The fact is—"

"My dear man, we know the facts. The festive Algy is kickin' over the traces, and he's got to be yanked back into the straight and narrow path of merry rectitude. We're going to help you yank him. Don't mind us," said Lovell kindly. "You can look upon us as a committee for bringing up fags in the way they should go!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" grunted Jimmy.

"You're quite wrong, too. Algy's not been doing anything."

"My hat! What's the matter with him, then?"

"I—I'd like you chaps to come with me, if you don't mind," confessed Jimmy. "I've no right to bother you about my fag cousin, though."

"Duty before pleasure," said Lovell.

"We're called upon to set a shinin' example to all Rookwood. Let's set it. We'll make this our self-denyin' week. Now, what's the trouble, old man? Get it off your chest!"

"Some cad in the Fourth has lent Algy a sporting paper!"

"Awful!"

"Look here—"

"Lent it to him against his will?" asked Lovell sweetly. "The virtuous Algy was shocked, but took it all the same—"

what?"

"He's a silly young ass!" said Jimmy, flushing. "But after he got into a row last time, he promised me. Well, that sneaking little cad De Vere is trying to get him to play the cad again, but Algy shut him up. I heard him. But—but— Well, I suppose you'll admit that Fourth Form cads

oughtn't to lend a kid in the Third a racing paper to mug over?"

"Admitted! Who's the guilty party?" asked Lovell. "Let's find him, and strew the hungry churchyard with his bones."

"I don't know," confessed Jimmy. "Algy wouldn't give me the fellow's name. I want to find him."

"And slay him?"

"I'm going to thrash him!" said Jimmy grimly. "I've had trouble enough with Algy, without a cad trying to make it worse!"

"He shall die the death!" said Lovell, who seemed to be in a humorous mood that afternoon. "Let's hunt him up! We'll call on every chap in the Fourth, one after another, and ask him whether he's guilty. Hallo, Rawson!"

Tom Rawson, the scholarship junior, was under the trees, with a Greek book on his knee, deep in study.

"Hallo!" said Lovell. "Are you guilty, Rawson?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Rawson.

"You silly ass! Dry up!" roared Jimmy Silver. "It's all right, Rawson! Only Lovell going potty!"

"Come to think of it, Rawson wouldn't be likely to lend anybody literature that wasn't in Greek or Sanskrit, or somethin' of the kind," observed Lovell. "We shall have to look farther!"

Raby and Newcome chortled, and Jimmy Silver frowned, as the Fistical Four walked on, leaving Rawson staring.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Punishing Peele.**

THESE not many fellows in the

Fourth who have racing papers."

Thus Jimmy Silver, with a wrinkle of thought in his brow.

"There wouldn't be any if the Head got on their track!" grinned Lovell. "But I know a few—Towny and Topy, and Peele and Gower, anyhow."

"Townsend or Topham wouldn't get mixed up with fags," said Newcome. "Too jolly swanky!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"That narrows it down," he said. "It might be Lattery; but I believe Lattery is going straight. Peele or Gower, in my opinion."

"Most likely," agreed Lovell. "And by the same token, both the cheery youths are up against you, Jimmy; and so they'd be likely to lend your cousin a hand in going to the giddy bow-wows if they could."

"I'm going to ask them," said Jimmy.

"Know where they are?"

"I believe Peele's taking his new camera out for a walk this afternoon," said Raby. "I heard him saying so."

"We'll find him in gates," said Lovell.

"He's going to take pictures of Rookwood under canvas, I remember now, to keep as a souvenir. Rather a harmless occupation for a chap like Peele."

"Come on, then!"

The Fistical Four proceeded to look round the school encampment for Peele of the Fourth.

It did not take long to find him, as it happened.

Peele had a good many shady tastes, being one of the blackest sheep in the school; but he also had a taste for photography, which kept him out of mischief on a good many occasions.

The chums of the Fourth found him with his new camera, getting a view of the school under canvas, his chum Gower helping him.

The experience of being under canvas was a new and rather exciting one to Rookwood School, and a good many fellows had asked Peele for copies of his picture when he had taken it.

The photograph would be a valued souvenir when normal conditions were restored at the old school.

"Don't get in the light, you fellows!" bawled Peele, as the Fistical Four came up.

"Looking for you," answered Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, all right! Half-a-crown each," said Peele.

"What?"

"Half-cabinet size, you know. Enlargements will be five bob!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver irritably.

Peele stared. "Haven't you come about the photos?" he asked.

"Rats! No!"

"Then don't bother!"

"So you're sellin' 'em, Peele?" asked Raby, with a grin.

"They're worth the money, I suppose," answered Peele. "I'm not asking the fellows to buy them, am I? Why shouldn't I sell them?"

"Why shouldn't you?" agreed Raby. Cyril Peele was evidently out to turn an honest penny by his hobby.

That was rather commendable, for he frequently tried to turn a dishonest penny by much less reputable means.

"Never mind the dashed photographs!" said Jimmy Silver. "I want to ask you a question, Peele."

"I wish you'd leave it till I've finished!" grunted Peele. "I'm busy, and the light's good just now."

Jimmy Silver did not heed. He drew the pink racing paper from his pocket.

"Is that yours?" he asked.

Peele glanced at it.

"Yes. Did the young ass send it back by you?" he said. "I thought he was keeping it dark."

He held out his hand for the racing paper.

Jimmy Silver put it deliberately back into his inside pocket.

"I'm going to burn that paper," he said quietly.

"Like your blessed cheek to burn a paper that don't belong to you!" said Peele angrily.

"And I'm going to thrash you for lending it to my cousin!"

Cyril Peele started back.

"Look here, Silver—"

"Take your jacket off!" said Jimmy.

"I'm not going to fight you, you fool! I'm busy!"

"I'll keep you busy in another way for a few minutes," said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"You can keep your shady tricks for yourself and your friends, Peele, and leave my cousin alone!"

"I fancy your cousin's about as shady as anybody at Rookwood!" sneered Peele. "I lent him the paper because he wanted it."

"You won't do it again in a hurry!" said Jimmy Silver. "Will you put up your hands, Peele?"

"No, I won't!"

"Look here—" began Gower.

"You shut up, Gower!" said the captain of the Fourth. "If you're spoiling for trouble, I dare say Lovell will oblige you!"

"With pleasure!" said Lovell. "Are you on, Gower?"

"Oh, rats!" growled Gower, backing away a little.

Apparently Cuthbert Gower was not "on." Jimmy Silver advanced on Peele, with his hands up, and his face very grim.

He had had trouble with the black sheep of the Fourth before, but Jimmy was not quarrelsome, and he generally avoided Peele, and had little or nothing to do with him.

But he had to deal with him now.

Like the prophet of old, Jimmy felt that he did well to be angry.

Algy Silver had been trouble enough to his cousin in the Fourth, without Cyril Peele chipping in to make matters worse.

If Algy was determined to "play the goat," at least he was going to get no help from the blackguard of the Fourth, if Jimmy could prevent it.

Peele backed away as Jimmy advanced.

He did not want to face the knuckles of the captain of the Fourth; he preferred less vigorous methods of expressing his dislike.

But he had no choice this time.

He set down his camera as Jimmy's knuckles tapped on his nose and put up his hands at last.

"Come on, then, you rotter!" he said between his teeth.

Jimmy Silver came on fast enough.

The next five minutes were an experience that Cyril Peele never wanted to go through again.

He put up a fight, but he was too much of a slacker to be of much use in the fistical line, and he lacked the courage to stand up to a ding-dong hammering.

Lovell & Co. looked on, grinning, and Gower **THE POPULAR.**—No. 188.

with a scowling face, as Peele was knocked right and left.

He went down with a crash at last, and stayed there.

He lay panting on the ground, looking up at Jimmy Silver with eyes that glittered like a snake's.

"Is that enough for you?" snapped Jimmy. "Hang you! Yes!"

"Oh, get a move on!" said Lovell encouragingly. "You're not half licked yet, Peele!"

"Hang you!"

"Let it go at that," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "You're not a match for me, Peele, and I wouldn't have touched you if you let me keep my hands off you. But you'll let my young cousin alone."

"Hang your cousin, and you, too!" panted Peele. "Do you think I want that sneakin' fag hangin' round me? He can go to the dogs without any help from me! If you want him this afternoon look for him at the Bird-in-Hand!"

Jimmy made no reply to that.

He walked away with his chums with a moody brow, and Gower gave Cyril Peele a hand up. The unhappy nut of the Fourth dabbed his nose with his handkerchief.

"Getting on with the photos?" asked Gower.

"Hang the photos!"

Peele sat down by a tent and mopped his nose, which was streaming red.

Gower shrugged his shoulders and walked away, leaving his chum to growl and mumble by himself.

But Peele was not left alone long. There

was a footstep, and a cheery voice hailed him:

"Great pip! What a chivvy! You ought to take a photo of that, Peele, only I'm dashed if I don't think it would crack the camera!"

Peele looked up and fixed a deadly look upon Algy Silver of the Third.

was a footstep, and a cheery voice hailed him:

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"Well, I've a good mind to, anyway," said Algy. "De Vere's keen on it. Suppose you come along with us, Peele?"

"I've had a warnin' from your Cousin Jimmy to leave you alone!" said Peele between his teeth.

Algy laughed.

"Is he goin' to hammer you again if you pal with me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Like his cheek! I suppose you're not funky enough to take any notice?" grunted Algy.

"Yes. I'm goin' to take notice," said Peele. "I'm not goin' to fight your precious cousin every day, Algy Silver. I don't want a scrubby little cad of a fag hangin' round about me, either."

"What!"

"I've had enough of your cousin, and you, too," said Peele, "and here's a warnin' to you to keep your distance!"

"Here, I say—Yah! Oh!" roared Algy, as Cyril Peele rushed at him, hitting out right and left.

"Yah! Stoppit! Oh! Ah!" yelled Algy. But Peele did not stop it.

The fag was no match for him, slacker as he was, and Peele had it all his own way in the fight that followed.

It was a great solace to Peele to give Jimmy Silver's cousin what Jimmy had given him, and since Jimmy had ordered him to have nothing to do with Algy, Jimmy could scarcely take up the cudgels again because he had ended his acquaintance with the fag in this drastic way.

Algy put up a stout resistance, but he was thoroughly licked by the time Peele was done with him.

Then Peele picked up his camera and walked away, leaving the fag of the Third gasping in the grass.

Algy Silver sat up dazedly, feeling his nose.

"Oh, my hat!" he gasped. "Oh, my only aunt! Oh dear! Groooogh!"

"Hallo, Algy! Been havin' a merry time?" Bertie de Vere came up with a grin. He had been watching the scene from a distance, with great amusement.

"Ow, ow, ow!" was Algy's reply. "Why didn't you come up and lend me a hand, you rotter! Ow, ow!"

"What on earth did Peele go for you for?" asked De Vere. "I thought you were no' end pals."

"Yow! Ow, ow! Jimmy licked him for lendin' me that pink paper!" groaned Algy. "The cad's taken it out of me! Oh! Yow!"

"I'd like to have a cousin like that—I don't think!" sneered De Vere. "More fool you for lettin' him meddle with you. I wouldn't."

Algy Silver staggered to his feet.

"That puts the lid on," he said. "I'm fed up now. It's all Jimmy's fault. Why can't he let a chap alone?"

"Meddin' cheeky ass!" said De Vere.

"Well, I'll show him!" muttered Algy. "Let's get somewhere and bathe my nose, and then I'm ready to come along with you, Bertie. I'll show him!"

"Good man!" said Bertie approvingly. And the two fags hurried away together. They passed Peele in the distance, and Algy scowled at him.

When the two fags, a little later, started up the road to Coombe, Peele looked after them, with a curious expression on his face.

"Guess where those young rascals are goin', Gower!" he said to his companion.

"Easy enough to guess," said Gower, shrugging his shoulders. "Thinkin' of tellin' Jimmy Silver?"

"Not at all! I'm goin' to take photographs," said Peele. "Come along!"

"Where?"

"Coombe," said Peele.

"Nothin' to photograph there, is there?" asked Gower in surprise.

"I think it's very likely," answered Peele. "Jimmy Silver makes out that his precious young cousin is as good as gold when he's let alone by naughty fellows like me. We'll see! You know Joey Hook meets his friends in the arbour in the Bird-in-Hand garden for a little game sometimes. I fancy that's where we shall find that precious pair this afternoon. Easy enough to take a snap."

Gower whistled.

"I—I say, Peele, I wouldn't!" he muttered. "A photo like that would get young Silver kicked out of the school if it came out."

"Think so?" grinned Peele.

**AMAZING PROGRAMME OF STORIES FOR NEXT WEEK!**

Full particulars to be found on page 27. Read "A Word With Your Editor."

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**Cyril Peele's Scheme.**

**A**LGY of the Third grinned at the Fourth-Former. He evidently found something entertaining in the battered look of the Fourth-Form nut.

"My hat! You do look a wreck!" he said. "I can guess who's been hammerin' you. My Cousin Jimmy—what?"

"Yes!" muttered Peele.

"Sorry!" said Algy airily. "The interferin' ass collared that paper you lent me, and I came to mention that it's lost. I don't suppose Jimmy will give it up. I never gave him your name, though. I wouldn't! You needn't scowl at me, Peele. It's not my fault Jimmy chips into my bizney."

Peele did not answer.

He rose slowly to his feet, a deadly glitter in his eyes.

"Jimmy's such a serious old judge," went on Algy, not observing the Fourth-Former's expression. "He's so jolly easily shocked, you know. He fairly got his wool off because he heard me talkin' geegees with De Vere. I say, I'm sorry about the paper. I'm goin' on the spree this afternoon, just to show Jimmy that I'm not goin' to be dictated to."

"Are you?" muttered Peele.

"I'm pretty sure of it!"

"What a sad blow for dear old Jimmy, then!" said Peele between his teeth. "Being so wrapped up in Algy he would feel it no end, and, of course, I should be very sorry."

"It's too thick. You'd be sent to Coventry by all Rookwood, too, if you played such a dirty trick."

Peele laughed impatiently.

"I'm not goin' to make the Head a present of a picture like that, fathead! I'm goin' to stick it up in the place somewhere for all the fellows to see; an' I'll make Jimmy Silver ask me for the negative as a favour, an' apologise at the same time. Otherwise, he can take the risk of it getting into the masters' hands. See?"

"Well, that's not such a bad scheme," said Gower. "I'm with you in bringing down that swankin' cad a little. But—"

"Oh, come on! I know where to catch them now!" exclaimed Peele. "I have an invitation to join the merry circle in the arbour; but I reckon I sha'n't accept it now. Ha, ha!"

With that the two cads of the Fourth went down the road towards the village.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Put to the Test!**

**A**FTER dinner the next day, Peele cycled down to Coombe to use the dark-room at the village photographer's, the dark-room at the school not being available at present.

When he came back there was a contented grin on his face. He was only in time to put away his bike and hurry to classes.

"All serene?" asked Gower, joining him.

"Right as rain!" grinned Peele. "The negative was rippin', and I've printed three copies."

"What did you want three for?"

"In case of accidents, you know. I met Joey Hook on my way back, and showed him the photograph!" chuckled Peele. "You should have seen his face! He asked me for a copy, and offered me half-a-crown for it."

"What on earth for?"

"Blessed if I know; but I didn't refuse, of course. Perhaps he wanted to keep it as a souvenir of his acquaintance with Algy, after the dear youth reforms," grinned Peele. "I've got two left. I'm going to stick one up on the oak-tree after lessons!"

"Phew! Silver will be wild!"

"Let him!" said Peele coolly. "If he touches me I'll take care that the Head gets the other picture. I'll tell him so."

"You've got him in a cleft stick," said Gower, with a nod. "This morning showed that he'd go any length for that young rascal to save his skin."

"More fool he! But it's a fact right enough. I'll make him eat dirt for punching me!" said Peele, his eye glittering. "I'll make him feel worse than I felt yesterday! You'll see!"

They joined the class, Peele in high spirits. Cyril Peele was very anxious for lessons to be over that afternoon.

Mr. Bootles dismissed the Form at last and walked away.

Peele strolled up to the big oak-tree, in the shadow of whose branches the Fourth had been listening to Mr. Bootles' valued instructions.

"You fellows interested in a photograph?" he called out. "I've got rather a good picture here. Scene at Coomb."

"Jolly interestin'!" chorused Gower. "You'll like this, Jimmy Silver!"

There was a chorus as the juniors looked at the photograph Peele had pinned on the tree.

Peele strode away, leaving it there for inspection.

"By gad!" exclaimed Mornington. "That had better not be seen! Jimmy Silver, you'd better talk to Peele about this!"

"The cad!" exclaimed Erroll wrathfully. "I'll take it down!"

"Let Jimmy Silver see it first!" chuckled Townsend.

"What does it matter to me?" demanded Jimmy.

"Look an' see!"

Jimmy, wondering a little, came through the crowd of juniors, and glanced at the photograph pinned up on the tree.

Then he started.

The photograph represented the interior of a green arbour. Three figures were seated

round a little table, on which were a bottle and glasses.

There were cards on the table, and cigarettes, too.

And of the three faces one was easily recognised as that of Joey Hook, the sharper and racing tout, and the other two as those of Bertie de Vere and Algy Silver of the Third Form at Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver stared speechlessly at the photograph.

He could not speak.

He understood that this was Peele's revenge for his thrashing.

That photograph, if it fell into the hands of a master or a prefect, was enough to get both Algy and De Vere expelled from Rookwood.

It left no doubt as to their occupation.

The two young rascals had been gambling with Joey Hook in the arbour in the garden at the Bird-in-Hand, and Peele had taken a snapshot of them in the very act!

Kit Erroll jerked the picture from the tree, and handed it to Jimmy.

Without a word Jimmy Silver tore the card into fragments, and his face was white as he turned away.

"By Jove, this is bad, Jimmy!" muttered Lovell, with a look of concern. "If Peele lets that be seen, it's all up with Algy here."

"I've seen it."

"I shall be kicked out of the school," muttered Algy. "Suppose the Head saw it—or Mr. Wiggins! And Peele says—he says—" Algy choked. "Jimmy, I—I know I've been rather a beast to you; but—you can't leave me in the lurch now, and let me be sacked from the school. You can't!"

"What can I do?" muttered Jimmy hopelessly. "I've torn up one of the photos. But that cad can get as many as he likes from the negative."

"You can get the negative from him."

"Do you think he'd give it up, you young ass?"

"He says he will if you ask him."

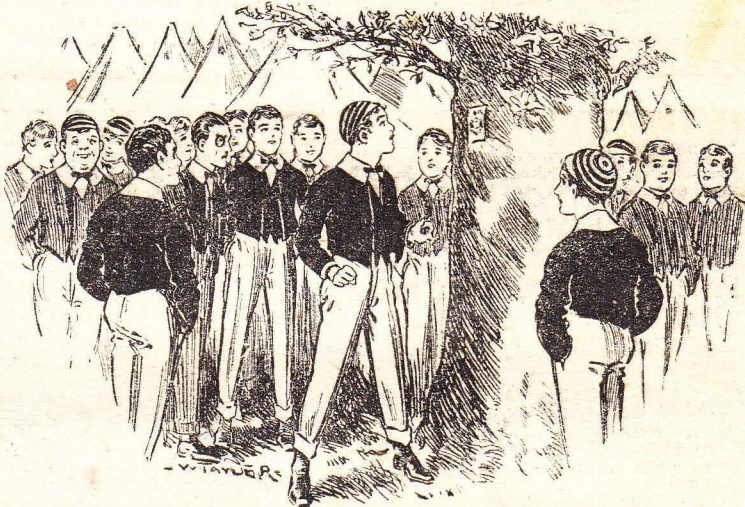
"What?"

Jimmy Silver fairly jumped: That was about the last thing he had expected to hear.

"He says so," muttered Algy. "You—you'll ask him, Jimmy! You—you can put your pride in your pocket for once, and—ask him a favour. That's what he wants. You—you'll do it."

"He will give it up if I ask him?" said Jimmy.

"He says so."



**A SHOCK FOR JIMMY!** "Let Jimmy Silver see it," chuckled Townsend, Jimmy, wondering a little, came through the crowd of juniors, and glanced at the photograph pinned upon the tree. The photo represented the interior of a green arbour. Three figures were seated round a table playing cards and Jimmy recognised the faces of Joey Hook, De Vere, and Algy. (See Chapter 5.)

Jimmy nodded.

He was feeling helpless.

Peele had a right to take a photograph wherever he liked, so far as that went; Jimmy had no right to complain.

It was Algy's fault for having been in such a place, and engaged in such an occupation.

To hammer Peele and make him give up the negative was not feasible; it was more likely to make him show it to Mr. Bootles or the Head.

The cad of the Fourth had the whip-hand now, with a vengeance.

What did he intend to do? Jimmy wondered. It was pretty certain that Peele did not intend to let the matter end where it was.

Jimmy Silver left his chums, and paced by himself under the beeches, thinking it out.

It was about half an hour later that Algy joined him there.

The scapegrace of the Third was not looking his usual cheeky, airy self. His expression was of mingled rage and terror.

"Jimmy!" he said gaspingly.

The captain of the Fourth looked at him grimly.

"You've done it now, Algy!" he muttered. "Who'd have thought any chap would be such a cad?" panted Algy. "He—he's shown me a photograph, Jimmy—"

"Let's see him, then."

"Come on!" gasped Algy, in great relief. He caught his cousin by the sleeve and hurried him away.

Peele and Gower were lounging in Little Quad when Jimmy Silver and his cousin joined them.

"Algy says you're willing to give me the negative of that photograph, Peele," said Jimmy Silver, almost huskily.

It went bitterly against the grain to ask a favour of the cad of the Fourth, but it was for Algy's sake.

Peele smiled insolently.

"What do you want it for?" he drawled.

"To destroy it."

"I'll hand it to you, on conditions," smiled Peele.

"I'll give you anything you ask—if I've got it," said Jimmy Silver. "You've got the upper hand, you cad. What do you want for the negative, and any copies you've got?"

"I'll tell you," said Peele, with cool deliberation. "Yesterday you licked me, Jimmy Silver. To-day I've got the whip-hand, and I'm going to make you squirm for it. I'll give you that photograph and the negative on one condition. If you don't agree, I'll take fifty copies of it, and scatter 'em over Rookwood."

