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# The POPULAR 2<sup>ND</sup>

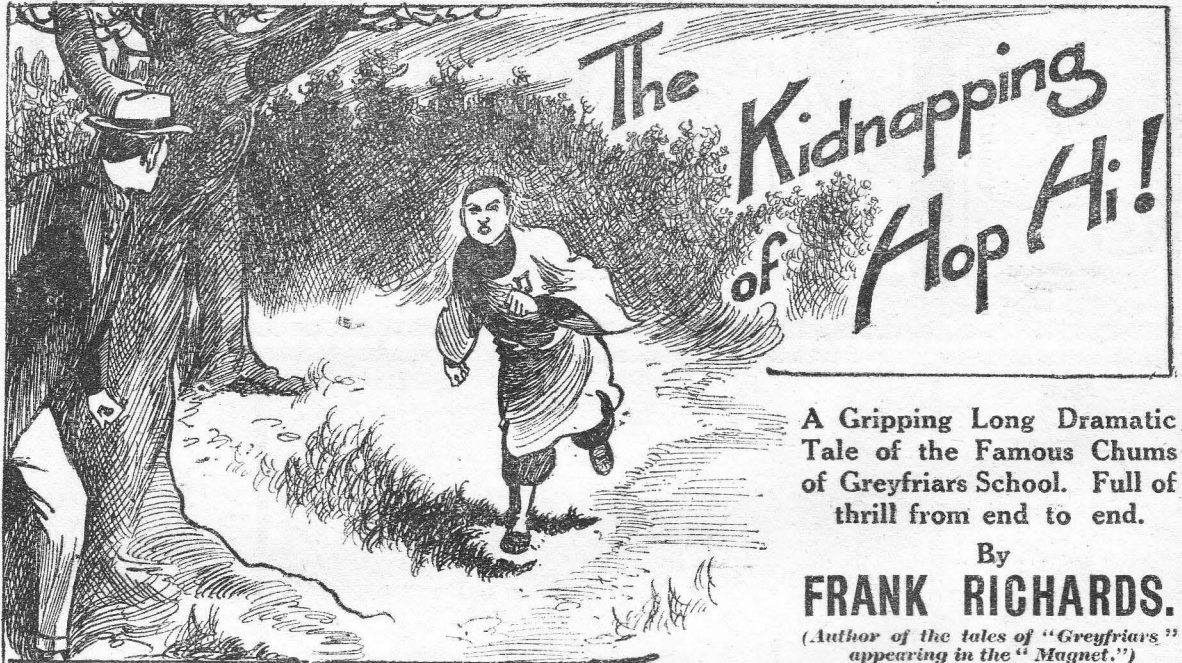
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**THE AMAZING KIDNAPPING OF HOP HI—THE GREYFRIARS CHINEE!**  
(A dramatic long story of Harry Wharton & Co., in this issue.)

**THE MISSING CHINEE!**—In the dead of night Hop Hi, the little Greyfriars Chinese, disappears. What has happened to him?



A Gripping Long Dramatic Tale of the Famous Chums of Greyfriars School. Full of thrill from end to end.

By  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the tales of "Greyfriars" appearing in the "Magnet.")

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**Fag Wanted!**

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! What the dickens—"

Bob Cherry jumped up in alarm. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and most of the fellows were on the playing-fields, but Bob Cherry of the Remove was in his study grinding away at lines.

Bob was not enjoying himself. He wanted to be on the football-field, but there were two hundred lines of Virgil to be done, and the unfortunate junior had to stay in and do them.

Little Wun Lung, the Chinese, was curled up in the armchair, watching him through half-closed eyelids as he ground away at the imposition. Wun Lung had stayed in to keep Bob Cherry company.

Bob was grinding wearily through the adventures of the pious Aeneas, when the study door was suddenly flung open, and a breathless figure darted into the study.

Bob Cherry jumped up so suddenly that a shower of blots scattered from his pen over the paper, reducing the impot to a state in which it could not possibly be presented for the inspection of Mr. Queleh, his Form master.

"You silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry.

Slam! The door closed violently, and the junior who had darted into the study plunged under the table and crouched there, palpitating.

Bob Cherry glared at his ruined imposition, and then stooped and glared under the table. The figure curled up there was that of little Hop Hi of the Second Form—Wun Lung's minor.

"You—you fathead!" breathed Bob Cherry, in great wrath. "You've mucked up my impot—do you hear? What are you doing there, you—you Chinese image?"

Hop Hi gasped.

"Me sorry!"

"I'll make you sorrier!" snorted Bob Cherry. "That's flitty lines, at least. I've got to do over again! You silly ass! What's the little game?"

"Lodee after me!" panted Hop Hi. "Lodee come hele—you no sayee noting!"

"Oh, blow Loder!" growled Bob Cherry. There was a sound of heavy footsteps in the passage. Loder, the bully of the Sixth, was evidently on the track of the fugitive fag. Bob Cherry looked round the study, and picked up a cricket-bat from the corner. Wun Lung jumped out of the armchair, and seized the poker. When Loder of the Sixth paid a visit to a junior's study, it very frequently led to trouble, and the juniors wanted to be ready for Loder.