"What's the condition?"  
 "You're goin' to stand there an' take what you gave me yesterday," said Peele.  
 "I'm goin' to knock you down, Jimmy Silver, an' you're goin' to take it smilin'."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gower.  
 Jimmy clenched his hands hard.  
 "You worm!" he shouted.  
 "You've heard the condition," continued Peele. "That's final. Take your medicine or let your precious cousin take his chance."  
 He grinned triumphantly.  
 Algy Silver groaned.  
 "Oh, you rotter!" he muttered huskily.  
 "You treacherous rotter! You've played cards at the Bird-in-Hand a dozen times yourself!"  
 "Got anythin' to prove it?" sneered Peele.  
 Gower chuckled.  
 Jimmy Silver was silent, a struggle proceeding in his breast.  
 His face burned at the thought of enduring what Peele intended to inflict. Algy had no hope that he would submit, and he was in despair.  
 But Jimmy Silver was thinking—thinking of the reckless fag's father, out at sea in his country's service, and of the bitter blow it would be to the commander when he learned that his son had been turned out of Rookwood in disgrace.  
 Commander Silver had had trouble with the boy already, and he had asked Jimmy to keep an eye on him, and look after him at Rookwood, and Jimmy had promised that

he would. And now, to save Algy's honour, he had to pay the price!  
 Jimmy Silver spoke at last.  
 "I agree!" he said in a husky voice.  
 "Done!" said Cyril Peele. "I thought you'd knuckle under, Silver! You can have the photograph—here it is—an' I'll hand you the negative as soon as I get it from where I've put it."  
 "You'll hand it to me first, Peele. My word's good enough for you, you cad!"  
 Peele shrugged his shoulders.  
 "All serene!"  
 He opened his jacket, and drew a film negative from a hiding-place in the lining. Jimmy Silver's hand closed on the negative and the photograph.  
 Arthur Edward Lovell came through the archway into Little Quad, looking for his chum.  
 He caught sight of him—and then Lovell stood rooted to the ground as he saw Peele stride towards Jimmy Silver and knock him flying.  
 Peele and Gower walked away laughing. Jimmy Silver rose to his feet.  
 His face was deadly white, save where the red mark of the blow glowed on the skin. Lovell came up, almost stupefied.  
 "Jimmy! You—you—" he stammered.  
 "I'll fetch the cad back for you—"  
 "Stop!"  
 "What do you mean?" roared Lovell.  
 "Are you afraid of Peele? Are you a funk, to be knocked down and take it smiling?"

Jimmy Silver did not answer. But Lovell caught sight of the negative in his hand, and the truth dawned on him.  
 "You fool!" he muttered.  
 "Jimmy!" Algy Silver was almost crying.  
 "Jimmy, old chap, I—I'm sorry. I—I wouldn't have asked you, I wouldn't! Oh, Jimmy!"  
 Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep breath.  
 "It's all right, kid! You're out of the wood now," he said. "Keep out of it; don't beat the fool again. I think you owe me that."  
 "I never will, Jimmy!" said Algy, nearly sobbing. "I—I never wanted to. It was just rot, you know!"  
 "Take this rubbish somewhere and burn it," said Jimmy.  
 Algy Silver took the photograph and the negative, and hurried away with them. Arthur Edward Lovell looked long and hard at his chum.  
 "You ass!" he said.  
 "I know."  
 "You—you chump! You frabjous fat-head!"  
 But Lovell's look was not so gruff as his words, and he squeezed Jimmy's arm as they walked away. And Algy, at least, did not forget his promise.  
 THE END.  
 (The next grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. will be entitled "The Jape that Failed," by Owen Conquest. Look out for it in next week's issue.)

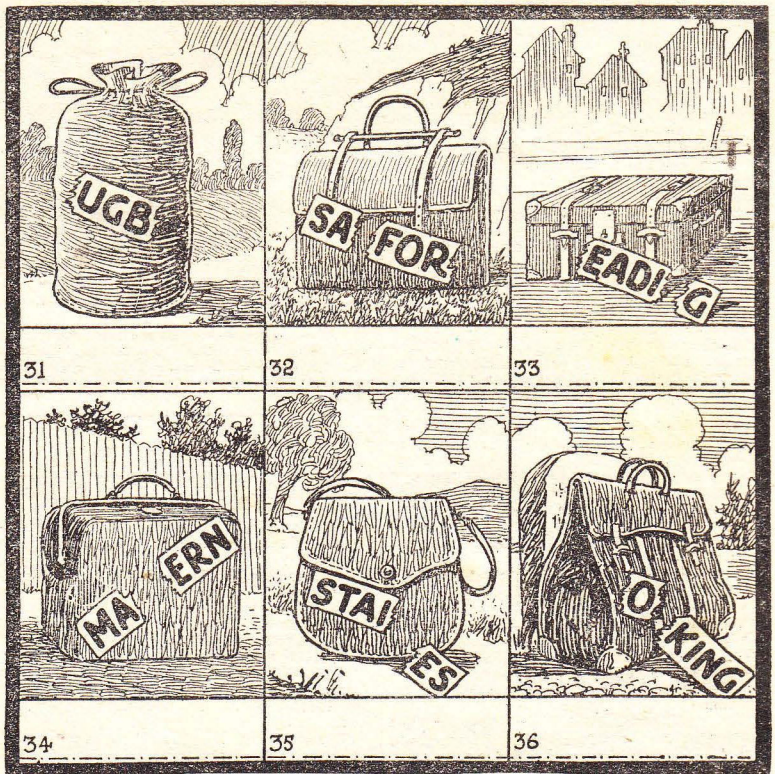
## WHERE ARE THESE BAGS BOUND FOR? A NOVEL COMPETITION.

**FIRST PRIZE, £10!**  
**SECOND PRIZE, £5!**  
**THIRD PRIZE, £2 10s.!**  
**FORTY PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS.**

This week we publish the **SIXTH AND LAST** set of picture-puzzles. Competitors must now collect their efforts, sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to their solutions, and post them to:  
 "LABELS" Competition,  
 Popular Offices,  
 Gough House,  
 Gough Square, E.C. 4  
 so as to reach that address not later than Thursday, August 31st. Any efforts received after that date will be disqualified.

The first prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends a list of solutions which is exactly the same, or nearest to, the list now in the Editor's possession. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. It must be distinctly understood that the Editor's decision is final and binding in all matters concerning this contest. You may send as many efforts as you like, but each set must be accompanied by a separate coupon. Alternative solutions, on one coupon, will be disqualified. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of the prizes.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

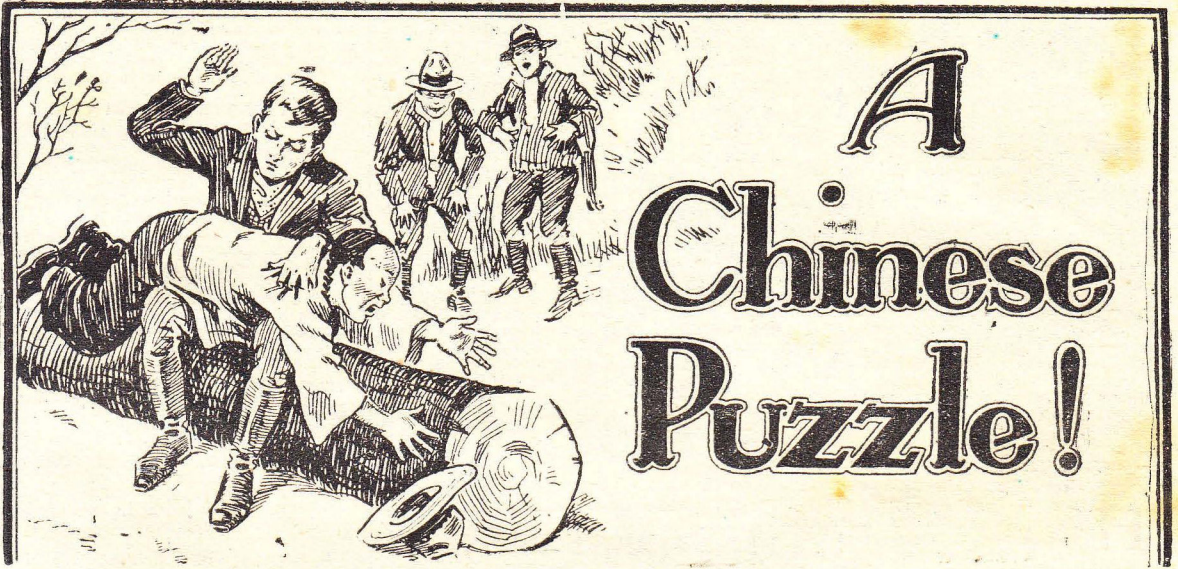


I enter "LABELS" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Name.....

Address:.....

THE CHUMS OF CEDAR CREEK COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YEN CHIN, THE WILY SON OF THE FLOWERY LAND, IS A BAFFLING AND BEWILDERING PUZZLE!



# A Chinese Puzzle!

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.

#### Bob Lawless Keeps his Promise.

"**H** ALLO! That sounds like the Chink!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. Frank Richards and his chums had come down to the frozen creek, skates in hand, after morning lessons at the lumber-school.

As they reached the bank, a loud wail came to their ears, proceeding from the frost-blackened thickets along the stream.

It was a howl full of anguish, and they recognised the mournful tones of Yen Chin, the Chinese of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards stopped. "It's Yen Chin right enough!" he exclaimed. "Somebody's been going for him again."

"Gunter, I suppose," said Vere Beaulere, with a frown.

"Yow-ow-ow!" came the howl again.

"Let's go and see him, anyway," said Bob Lawless.

The Canadian schoolboy plunged into the thicket, and Frank and Beaulere followed him.

They came upon Yen Chin in a few moments. The little Chinese was seated upon a log, his face buried in his hands, howling in an almost ear-splitting manner.

Yen Chin's howl was pathetic, but it was not musical, and the chums of Cedar Creek were rather inclined to stop their ears.

But they were sympathetic. Frank Richards clapped the Chinese on the shoulder.

"Yow-ow-ow! Ko-ko-kec-keeeeee!" wailed Yen Chin.

"What's the matter, John?" demanded Bob Lawless. "For goodness' sake, draw it mild with that yelling! It sounds like a coyote with its leg in a trap."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Tell us what's the matter, kid," said Frank Richards soothingly.

Yen Chin looked up at last, with a tear-stained, yellow face.

The "Chow" of Cedar Creek was not exactly a model character.

He was a terrible liar, and he had never been able to understand the British view on that subject.

But the fellows made allowances for the Oriental.

Yen Chin, was, in fact, a cunning little rascal in many respects, but he had his good qualities.

And Frank Richards & Co. did not see any reason why the burly Gunter should be allowed to bully him, as he was fond of doing.

Bob Lawless had solemnly promised Gunter a terrific hiding if he laid a finger on Yen Chin again, and Bob was the fellow to keep a promise of that kind to the very letter.

Gunter, the Swiss, was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and of late he had kept clear of Yen Chin, who, however, had the long memory of an Oriental for either a favour or an injury, and who had by no means forgiven the bully.

The Chinese looked a pathetic little figure as he sat sobbing on the log, his howls a little subdued now.

"Is it Gunter again?" asked Beaulere.

"Bad boy Guntee, beatee little Chineel!" wailed Yen Chin.

"The rotter!" exclaimed Frank wrathfully.

"Beatee velly muchee—me suffee great painee! Yow-ow-ow!"

"It's too bad!" exclaimed Beaulere.

"Why can't the brute let the kid alone?"

"He's going to be made to," said Bob Lawless grimly. "I guess I'll see to that."

"Bob lickee Guntee?" inquired the Chinese.

"Givee great thashing, oh, yes?"

"You bet!" said Bob.

Yen Chin brightened up.

"No suffee so muchee if Bob lickee beastelee Guntee," he announced.

Bob grinned.

"All serene!" he said. "I'll go and look for Gunter now, kid. Don't make any more row, there's a good chap."

"Me great painee!" moaned Yen Chin.

"Come on, you chaps!" said Bob. "No good keeping Gunter waiting. We can have our skate after dinner."

"Right-ho!"

The three chums proceeded to look for Kern Gunter.

A number of the Cedar Creek fellows were coming down to the ice, and they met Gunter among them, near the school gate.

"Hold on, Gunter!" called out Bob Lawless.

The Swiss gave him a surly look.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"I guess I want you!" answered Bob, planting himself in Gunter's path.

"What's the row?" asked Tom Lawrence.

"Gunter's been bullying Yen Chin again, and I guess I'm going to stop him!" said Bob.

"I promised you a hiding if you touched Yen Chin again, Gunter. Will you take your jacket off?"

Kern Gunter backed away, scowling.

"Hands off!" he exclaimed savagely. "I haven't touched the Chink, and it's no business of yours if I had!"

"That's right enough!" chimed in Keller, Gunter's chum. "Mind your own business, Bob Lawless!"

Bob took no heed of him.

He advanced upon Gunter, as the Swiss retreated, with his hands up.

The Cedar Creek fellows gathered round.

"Put up your hands, Gunter!" exclaimed Eben Hacke, the American. "I guess you can't back out!"

"I haven't touched the Chink!" shouted Gunter.

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Bob impatiently.

"We've just found him howling as if he's nearly murdered. Put up your hands!"

"I won't! I—"

Bob's knuckles, landing on Gunter's prominent nose, cut short his words.

Gunter gave a howl of rage, and leaped at the Canadian schoolboy, his eyes blazing.

"Go it!" sang out Chunky Todgers.

"Pile in, ye cripples!" grinned Dick Dawson. Gunter was "going it."

He had no choice in the matter, and he put up a good fight.

Bob Lawless was driven back a pace or two by the Swiss schoolboy's heavy weight.

But he soon recovered his ground, and pressed Gunter hard.

Bob was the most good-natured of fellows, but he could be hard and stern, and his sunburnt face was very grim now.

He fully intended to carry out his promise, by giving Kern Gunter the thrashing of his life.

Gunter should have been fully a match for the Canadian schoolboy, for he was bigger and heavier.

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"A PROMISING PUPIL!"

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

It was pluck that was wanting. He gave ground, his blows growing uncertain, and his defence more uncertain still. Crash!

"Man down!" grinned Chunky Todgers. Gunten lay gasping on the ground. Bob Lawless waited for him to rise. He was not finished yet.

"Get up, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Eben Hacke encouragingly. "Stand up and take your medicine!"

Another groan.

Bob Lawless turned away contemptuously. Keller helped the Swiss to his feet. Gunten did not need so much help as he pretended.

His nose was streaming red, but he was not much hurt.

The Canadian boys, grinning, went on towards the creek.

"You were a jay to handle the Chink, after what Lawless said!" muttered Keller.

"I didn't!" snarled Gunten. "I haven't touched him! It's a lie!"

Keller whistled.

Bob Lawless looked back.

The words were not meant for his ears, but he had heard them.

There was rather a curious expression on Bob's face as he followed his chums towards the creek.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
**The Ways of the Chinese!**

"**H**OLD on, you chaps!" said Bob abruptly, as Frank and Beau were about to put their skates on.

The rancher's son was looking rather troubled.

"Oh, you're done with Gunten!" said Frank.

"Yes, yes. But—"

"But what?"

Bob Lawless coloured.

"I—I guess I'm not quite satisfied. Of course, Gunten is a beastly bully, and a kicking will do him good. But—but I don't feel so dashed certain that he has been bullying Yen Chin this time."

"Oh!" said Frank, with a whistle.

"That Chink is such an awful little fibber," said Bob ruefully. "I wonder—"

"Rather late to begin wondering," said Vere Beauclerc, laughing.

"Well, yes, so far as Gunten's concerned. But—well, let's see the little beast, anyhow!" said Bob shortly.

"All right!"

The three chums went to look for Yen Chin.

The little Chinese was still sitting on the log, from whence he had had a view of the fight through the leafless thicket.

He was doubled up in an ecstasy of mirth, and chucking gleeefully to himself. But as he spotted the three, he suddenly became grave, and emitted a loud, mournful howl.

"Hallo! Still suffering?" exclaimed Bob gruffly.

"Me suffice fearful painee!" murmured Yen Chin pathetically. "Me cly!"

"Well, you can ring off crying for a bit; but you were giggling as we came up!" growled Bob. "Look here, Chow, did Gunten really lambaste you?"

"Oh, yes."

"When?" asked Bob.

Yen Chin hesitated, looking at him cunningly out of the corners of his almond eyes.

"After schoolee," he answered at last.

"It wasn't ten minutes after school that we found you howling," said Bob suspiciously.

"Lickee awful!" moaned Yen Chin. "Me suffice great painee."

"I say, Lawrence!" called out Bob.

Tom Lawrence looked across from the ice.

"Hallo!" he replied.

"Gunten was coming out with you when I met him," said Bob, with a worried look.

"Do you know whether he had been out of the gates before, since lessons?"

"I guess he hadn't," answered Lawrence.

"I saw him mending a skate in the porch."

"Oh! You hear that, Yen Chin?"

"Me healee."

"Gunten hadn't been licking you."

"Lickee awful baddee."

"He hadn't been out of gates!" exclaimed Bob angrily.

"Lickee in gates."

"That's a lie!" said Lawrence, who had come to the bank. "Gunten was mending a skate ever since school turned out, and I saw him."

"My hat!" murmured Frank Richards. "You've been telling lies again, Yen Chin!"

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"No tallee lies, Flanky. No can!"

"You said Gunten had licked you since lessons, and he hasn't!" roared Bob.

Yen Chin backed away round the log.

"Me make mistakee," he mumbled.

"Meanee sayee, Gunttee lickee this morning in Thompson, before comee schoolee."

"Oh, by gum!" exclaimed Bob, staring at him blankly. "You awful little liar! Don't tell me any more untruths!"

"No can."

Bob Lawless made a stride towards the Chink, and Yen Chin dodged behind Frank Richards, in alarm.

Frank caught him by the pigtail.

"You young rascal!" he exclaimed. "You were lying, and you've made Bob thrash Gunten for nothing!"

"Gunttee great beastee," pleaded Yen Chin.

"Lickee Yen Chin lastee weekee—pool little Chinee!"

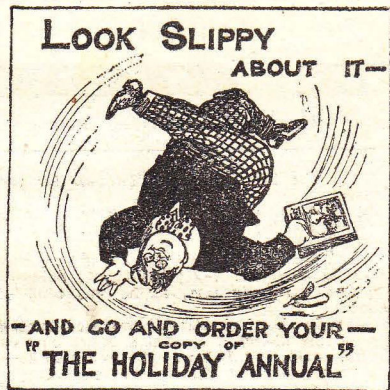
"I'll give you poor little Chinee!" exclaimed Bob, greatly exasperated. "You've told me barefaced lies, and made me punch a fellow who hadn't done anything! I'll squash you!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled the Chink, as Bob Lawless' powerful hands grasped him. "Yow-oooooooooh! No killee pool little Chinee! Helpee! Murdee!"

But Bob Lawless paid no heed to his yells.

He sat on the log, threw the wriggling Chince across his knee, and spanked him heartily upon his loose garments.

**THE GREAT DAY IS DRAWING NEAR—**



**OUT ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER!**

Spank, spank, spank!

Yen Chin howled dismally.

"There!" panted Bob, rising at last, and throwing him aside. "That's a lesson for you, you young rascal! Tell the truth next time, and don't try any more of your spoof!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bob strode away, with a heightened colour, and joined his grinning chums.

He stared at them rather grimly.

"Nothing to grin at, that I can see!" he said gruffly.

"Nothing at all," agreed Frank Richards, laughing. "Of all the humbugs, that Chow takes the cake."

"Look at him now!" exclaimed Beauclerc, laughing heartily.

Bob Lawless spun round.

Yen Chin had his fingers to his nose, grinning.

Bob made a stride towards him, and the Chinee promptly fled.

"Oh, bother him!" exclaimed Bob. "I've got to speak to Gunten! I've thrashed the brute for nothing."

His chums chuckled, as Bob slid out on the ice.

He joined Gunten, who scowled at him savagely.

"I'm sorry, Gunten," said Bob, with an effort. "I find that Yen Chin was lying, and I've spanked him."

"Go and hang yourself!" was Gunten's polite reply.

Bob came very near giving Gunten "some more of the same," but he refrained, and left the scowling Swiss to himself.

His brow cleared as he joined his chums, and they skated along the frozen creek, and he was in his usual good humour by the time the fellows came in to dinner.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**A Pressing Invitation!**

**F**LANKY!"

After lessons that day the three chums came out together, and, to their surpris, Yen Chin joined them on their way to the gates.

The little Chinese was smiling in a way that was childlike and bland, and apparently in the most friendly mood.

"Cut off!" snapped Bob Lawless.

"Blave Bob Lawless angly?"

"Yes, you treacherous little beast!"

"Chinee wicked bad boy," said Yen Chin.

"But solly, velly solly! Chinee wantee blave Bob forgivee, or go downee."

"Rats!" grunted Bob.

"Pool little Chinee go downee if hand-some Bob no forgivee."

Bob smiled, in spite of himself.

"Well, I guess I forgive you, fathead," he said, "if that's what you want! Now vamoose, and be banged to you!"

"Chinee velly happee," said Yen Chin, brightening up. "Chinee wantee his fiende to comee homee-feastee."

"Eh?"

"If no angly with Chinee, comee homee and feastee! Oh, yes?" asked Yen Chin.

"We've got to get home," answered Bob.

Yen Chin's face became miserable at once.

"No likee pool little Chinee?" he asked sorrowfully. "Chinee bad boy. Blave Bob no comee because Yen Chin tellee big lie? Me go downee."

The three chums exchanged uncomfortable glances.

They certainly did not believe that the heathen would go and drown himself if their forgiveness was withheld, but really there was no telling what the queer little Oriental might or might not do.

"We could go," said Frank Richards hesitatingly.

Beauclerc nodded.

Yen Chin was evidently much hurt at his hospitality being refused, and the chums did not like hurting his feelings.

"Oh, I guess I don't mind!" said Bob. "The popper won't mind us being home late, Frank. It's going to be a bright moon. But—"

"You comee?" asked Yen Chin eagerly.

"At homee me givee great feastee to good, blave fiende. Velly lich feedee."

"All serene!" said Bob.

"Me lovee good Bob Lawless!" purred Yen Chin.

"Oh, rats! Let's get off!"

The schoolboys got into their snow-shoes, the trail to Thompson being still under its thick mantle of snow.

They started off with Yen Chin cheerfully enough.

Gunten and Keller, whose way home was the same as Yen Chin's, had already started, but the chums of Cedar Creek soon passed them on the way.

They arrived in Thompson as the dusk was deepening into night.

Yen Chin was all smiles as they arrived at the building where the laundry firm of Ching Ling and Hop How Chin carried on their business.

The little Chinese seemed so delighted with his guests that Frank Richards & Co. were glad they had accepted his invitation after all.

They followed the little Chinese in, and were greeted with low bows by Hop How Chin, to whom the little Celestial presented them, speaking to his father in Chinese.

Hop How Chin was all smiles and politeness, evidently considering this visit as an honour to his laundry establishment.

Then Yen Chin led them into a comfortable little room, where logs were burning in an open stove.

"My loom!" announced Yen Chin.

"You've got jolly comfortable quarters, kid!" said Frank Richards.

"Nicee fiendee sittee downee."

Yen Chin's nice friends sat down on very comfortable couches.



The warmth of the stove was very agreeable after the run through the snow. "Me goee talkee cooky," said Yen Chin. "Makee velly gleet feasteefol nicee fiendee. Comee soonee quickee." And Yen Chin glided from the room, leaving the chums to toast their toes, while a murmur of voices, speaking in Chinese, came to their ears from an adjoining apartment, accompanied by a very savoury smell of cooking.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**A Feast of the Gods.**

**F**RANK RICHARDS & CO. had about half an hour to wait. They chatted cheerfully round the stove in Yen Chin's comfortable room.

The run through the cold air had made them very hungry, and they were fully prepared to do justice to supper when it arrived. It arrived at last.

Yen Chin, who had apparently been lending a hand in the cooking, entered, followed by an old Chinaman bearing a huge dish.

The dish was set on a low table—or, rather, stool—close by the stove.

It was followed by several more dishes, all of them steaming hot, and emitting a most appetising smell.

The old Chinaman finished laying the table, and then retired, with many bows, and Yen Chin sat down with his chums.

"Solly keepee waiting!" he murmured. "Not at all!" said Frank.

"Yen Chin helpee cookee, extla special nicee glub," explained the little Chinese. "Makee gleet feasteefol for honouable fiends." His honourable friends smiled cheerfully.

"Eatee!" added Yen Chin. The chums were quite willing to eat, especially as they were as hungry as the proverbial hunter.

But it did not seem easy to begin, as there were no knives or forks on the table.

Yen Chin grinned, and distributed chop-sticks to the schoolboys.

They received them with some misgiving. The chums had seen Chinamen eat with those weird implements, but they had not essayed to do so themselves before this.

"Solly no kniffee forkee!" murmured Yen Chin. "In Chinese housee catee likee Chinese, oh, yes! No can?"

"Oh, we can manage!" said Frank. "Only wantee practicee."

"Then we'll practisee!" said Bob good-humouredly.

"Watchee me," suggested Yen Chin. "Go ahead, old scout!"

Having helped themselves by means of a large wooden spoon, the chums essayed the use of the Chinese chop-sticks.

It was certainly a little difficult at first, though Yen Chin handled the peculiar instruments easily enough.

By watching his manipulation the schoolboys at last managed to handle the chop-sticks with some effect.

Yen Chin ate at a great rate, and with evident enjoyment.

As soon as they succeeded in conveying morsels to their mouths, the chums of Cedar Creek shared his enjoyment.

They had been, perhaps, a little doubtful about Chinese cookery, but the savoury mess before them had been treated in a manner worthy of a Parisian chef.

Exactly what it was they did not know. Bob Lawless thought it was mainly rabbit, Beauclerc deemed it chicken, and Frank Richards was inclined to believe that it was partly, at least, pigeon.

But whatever it was it was simply gorgeous eating, as they all agreed.

There were a good many helpings all round, and as the schoolboys grew more used to handling the chop-sticks they did the feast full justice.

But the time came at last to cry halt. The keen schoolboy appetites, sharpened by the cold weather, were satisfied at last, and Bob Lawless pronounced it a feast of the gods.

Yen Chin clapped his hands, and the wizened old Chinaman entered and cleared the table.

"Likee Chinese feasteefol?" asked Yen Chin. "First chop!" said Bob Lawless heartily.

"Ripping!" said Frank. "Topping, kid!" said Vere Beauclerc, with a smile.

"Chinee so pleasee likee feasteefol," murmured Yen Chin. "Extla special feasteefol for

honouable fiends. You knowee meatee, oh, yes?"

Bob Lawless laughed. "Can't say I do, unless it was rabbit," he answered.

"No labbit." "Chicken?" asked Beauclerc. "No chickee."

"Pigeon?" queried Frank. Yen Chin shook his head.

"Partridge?" "No partridge."

"Then I give it up!" said Frank Richards, laughing. "It was jolly good, whatever it was, kid."

"Yes, I guess there's no mistake on that point," agreed Bob. "We've got a Chinese cook at the ranch, but he never turns out anything like that."

"P'laps Mr. Lawless no likee," suggested Yen Chin. "Chinee cookee diffeent ffrom Melican man. This feasteefol leal Chinese cookee."

Bob started. It came into his mind that he had heard queer stories of Chinese cookery.

"Would you mind telling us what that stew was made of, Yen Chin?" he asked at last. "I—I'm rather curious."

"Bob likee knowee?" "Yes, I tell you, What was it?"

"Lovelee doggee." "Wha-a-at?"

"Nicee, nicee doggee," answered Yen Chin innocently. "In my county nicee doggee goodee catee. Melican man no likee."

"A—a—a—a dog!" stammered Frank Richards. Beauclerc turned pale.

Yen Chin nodded affably. "Nicee doggee," he replied. "Not all doggee."

"Wha-a-at else was there?" "Catee."

"Cat!" shrieked Bob Lawless. "Lovelee catee!"

"Oh crumbs! Oh dear! Grooh!" "Oh!" muttered Beauclerc.

"You—you—you heathen!" stuttered Frank

Richards. "You've killed a dog and a cat to make a stew for us?"

"No killee." "What?"

"No killee," assured Yen Chin. "Doggee and catee die."

The three schoolboys staggered to their feet.

Yen Chin, apparently, desired to reassure them, by the information that the cat and the dog had not been killed, but had died natural deaths.

The unfortunate chums did not find it reassuring, however.

Their faces were horribly pale, and the perspiration beaded their brows, as they gazed at the smiling Chinese in horror.

Yen Chin seemed surprised. "Whatee mattee?" he asked.

"Ow!" groaned Bob Lawless. "Oh, you horrid little heathen beast! Ow!"

"Bob Lawless angly?" asked Yen Chin anxiously.

"Grooh!" "Wow—wow—waugh!" mumbled Frank Richards. "Oh dear! A—a dog and—a—a—a c-c-cat! Gerroooooch!"

The satisfaction of the great feast was gone.

Within them the hapless chums felt wild heavings and quakings.

The dog and the cat seemed decidedly uneasy in their new abode.

Like the gentlemen in the play, the chums stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

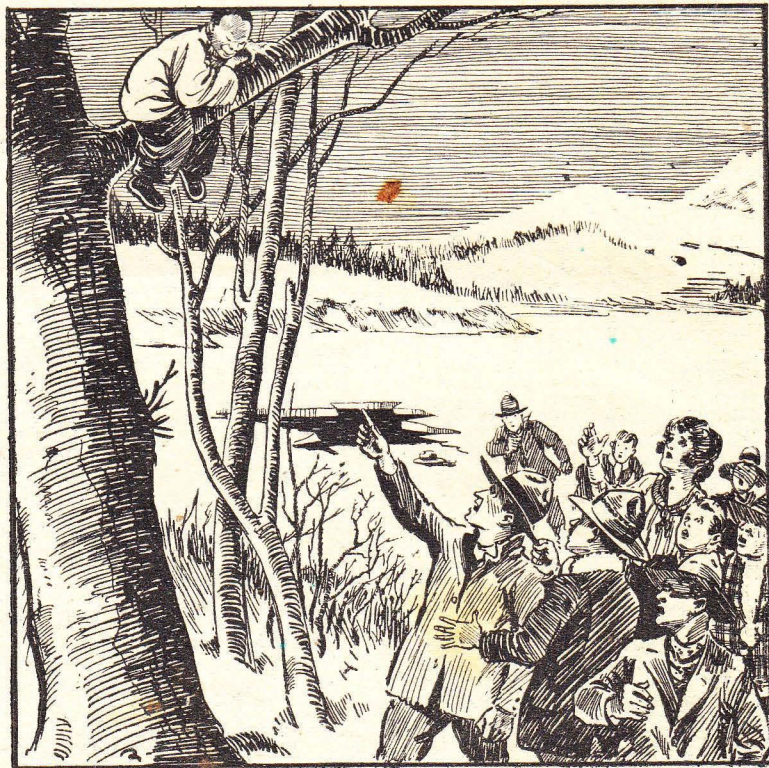
They were very anxious to get outside Yen Chin's hospitable dwelling, for painful and pressing reasons.

They made a hurried scramble for the open air.

In the outer rooms they passed Hop How Chin, who spoke, but they did not pause to reply. There was not an instant to be lost.

In a few seconds they were out in the snow, and then—

But a veil must be drawn over the tragedy. It was heartrending.



**NOT DROWNED!** There was a yell from Eben Hacke, and he pointed upwards, and all eyes followed the direction. "Yen Chin!" The little Chinese, perched on the branch twenty feet above their heads, grinned down on them. "Yen Chin, come down immediately!" cried Bob Lawless. (See Chapter 5.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 188.

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

NEXT TUESDAY:

**"A PROMISING PUPIL!"**

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**The Last Straw.**

"COME on!" said Bob Lawless weakly. "Oh dear!" "Ow!" Three pale-faced, weary-looking youths fastened on their snowshoes, and started away on the home trail in the early moonlight.

Yen Chin gazed after them from the doorway, apparently lost in astonishment.

The leave-taking could not be called polite, after the hospitality the chums had received. But it could not be helped.

The unhappy guests did not show their usual vigour as they glided away from Thompson down the snowy trail.

They were feeling very bad. The only remarks that they made for some time were such remarks as "Grooh!" "Ow!" and "Yurrggh!"

But they revived a little after a run in the fresh, keen, wintry air.

"Oh dear!" said Bob Lawless at last. "I—I suppose Yen Chin didn't understand that—that white men don't like that horrid muck the Chinese eat?"

"I wonder?" said Beauclere. "Well, I was wondering, too," confessed Frank Richards. "It begins to look to me like one of his horrid jokes. He must know jolly well that Canadians don't eat cats and dogs, the horrid little rotter!"

"I guess it was one on us!" said Bob. He spoofed us into going home with him, so that he could give us that beastly stuff to eat, and he meant to tell us what it was, if we hadn't asked him. I can see that now. It was in return for the spanking I gave him."

"Oh dear!" The chums had no doubt on that point now.

The "feast" for his "honourable friends" was the outcome of Yen Chin's peculiar sense of humour, and was intended as a punishment.

It was a splendid feast, from the Chinese point of view, but Yen Chin knew very well what it was from the white man's point of view. The chums had been fairly taken in.

"It was a plant!" growled Bob. "I'll jolly well give the little beast a taste of my boot to-morrow!"

The chums arrived home that evening in much less cheery spirits than usual.

It was not till the next morning that they felt their usual selves.

When they started for Cedar Creek School in the morning, their feelings towards their kind host of the previous evening was not amiable.

To add to their exasperation, when they arrived at school, they found Yen Chin in the school ground, surrounded by a crowd of fellows, who were roaring with laughter over something he was telling them.

Gunten was almost weeping with mirth.

The little Chinese was chuckling as he chattered, and Frank Richards & Co. did not need telling what was the subject under discussion.

"Hallo! There they are!" yelled Gunten. "Did you get a good feed, you fellows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "How do you like cattee and doggee?" yelled Dawson.

"It's a cat and dog life, ain't it?" chuckled Chunky Todgers.

Bob Lawless strode wrathfully up to Yen Chin, who ceased chuckling at once.

"Goodee mornee!" he said.

"So you've been telling the fellows?" grunted Bob. "You horrid little beast, I

reckon you think it's funny to nearly poison a chap with your Chinese mucks!"

"Chinese solly!" murmured Yen Chin.

"I'll make you sorer, you heathen!"

"Who's bullying now?" sneered Gunten.

"Oh, shut up, you foreign trash!" growled Bob Lawless. "I believe you guessed what the young brute was going to do, and you never warned us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunten.

Yen Chin dodged away from Bab Lawless, who strode after him in great wrath.

He felt that what the humorous Chinese wanted was a good licking, and he meant to let him have it.

"No whackee pool little Chinese!" yelled the heathen. "Yen Chin go ddownee!"

"You young rascal!"

"Me go ddownee!"

"Oh, rats! I— Stop him!"

Yen Chin darted away from the crowd, and dashed out of the gateway.

He fled at top speed for the ice-covered creek.

Almost in a twinkling he vanished through the frosty bushes.

"I'll lick him presently!" growled Bob.

"Suppose he drowns himself?" grinned Gunten.

"Oh, don't be a jay!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Lawrence.

Crash!

"My hat!"

From the direction of the frozen creek came the loud crash, evidently the sound of breaking ice.

Bob gave his chums a quick look of alarm. "It—it's not possible—" he ejaculated.

Without waiting to finish, he dashed away towards the creek, with the crowd of fellows at his heels.

An exclamation of dismay broke from him as he came out on the bank.

Six yards or so from the edge there was a jagged hole in the ice, through which the black water bubbled up, and close by the opening the little Celestia's cap lay on the frozen surface.

Bob's face became suddenly pale.

His eyes were riveted in horror on the gap in the frozen creek.

"Good heavens!" he stammered.

"The mad young fool!" exclaimed Frank Richards, utterly agast.

Not for a moment had the schoolboys believed that the little Chinese would carry out his desperate threat.

But the broken ice and the bubbling water told their own tale, and they stood transfixed with horror.

"Better call Miss Meadows!" muttered Dick Dawson, through his chattering teeth.

Chunky Todgers ran back to the school-house.

Bob Lawless strode out desperately on the ice, but Frank caught him by the arm.

"Don't be an ass, Bob!" he said huskily.

"You know how the current runs here; he must be half a mile away by this time!"

Bob groaned.

"Frank, old man! I—I never thought—"

"Of course you didn't! You're not to blame!" said Frank. "The mad little idiot, to do such a thing! Who could have thought it?"

"I guess he's as far as the island by this time," said Kern Gunten. "We'll find him in the spring, I reckon. You'll be called to account for this, Bob Lawless!"

Bob turned on him fiercely.

"Was it my fault, you rotter? Hold your tongue!"

Gunten shrank back, several of the fellows hustling him away.

It was no time for the Swiss' sneering tongue to be heard.

Miss Meadows came hurrying down to the bank, followed by the breathless Chunky.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the Canadian schoolmistress. "Surely what Todgers has told me is impossible!"

She started, and her face went white, as she saw the gap in the ice.

"He—he said he would drown himself, ma'am," groaned Bob Lawless. "I reckoned he was only lying as usual, but—but—"

His voice broke.

"But why—"

Miss Meadows was interrupted by a sudden yell from Eben Hacke.

"Yen Chin!"

"What?"

Hacke pointed upward, and all eyes followed the direction of his finger.

Yen Chin, perched on a branch, twenty feet above their heads, grinned down on them.

"Yen Chin, come down immediately!"

"Bob no whackee pool little Chinese?"

asked Yen Chin cautiously.

"Come down at once!"

Yen Chin slid down the trunk, and stood before the schoolmistress, with an ingratiating smile on his face.

"Oh!" muttered Bob. "Oh, the young rascal! It was only a trick!"

"Yen Chin," said Miss Meadows severely, "did you make that hole in the ice?"

"Oh, yes, me make thlowee lock," explained Yen Chin calmly.

"You threw a rock on the ice?" exclaimed Frank Richards.

"Me thlowee."

"And you placed your cap there, to give an impression that you had fallen in the river?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Me puttee, oh, yes!"

"Oh, you rascal!" said Bob Lawless, in great relief, which was mingled with anger.

"I might have guessed you were spoofing again!"

"No wantee whackee," said Yen Chin calmly.

"How dare you play such a trick, boy?"

exclaimed Miss Meadows. "You have very much alarmed me, and all your school-fellows."

"Chinese solly," murmured Yen Chin, with a penitent look.

Miss Meadows turned away impatiently, and Yen Chin trotted after her to the school-house, apparently thinking he was safer there.

He grinned back at Frank Richards & Co. as he went.

During morning lessons in the lumber-school, the Chinese stole several glances at the chums, but they did not look at him.

After school was dismissed, he came up to them in the playground.

Bob Lawless gave him a grim look.

"What do you want, Yen Chin?" he asked, very quietly.

"No whackee Yen Chin?"

"No," answered Bob. "Leave me alone, that's all."

"Chinese solly."

Bob looked at him.

For once the little rascal seemed in earnest.

"Then try to be a bit decent, and a bit less of an awful liar!" grunted Bob. "You're a regular Chinese puzzle!"

"Me tly!" promised Yen Chin, with great earnestness.

And Yen Chin did try, though the result, as it turned out, was not wholly satisfactory.

THE END.

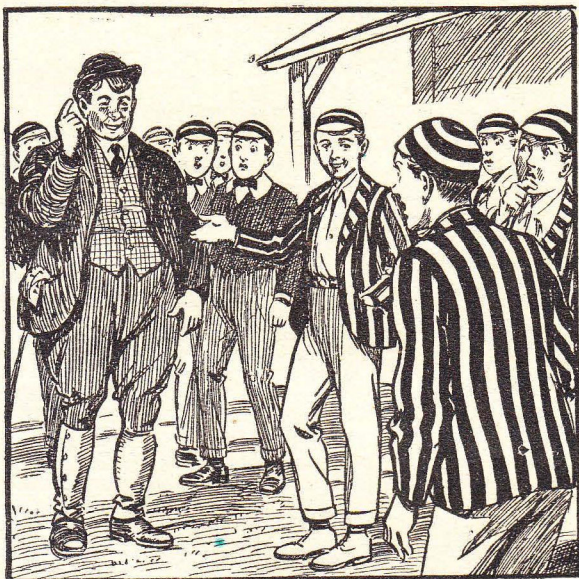
Another Magnificent Long Complete Story dealing with the adventures of Frank Richards & Co., the Chums of the Backwoods School next week.

"A PROMISING PUPIL!"

- By - Martin Clifford.

Meanwhile go to Your Newsagent NOW and order a copy of "The Holiday Annual." The Best Annual for Boys and Girls.

WHEN GRUNDY PLANNED TO DEFEAT TOM MERRY'S CRICKET ELEVEN HE FORGOT THAT THE BEST-LAID PLANS SOMETIMES GO WRONG.



# THE FELLOW WHO FAILED!



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



By

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wanted—A Champion.

"I WANT to speak to you, Tom Merry."

The sturdy form of Grundy of the Shell loomed up in the doorway of Study No. 10, where the Terrible Three were at prep.

Tom Merry looked up. "Be brief," he said. "We're busy." Grundy advanced into the apartment. "I suppose you haven't a match—"

he began. "Certainly not!" said Monty Lowther. "Tommy's a non-smoker."

Grundy glared at the humorist of the Shell.

"Let a fellow finish what he's going to say," he growled. "I suppose you haven't a match on Wednesday afternoon, Merry?"

"No, we haven't," said Tom. "We were to have played Redclyffe, but they've scratched."

"Then I've got a proposal to make to—"

"Down on your knees!" commanded Lowther. "Proposals should always be made on bended knees. They are in penny novelettes, anyway."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

George Alfred Grundy clenched his fist and brandished it perilously near to Monty Lowther's nose.

"Will you dry up?" he snorted. "Look here, Merry, my idea is this. So that you sha'n't have a blank afternoon, I'm going to raise an eleven to play yours."

Tom Merry stared.

"You—you're going to what?" he gasped.

"Raise a team that will knock spots off your crowd!" said Grundy confidently.

"If I remember rightly," said Manners, "you tried that on once before, Grundy. I fancy you were licked by about two hundred runs."

Grundy winced at the recollection.

"Yes, I know," he said. "But that was because the fellows in my team let me down. They didn't rise to the occasion."

"And they're not likely to rise to it this time," said Tom Merry, with a laugh. "Why, you duffer, we could make shavings of any team that you put into the field!"

"I shall have a stronger team this time," said Grundy. "I suppose you've no objection to my playing a professional?"

"What!"

"It isn't usual, I know, to play a fellow from outside the school," said Grundy. "But I thought you might grant me the concession. I'm determined to give you a licking, you see."

"You're not going to persuade Jack Hobbs to come down to St. Jim's, I suppose?" said Manners sarcastically.

"I would if I could," said Grundy. "But I don't think Hobbs would come."

"Ha, ha! I'm jolly sure he wouldn't!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"Perhaps Grundy could borrow the services of Hitch?" suggested Tom Merry.

"Afraid there would be rather a 'hitch' there!" murmured the irrepressible Monty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I sha'n't get a county player," said Grundy. "They're not a bit obliging, these county men. I wanted a professional once before, and I wired to Mead, of Hampshire. But he didn't reply."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All the same, I mean to get hold of a good man," said Grundy. "If there's a star player in Wayland—and I believe there is—I shall persuade him to play in my eleven. Always provided you've no objection, Merry."

Tom Merry shrugged his shoulders.

"Go ahead," he said. "You can get the champion cricketer of Wayland, but we'll whack you, all the same."

Grundy turned to go.

"It's decent of you to let me play a pro," he said. "But I tell you frankly, Tom Merry, you won't stand a dog's chance!"

"Rats!"

Grundy stepped out into the passage. His head was bent, and he was deep in thought, wondering how he could obtain the services of a really good professional cricketer.

Grundy had already compiled his team, up to and including the tenth man. There was one vacancy to be filled, and Grundy intended to fill it with the very best player he could find.

A sheet of newspaper blew towards him along the draughty passage. Grundy stooped and picked it up. It was a portion of the local paper, the "Wayland Gazette."

The photograph of a tall, beefy young man caught Grundy's eye. It appeared under the heading of "Our Gallery of Sportsmen," and underneath was printed:

"This is a photograph of Percy Pilkington, who is well known in local sporting circles, and who plays for Wayland Warriors."

Grundy's eyes glistened.

Here was the very man he sought!

Percy Pilkington was a fellow of fine physique, standing over six feet.

"If I can only bag him for my team," muttered Grundy, "everything in the garden will be lovely!"

Whilst Grundy was surveying the photograph of the athletic Percy his two henchmen, Wilkins and Gunn, came on the scene.

"Hallo, Grundy!" said Wilkins. "Seen Tom Merry?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He's quite willing for me to play a professional in my eleven," said Grundy.

"Oh, good!" said Wilkins and Gunn simultaneously.

"I've just picked up this paper," said Grundy, "and it seems that there's the very man we want!"

Wilkins peered at the paper over Grundy's right shoulder. Gunn peeped at it over the other shoulder.

"By Jove! This fellow Pilkington looks a ripping athlete," said Wilkins.

THE POPULAR.—No. 133.

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

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE STOLEN MASCOT!"

"He plays for Wayland Warriors, too," said Gunn. "If only we could get him!"

"I'll get him all right," said Grundy. "You leave it to me. I've a notion that Pilkington is the son of that pork butcher in Wayland High Street. I'll ring him up on the phone and ask him if he'll play for us."

"That's the idea!"

"I'll make it worth his while, of course," said Grundy. "And with the aid of Pilkington, we shall lick Tom Merry's team to a frazzle!"

"Hear, hear!"

That same evening the following announcement, in Grundy's spider-like hand, appeared on the notice-board:

**"NOTISS!**

"On Wednesday afternoon a Grade Match will take place between Grundy's Eleven and the regular junior eleven which is under the captaincy of Tom Merry.

Grundy's team will be as follows: G. A. Grundy (kaptain), G. Wilkins, W. Gunn, A. Racke, P. Mellish, L. Scrope, G. Crooke, L. Clampe, G. Gore, H. Skimpole, and the wonderful Wayland professional, Percy Pilkington.

"Those who want an object lesson on how to play cricket should come and see Grundy's eleven wipe up the earth with their opponents!"

"(Signed)

**"GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY."**

Grundy had taken it for granted that Percy Pilkington would consent to play.

How could Percy possibly refuse, if Grundy made it worth his while?

"He'll turn out, all serene," Grundy confided to his study-mates. "And, what's more, he'll make a century!"

"And he'll skittle Tom Merry's team out like ninepins!" said Wilkins.

"Yes, rather!"

There was certainly no lack of confidence in Grundy's camp!

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Percy is Willing.**

**"M**AY I use the phone, Kildare?" inquired Grundy meekly.

The captain of St. Jim's frowned.

"You kids are a jolly sight too fond of using our telephone!" he said. "Is it urgent?"

"Fearfully urgent, Kildare!"

"Go ahead, then!"

With a muttered word of thanks, Grundy went along to the prefects' room. He consulted the directory, and presently discovered, "Pilkington, Pork Butcher."

"I want Wayland double-three," he said to the operator.

A moment's pause, a deafening buzz, and then:

"Pilkington's here. Who are you, please?"

"I'm Grundy of St. Jim's," was the reply. And Grundy spoke as if he owned the school and all that was therein. "Is Mr. Percy Pilkington there?"

"I'll fetch him. One moment."

After a brief delay Percy Pilkington came to the telephone. Grundy addressed him eagerly.

"I say, Mr. Pilkington, are you doing anything on Wednesday afternoon?"

"Nothing in particular. It's early-closing day. Why do you ask?"

"I'm getting up a cricket team," explained Grundy, "and I'd be awfully obliged if you'd come over to St. Jim's and play for me."

A rueful chuckle sounded over the wires.

"Sorry, old chap, but I'm no cricketer."

"Eh?"

"I'm a hopeless duffer at the game." At first Grundy was astonished. And then it dawned upon him that Percy Pilkington was probably a very modest young fellow.

There were lots of splendid athletes who refused to blow their own trumpets. Evidently Percy Pilkington was one of them.

"Oh, come off it!" said Grundy. "You can't kid me, you know. I saw your photograph in the 'Wayland Gazette,' in the Gallery of Sportsmen. And you play for Wayland Warriors, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, you're just the man I want. Don't let me down, there's a good sort. I've already counted on you, and put your name on my list."

There was a pause.

"If you really insist on my turning out—" began Mr. Pilkington.

"I do!" said Grundy eagerly.

"Then it's a go! I'll come along to St. Jim's on Wednesday, after dinner."

"I say, that's awfully decent of you!" said Grundy gratefully. "But look here, Mr. Pilkington. I'm not going to accept your services for nix. I mean to make it worth your while. How would ten bob suit you?"

"Down to the ground!" said Mr. Pilkington. "But really, I'm an appalling cricketer. Don't say I didn't warn you."

"That's all right," said Grundy, with a laugh. "You're suffering from modesty, I can see that. And I like modest fellows. I can't stand chaps who suffer from swollen heads. I've no doubt you'll score a century for us, and capture lots of wickets. See you on Wednesday. Ta-ta!"

Grundy rang off.

With a look of satisfaction on his rugged face, the great George Alfred strolled out of the prefects' room.

Wilkins and Gunn were waiting outside.

"What luck?" asked Wilkins.

"I've spoken to Percy Pilkington—"

"Yes, yes?"

"And he's going to play."

"Hurrah!"

Wilkins and Gunn became as jubilant as their leader.

To have secured the services of a real professional was a big feather in Grundy's cap.

Tom Merry's eleven, which had gone week after week without defeat, would now be up against it "good and proper." Percy Pilkington would make hay of their bowling. Percy would wreck their wickets.

Even if Grundy & Co. failed to distinguish themselves—which was more than likely—Percy Pilkington would make amends. As Grundy remarked, he would be a team in himself.

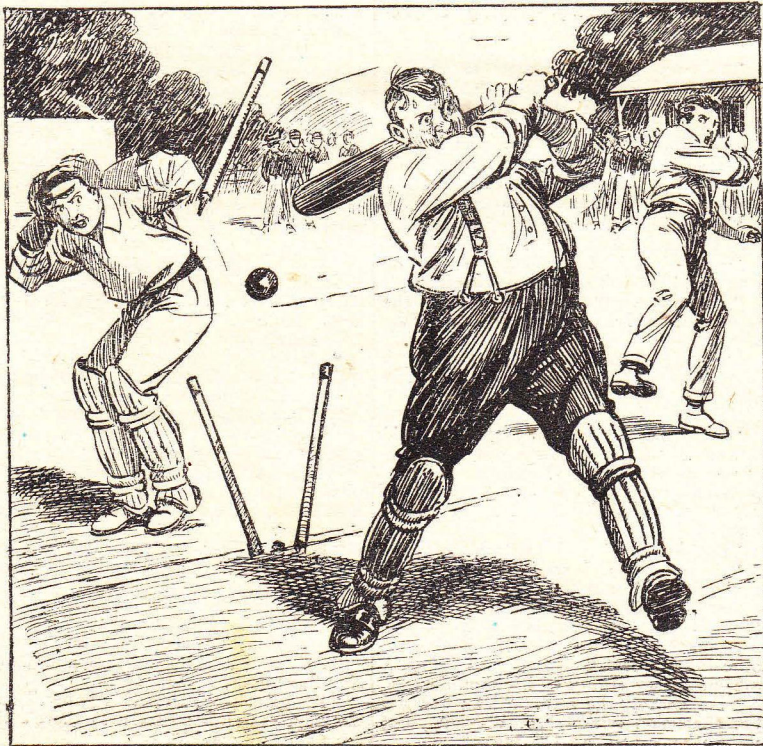
Next day Grundy had all his men out for practice. And they badly needed it.

With the exception of Wilkins and Gunn, not one of them could be called a cricketer.

Racke and Gore and Crooke and Mellish were hopeless slackers. They were willing enough to bat, when it came to their turn, but they regarded fielding as too much fag. They threw themselves

(Continued on page 17.)

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



**THE SURPRISE PACKET FAILS!** Fatty Wynn sent down a fast straight ball, and Percy smote at it in true agricultural style. Crash! Down went the wicket, and the balls careered gaily into space. "There goes the hope of his side!" chortled Monty Lowther. "Out first ball!" (See Chapter 3).

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"THE STOLEN MASCOT!"**



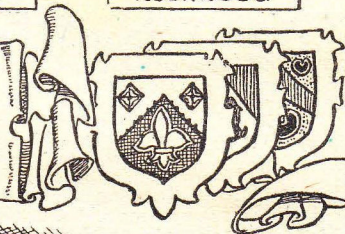
# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Sr. Jims

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.

**M**Y DEAR READERS.—A very wonderful thing has happened. Greyfriars has got a cadet corpse!

At the time of writing the corpse is going strong, but by the time these words appear in print it might be egg-tinct. A lot of my grate stunts are like that. They flurriish for a day or two, and then go bust.

I formed this cadet corpse myself. I thought it would be a fine idear. We want more life at Greyfriars, that is why I started the corpse. Things have been deadly dull for the last few weeks, and I decided to do something to break the monnotony.

As you all know, I am a fellow of marshall instinx—a born soldier. Did not my grate grandfather fight under Wellington at Waterloo—or was it Charing Cross? Did not my earliest ansestors bare arms on behalf of

William the Konkeror? And was not my pater a Special Constable in the Grate War?

You've only got to look at me to see that I'm a soldier. My figger is as straight as a pine. My shoulders are braced back, my head erect, and my chest stands out boldly. Give me a uniform and a pair of gilded spurs, and I should be Napoleon to the life.

In this issew I propose to deal with the adventures—and misadventures—which have befallen my cadet corpse. You have read of me as a kricketer, and a gorger, and a ventrillokwist, and lots of other things. Now you can read of me as Kernel W. G. Bunter, Officer Kommanding the Bunter Cadet Corpse.

In my new roll I feel sure I shall kommand the admiration and respect of all my readers. Don't forget to write and tell me what you think of my marshall achievements.

By the way, I see that Harry Wharton is producing a special "Holiday Annual" number of the "Greyfriars Herald." Like his cheek! That was a brain-wave which I had months ago, and Wharton has calmly collared it. Ugh! The fellow's methods fill me with disgussed.

Yours sinseerly,  
YOUR EDITOR.

## "FALL IN AND FOLLOW ME!"

Written by DICK PENFOLD.  
Warbled by W. G. BUNTER.

I've formed a fine cadet corps  
The smartest in the land;  
I want recruits and "second loota"  
To join our happy band!

Fall in and follow me!  
Fall in and follow me!  
Take your cus from Uncle Bill,  
Show your stamina and skill.  
I'll put you through a course of drill—  
Fall in and follow me!

We'll make a big sensation  
With bugles and with drums;  
And folk will say, "Hip, hij, hooray:  
For Colonel Bunter comes!"

Fall in and follow me!  
Fall in and follow me!  
March along in splendid style,  
Gaily singing all the while.

Got a corn? Well, simply smile!  
Fall in and follow me!

With brightly coloured banners  
We'll march along the street;  
And then we'll stop at some nice shop,  
And get some grub to eat.

Fall in and follow me!  
Fall in and follow me!  
Bunter's boys are simply fine,  
Damsels say they are divine.  
'Course they are! The corps is mine!  
Fall in and follow me!

We'll never mind the weathe  
Whatever it may be;  
Through rain and snow we'll gladly go—  
Fine, hardy lads are we!

(Chorus ad lib.)

You Will Enjoy Reading  
"OUR SPECIAL NEW  
BOY NUMBER!"

Next Week!

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## CADET CORPS CHATTER!

By BOB CHERRY.

**T**HERE will be a route march of the Bunter Cadet Corps on Wednesday afternoon, leaving Greyfriars at 2 p.m. Colonel W. G. Bunter will be in charge. As turnip-roots and other missiles will be hurled at Bunter's tin soldiers, we can safely call it a "root" march!

Lance-Corporal Samuel T. Bunter was tried by General Court Martial in the woodshed, for being asleep at his post. (The post in question happened to be the gate-post of the Head's garden.) Although skilfully defended by Mr. Peter Todd, K.C., prisoner was found guilty. He was placed in the Greyfriars detention barracks—the coal-cellar—and had ten days' pay stopped. Let this be a warning to other sentries who are rash enough to take forty winks while on duty!

We understand that Mr. Lazarus, the second-hand dealer of Courtfield, hired twenty uniforms to Bunter's Cadet Corps. We wonder who is going to pay for them,

and whether Mr. Lazarus will have to wait until Billy Bunter's postal-order arrives?

The buglers in Bunter's Cadet Corps are only able to play one tune—"Come to the Cookhouse Door, Boys!" This refrain must surely gladden Billy's heart as he waddles along the highway at the head of his men!

What will Billy Bunter's next "stunt" be? Perhaps he will form a Fire Brigade, or a Patrol of Sea Scouts! Billy has always got something up his sleeve, and there is no need to clamour for a brighter Greyfriars, so long as Bunter remains with us!

We greatly admire the rifles carried by the members of Bunter's Cadet Corps. They consist of broomsticks, borrowed from the woodshed. We fancy Gosling the porter will have something to say about this!

Somebody suggests that drill and marching will work off Billy Bunter's superfluous fat. As a matter of fat, we don't think it will! Billy is becoming more and more puffed out with pride and importance.

A fellow asked me the other day why I didn't form a Cherry Cadet Corps. "If a Cherry were to do such a thing," I replied, "he'd promptly be stoned!" Billy Bunter's rag-time corps is about as much as Greyfriars can stand, at present.

## OH, WHAT A SELL!

By Baggy Trimble.

THE morning post brought me a letter from Billy Bunter. "Dear Baggy," it ran—though I don't see why letters should run, as they're not athletes!—"I am forming a Cadet Corpse at Greyfriars, and I wondered whether you would like to join. I want all my sub-editors to partissipate, if possible. We are having a root march on Wednesday afternoon, and I hope you will be able to turn up."

Now, I have always fancied myself in the roll of a cadet. And, being a fellow of keen military instinx, I decided to pop over to Greyfriars and join Bunter's Cadet Corpse.

The trubble was, I hadn't the munney to pay for my fair. So the only way I could get to Greyfriars was by road. For that purpuss, I borrowed Jack Blake's bike.

I started off directly after dinner, and if all had gone well I should have got to Greyfriars at three o'clock.

As it happened, however, I got several punctures on the way, and they hung me up. I had to mend the punctures myself, as I couldn't afford to have it done at a garridge.

I didn't get to Greyfriars till after four o'clock. It had been a long and tiring ride, and I felt wacked.

I prosceeded to Billy Bunter's studdy, but he was not at home. So I flung myself into the armchair, and awaited his arrival.

After what seemed an eternity, he came.

Bunter was wearing the uniform of a cadet. He had on a tight-fitting tunic, and he looked as if he might burst through it at any minnit. He also wore long trowsers, with a bright red stripe. On his head was a pill-box hat. It looked like a pea on the top of a mountain.

On entering the studdy, Billy Bunter did a serprizing thing. He burst into tears!

"Billy!" I eggscclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"Boo-hoo!"

"What are you blubbing for?" I demanded.

Billy Bunter mopped his streaming eyes with a cambrick hankercheef.

"Oh, it's awful!" he groaned.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "But cheer up! I have come over specially from St. Jim's to join your Cadet Corpse."

"Too late!" said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"My Cadet Corpse is dead!"

I sprang to my feet in amazement.

"It is finished—obserlete—defunked!" said Bunter. "Dead as a doornail!"

"Grate Scott!"

"We have just had a root march to Courtfield," egg-plained Bunter. "And we were jolly nearly arrested for causing a disturbance. The police reported us to the Head, and the Head has just ordered me to disband the corpse."

"But—but I have come over to join!" I shrieked.

"I can't help that!"

"Aren't you going to give me any kompensation?" I demanded.

"Nun!" said Bunter. "Get out!"

I should have punched his nose, only he started sobbing again at the sorry fate of his Cadet Corpse. And you can't very well punch a fellow when he's overcome with greef.

All the same, I felt jolly upset about it.

"I trusted you will give me something to eat before I start back to St. Jim's?" I said.

"Alas!" moaned Bunter. "The cupboard is bear!"

So I had to ride all the way back to St. Jim's on an empty stummack. And my hopes of becoming a smart young cadet have been roodly shattered!

## THE RIVAL CADET CORPS!

St. Jim's Splendid Shooting Successes.  
By Fa'ty Wynn.

THE Annual Shooting Tournament, in which Cadet Teams from St. Jim's, Greyfriars, Rookwood, and Highcliffe took part, was held at the Wayland Open Air Rifle Range on Saturday last. Anybody would have thought it was Bisley Week, judging by the enormous number of sightseers who arrived.

The greatest event of the day was, of course, the inter-schools shooting contest, which was won by St. Jim's after a very keen fight.

Each competitor had to fire ten shots,

at ranges of twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred yards respectively.

The St. Jim's score-card was as follows:

	25	50	100	
	yds.	yds.	yds.	Toti
Cadet T. Merry ..	50	49	46	145
" R. Talbot ..	50	47	44	141
" G. Fig ins ..	48	47	45	140
" R. Redfern ..	49	48	43	140
	Grand Total			566

Greyfriars finished second, and they were beaten by only one point, as the following figures will show:

	25	50	100	
	yds.	yds.	yds.	Toti
Cadet H. Wharton ..	50	50	48	148
" R. Cherry ..	49	47	45	141
" H. Vernon-Smith ..	49	46	43	138
" M. Linley ..	48	46	44	138
	Grand Total			565

Some of the individual shooting was remarkable, Harry Wharton putting up the finest performance of the day. Wharton was the only fellow to get a "highest

possible" at the fifty yards' range, and the fact that a strong cross wind was blowing at the time makes his performance all the more meritorious. But St. Jim's were the more consistent team. All their men did well, and they deservedly carried off the honours.

The shoot for the special trophy presented by the National Rifle Association was won by a Rookwood fellow—Jimmy Silver. Jimmy obtained 147 points out of a possible 150. Talbot of St. Jim's was second, and Harry Wharton third.

There was a special contest for novices, and this caused tremendous fun. The shooting was most erratic, and everybody hopped out of the danger zone! Billy Bunter of Greyfriars was one of the marksmen, but he didn't once hit the target! The honours went to George Alfred Grundy, of St. Jim's, who, although he only obtained 38 points out of 150, did better than anybody else!

On the whole, the Annual Shooting Tournament proved a bumper success.

## NOT A SUCCESS!

By Monty Lowther.

IT was Wednesday afternoon, and the crack shots of St. Jim's set out for the open air rifle-range at Wayland.

Grundy of the Shell was one of the party. But the term crack shot doesn't apply to George Alfred Grundy. He's about the biggest duffer that ever handled a rifle.

Kildare of the Sixth was in charge of the shooting-party. It was a scorching hot afternoon, and Kildare wore a brand new Panama hat.

Kildare's first action, on reaching the ranges was to fix up the targets. There were two of them, one on each side.

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"Merry and Grundy will take the first shoot," he said. "Carry on."

Grundy and Tom Merry lay down side by side on the mat. They loaded their rifles and opened fire.

Bang, bang!

Jack Blake surveyed the targets through a pair of binoculars.

"Blest if Grundy hasn't bagged a bulls-eye!" he exclaimed, in wonder.

"My hat!"

"What have I got?" asked Tom Merry.

"Nothing. You missed the target!"

Again two shots rang out. And Jack Blake's report was the same as before. A bulls-eye for Grundy, and a miss for Tom Merry.

The marksmen fired three more shots apiece.

"Great jumping crackers!" exclaimed Jack Blake, in tones of awe. "Grundy's got a highest possible—five bulls-eyes! And Tom Merry hasn't scored at all!"

There was a loud murmur of amazement.

Grundy rose to his feet, with a grin of triumph.

"Told you I was in great form this afternoon!" he chortled. "Nobody will be able to criticise my marksmanship after this!"

"It wasn't your marksmanship, you silly duffer!" said Tom Merry, laughing.

"It was mine!"

"What!"

"I deliberately fired at the wrong target," explained Tom Merry. "I aimed at yours, and bagged five bulls-eyes."

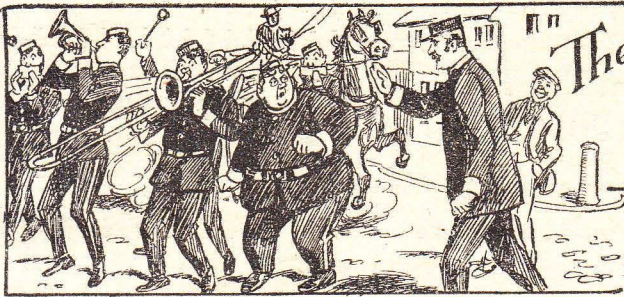
Grundy's jaw dropped.

"Oh crumbs!" he ejaculated in dismay.

"But where did Grundy's shots go?" gasped Manners.

It was Kildare who discovered where Grundy's shots had gone. They had gone clean through his brand-new Panama hat, which he had left on the ground in front of the target. Grundy's shots had been about two feet too low, and they had perforated Kildare's hat!

Poor old Grundy was profuse in his apologies. But I don't think Kildare will allow him on a rifle-range again!



The Rise and Fall of Billy Bunter!

A Screamingly Funny Greyfriars Story, dealing with Billy Bunter's Comical Cadets.

By TOM BROWN.

**R**ECROITS WANTED!" That brief announcement was pinned on the door of Study No. 7 in the Remove passage.

There was nothing to show what the recruits were wanted for—whether for the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, or the Remove Patrol of Boy Scouts.

Skinner and Snoop and Stott came dancing down the passage arm-in-arm. They halted outside the door of No. 7.

"Hallo! What's all this?" said Skinner.

"Better pop inside and see," suggested Stott.

The trio stepped into the study.

William George Bunter was within. And his appearance made the juniors gasp.

Billy was not in his everyday attire. Neither was he in flannels. He was garbed in the uniform of a cadet. He wore a tight-fitting uniform, and long trousers with a brilliant red stripe. On his head was perched a hat of the "pill-box" variety. It was not the true and correct uniform of a cadet, but it was the nearest that Bunter could manage.

Billy was seated at the table. A sheet of foolscap and an inkpot were in front of him.

"What the thump—" began Skinner, in amazement.

"I say, you fellows, I'm forming a Cadet Corps," said Billy Bunter.

"My hat!"

"And I want as many recruits as I can get. So far, all we've got is a commander-in-chief—that's myself. But I've hired a lot of uniforms from old Lazarus, of Courtfield."

"You ass!" said Skinner.

"Eh?"

"You frabjous chump! What's the idea of forming a Cadet Corps? Greyfriars has got a troop of Scouts!"

"Yes, but that's a solemn and a serious affair. Mine is going to be a real live corps, with a first-class band."

"Oh!"

"I shall expect you fellows to join," said Billy Bunter. "It won't cost you anything."

Skinner & Co. exchanged glances. They were grinning. It would be great fun, they reflected, to throw in their lot with Billy Bunter.

"We'll join," said Skinner.

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter's eyes glistened behind his spectacles.

"That's good!" he said, jotting down three names on the sheet of foolscap. "As it's a half-holiday, we'll have our first march this afternoon. I'm hoping to rope in quite a lot of recruits."

"Got any uniforms to spare, Bunt?" asked Snoop.

The commander-in-chief pointed to a large bundle on the floor.

"Help yourselves," he said.

Skinner & Co. converted Study No. 7 into a dressing-room. They exchanged their Etons for the uniforms which Bunter had hired. And they surveyed themselves proudly in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Oh, how ripping!" said Skinner. "We look perfectly sweet! By the way, Bunt, do we get the King's Shilling for joining up?"

"Certainly not!" said Bunter indignantly. "This isn't the Army. It's the Bunter Cadet Corps."

Billy spoke as if the British Army was quite a small and insignificant thing by comparison with his Cadet Corps.

Whilst Skinner & Co. were strutting proudly to and fro in their hired uniforms, other "recruits" began to roll up.

Fisher T. Fish, and Wun Lung, and Trevor, and Treluce promptly joined up. Bolsover major, and Kipps, and Morgan followed suit. And in less than an hour the number was

brought up to twenty. Recruiting then ceased, for the stock of uniforms was exhausted.

Nobody took the affair seriously, except Bunter. Billy was in deadly earnest. He appointed Skinner and Bolsover to be his first lieutenants. They clicked their heels and saluted, and promised to serve their commander faithfully.

"The next thing to be done is to form the band," said Billy Bunter. "I don't quite know what we're going to do about instruments."

"I know where I can borrow a bugle," said Bolsover major.

"Good!"

"And I've got an old trombone," said Morgan.

"Guess I know where I can lay my hands on a kettledrum," said Fish.

Bunter waved his hand towards the door.

"Those who can find instruments, go and do so," he said.

The band was speedily formed.

Bolsover major turned up with a bugle, and Morgan was armed with a trombone. Fish unearthed a kettledrum from somewhere, and Skinner had the audacity to borrow the dinner-gong from the dining-hall. Trevor and Treluce and Kipps turned up with mouth-organs.

Bunter's band, although it would not be able to produce much melody, certainly possessed all the ingredients for a good old din.

By this time all the cadets were in uniform. And there was a broad grin on every face.

Billy Bunter, pompous and important, rose to his feet.

"Are we ready for the march into Courtfield?" he asked.

"Yea, mighty chief!" chuckled Skinner.

"Sound the fall-in, Lieutenant Bolsover!" said Bunter. "We'll all line up in the Close."

Bolsover put the bugle to his lips, and made a noise like a ship's siren. It did not even remotely resemble the fall-in, but the cadets understood what it meant, and they trooped down into the Close.

Harry Wharton & Co. were strolling up and down in their cricket flannels. They stopped short in blank amazement as Billy Bunter's cadets, in their quaint pill-box hats, came on the scene.

"What the merry dickens—" gasped Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter waved the Famous Five back. "Stand clear of the parade-ground!" he ordered.

Harry Wharton & Co. could only stand and gape.

The members of the Cadet Corps lined up in marching formation, with the band in front. Those who were not in the band were served out with broomsticks, in lieu of rifles.

"Now, we're going to march over to Courtfield and back," said Billy Bunter. "And mind there's no misbehaviour in the ranks!"

He then rapped out the command: "Quick march!"

The band had received no instructions as

to what they were to play, so each fellow played what he fancied.

Bolsover major blared "Land of Hope and Glory" on his bugle. Morgan played "The Men of Harlech" on his trombone. One of the mouth-organists played "Tipperary." Another played "Soldiers of the King." Skinner thumped the dinner-gong vigorously with the knobbed stick, and Fisher T. Fish made merry on the kettledrum.

The result was appalling. The clashing of tongues in the celebrated Tower of Babel was nothing to this.

Ta-ra-ra-ra-pom! Boom! Bang! Thump! The din could be heard all over Greyfriars. It startled the fellows on the distant playing-fields; it alarmed the masters in their studies.

The Head threw up his window and looked out, but he was too late to check the disturbance, for the cadets had reached the school gates by this time.

Away they went, marching along the dusty road in the direction of Courtfield. And the strains of their "music" aroused the peaceful countryside.

Billy Bunter shouted to the musicians to moderate their transports. But they were in full blast, and did not heed him.

At last they were obliged to desist through sheer lack of breath. But on entering Courtfield they started again.

Seldom had there been such a sensation in the old-fashioned High Street.

Horses started shying, and small boys also started shying—missiles of various sorts.

And then the police took a hand.

Inspector Gray bore down upon Billy Bunter's Cadets, and commanded them to halt.

"What's all this?" he demanded sternly.

"It's all right, inspector," said Billy Bunter. "This is my Cadet Corps."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said the official grimly.

"Well, if you don't stop this row I shall take you in charge for disorderly conduct!"

"My hat!"

"As it is, I shall telephone to your headmaster, and ask him if he's given permission for this sort of thing to go on."

"Oh, don't do that!" said Skinner, looking scared. "It—it's only a bit of fun, inspector!"

But Inspector Gray was adamant. There was a public telephone near by, and he got through to Dr. Locke, who gave instructions that the musical instruments were to be confiscated.

The cadets were compelled to leave their instruments at the police-station. And it was a silent and sheepish procession that marched back to Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter was immediately sent for by the Head. And it was in fear and trembling that the fat junior stepped into Dr. Locke's study.

"I understand, Bunter, that you have formed a Cadet Corps?" said the Head sternly.

"Yessir."

"Then you will disband it forthwith! Inspector Gray informs me that you created an unparalleled disturbance in Courtfield."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"I am strongly in favour of cadet organisations when they are conducted on proper lines," said Dr. Locke. "But the corps which you have formed is a mere burlesque. It is not the real thing at all. As I say, you will disband it forthwith. And you may consider yourself extremely fortunate, Bunter, to escape a caning."

Billy Bunter rolled out of the Head's study looking extremely dejected. And shortly afterwards a fresh announcement appeared on the door of Study No. 7.

MY "WEEKLY" IS  
**THE FINIST WEEKLY**  
 IN THE WORLD!  
 A Special Number Every Week!  
 A Grand Feast of Fun!

## THE ROOKWOOD RIFLE VOLUNTEER CORPS!

By Teddie Grace.

(Adapted from the Famous Harrow School Song.)

Young Muffin was a portly youth, he weighed a ton or more,  
And his manly bosom burned to join the Rookwood Rifle Corps.  
So he went to Jimmy Silver, and he made a smart salute,  
And he said, said he, "I want to be a volunteer recruit!"

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left!  
Oh, the Rookwood R.V.C.  
'Tis a gallant sight to see,  
As they swing along so gaily through the quad.  
Jimmy Silver, in command,  
Is the smartest in the land,  
To say nothing of Lieutenant Tommy Dodd!

But Jimmy Silver shook his head, and murmured, with a sigh,  
"I can't enrol you, Tubby dear, you're much too fat, that's why!  
You'll have to take some exercise, and reduce your weight a bit,  
Before you join the rifle corps, and your uniform will fit!"

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left!  
Oh, the Rookwood R.V.C.  
'Tis a gallant sight to see,  
As they march along so proudly with the band.  
With Jimmy's megaphone,  
And with Tommy Dodd's trombone,  
There is not another finer in the land!

So Tubby took much exercise, until he grew quite thin,  
Then back to Jimmy Silver's den he trotted, with a grin.  
"No longer am I fourteen stone—I'm only eight stone four,  
So now it's quite all right for me to join your rifle corps!"

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left!  
Oh, the Rookwood R.V.C.  
'Tis a gallant sight to see,  
As they swing along so gaily down the street.  
In their uniforms so gay,  
Happy warriors are they,  
As a rifle corps, they're jolly hard to beat!

Now, Muffin is a smart cadet, and struts along in style,  
(Although he feels exhausted when he's covered half a mile.)  
They're going to teach him how to shoot with accuracy and care,  
And when the next great war arrives, why, Muffin will be there!

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left!  
Oh, the Rookwood R.V.C.  
'Tis a gallant sight to see,  
As they swing along with energy and vim.  
Jimmy Silver leads the way,  
He is foremost in the fray,  
And his comrades think the world of "Sunny Jim"!  
THE POPULAR.—No. 138.

## ANSWERS TO KORRESPONDENTS!

By BILLY BUNTER.

(Tubby Muffin sent me an article entitled "How to Run a Cadet Corps." I kinsider that Muffin doesn't know anything about the subject, so I have consigned his article to the waist paper basket, and am pinching Tubby's kollum in order to reply to some of my readers.—Ed.)

"Soldier Boy" (Colchester).—Yes, it is quite true that I come of a millitary family. My grate-uncle fought under Cromwell at the Siege of Lady Smith—whoever she was! I also have an uncle who is a kernel. They say that he's a bit of a bore. I suppose that's why he fought in the Bore War!

"Juliet" (Manchester).—"Shall you join the Army when you grow up, Billy?" If I do, it will be in the kapasity of cook to a sergeants' mess!

"Ardent Reader" (Macclesfield).—"I take your 'WEEKLY' weekly."—And you take the "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" annually, I presume?

"Sphinx" (Sutton).—"What is the difference between Angel of the Fourth and a target?"—No difference, that I can see. They're both "stuck up!"

B. H. S. (Bristol).—"If you had a shooting contest against Mr. Prout, Billy, which would win?"—Me, of course! Though I shouldn't be serprized if Mr. Prout got shot in the process!

"Disgusted" (Crewe).—"You are always blowing your own trumpet."—Not at all! I usually borrow Claude Hoskins'!

"Straight Left" (Plumstead).—"I shall be pleased to become your Fighting Editor, at a salary of ten bob a week and all found."—The only thing you'd find would be trouble!

"Muriel" (Maidstone).—"Are there any articles by you in the forthcoming 'HOLIDAY ANNUAL'?"—The answer, Muriel, is in the infirmative.

J. Herring (Brixton).—"I don't know where to go for my summer holiday."—Try Yarmouth. It's noted for it's herrings!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.

By George Kerr.



CLAUDE HOSKINS

(Successful composer.)

## ROOKWOOD JUNIOR CADET CORPS!

Special Instructions.

Compiled by Colonel James Silver  
(Commander-in-Chief.)

THERE will be a parade in full kit on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Colonel Silver will inspect all ranks. Boots and buttons must be polished and every cadet must be shaved and respectable. The band must be in attendance, and all instruments must be cleaned and in good condition.

A route march of twelve miles will be undertaken immediately after the inspection. Cadet Muffin is hereby cautioned not to leave the ranks when passing a bunshop or restaurant. Nobody will be excused the route march on the grounds that they possess corns, bunions, blistered feet, etc.

The band will play the following pieces in rotation:

- "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."
- "The British Grenadiers."
- "Joggin' Along the Highway."
- "The Cock o' the North."
- "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."
- "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

The big drummer will lead the procession, followed by the buglers, the mouth-organists, and the tin-whistlers. Any fellow found trying to extract melody from a comb and tissue paper will be severely reprimanded.

A Special Cadets' Concert will be given in the junior Common-room on Saturday evening. Those who can sing, dance, conjure, or otherwise play the giddy goat, should hand in their names to the organiser, Colonel James Silver. The proceeds arising from the sale of tickets will go to swell the Cadet Funds.

Rookwood cadets are expected to carry themselves in an erect and soldierly fashion, even when off duty. Cadet Muffin was seen rolling about the other day with a hump like a camel's on his back. Another cadet was lounging in the school gateway holding up one of the pillars. This sort of thing won't do at all. Smartness is our watchword, and slovenliness in any shape or form will be severely punished.

A copy of Routine Orders will be posted outside the door of Colonel Silver's study every day. These orders are not exhibited as a joke. They are to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. When I say "inwardly digested," I do not mean that Cadet Muffin is to eat them!

Cadet Mornington, having been found asleep at his post, is hereby sentenced to receive no pay for a month. Let this be a warning to other Dreamy Daniels!

Cadet Peele, having absented himself from fifteen parades in succession, has been struck off the roll.

[Supplement IV



## THE FELLOW WHO FAILED!

(Continued from page 12.)

down on the grass, and watched their schoolfellows exerting themselves.

The funniest fellow in Grundy's team was Skimpole.

Skimpy knew a great deal about Determinism, and other "isms," but his knowledge of cricket was decidedly limited. He slogged blindly at slow balls. He ran away from fast ones. Grundy had only included him in the team in order to make up the number.

Tom Merry & Co. watched Grundy's men at practice, and they seemed to get a lot of amusement out of it. They cackled loudly when Grundy's middle stump was knocked flying.

Grundy gave a snort.

"They'll laugh to a different tune when I spring Percy Pilkington on them!" he muttered.

Wednesday afternoon arrived, and so did Percy.

He was a giant in stature. Broad-chested and muscular, very red in the face; he certainly looked an athlete, but at the same time there was the country yokel look about him.

Grundy was disappointed to see that Percy had not donned flannels. He commented on the omission.

"We generally play in whites at St. Jim's," he said. "This isn't village cricket, you know, where fellows turn out in corduroys and braces."

"Sorry," said Percy, "but I haven't any flannels."

This admission, coming from a nan who played for Wayland Warriors, struck Grundy as strange. He could only conclude that Percy Pilkington's solitary suit of flannels had not been returned from the laundry.

"Well, never mind," he said. "I don't suppose your ordinary togs will stop you from making a century."

Percy grinned.

"If I make a century nobody will be more surprised than myself," he said. "As I told you on the telephone, I'm no cricketer."

"Oh, that's all rot!" said Grundy.

Tom Merry joined George Alfred on the pavilion steps.

"Is this your giddy pro?" he asked, indicating Percy Pilkington.

Grundy nodded.

"This is where you're going through the hoop!" he said. "Mr. Pilkington will play at coconut-shies with your wickets."

"We're not going to give him the chance!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "Shall we toss up?"

"Go ahead."

Tom Merry spun the coin, and Grundy called—wrongly.

"We'll bat," said the captain of the Shell.

Quite a crowd had turned out to see the match. The appearance of a Wayland professional in Grundy's eleven caused a big sensation.

Even the most optimistic of the St. Jim's fellows believed that Tom Merry & Co. would have to fight hard for a win in the circumstances.

No matter how badly Grundy & Co. played, they possessed a tower of strength in Percy Pilkington.

Amid boisterous cheering, Tom Merry and Talbot, padded and gloved, walked out to open the innings for their side.

"Play up, you fellows!"

"Guard your stumps well!"

"Don't let the Wayland Wizard catch you napping!"

Grundy, having led his men on to the field, beckoned to Percy Pilkington.

"You'll bowl, of course?" he said.

"I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you."

"But you must! There isn't another decent bowler in the team, barring myself."

"Oh, all right," said Percy.

Grundy tossed the ball to him. It was a simple catch, but Percy failed to grasp it. He fumbled the leather clumsily, and Grundy stared.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Not ill, I hope?"

"Nunno."

"Well, what ever made you muff the ball like that?"

Percy did not reply. The game was due to start. The umpire had given Tom Merry his guard, and the captain of the Shell was waiting for the first ball to be bowled.

"Play!" said the umpire.

And Percy Pilkington, professional, commenced his run.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### An Amazing Match.

"WELL hit, sir!"

A great shout went up from the onlookers.

The first ball delivered by Percy Pilkington had pitched temptingly on the leg side. Tom Merry seized his opportunity, and clumped it to the boundary.

"I sha'n't get another chance like that," reflected Tom. "The ball must have slipped out of the fellow's hand."

But the second ball was worse than the first. It was an atrocious ball, which called for condign punishment—and got it.

Two consecutive boundaries! It was certainly a bright start.

The third ball was a "wide." The batsman would have had to throw himself sideways, at full length, to get to it.

The remaining three balls of Percy Pilkington's over were tempting lobs, which Tom Merry treated with scant ceremony.

In that one over the batsman scored sixteen runs!

Grundy's face was a study. With clenched hands and gleaming eyes he strode up to Percy Pilkington.

"What do you think you're playing at?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry," said Percy meekly. "I did my best."

"Your best!" shrieked Grundy. "If that's your best, then I'm dashed if I should like to see you at your worst!"

"Well, you insisted that I should bowl," said Percy. "I told you I was no good."

"I'll let you take one more over," said Grundy, "and we'll see what happens."

What happened was this. Twenty runs were scored off Percy Pilkington's next over!

Grundy was spluttering with rage and chagrin.

"Go and bury yourself in the outfield!" he exclaimed. "You can't bowl for monkey-nuts!"

Percy was about to make a rude retort. But he reflected that Grundy was paying him ten shillings for his services. Rudeness would have been very indiscreet in such circumstances.

Percy removed his lanky form to the outskirts of the field, and waited for any catches that might come his way. Two came—and he muffed them both!

The score rose, and so did Grundy's wrath.

He was disgusted with Percy Pilkington. Even Skimpole was of more value in the field than the Wayland Warrior.

Meanwhile Tom Merry and Talbot scored runs as easily as they pleased. The bowling had no terrors for them. Grundy operated at one end, and Gunn at the other, and both were ineffective. But Gunn's bowling at least had the merit of being straight, which was more than could be said of Grundy's erratic deliveries.

With 50 on the score board, the batsmen started to take risks.

Tom Merry dashed out at a ball from Grundy, but failed to catch it properly. He snicked it into the hands of Wilkins at short-slip; and Wilkins held it tight.

"Well caught, sir!"

Figgins came in next. He hit up a merry 25, and then knocked down his wicket.

Talbot was stumped shortly afterwards through running half-way up the pitch to smite a ball which eluded his bat.

Then Dick Redfern and Harry Noble came together, and they looked as if they could go on batting till the crack of doom.

The bowling was painfully feeble by this time, and Reddy and Kangaroo did what they liked with it.

Percy Pilkington, a forlorn figure in his shirtsleeves, wandered aimlessly to and fro in his hobnailed boots. Whenever the ball came his way he fumbled it; and once, when he ran from a "skier," in mortal dread lest the ball should descend upon his bullet-head, the onlookers rocked with merriment.

"Wonder where Grundy dug up that curiosity?" said Monty Lowther. "He ought to be put in a museum!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He doesn't know the first thing about cricket," said Manners. "I can't congratulate Grundy on his selection."

"Doesn't look as if we shall get an innings!" grunted Jack Blake. "Reddy and Kangaroo are still going strong."

The batsmen were playing recklessly now. They seemed to be trying to get out. They took all manner of risks, but Grundy & Co. were far too slow to seize the opportunities.

When the score had reached 200, with only three wickets down, Tom Merry decided to declare.

"Rather rash, Tommy, don't you think?" said Monty Lowther. "That fellow Pilkington's a rank duffer at bowling and fielding, but it's just possible that he's a sort of W. G. Grace in the batting line, in which case he'll hit up a big score."

"He's not likely to get a double century!" said Tom Merry, with a grin. "I think I'm quite safe in declaring."

George Alfred Grundy and the members of the team fairly limped off the field. They had been fielding for hours in the blazing sunshine, and they were glad of the respite.

Tea had been set out on tables under the trees. The cricketers made a move in that direction, and Percy Pilkington accompanied them.

Percy had an enormous appetite. He put even Fatty Wynn in the shade. He consumed so many cream buns that Grundy, sitting next to him, grew alarmed.

"Don't overdo it!" he said. "I'm going to put you in first, with me, and you won't be able to bat if you're blown out like a giddy football."

"I sha'n't be able to bat, in any case, I'm afraid," said Percy.

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

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"THE STOLEN MASCOT!"

"Eh? What do you mean?"  
 "What I say. I told you I was a dud at cricket, but you wouldn't believe me."  
 "Oh, don't keep harping on that chord!" said Grundy irritably. "You made a ghastly exhibition of yourself in the field, I admit. But you can bat, otherwise you wouldn't have had your photo in the paper. You're one of those fellows that are played for their batting alone."

Percy Pilkington smiled sadly, and went on eating.  
 The match was resumed directly after tea.

The innings of Grundy's eleven was one of the most remarkable in the annals of St. Jim's cricket.

Pilkington took the first knock.

Fatty Wynn sent down a fast straight ball, and Percy smote at it in true agricultural style. There was no wrist-work in the stroke. The batsman's arms were as straight and stiff as a pair of pokers.

Crash!  
 Down went the wicket, and the bails careered gaily into space.

Peal upon peal of laughter rang out from the hilarious fieldsmen.

"There goes the hope of his side!" chortled Monty Lowther. "Out first ball!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Percy Pilkington blinked at his wrecked wicket. Then he made a peculiar grimace at Fatty Wynn.

"Never saw it!" he confessed, and plodded away in his hobnailed boots towards the pavilion.

Grundy's face went purple. He was speechless with rage and mortification. He had gone to the trouble of getting a professional, in order to "wipe up the ground" with Tom Merry & Co., and this was the result! The wretched Percy had been clean bowled at the first delivery.

It remained for Grundy himself to get his side out of the sorry plight into which they had fallen, and the manner in which Grundy set to work was typical of him.

Wilkins came in to bat, and Grundy promptly got him run out. A few moments later Gunn shared a similar fate.

Three wickets down for no runs!

The onlookers were almost in hysterics. Grundy himself was the fourth victim.

Jack Blake was now bowling, and Grundy, swinging his bat behind him

with the intention of delivering a hefty swipe, knocked down his own wicket.

"How's that?"

"Slightly out, I think!" grinned the umpire.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy went back to the pavilion, fuming.

Four wickets down, and not a run scored. Truly, a terrible state of affairs!

"Play up, Racke!" said Grundy, in desperation. "Scrape some runs together somehow. Oh dear! If we get skittled out for a small total I shall be the laughing-stock of the school for ever and a day!"

Aubrey Racke swaggered out to the wicket. He took his time about it, casually pulling on his batting-gloves.

"Who's the next victim?" murmured Monty Lowther. "Why, it's our old friend Racke!" Another duck's egg in the score-book!

And so it proved.

Jack Blake bowled, and the elegant Aubrey hit the ball feebly back into the bowler's hands.

"Thanks awfully!" said Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Muttering savagely under his breath, Racke returned to the pavilion.

It really looked as if Grundy's eleven would be all out for nothing—a thing which had happened in cricket before, though never at St. Jim's.

But that dreadful calamity was happily averted. And by Skimpole, of all people!

Skimmy struck out blindly at his first ball, and—wonder of wonders—he hit it! Crooke, who was batting at the other end, called him for a run.

A storm of ironical cheering was let loose.

Just before the finish there was a leg-bye, which, of course, counted as 1 run.

Grundy's eleven were all out for the grand total of 2!

The following page will be torn out of the score-book and preserved in the school museum:

GRUNDY'S ELEVEN.

P. Pilkington, b Wynn.....	0
G. A. Grundy, hit wkt, b Blake...	0
G. Wilkins, run out.....	0
W. Gunn, run out.....	0
A. Racke, c and b Blake.....	0
G. Gore, b Wynn.....	0
P. Mellish, b Wynn.....	0
L. Clampe, c Merry, b Blake.....	0
L. Scrope, b Wynn.....	0

H. Skimpole, lbw, b Wynn.....	1
G. Crooke, not out.....	0
Extra.....	1
Total.....	2

Fatty Wynn had taken five wickets for no runs!

As for Grundy, he was almost in a state of collapse after the match.

Addressing Percy Pilkington, he said savagely:

"I sha'n't give you that ten bob I promised you. You haven't earned it. Call yourself a cricketer? Why, you can't bat, and you can't bowl, and you can't field, and you can't catch, and you can't do anything except make a prize ass of yourself!"

"I'm in good company, anyway," said Percy, with a grin. "I fancy there were nine others who made duck's eggs besides myself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co. "Pay up, Grundy!"

"You're a beastly fraud!" hooted Grundy. "You've let me down worse than I've ever been let down in my life. You're a muggins, a juggins, a clown, and a booby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you play for Wayland Warriors!" exclaimed Grundy. "Dashed if I can understand why they allow a chump like you to play cricket for 'em!"

"I don't," said Percy Pilkington.

"Eh?"

"Permit me to point out," said Percy: "that 'Wayland Warriors' is a football team!"

"M-m-my hat!" stuttered Grundy.

"I told you I was no good at cricket," said Percy. "I'm considered a hot-stuff footballer. I play at centre-forward for the Warriors. That's why my photo was in the paper. But I've never taken to cricket. Haven't handled a bat for donkey's years until to-day."

"You—you—" spluttered the enraged Grundy. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"You didn't give me a chance, you know," said Percy. "You would have it that I was being modest, and belittling my abilities."

Grundy waved his hand savagely in the direction of the school gates.

"Get out," he growled, "before I do you an injury!"

Percy grinned.

"Why, you dummy, I could lick you with one hand if I chose!" he said.

"But I don't want to add to your cup of humiliation. It's overflowing already. Toodle-oo! If ever you want the assistance of a footballer, you'll know where to find him. However, I'll have my fee!"

Grundy looked at him ferociously, thought rapidly, and paid over the note.

And Percy Pilkington, professional, departed with rapid strides in the direction of Wayland, home and beauty.

THE END.

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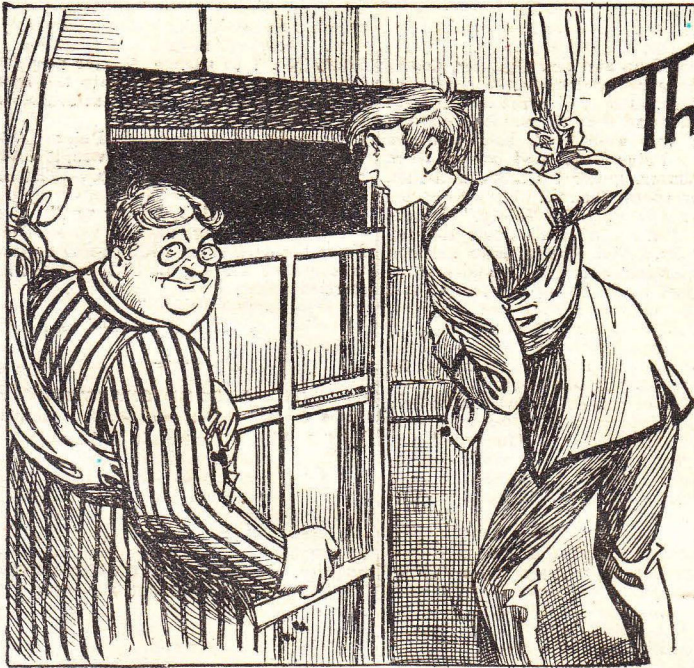
NEXT TUESDAY!

**"THE STOLEN MASCOT!"**

**DON'T MISS READING—**  
 next week's splendid long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, entitled "The Stolen Mascot!" by Martin Clifford. Meanwhile, get a copy of The "Gem," in which there will be a further grand story of the Chums of St. Jim's.

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

DRASTIC MEASURES ARE TAKEN BY THE REMOVITES TO RID THEMSELVES OF JAMES WALKER, THE "PASSAGE GUARDIAN."



# The Haunted Study!

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., and the Feud between the Remove Chums and the Prefects of the Sixth.

**By FRANK RICHARDS.**

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

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

In the Dead of Night!

IT was Billy Bunter's idea. The Remove Form at Greyfriars was badly in need of ideas, too. The fact that it was William George Bunter, probably the most obtuse junior at Greyfriars, who came forward with a suggestion to help the Remove out of their trouble was simply amazing, but nevertheless, it was a fact.

There had been rows in the Remove passage, and the Head, Dr. Locke, had sent a prefect to take charge. A study had been prepared by the builders, and then the Remove had prepared for the invading prefect by painting the whole of the study to their own design—which was not at all likely to appeal to anybody else.

Walker, the prefect, was the unfortunate person assigned to the job of looking after the Remove. The study prepared for Walker by the thoughtful Removites was impossible to live in, so Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, ordained that Walker should have Study No. 1—the quarters of Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, the recognised leaders of the Form. Then Billy Bunter thought of the great wheeze.

Billy was a skilful ventriloquist, and he had suggested that Walker might be persuaded to leave Study No. 1. Ghosts, Billy pointed out, were to be had for the asking—especially when Billy Bunter could imitate noises ghosts were supposed to make, and yet keep out of sight!

Thus it was arranged that at midnight Walker, the prefect, should be scared out of his study.

Harry Wharton & Co. went to bed that night leaving the enemy in possession of Study No. 1. The Sixth Form of Greyfriars did not sleep in dormi-

tories like the juniors; they had beds in their own rooms; each Sixth Form-room was a study by day and a bedroom by night. Walker's bed had been put into Study No. 1 when he was installed there. It was at a considerable distance from his old quarters, and as the other studies in the passage were, of course, unoccupied at night, Walker was very much "on his own" there.

It did not occur to Walker that he would be lonely, however, till after his friends were gone. Valence, and Loder, and Carne had had supper with him, and they stayed up till nearly eleven o'clock—the Sixth not being tied down to a regular bed-time like the juniors.

When they had returned to their own rooms in the Sixth-Form passage, Walker was left alone.

He locked the door—having a suspicion that there might be a raid of the juniors in the night—and went to bed.

Most of the Remove had been asleep for a long time before that. But some were awake in the Remove dormitory. Peter Todd had determined to carry out Bunter's scheme, and he kept awake till twelve o'clock tolled out from the old tower. Then he jumped out of bed and shook Bunter. Billy Bunter was sleeping soundly, and it required a very hard shake to wake him up. He opened his little round eyes at last, and blinked at Peter Todd in the darkness.

"Lemme alone!" he murmured. "Yow! Lemme alone, you idiot!"

"Time for the little game," said Peter Todd pleasantly, yanking Bunter out of bed. "Now, don't say you've changed your mind, because I haven't changed mine. Get into your things, and look sharp!"

"I—I say, Todd—" "No need to say anything," said Todd briskly. "Get dressed—quick!"

Bunter groaned and dressed himself. He knew that it was no use arguing with Peter Todd. Now that it was midnight, and he was sleepy, Bunter repented of having thought of that ripping scheme. But repentance came too late, as it often does. The leader of Study No. 7 was not to be denied.

Alonzo Todd and Dutton were awakened, and they dressed quickly. Not that Alonzo was likely to be much use, but Peter's law was that Study No. 7 always worked together, and he had no mercy upon his followers. Alonzo was a little doubtful whether his Uncle Benjamin would have approved of the proceedings, but Peter displayed a really hardened indifference to the possible opinion of Uncle Benjamin.

"Don't put anything on your feet but socks," said Peter. "We shall have to pass Quelch's room to go down, and we don't want to wake him."

"I—I say, Peter, my feet will get cold!" said Bunter.

"Can't be helped! Come on!"

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Are you ready, Bunter, or do you want a thick ear?"

Bunter was ready. The four juniors left the dormitory together. Several other fellows were awake now, much interested in the proceedings of the Funny Four—as Peter Todd & Co. were called in the Lower Fourth.

The Funny Four crept cautiously down the passage and the stairs and reached the Remove passage. They paused to listen in the darkness outside Study No. 1. There was a sound from within—deep and steady breathing, with an occasional snore. Walker of the Sixth was evidently safe in the arms of Morpheus.

"Sleeping like a giddy top!" said

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A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS, BY FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE REMOVE WINS!"

Peter Todd, and he gently turned the handle of the door. The door did not open.

"Oh, my aunt!" said Peter.  
"Open the door, fathead," said Bunter.

"It's locked on the inside."  
"Oh, rotten!"

The quartette stood in dismay. Billy Bunter, perhaps, was less dismayed than the others. His enthusiasm for ragging Walker had cooled.

"Well, I'm afraid it's up, all up," he said. "We'd better get back to bed, Peter."

"Really!" said Peter sarcastically. "Do you suppose that I've got up and come down for the pleasure of a little promenade in the middle of the night?"

"Well, I'm sleepy, you know, and—"

"Let's get back to the dorm," said Peter.

They returned to the Remove dormitory. There was a chorus of whispered inquiries as they came in. Bunter made at once for his bed.

"Well, what's happened?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Walker's got the door locked."  
"Then it's all ended in smoke,"

grinned Vernon-Smith. "This is where Study No. 7 sings small, I suppose?"

"Off-side!" said Peter coolly. "We haven't started yet. There are more ways than one of killing a cat than choking it with cream, Smithy! Where are you, Bunter?"

"He's in bed!" he chuckled. Nugent.  
"I'll soon have him out of that!"

"Oh, really, Todd! I—I say, there's nothing to be done, you know—yaroooh!—you horrid beast, leggo my neck! Ow—all right, I'm getting up—yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quite so," said Peter Todd. "I'm getting you up. Now, we can't get at Walker through the door, as it's locked; but there's a window, and the window's open at the top."

"I'm not a rotten bird, or a blessed airman!" growled Bunter. "I suppose you don't think I can get in at the top of his blessed window, do you?"

"You can get on the window-sill," said Peter.

"And break my neck!" howled Bunter.

"It wouldn't be much loss if you did," said Peter calmly. "There are plenty of Bunters in the world. But there's no need to break your neck if you're careful. We can make a rope of sheets and lower you down over the window of Study No. 1. You can hold on to the ivy all right, and I shall go with you."

Bunter simply glared.

"I won't do it!" he roared. "It's dangerous!"

"Study No. 7 never shrinks from danger," said Peter. "Besides, I'm going with you, and I promise you that if you fall I'll fall with you."

"That's a fair offer," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"I won't go—I won't! Yaroooh! Leggo my ear! Ow!"

"Going?" asked Peter pleasantly, compressing Bunter's fat ear between his finger and thumb. "You've made us get up this little expedition, you know, and you can't back out now. Study No. 7 never backs out. Say when!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Leggo! I'll go! I—I want to go, you know!" howled Bunter. "I was only j-j-joking!"

"Then don't do any more j-j-joking at this time of night!" said Peter Todd.

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severely. "You're making me lose my beauty-sleep, wasting time like this. Some of you fellows turn out and help us make the ropes, please."

Most of the Removites were awake now, and they lent a hand willingly. Sheets were twisted up and tied together, nearly all the beds being denuded of sheets for the purpose. Ropes of great length were soon made, and they were strong enough to bear the weight of half a dozen fellows.

Peter Todd tied one of them round Bunter, under his arms, and then the other round himself.

"It's really only for safety," he explained. "We can climb down the ivy quite easily. And there's quite a broad sill to the window of No. 7, and a stone ledge a foot below it, for our feet to rest on. Some of you fellows can lower us down, and tie the ropes to the window here for safety. Buck up, Bunter; there isn't any danger, and I'm going to tie you to me, so you can't fall."

Billy Bunter was somewhat comforted; and as the danger receded, he was more inclined to be heroic. He tested the strength of the ropes, and was satisfied, and allowed Peter Todd to drag him out of the dormitory window. Harry Wharton & Co. took charge of the ropes at the window. The ends of them were secured inside the dormitory, so that even if they had slipped, the juniors could not have fallen far. Peter Todd would never have troubled about all those precautions for himself, but Billy Bunter was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

"Lower away!" said Peter cheerfully. "Buck up, Bunter!"

Bunter grunted.

The two juniors were lowered down with ease, and their feet rested upon the window-sill of Study No. 7. The window was a foot open at the top, and through the opening they could hear the deep breathing and the snoring of Walker. Walker was still sleeping soundly. Peter Todd, standing on the window-sill, put his head in at the opening of the window. The interior of the study was intensely dark, and he could barely make out the white glimmer of the bed in the corner.

"Feel all right, Bunter?"

"Of course I do!" snapped Bunter. Now that he realised that there was no danger, Billy Bunter was full of courage. "Mind you don't lose your nerve, Todd. I don't want to have to bother looking after you while I'm doing the ventriloquism, you know."

Peter Todd breathed hard through his nose. If they had been anywhere else, Bunter would certainly have received a "thick ear" for his impudence. But, as it was, Peter Todd magnanimously passed it over.

"Are you ready?" he said.

"Yes; don't bother!"

Billy Bunter was master of the situation now. He was the ventriloquist, not Peter Todd, and he meant to make that fully understood. Peter Todd said something under his breath.

"Now, keep quiet, and don't bother me, and don't get frightened," said Bunter. "I'm just going to begin."

He blinked into the study over the lowered sash of the window. There were curtains to the window, which quite concealed the juniors outside, even if it had been light. Between the curtains Bunter put in his head, and blinked round him.

"Don't let him see you if he wakes up, fathead!" said Peter, in a whisper.

"Shut up!" said Bunter independently.

"Look here—"

"If you're going to jaw, Todd, and keep on interrupting me, we may as well chuck up the whole idea," said Bunter loftily.

"You—you—"

"Dry up!"

Peter Todd dried up, with feelings too deep for words. Billy Bunter had taken the bit between his teeth with a vengeance. Now, having reduced the leader of Study No. 7 to silence, Bunter prepared for business. He blinked into the room again, and then the silence was broken by a deep, deep groan!

"My hat!" murmured Peter Todd. "If I didn't know what that was, it would make my giddy flesh creep. Pile in, Bunter!"

"Cheese it! He's waking up!"

The two young rascals were silent. From the dark room within came a sound of someone moving in bed, and then a startled voice:

"Wh-wh-what's that?"

Walker of the Sixth had evidently woken up!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Ghost Walks, and Walker Runs!

WALKER sat up in bed and looked around him in the darkness. That fearful groan had awakened him, and, indeed, it would almost have awakened the dead. Walker hardly knew what it was that had awakened him, and he blinked round in surprise. He thought of the Removites at once, but he knew that the door was locked.

Groan!  
Walker fairly jumped.  
"Great Scott! What's that?"

Walker stared round in the gloom with a shiver. The remembrance of that spiritualistic seance in Courtfield came back to his mind. There he had heard spirit-rapping, but he had been in company with others; now he was alone, and it wasn't half so entertaining to hear from the spirit-world alone in the middle of the night.

"Walker!"

It was his own name, pronounced in a hollow voice from the direction of the door. The Sixth-Former gasped.

"Who's there?"

"Arisc, James Walker!"

James Walker gritted his teeth. He felt certain that the voice came from the door, and he concluded at once that the juniors had found some means of forcing the lock, and were ragging him, or that they were at the keyhole. He stepped quietly out of bed and caught hold of a cane which he had thoughtfully placed in readiness in case it should be wanted, and groped towards the door in the dark.

"James Walker, beware!"

The voice was still in the same place. Walker made a vicious slash with the cane in the dark, and if a speaker had been there, that speaker would have caught the cane somewhere upon his person.

But there was no one there! The cane swept downward through empty space, and, meeting with no resistance, naturally it lashed against Walker's own legs.

The prefect gave a terrific yell, and jumped clear of the floor, dropping the cane and clapping at his legs in anguish.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

There was a low chuckle from the window, which was fortunately drowned by Walker's roar of pain.

"Oh grumbs!" gasped Walker. "Oh, my hat! Ow! I—I'm hurt! Yow-ow—"

"Silence, James Walker!" came the hollow voice.

Walker ceased his howling suddenly. It flashed into his mind that as his cane

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BY FRANK RICHARDS.

had struck nothing, nothing could have been there, and that it must have been a bodiless voice that was speaking to him.

"Who—who—who is it?" panted Walker, almost forgetting the pain in his lower limbs in his terror.

"It is I, James Walker!"

Walker set his teeth and groped to the door. It was still locked, and the key was on the inside of the lock. The prefect backed away, shivering. The voice was inside the study, and the door had not been opened. It was close to him, and yet when he threw his hands out he felt nothing. No wonder James Walker's hair rose on his head and a cold perspiration trickled down his back.

"Oh, good heavens!" he murmured. He fumbled at his clothes to find a box of matches to light the gas, but his hands trembled so much that he could hardly find the pocket where the match-box reposed. The hollow voice sounded again, still from the direction of the door, where Walker knew there was empty space and nothing else. Indeed, now that his eyes were getting used to the gloom, he could see that there was nothing there.

"James Walker!"

"Yes," gasped Walker, "what's the row? What do you want? Who are you?"

"Do you forget, James Walker, that you called my restless spirit from the realms of repose at the seance at Courtfield?" demanded the hollow voice.

Walker shuddered. He had still a faint hope that it might be a trick of some sort. But no one at Greyfriars knew anything about that secret visit to a spiritualistic seance at Courtfield, excepting Loder of the Sixth—so far as Walker knew, at all events. He had told no one else. The Head would have rated him soundly for wasting his time upon such nonsense, if he had known, and Walker had told only his chum. Evidently it could not be a jape of the juniors.

"Dost thou remember, James Walker?"

"I—I remember!" gasped Walker.

"Thou didst call my restless spirit from the vasty deep with the aid of a medium."

"I—I did!" groaned Walker, sincerely wishing that the medium had been at the bottom of the vasty deep before he had called up that wretched spirit.

"I gave you a message in raps upon the table, James Walker!"

"Yes. Oh crickey!"

"Didst thou understand that message?"

"Nunno! I—I didn't know what the raps meant!" stammered Walker. "I'm awfully sorry!"

He stood shivering in his pyjamas, staring blankly at the corner of the room where the door was. The space before him was utterly empty, yet thence the voice came. No wonder the superstitious fellow was convinced that he was receiving a message from the spirit-world, a little clearer than the table-rapping message.

"Thou didst not comprehend?"

"No. I'm fearfully sorry. I'll try hard next time—"

"I have come to make it clearer to thee, James Walker. Since thou understoodst not the table-rapping, I speak to thee with words!"

"You're awfully good!" groaned Walker.

"Art thou prepared to meet thy doom?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Hast thou made thy peace with the world?"



**THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!** "Look here, who was it scared Walker out of his study, I'd like to know?" howled Billy Bunter. "Who was it ventriloquised on the window-sill and made the thundering ass think it was a ghost? Who was it—?" There was a step in the passage and Gerald Loder appeared. He had heard every word Bunter had uttered. "Shut up!" gasped Frank Nugent. (See Chapter 4.)

"Nunno!"

"Yet thy doom is upon thee. Unless thou repentest of thy sins thou diest!" went on the hollow, awe-inspiring voice.

"But I—I haven't any sins!" stammered Walker. "I'm a really good chap, you know—quite up to the mark."

"Thou art a bully."

"Well, I keep the fags in order!" stammered Walker. "That's my duty. I—I don't think you need have come about that!"

"Scoff not, thou insolent mortal!" said the deep, hollow tones.

Walker trembled.

"I wasn't scoffing!" he groaned. "I don't feel much like scoffing. I—I say, I—"

"Wilt thou swear a solemn oath to change thy ways?"

"Yes, yes—honour bright!"

"It is well. Each night, while thou dwellest here, I shall visit thee!"

"I—I wish you wouldn't trouble," said Walker. "I shall remember every word you've said, Mr. Ghost, I shall really. You needn't bother about coming again."

"Return to thy bed!" said the voice harshly. "All the night I shall be beside thee."

"Oh!"

"If thou feelest an icy touch upon thy face—"

"Yow!"

"It will be my touch. Go back to thy bed, and tremble!"

Walker did not go back to his bed, though he trembled. He made a sudden dash for the door, unlocked it, and fled down the passage.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Haunted!**

**T**HERE was a chuckle at the study window as James Walker fled from the room, the door banging behind him. The hollow voice the Greyfriars ventriloquist had assumed had almost made Peter Todd's flesh creep in the darkness, and it was not surprising that it had terrified the amateur spiritualist.

"Oh, my Uncle Theophilus!" gasped Peter Todd.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

"He's cleared off!" said Peter Todd, peering into the study. "He's not going to come back either—no fear! I'm going to lock the door; he can put it down to the ghost."

Peter Todd released himself from the rope, and nipped into the study through the window and turned the key in the lock of the door. Then he rejoined Billy Bunter, and gave the signal to the juniors above to pull them up.

A couple of minutes later they were in the Remove dormitory, surrounded by eager inquirers.

"Well?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"How did it go?"

Todd breathlessly explained, and the juniors chuckled joyfully.

"Better get to bed," added Peter. "It may dawn on Walker that the ghost might belong to the Remove, and he might come up here on suspicion."

The sheets were hastily untied, and the juniors turned in again. If Walker came up to the dormitory to investigate he would find nothing suspicious there.

But James Walker was not thinking of that just then. He had dashed out of

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Study No. 1 in a state of the wildest funk. He rushed away at top speed to the Sixth Form passage, thinking only of getting human company to help him bear the horrors of that supernatural visit. He rushed into Loder's room at top speed, with a howl that startled Loder out of his slumbers.

Loder started up in bed in amazement. "Who's that? What's the row?"

"Loder!"

"Eh—who is it?"

"Loder! I say, Loder! Oh dear! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Is that you, Walker?"

"Yes. Oh, oh, oh!"

"You thundering ass!" said Loder, in measured tones. "What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night and stuttering out, 'Oh, oh, oh!'? Are you dotty?"

"The ghost!" stammered Walker.

"What?"

"The g-g-ghost! The horrible, awful g-g-ghost!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Loder crossly. Loder did not believe in ghosts.

"I'm not being funny!" yelled Walker furiously. "I tell you the ghost is there. It's the same spirit that was rapping on the table in Courtfield, that I told you about!"

"You silly idiot!" said Loder.

"I—I want to share your room for the night!" panted Walker. "I'm not going back there. I can't go back there!"

"You can sleep on the floor if you like," said Loder. "There's no room for you in my bed. You've been dreaming, you silly chump!"

"I haven't!" groaned Walker. "It was horribly real. A deep, hollow voice—the kind of voice a ghost would use, you know—"

"Well, I've never heard a ghost doing vocal exercises, so I can't say!" snorted Loder. "It is some jape of the Remove kids to get you out of the study."

"I—I thought it was at first, but the door was locked on the inside. The voice was close to me, yet there was nothing there. I lashed out with a cane, and only walloped my own legs. It hurts, too," added Walker, rubbing his limbs.

"You didn't see anything?" asked Loder.

"Well, there was a—a sort of pale light," said Walker, drawing on his imagination a little for the purpose of convincing Loder. "A kind of floating, bodiless sort of form, you know!"

"I don't know!" growled Loder.

"Lemme have half your bed—"

"Rats! You can have the sofa!"

"But I can't sleep without bedclothes, you—"

"Go back to your room, then!"

"I—I can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"I daren't!" gasped Walker.

Loder snorted.

"Oh, don't be such an awful funk! It's only a jape of the Remove kids, and they'll be yelling at you about it to-morrow."

"It wasn't! I—I dare not try to sleep there again! I should feel an icy touch upon my face!" groaned Walker.

"What did you have for supper?" asked the unsympathetic Loder.

"I tell you I wasn't dreaming!" howled Walker.

"Anyway, you're keeping me awake," said his friend. "Do clear out, and don't be an idiot! I don't want to stay awake all night listening to your rot! I should advise you to go back with a cane, and find out who's been japing you."

"I—I can't!"

"Well, sleep on the sofa, then! You

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can fetch your bedclothes from the study."

"I—I— Will you come with me, Loder?"

Loder growled. But there was evidently no other way of getting rid of Walker, and he consented. He turned out of bed, and dragged on his trousers and slippers. Then he was convinced that if anyone were found in Study No. 1 that person would be quite substantial, and amenable to applications of the cane.

"Come on, you blessed funk!"

grunted Loder.

He led the way, and Walker followed him in fear and trembling. They reached the door of Study No. 1 in the Remove passage, and Loder turned the handle. The door did not open.

"Did you lock this after you?" he demanded.

"No fear! I didn't stop!"

"It's locked now."

"Locked!" gasped Walker.

"Try it."

Walker tried the door. He turned a deeply scared face upon Gerald Loder in the gloom of the passage.

"It's the ghost!" he muttered.

"Don't be an idiot!" said Loder politely. "If there are such things as ghosts, they can't turn keys in locks. Some kid's been in the study."

"But the door was locked when I was there!"

"May have got in at the window."

"But the voice—it wasn't a kid's voice; it was a deep, hollow voice, and—"

he mentioned the seance at Courtfield—and the juniors don't know I was there."

"One of them may have seen you. Let's give the Remove a look in."

Loder led the way upstairs. He opened the door of the Remove dormitory, and turned on the electric light. He glanced along the row of beds to ascertain whether any of the Lower Fourth were absent. But each bed was occupied, and all the Removeites seemed to be sound asleep. Loder strode into the dormitory and examined the window, but it was open only at the top, as usual, and there was no sign of a rope. Vernon-Smith opened his eyes, and called out to the perfect.

"Hallo, Loder! What's the matter? Burglars?"

"Somebody's been japing Walker!" growled Loder. "Have any of the kids been out of this dormitory, Smith?"

"I know I haven't," said Vernon-Smith.

"Are you awake, Wharton?"

No reply.

"You awake, Bob Cherry?"

Silence.

Loder, with baffled expression, turned out the light and left the dormitory with Walker. They went downstairs, and tried the door of Study No. 1 as they passed, but it did not open.

"I—I can't get the bedclothes," stammered Walker. "You'll have to let me share your bed, Loder."

"You can have the sofa," said Loder uncompromisingly. "I'll lend you a coat, if you like, and you can have the rug over you."

And with that Walker had to be content. He passed a very uneasy night on the sofa in Loder's study, but anything was preferable to going back to the haunted room in the Remove passage. Indeed, for some hours before he fell asleep at last, Walker was haunted by fears of hearing the weird voice again, in Loder's study. Fortunately, that did not happen.

After the two prefects had left the Remove dormitory there was a ripple of

laughter from bed to bed. Peter Todd slipped out of bed.

"Where are you off to now?" demanded Wharton.

"I'm going to unlock that study door. They can find it open in the morning. It's all right. I can get down without a rope. I'm not a porpoise like Bunter."

"Oh, really, Todd—"

Peter Todd clambered up to the window and swung himself out. It was easy enough for the active junior to climb down the ivy to the window of Study No. 1 and to climb in. He unlocked the study door, and climbed back, and in ten minutes was in bed again in the Remove dormitory.

"I don't think Loder quite believed in the ghost," grinned Peter Todd. "But Walker did. He will be more mystified than ever when he finds the door open in the morning, and I fancy he won't want to dig in the Remove passage any more."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removeites went to sleep very well satisfied.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Loder Discovers the Ghost!

"BLESS my soul! Walker, what is the meaning of this?"

The Head had reason to be surprised.

Walker of the Sixth was coming along the passage from one direction as the Head of Greyfriars came from another, and they met face to face.

It was morning. Walker had slept very badly in Loder's study on Loder's sofa, and he had woke up in the morning in a very bad temper. His clothes were still in Study No. 1, and he had to borrow a dressing-gown from Loder and some slippers. With his pink pyjamas flapping below the end of the dressing-gown, Walker was making his way to the Remove passage, with the hope of getting into Study No. 1, somehow, and obtaining his clothes. His luck was out. He had hoped to meet no one on the way, and he met Dr. Locke.

"I was not aware, Walker," said the Head severely, "that it was a custom of the Sixth to go about the house in the morning in dressing-gown and slippers. I cannot possibly allow such slovenliness, Walker."

Walker coloured.

"I—I—I'm going for my clothes, sir," he explained.

"Your clothes! Are not your clothes in your room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you not dress before you came down?"

"I haven't come down, sir—I mean, I've been sleeping in Loder's room. I was locked out of my room last night."

The Head knitted his brows.

"Do you mean that the Remove—"

"It wasn't the Remove, sir."

"But someone locked you out of your room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then who was it?"

"A ghost, sir."

The Head started, and then looked very sternly at Walker. Walker was looking serious enough, certainly, but from his reply Dr. Locke could only conclude that the prefect was attempting to pull his reverend leg.

"Walker! How dare you say such an absurd thing to me!" exclaimed the Head angrily.

"It's true, sir," said Walker. "The room's haunted. There was a ghost in the room, sir, and I ran out. Loder went back with me to get my bedclothes, and

we found the door locked on the inside, sir. Nobody was there. The door was locked, and we couldn't get in. But nobody was there. I heard a voice when I was in the room, sir—the voice of a ghost. I know there was no one in the room beside myself."

"You have been the victim of an absurd joke, I suppose," said the Head crossly. "You are as well aware as I am, Walker, that there are no such things as ghosts. If you left the room empty when you came out, the door could not be locked after you."

"But it was, sir."

"Nonsense!"

"Will you go and look at it yourself, sir?" said Walker, very much nettled. "You will see that it is locked if you try the handle, sir."

"I shall certainly ascertain, Walker."

The Head turned and walked away majestically to the stairs. Walker followed him, and a number of fellows, attracted by the prefect's peculiar attire, followed Walker. Quite a crowd arrived outside Study No. 1 in the Remove passage.

"You say this door was locked after you left, Walker?"

"Yes, sir."

"And there was no one there?"

"No one, sir. Only the ghost," said Walker firmly.

"Nonsense!"

The Head tried the door, and it opened to his touch. Walker simply gaped. He had been quite certain that the door was still locked. But it evidently wasn't. The Head turned a frowning glance upon the startled prefect.

"Well, what do you say now?" he asked acridly.

"It—it's open!" gasped Walker.

"Certainly. And I do not believe it was locked at all. You have been the victim of some foolish joke, and you were frightened. It is utterly absurd!"

"It was a ghost, sir," said Walker. Nothing would move him from that. He was as sure that a ghost had visited Study No. 1 the previous night as he was that the spirits rapped the tables at the spiritualistic seance in Courtfield.

"Don't be absurd, Walker!"

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not be in that study again, sir," said Walker. "I'd rather go back to my old quarters, sir, if you'll allow me. I couldn't sleep there again. I should not get a wink all night."

The Head made an impatient gesture.

"You may do as you like, Walker. I will ask another prefect to take the room—someone with a better regulated nervous system than you appear to have, and less given to taking absurd and groundless frights."

And the Head stalked away frowning. Walker did not care for the Head's frown, however, so long as he got away from that dreadful study. Broad daylight as it was, he did not stop there to dress himself, but gathered his clothes under his arms, and carried them away, and dressed in Loder's study.

There was much chuckling among the Remove when they learned that James Walker had abandoned his new quarters. Billy Bunter's ventriloquial wheeze had worked to perfection, and there was no doubt that the Remove had won the second round.

After morning lessons that day, Walker's things were removed from Study No. 1, and, the new study being ready now, Wharton and Nugent were allowed to take possession of their old room. Gladly enough, the chums of the Remove carried back their belongings to Study No. 1. Billy Bunter grinned

gleefully in at the door as they were arranging their study furniture to their satisfaction.

"I've done you chaps a good turn!" he remarked.

"Will you do us another?" asked Frank.

"Oh, certainly! What is it?"

"Clear out, and shut the door after you."

"Oh, really, Nugent!" said Bunter, showing no sign of intending to do the chums of the Remove that good turn. "I say, you know, but for me you wouldn't have got your study back, you know. I scared Walker out."

"Well, Walker would have changed into the new study as soon as it was finished, and it's finished to-day," said

glowering at the chums of Study No. 1, who were grinning.

"I say, you fellows, after what I've done for you, you might ask a chap whether he'd like a snack before dinner," he urged.

"Would you like a snack before dinner, old chap?" asked Nugent solemnly.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter promptly. "Good!" said Nugent genially.

"Then I hope you'll get one. Good-bye!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! Look here, I'm expecting a postal-order to-day, and if you chaps feel any gratitude for what I've done for you, you can advance me—"

"But we don't!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Look here, who was it scared Walker out of this study, I'd like to know?" howled Billy Bunter. "Who was it ventriloquised on the window-sill, and made the thundering ass think it was a ghost? Who was it—"

There was a step in the passage, but Bunter was too excited to hear it.

"Shut up, Bunter!" gasped Nugent, as he caught sight of Gerald Loder's face at the doorway. Loder was coming up to take possession of the new study, and he had heard every word Billy Bunter had uttered.

"I sha'n't shut up!" roared Bunter. "I did it, and you know I did. You fellows couldn't have done it—you haven't the gift! Walker would still be in this study if I hadn't scared him out, and—"

"Ring off!" gasped Nugent. "Can't you see—"

"I can see that you're a pair of ungrateful rotters," growled Bunter.

"After all I've done for you, I think— Oh!"

Billy Bunter swung round with Loder's grasp on his shoulder. He almost fell down at the sight of the prefect. His little round eyes seemed to be about to start from his head behind his spectacles.

"Oh, really, Loder! I—I—I—"

"So you played ventriloquist and scared Walker out of the study, did you?" said Loder grimly.

"I? Certainly not! I'm not a ventriloquist," said Bunter promptly.

"What ever put that idea into your head, Loder, old fellow?"

"Why, you just said so!" roared Loder.

"No, I didn't! I—I—I was just talking about—about a ventriloquist I saw at a show once," stammered Bunter.

"What I really meant to say was—Ow, ow, ow! Don't shake me like that, you beast. If you make my glasses fall off, and they get broken—ow, ow!—you'll have to pay for them—yow!"

"I knew there was some trick in it," said Loder, with a grin. "I never guessed what it was—but I'm glad to know. It was jolly clever of you, Bunter!"

"Yes, I'm rather a clever chap," said Bunter fatuously. "I—I mean, I don't know anything about it, and I didn't do anything of the sort. I— Oh, help!—yah!"

Bunter's voice died away as Loder rushed him down the passage. But it was heard again, in loud tones of anguish, from Loder's study, accompanied by the swishing of a cane.

THE END.

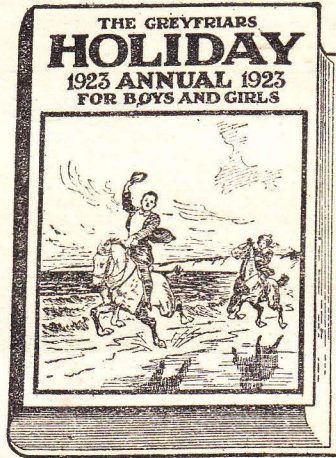
(You must not miss reading our next long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, entitled "The Remove Wins!" by Frank Richards, in next week's issue.)

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Wharton. "We were only turned out temporarily."

Billy Bunter sniffed.

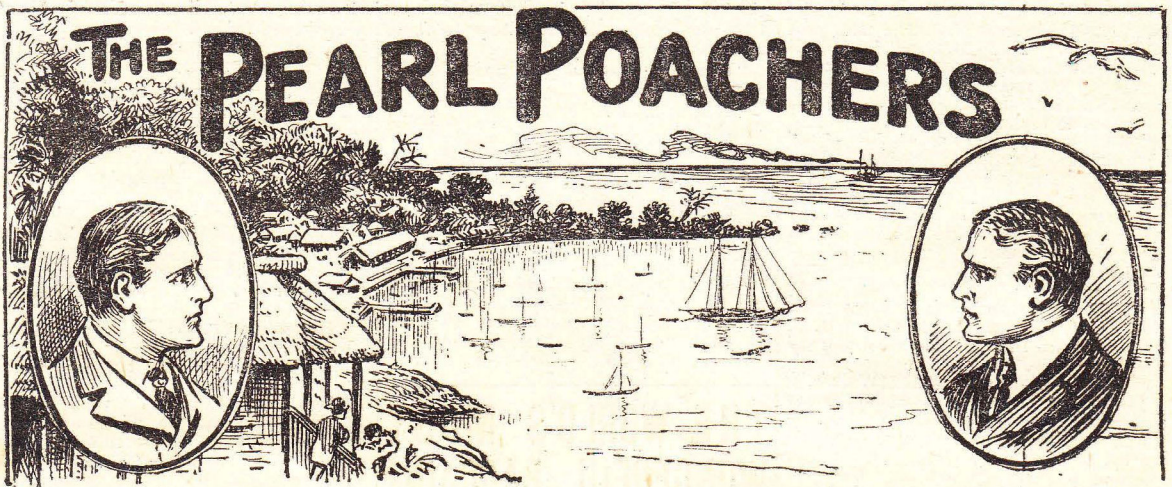
"I don't expect any gratitude from you fellows," he said. "But I think you might say thanks, when I risked my neck last night. It was jolly dangerous sticking on that window-sill, I can tell you, and Peter Todd was scared almost to death. I had to keep on encouraging him all the time."

"Did you?" said a voice behind Bunter, as Peter Todd appeared in the doorway, and took Bunter's fat ear between his finger and thumb.

"Ow! I—I didn't see you, Toddy, old fellow. Leggo my ear, you beast! I—I say, you know, I really meant to say that you kept on encouraging me all the time," stammered Bunter. "It's much the same thing, you know. Ow!"

Peter Todd grinned and passed on, leaving Bunter rubbing his ear, and

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(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, and get away in the yacht, after taking the thousands of pounds of pearls and gold from her.

When the Lord of the Deep arrives at the pearling-station, Ferrers Lord is kidnapped, and Blaise takes his place and sets sail on the millionaire's yacht for Gan Waga's island. Unaware of the impersonation, Rupert Thurston and Prout go with him.

Soon after the departure of the Lord

of the Deep Ching Lung, with Hal Honour and O'Rooney, arrives on the prince's yacht. They hear of the daring scheme from Jimmy, the black, Donegan's servant, and detain the rascally manager until they are able to find Lord Sharkfin Billy, in command of Blaise's big motor-launch, follows Ching Lung & Co., and torpedoes them. Unable to protect themselves against the fire of Sharkfin Billy's vessel, they run ashore in the lagoon of an island, on which they afterwards discover Ferrers Lord. Meantime, Donelan has managed to make his escape, and disappears. The Chinese crew desert Ferrers Lord & Co., and they find themselves in a very tight corner. However, Lord decides to leave the prince's yacht and escape round the back of the island they are marooned on. They prepare to abandon the yacht.

(Now read on.)

coral insects were everlastingly at work slowly but surely building up new reefs, and some of them might be only a foot or two beneath the surface, and invisible even to the cat-like eyes of Gan Waga. And so they crawled on till a clump of palms came between them and the starry sky, as still as trees carved out of ebony, for the evening breeze had died down, and the air was breathless. The Eskimo stood motionless, seeming to have concentrated every faculty he possessed in his little, beady eyes. He gave his head an impatient shake, angry that he had failed to find what he had been asked to find.

"No uses," he said. "My silliness eyes no uses. I think I have to wear some spectacles next, and I look finfuls in spectacles."

"Bedad, you'd look a soight more beautiful stuffed and put in a glass case as the King of the Gorillas," growled Barry O'Rooney, "and Oi'd pay for ut-av you'd let me!"

"And you call yourself a sailor," said Ching Lung. "Don't you know it's high treason to speak to the man at the wheel, and that they keelhaul you for it?"

"Whin a man is consarned, Oi admit ut," said Barry, "but all the years Oi've been at say, Oi've niver knowed a rule or regulation that forbade a decent sailor to address a few remarks to a monkey. And, talking about monkeys, that reminds me, sor, that wan day at Ballybunion Castle, which, maybe, you've heard me mention afore, was the swate home of my choildhood's joys, old Uncle Dinnis, dhrew back in his Rolls-Royce—"

"Oh, cut it out!" said Ching Lung. "I don't know what we're waiting for, but it's not to hear any idiotic yarns about your equally idiotic uncle, so close down!"

The Eskimo had lowfed himself overboard. The glow of a match held between his hands gleamed for a moment on the engineer's face as he lighted his pipe. After this rebuff Barry O'Rooney relapsed into silence and chewed at the end of his cigar. The grey-white beach below the wall of palms had black blotches in it—blotches that moved—telling that the turtles were coming ashore. By the gleam of a flash-lamp the millionaire examined the chart—he had drawn from memory.

Then the water rippled as Gan Waga's curving right arm rose and fell, churning him through the water.

"Founded him all rightness," he cried cheerfully. "Nobody see, hunk? Too lowness down fo' old Sharkfin Billy. Gimme a lamp, Ching, old bean, and I show yo'."

The flash-lamp was handed to him, and ANOTHER GRAND STORY OF THE ROOK WOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.

**The Blue Atoll!**

NIGHT descended over sea and islands, moonless and darker than they had known it since the crippled yacht had grounded. The launch had already been stored with provisions, water, and petrol. She was got afloat safely. Gan Waga remained on board to switch on the searchlights to make Sharkfin Billy, if he happened to come cruising that way, believe they were still on board. Then the Eskimo dived into the sea and swam down to the creek to the point of the island where they waited in the shadow.

And then Barry O'Rooney gave a grunt of dismay as Hal Honour was about to start the engine, as the clattering thunder of the raider's engine boomed through the darkness. Her gun rang out in the distance, but before they heard it they heard a closer crash, and the beam of the searchlight vanished.

"Bedad, that was a hit!" said Barry O'Rooney. "He's dumped a shell into the old wreck and blowed the light out if nothing worse. Ut was toime we left."

"And eased up, too," said Ching Lung. "That's more of it. The blackguards don't mean to treat my imperial yacht kindly."

Several more shells were fired, and then the familiar clatter of the big motor-launch sounded again. Evidently it was a few run-away knocks, and Sharkfin Billy would return at daylight to inspect the damage he had done. Suddenly the launch began to turn in a curve. Ferrers Lord, who was steering, had headed her back into the channel. Though it seemed an extraordinary thing

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to do, no one ventured to speak. The smell of exploded shells drifted towards them then, and there were clouds of smoke overhead.

"Keep here till I come back," said the millionaire, as he climbed on to the deck of the yacht. "There is something I had forgotten."

The bridge was a mere wreck, showing against the starlit sky, splintered and torn by a shell. Switch after switch failed him as he groped his way down to his cabin, but he found it. After ten minutes' absence, Ferrers Lord returned to the launch and again took the helm.

"Like our friend the black in the palm-tree the other day, I took various observations myself from a similar look-out during the time I was marooned," he said. "I took rather a fancy to an island I saw, and I think I can manage to find it in the dark. I had to make the plan from memory after your arrival, and it ought to be fairly accurate. By an oversight, I left it in my cabin, and that is one of the two things I came back for."

In the darkness a smile crossed his lips, but he did not mention the second reason for returning. He stood up while he steered, looking steadily ahead. He seemed to be running into the jaws of the lion.

The surt, rolling lazily but noisily against the beach of the island, muffled the sound of the engine. They went on steadily till Ferrers Lord spoke.

"Gan Waga," he said.

The Eskimo went aft, and the millionaire relinquished the tiller. Honour was in the bows with the lead-line ready in his hand, for though the launch drew little water the

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE JAPE THAT FAILED!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.



Gan Waga rolled over on his back. He swam swiftly, and the launch followed the gleaming light until the Eskimo stood up breast-deep in water and waited there till they glided up to him.

"Ouch! It's a spiky bottom, all pins and needles, Chingy!" he said. "Here yo' old lamp, so gimme some canvas shoeses. It betterer soonfuss when I take yo' through the reefs, fo' I able to swim then. And ifs Barry say yo' gotted no shoeses bigs enough to fit me, hit him hard on the nose, Chingy!"

A pair of the engineer's shoes were quite large enough for Gan Waga. He disappeared under water to put them on, and, emerging again, he splashed forward towards what seemed to be a wall of solid reef, thickly overgrown with tree-ferns and tropical bushwood.

"Headses—heads!" said the Eskimo with a chuckle. "Mind yo' not lose yo' lovely top-hats. Tuck in yo' tup'pennies!" The warning was needed, for the drooping growth hung very low. The keel scraped bottom, but a lusty pull from the Eskimo dragged her clear.

"Now we insides, and all merry and brightness, so I have a smoke," he said, "and yo' can follow my cigars round the johnny horners."

Once more Gan Waga disappeared to rid himself of his shoes. After that he produced a perfectly dry cigar and box of matches and pulled at the cigar till the tip was red and glowing, and floated away on his back without any perceptible motion of hand or foot; but the others were too accustomed to the amphibious Eskimo's tricks in the water, and his skill as a swimmer to give them a passing thought. And at last the launch was at anchor in a quiet, palm-fringed pool.

"I go to sleeps now, Chingy," said Gan Waga from the water. "I not know nothing about the old tides, so I better tie a string to my ankle, because if the lagoon was to empty I might drift out to sea before I woked up and meet Sharkfin Billy. Somehow, I not want to meet that chap very muchness, not alone, Chingy."

"We may sleep securely if not very comfortably, gentlemen," said the millionaire's quiet voice. "There will be no interruptions to-night unless Billy goes cruising again and we happen to hear his engines. This is a snug little corner. Unless I made my observations badly there should be a way out on the other side, and that may prove a great advantage if these pearl-poachers should track us down. To make sure of that we must have daylight, so I wish you good-night."

As a sleeping-place the launch was not as luxurious as a feather-bed, but they were all so tough and hard that they could have slept on flints. Gan Waga had chosen the softest couch, but it was so cold and damp that no one offered to share it with him.

The rustling of the morning breeze in the palms awoke Ching Lung. He yawned and stretched his stiffened limbs. Then he encountered the gaze of Barry O'Rooney, who was also stretching himself and yawning, though he had been awake some time.

"Sure, did you ever see the loike?" said Barry. "Oi thought Oi'd got 'em, or was dreaming that ut was washing-day at Ballybunon, and that someone had spilled the washing blue all over the landscap—tons and tons of ut. And ut might be beds of violets and bluebells, but, bedad, the stuff is only sand!"

The pool was almost circular and surrounded by a narrow beach, not white like all the other beaches they had seen, but of a vivid blue. The nose of the launch rested on the sand. A frying-pan filled with rashers of bacon was sizzling over a primus-stove, and on a similar stove a kettle was boiling. Ferrers Lord appeared, walking round the beach with Gan Waga waddling at his heels. They had been in search of the second entrance to the blue atoll, and they had discovered it.

"Queerest spot I ever struck," said Ching Lung, as they sat down to biscuits and bacon and excellent coffee with condensed milk. "What on earth makes this sand blue?"

"I fear our hands are too full just now for many scientific investigations, Ching," said the millionaire, "but the colour happens to be a lucky one. I know now that I could not see the pool from my perch in the palm-tree. I saw the beach on the

other side, and mistook it for water. But for that I should not have made my chart." "The one you went back for," said Ching Lung. "Chief, I'm furiously inquisitive. You forgot two things, you know. What was the other?" "To hoist the white flag," answered the millionaire, with one of his quiet, puzzling smiles.

**Why Ferrers Lord Hoisted the White Flag.**

THE awning stretched over the whale-back fore-deck of the raider had been green in colour when new, and later it had been camouflaged with zigzag stripes of white-and-yellow, pink-and-brown, until it resembled nothing on earth or sea.

But sun and salt breezes had done their work, and bleached the awning down to a drab grey. A pump was spraying sea-water over it, to cool down the atmosphere beneath it, for that whale-back steel deck could grow villainously hot.

Sharkfin Billy himself, one-eyed, ragged, and sun-blackened, sat on a folding-stool, examining a greasy account-book. It had just been handed to him by his equally ragged subordinate, Nick Bullen, the dumb man. Though Bullen was dumb, he could read and write and make up accounts.

The accounts were not cheerful reading, but that could all be put right when the looted pearls were disposed of, and Harper Blaise returned with his treasures of gold. All the rascals would be paid off in full for their share in the big adventure.

Billy did not trouble much about his crew. He turned over a dog-eared page, and ran a black-nailed forefinger down the list of stores in hand. These were moderately satisfactory, but only moderately so. At the last item he swore violently at the dumb man, but the dumb man took not the least notice.

The last item was the petrol. The supply had run perilously low. Harper Blaise and his little mob of desperadoes had come to the reef for one purpose, and one purpose only, to hold up the pearl-stations at the end of the season before the pearl-ers had got rid of their stocks, make their haul,

divide the loot, make their escape, and scatter. All this had to be done swiftly, and it had been done.

Then came Harper Blaise's bigger and more dazzling enterprise, and this was a matter of time. The powerful vessel with her great speed, absolutely gulped down petrol, and, instead of lying quiet, Harper Blaise's second in command had been dashing here and there, with no thought of economy. Possibly he imagined there was a larger stock of spirit, but Nick Bullen's figures startled and angered him.

Around him other ragged figures were sprawling, some asleep, some staring up at the discoloured awning, a few Germans, a few Kanakas, a sprinkling of Japs of the lowest class, who had made Japan too hot to hold them, and one or two renegade beach-combers, whose crimes had warned them off the reef and out of all decent society.

They only numbered fifteen or sixteen in all, but this number was quite sufficient for Harper Blaise's purpose. They were a tough, shiftless, dare-devil crowd, but Sharkfin Billy kept them well in hand. There had only been serious trouble once, and that was when they discovered that the raider was a "dry" ship. Knowing his crew, Harper Blaise had been too wise to ship even a solitary bottle of intoxicating liquor aboard her.

Sharkfin Billy's language only elicited a few yawns and grunts, for only himself and the dumb man knew what he was swearing about.

"Wake up, you lazy owl!" said the one-eyed man, when he had nearly come to the end of his vocabulary of strong language. "You've been badgering and cursing why we ain't looted that Chink's yacht! You've done your grousing on the quiet, for you know if you'd done it with me listening, I'd have laid a few of you out. I lost one eye in a row, but t'other is as good as six, and I've still got two ears left as good as a dozen. Why don't you worms sit up and take notice?"

"Any fella take just good notice alla time lying down, any but big fool fella!" grunted Kanaka Bliff. "So tell a fella, Billy." "Tell a what? Tell a dead turtle!"

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**NEXT TUESDAY!**

**"A PROMISING PUPIL!"**

THE POPULAR.—No. 168.  
A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



**NIGHT MANŒUVRES!** The flash-lamp was handed to him, and Gan Waga rolled over on his back. He swam swiftly, and the launch followed the gleaming light. "Founded him all rightness!" cried Gan Waga cheerfully. "Nobody see, hunk!" (See page 25.)

snailed Sharkfin Billy. "You ain't no fella—only a slouching black boob! Didn't you let that chap Lord heave a rock at you in broad daylight, smash your ribs, and steal your gun? I wish he'd knocked your head in instead of your ribs! Tell a fella? Tell a black, blind pig!"

"Oh, got it off your chest—get it off your chest, Billy!" put in a bearded, freckled man. "Dake of Pliff no nodice, der plack swine-pig! Vot is it you dell apoud it, yes?"

"I reckon we'd better scoop that swell Chirk, Fritz!" answered Billy. "Shouldn't think there can be more'n five or six of 'em since we skeddaddled the crew."

The ragged raiders were interested now. They sat up round Sharkfin Billy like a ring of scarecrows.

"Ach, vy you keeb pack then so long?" said the man with the beard and the guttural German accents. "You nod link ve vas afraidt dot ve adack der lod?"

"By thunder, if you start asking me any questions, I'll answer 'em with my fist, old sauerkraut!" growled Billy. "How do I know if you were afraid or not, though I gamble I could guess right in once! I say, there must be five or six of 'em. That black rubbish that split on Donelan don't count in a fight, but he'll look pleasing hanging on the end of a bit of rope when we corral him! But the others will fight—just like tigers they'll fight; so if you're asking for a scrap, you can have it! We could bust up the whole box of tricks with our gun, but I'm afraid of setting the ship afire. We want loot, but the prettiest thing in the shape of loot I'm looking for now is petrol. She carries petrol, sure, and if I set that ablaze and sent it up in the air, I'd be as silly as a dog chewing off his own tail!"

"Then, vy der oder nighd vas it dot you vire at der yachd?" inquired the bearded man.

As Sharkfin Billy jumped up and grasped the stool, Fritz dodged behind another man to avoid the threatened missile. Then Billy sat down again, and pulled out a revolver.

"I'll plug you with this, by thunder, I will, if you interrupt me again!" he said. "Keep that worm quiet, and I let on a few things.

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You're a cheap, trashy, worthless crust, but, being useful for the minute, I can't afford to have many of you bowled over. There's fine loot on that yacht, for Chink princes who can float around in that style carry more than an odd pair of socks and a spare shirt. I'm not pressing you to this, and I'm shouting no orders. I daren't hammer no shells at her, for her petrol's a mighty precious thing! I tell you plain we're so rotten short that we may not have enough to run out and meet the boss to settle up the big stunt when we get his wireless! It'll have to be close fighting and fierce fighting, but you've got to be volunteers. If you're game signify in the usual manner by sticking up a fist."

A dozen or more brown and black hands were raised. Sharkfin Billy blinked his solitary eye, bit off an inch of black tobacco with his white teeth, and chewed it thoughtfully, while the others waited.

"We attack from both islands after dusk, or better afore dawn, for it's darker then," he went on, when he had considered his plan of campaign. "We can come over this side and find plenty of cover. But, by thunder, the t'other island is the plum. They ain't touched them dug-outs or flattened down the sandbags, the fools! That gives us a walk-over. We can pepper 'em from both sides, and I guess if we take a machine-gun along and locate it in one of them dug-outs, the crazy cattle forgot to fill in, I reckon a galoot who dares to show his face on deck is just squealing to have his beauty ruined for life. But, by thunder, I warn you fellows if you fancy this is going to be some cake-walk or a joy-ride, you'll come a bad cropper. There's cargoes of good loot to be got out of that yacht, but you'll have to fight with nails and teeth afore you handle it. You may have the 'possums up the gum-tree right enough, but there'll want some slick straight shooting afore you get 'em down."

Sharkfin Billy walked to the side to get rid of a mouthful of tobacco juice, and waved his big mushroom hat. It was not answered, for the black had got tired of sitting up in the palm-tree watching a vessel on which no life stirred and had launched his canoe and paddled away to another atoll in search of

turtle's eggs. Receiving no reply to his signal, Sharkfin Billy threatened the black with a dozen painful deaths, and went down to his hot little cabin to sleep.

On the blue atoll, perched in the branches of the tallest tree, Ching Lung was watching. His powerful glasses had picked up the raider, but as in the case of the black and the yacht, he could see nothing stirring, for the dingy awning concealed all. The prince came down at last. The only living thing he had discovered was a nigger in a canoe, and the nigger had hoisted his brown palm-leaf sail and headed his flimsy craft westwards. The millionaire asked only one question.

"Had the raider her boat swinging astern, Ching?"

"Then they haven't discovered our flag of truce yet," said Ferrers Lord. "Perhaps their watcher wasn't on duty, or he may not understand the meaning of a white flag. I expected some movement before this on the part of Sharkfin Billy and his desperadoes. It's almost certain that something will happen to-night."

"On our part or theirs, Chief?"

"On both perhaps," answered Ferrers Lord. "If the expected happens, we may do something quickly, but it might be more prudent to wait and see. Who knows?"

The prince did not need to be told what was in Ferrers Lord's mind. He understood now why instead of making a dash for the reef the millionaire had brought them to the blue atoll, and why he had gone back to float the white flag of surrender over a stranded and deserted ship. Had Honour was tinkering with the engine which had not worked to his complete satisfaction, and Gan Waga, after a feed of strawberry-jam and sardines, was snoring in the shade, at peace with all the world, while Mr. Barry, leaning against the trunk of a palm-tree, was gazing from the empty tin and the empty jar to the Eskimo's placid face in silent wonder.

"Struck dumb with admiration at his beauty, Barry," laughed the prince. "I'd shift if I were you before you get stiff. You've been in that exact position for five minutes."

"Bedad, Oi can't help ut, sor," said Barry O'Rooney. "Of course, Oi've seen him do this kind of thing afore, but aich toime ut sames to me more wonderful, and more horrible Sardines and jam! Why ut's enough to poison a billygod and disgust an ostrich, which same bird I'm towld takes a soight of disgusting when ut comes to a matter of grub. But whisht! There's more than jam and sardines puzzling me. Why did the Chafe go back and hoist the white flag on an empty ship. We haven't surrendered, bedad, we've only cut for ut loike wise men, so why did he do ut?"

"Oh, just as a sort of public-house sign, I suppose," said Ching Lung. "But I'm only guessing."

"Bedad, Oi'm only guessing, too," said Barry O'Rooney. "And Oi'm guessing that you're trying to pull my leg, for Oi don't get you at all, at all."

"Perhaps you'd understand better if I used that vulgar word, booze," said the prince. "I'm no great drinker myself, but the stock of drinkable stuff in the cellars of my palace at Kwai-hai had run down, so when I was in London I laid in a cargo. Unless that unlucky torpedo has bust every bottle, Barry, and staved every cask, my yacht is anything but a teetotal ship, and would shock Mr. Pussyfoot. There's enough liquor there to start several wine-shops and a few public-houses."

"For the sake of Moike, don't tell me another wan for that's the limit!" said Barry, his eyes sparkling. "Bedad, for brains, ut's the Cha'e every toime. Good luck to him."

That night Ferrers Lord climbed the palm-tree and kept solitary vigil. The usual breeze did not come to time and there was a heavy dew that trickled down the leaves, soaked him to the skin, and fell like rain on the ground below, wakening the sleepers, all but Gan Waga, who liked it, and sending them to the launch in search of tarpaulins. From his lofty perch the millionaire could hear Barry O'Rooney grumbling about it in a rich brogue. Then stillness fell, except for the dripping of the dew and the cries of sea-birds, and bats flew in and out of the palms on silent wings. At last the breeze came and swept away the thin grey mist that shrouded the sea.

Ferrers Lord wiped the moisture from the lenses of his glasses, and bent forward his ear to windward, but nothing happened. If

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

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE STOLEN MASCOT!"

the raider had moved the noise of her engines must have been heard, for the breeze was blowing from her mooring-place towards the blue atoll. Several times the millionaire drew out his watch and glanced at the luminous dial of his watch. The hours dragged on, but the patience of the man was exhaustless. In another hour it would be dawn.

Then something occurred that even Ferrers Lord with all his skill in measuring the actions of other men, had not foreseen. They were firing. Down the wind came the sputtering crackle of rifles, and then the long tattering rattle of a machine-gun in action. The millionaire began to laugh softly to himself. For ten minutes or more the fusillade went on, and then the noises of battle faded into silence, and still laughing softly, Ferrers Lord abandoned his watch-tower.

Ching Lung was awake. He was a light sleeper, and something unusual had roused him, even before he heard the millionaire's light footfalls on the firm, blue sand.

"Is that you, Chief?" he asked. "What time is it?"

"Nearly dawn, Ching!"

"Surely you haven't been up in that tree all those beastly hours without calling me to take my turn," protested the prince.

"And for nothing, I suppose."

"I have been up there all these hours, and I confess most of it was not amusing," said Ferrers Lord. "And not quite for nothing, for the final ten minutes were interesting."

"Every man to his taste, but I can't see the fun in squatting upstairs in a palm-tree all night. But let's have the amusing part, and it must be a scream if it was worth waiting for. You don't mean that Sharkfin Billy has run his boat on a rock in the dark or any such amazing luck as that, Chief?"

"It was the raider I was waiting for, or rather listening for," said the millionaire. "I didn't think they had seen her flag, but I thought he might flash his searchlight on the yacht, if he passed, and see it then. Instead of that, our friend upset our calculations and made a land attack from both islands."

"Then something must have happened to screw their courage up," said the prince, "for they could have done that before."

"Well, they have attacked now, and by the ammunition they have expended on the assault, it must have been a famous victory, with never a shot fired in answer, and not a drop of blood spilled. And now, alas! Ching, these mongrel coral-reef bandits are, or are not, in possession of your imperial yacht. It was bravely done."

"I'm glad you think so, Chief," said the prince, with a yawn. "As I may have remarked on some previous occasion, they aren't nice people to know. So they fired on the white flag, did they, the band of un-soaped cut-throats?"

"Oh, we must not be unjust even to Sharkfin Billy, Ching," said the millionaire, "for that may not have been intentional. One of the first bullets may have cut it down before they noticed we had hoisted it. Billy is a great general, and his methods are really a compliment to us. After the opening rifle fire from the right-hand island, he turned on a machine-gun, evidently brought ashore and placed in one of the abandoned dug-outs. For ten or twelve minutes the bullets were flying. The sequel remains a mystery. After this noble display, has Billy withdrawn covered with glory, or has he claimed the victor's spoils?"

"Conundrums at this time in the morning are bad for the digestion, Chief," said the prince, "so I'll make no attempt to guess that one. By the way you talk, you seem to be quite satisfied, and that is sufficient for me. With your esteemed permission, therefore, I'll retreat under my little tarpaulin, and take another forty winks."

Ferrers Lord did not lie down. When the sun came up, flooding the sky with golden flame, he was in the palm-tree again, still watching.

**The Merrymakers.**

**S**HARKFIN BILLY had not ordered a retreat, nor had he seen any white flag. It was exactly as the millionaire had surmised to Ching Lung concerning the fate of the flag, for Fritz, the German, had stumbled and accidentally discharged his rifle, and the chance bullet had whipped the flag down. It was the signal for a fusillade. The machine-gun had been landed safely, and well screened behind a barricade of sandbags. With Billy as gunner, the yacht had received a merciless peppering without receiving a single shot in response. Then the raider sent up a star-shell, which the millionaire would have seen had he stayed in his watch-tower a little longer.

In the blue-white glare of the star-shell the grounded yacht stood out vividly with her shattered bridge, her dented funnel, and her white paint pitted and splashed by many bullets. But she was like a ship of the dead, and between the attacks and their coveted prey lay the channel, not wide, but too deep to bathe. Though a wreck, the

steel-built yacht was still a fortress to be regarded with great respect, and Billy knew that the man whom he fancied to be still in possession of her would fight to the last.

"Durn it!" he growled, as the start-shell faded out. "What's their game? What's their cunning game? By thunder! I smell some sort of a dirty trap here!"

It was useless to waste any more ammunition on a well-sheltered enemy, when that enemy lay low and refused to fight. Prudence urged him to retreat to the boat before the dawn came, for a retreat in the light would be impossible. Billy kicked the dumb man who was crouching behind him, and was handed a megaphone.

"Yacht, ahoy!" he shouted gruffly. "Say, Mr. Lord, you'd better turn it up! You ain't got the chance of a frog under a steam-roller, and you're bound to get squashed flat. I'm Sharkfin Billy who's doing this yelling. I'll give you honourable terms. Seeing we had one little up-and-downer together, I allow you're a real peach to fight; but what's the use?"

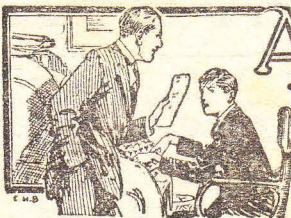
Sharkfin Billy paused for a reply, but as no voice came back in answer, the one-eyed man tried again.

"It ain't no manner of use," he protested, "and if I didn't know you was as clear headed a galoot as ever stepped, Mr. Lord, I'd think you'd all gone crazy. Honourable terms I'll give you, by thunder I will, boss, you and the rest of your chums. I'm smelling a trap, but I'm no sort of a blind fox to shove my nose into it. I'll treat you fair and honourable. Give me a hail, and I'll come aboard alone and unarmed, and chin things over with you straight and friendly. What do you say, boss?"

As Ferrers Lord was pacing the blue beach of the atoll just then, and far out of range of the megaphone, naturally enough he made no response. Sharkfin Billy cursed them under his breath for a bunch of dunder-headed, half-witted idiots, but he still persevered.

"Well, by thunder, though you ain't talking a word, boss, you're just squealing for trouble loud enough to turn a man deaf," he went on. "Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly. Guess that perlitte invitation is dead off, boss. So are the honourable terms I offered in exactly five minutes. It's your funeral you're going to attend, and I promise to make it a lively one, and all at my expense, for I'm going to

*Continued on page 28.*



**A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR**

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

**FOR NEXT TUESDAY.**

We have in preparation a splendid programme of stories for next week's issue of the "Popular." There will be a grand complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, entitled:

**"THE REMOVE WINS!"**

By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the Remove's final effort to get rid of the prefect placed in their passage to keep them quiet. The fact that the prefect in question happens to be Wingate gives the juniors something to think about, for they like "old Wingate." Personal feelings, however, have to be thrust aside, and Wingate is given no quarter. So—he goes!

The second complete story will deal with the further adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co, and will be entitled:

**"THE JAPE THAT FAILED!"**

By Owen Conquest.

Every jape cannot go exactly as the juniors want it to. Sometimes the jape goes wrong—and next week's story deals with one that does go wrong. To tell you more of the story would be to spoil your interest.

A third long complete school story will be entitled:

**"A PROMISING PUPIL!"**

By Martin Clifford.

This concerns the adventures of the chums of the backwoods of Canada, Frank Richards & Co., and their efforts to make a good chap of Yen Chin, the Chinese. It is hardly necessary to tell you that Frank Richards & Co. find they have taken on a big job, but in the end they have to admit that Yen Chin is getting on.

The fourth and last complete story is of Tom Merry & Co., and is one of the funniest and most dramatic stories yet published. It is entitled:

**"THE STOLEN MASCOT!"**

By Martin Clifford,

and tells you how a stolen mascot affected several juniors and other people. This is a grand story, my ehums, and I am very anxious for you to read it.

Then we come to the supplement, which is the promised New Boy Number. There will be four pages of exceptionally interesting stories, articles, and poems by the juniors of the three famous schools, which Billy Bunter has collected for a special number.

An instalment of the serial "The Pearl Poachers" will follow, and as this story has reached its most interesting stage, I am sure my readers will be looking forward with all keenness to next Tuesday, and the "Popular."

I venture to observe that there is not another paper on the market which gives

more value for money than does the "Popular." There are twenty-eight pages in this paper, packed from cover to cover every week with the very finest stories it is possible to obtain. A reader once remarked to me that it was quality and not quantity which told in the end, and I replied that when quantity and quality are combined, a paper will always lead. So it is with the "Popular"—you have both quality and quantity. So, when a friend wants to know what is the name of the very best paper for boys and girls, tell him the "Popular" every time!

**THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."**

Every boy and girl reader of this paper should be ordering a copy of the "Holiday Annual," the finest volume of stories, articles, poems, etc., ever published.

There are stories of Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's in this year's issue of the great "Annual," and, in addition, there are splendid, complete adventure stories, grand coloured plates, splendid photograph plates, heaps of tricks and puzzles for the winter evenings, and—in fact, there's everything you would expect to find in what is recognised throughout the world as being the greatest annual published.

The "Holiday Annual" will make its appearance on the first day in September, and if you have not already made sure of your copy, you should do so at once. Your newsgagent will be pleased to save you a copy.

**THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.**

Keep your eye on the "Magnet" Library for the grand new feature which is going to afford the very greatest pleasure to readers of the Companion Papers.

More anon!

**Your Editor.**  
THE POPULAR.—No. 183.

**THE PEARL POACHERS.**

(Continued from page 27.)

turn my big stuff on you, and make scrap-iron of that tank of yours—see?"  
The threat to use his big gun evoked no rejoinder, but it never came into the one-eyed man's thoughts that the yacht was abandoned. He guessed at the five minutes,

and then put the megaphone to his lips once more, but not to address the dumb enemy. He shouted two words through it that reached the ears of the men on the island: "Blue pearls!"  
It was the order to keep where they were and take good cover. The dawn was breaking, and it was too late to retreat, for Sharkfin Billy and his followers must have betrayed themselves if they had attempted to sneak back to the boat, and the party on the yacht would have shot straight and shot often. They were safe enough in the dug-outs, and a day spent there would not be more monotonous than one spent on the

raider. Billy wasted no more breath, but sat down behind the sandbags and smoked his pipe.  
"Say, Billy," said Kanaka Bliff suddenly, "you give me white fella who smash my ribs, and I give you all along top-hole big pearl for white fella—savvy?"  
"Alive or dead, Bliff?"  
"No wanta any dead fella—dead fella no use to Bliff," said the Kanaka, with a savage gleam in his eyes.  
(There will be another splendid long instalment of our wonderful serial in next week's issue.)

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