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The door was thrown open, and the Sixth-Former glared into the study.

He seemed surprised at not seeing the Second-Former.

"Did that Chinese rascal bolt in here?" he demanded.

"Find out!" said Bob Cherry politely.

"No comee in here," said Wun Lung. Wun Lung had been some time at Greyfriars, and he had learned many things from his English schoolfellows, but he had not yet learned to tell the truth. Bob Cherry had tried very hard to instruct him on that point, even carrying his kindness so far as to lick Wun Lung with a cricket-stump whenever he caught him in a "whopper," but he never could get the little Oriental to understand that it was wrong to tell lies.

Loder glared round the study.

"I believe he came in here!" he growled. "He disappeared somewhere along this passage."

"What do you want him for?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"I want a fag!" growled Loder. "It's silly not that you Remove kids can't be fagged. If I were captain of Greyfriars I'd soon change all that!"

"Lucky you're not captain, then, isn't it?" said Bob cheerfully.

Loder scowled, and made a movement towards Bob Cherry; but he caught sight of the cricket-bat, and paused. Certainly Loder was a prefect, and a junior certainly wasn't allowed to hit a prefect with a cricket-bat; but if Loder "went for" him, Bob Cherry was very likely to hit first and think afterwards. And the bully of the Sixth did not want to make close acquaintance with that bat.

"Is that Chinese here?" he demanded.

"He lun on," said Wun Lung calmly.

"No comee in hele. Me beatee him passee the study, Lodee."

But at that moment Loder caught sight of a foot under the table. He stooped and seized Hop Hi by the ankle, and dragged him out, yelling.

"Ow!" roared Hop Hi. "Allee light; me come! Me not hele! Ow!"

"So you were lying, you young scoundrels!" said Loder, glaring at the two Removites.

"I wasn't lying!" said Bob Cherry angrily. "I didn't say he wasn't here. And look here, you're not going to bully that kid. Let him alone!"

"Let him lonee," said Wun Lung. "You hittee my minor, I hittee you with pokel!"

"He's going to fag for me!" said Loder.

"I want somebody to get my tea. Nice state of things, when a prefect has to chase a fag up and down the House. Come along, Hop Hi, and I'll give you such a larping when I get you into my study that—"

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"Me no comee!" howled Hop Hi.

"You've been licking him already, you brute!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "He wouldn't have bolted just because you wanted to fag him!"

"Mind your own business!" snapped Loder. "Besides, Tubby of the Third is your fag—"

"The young rascal's gone out! I shall lick him when he comes in!" said Loder. "Now, Hop Hi, are you coming, or shall I yank you along by your pigtail?"

Bob Cherry hesitated. The prefect had a right to fag the Second-Former if he wanted to, and it was no business of Bob Cherry's to interfere with him. But he did not like the idea of abandoning the little Chinese to Loder's tender mercies.

"You can come and fag instead of him, if you like, Cherry!" said the senior, with a sneer.

"The Remove don't fag!" snapped Bob.

Wun Lung dropped the poker.

"Me comee!" he said.

"Well, you'd be more use than that little rat," growled Loder. "You can come if you like!"

"Look here, Wun Lung, it's against the rules for the Remove to fag," said Bob Cherry. "You must think of the honour of the Form."

"Luts! Me faggee for handsome Lodee! Hop Hi stayee hele."

"If you say 'Rats!' to me, you blessed pigtailed heathen—"

"Are you coming?" demanded Loder.

"Me comee!"

Loder released Hop Hi, who promptly darted across the study, placing the table between him and the bully of the Sixth.

"Come, Wun Lung!" said Loder.

Loder was quite satisfied with the change. The rule that he could not fag the Remove irked him very much, and he broke it whenever he could. And Wun Lung, the Chinese, was famous for his powers as a cook. In that line even Billy Buster did not excel him. And Loder was standing a very special feed that afternoon to two or three very special friends.

"Me comee!" said Wun Lung. And then he cast a timid glance at Bob. "Handsome Bob Chelly not angry?" he asked.

Bob grunted.

"None of your soft sawder, you heathen!" he growled. "Buzz off, if you like. You can stay here, Hop Hi."

And Wun Lung followed the prefect from the study. As he departed he turned his head, and closed one eye queerly at Bob.

Bob Cherry burst into a laugh. He knew that Wun Lung was as full of tricks as a

monkey, and that wink told him that Wun Lung intended to jape the bullying prefect in some way.

Loder looked round suspiciously. "What are you cackling at?" he demanded. "You, Loder!" said Bob blandly. "I often do!"

Loder scowled and strode away, followed by Wun Lung. Hop Hi grinned, and curled up in the armchair in his major's place. He had full confidence in his major's powers to prove himself a match for the bully of the Sixth.

"Now, I've got to do these blessed lines over again!" growled Bob Cherry, and he sat down to his task, plodding through the old tale of *Aeneas*, while his thoughts wandered to Harry Wharton & Co. on the football-field.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Doomed!

**L**ODER's study, in the Sixth Form passage, presented quite a festive appearance. Loder was in funds, and he was "doing himself" remarkably well on that occasion.

Walker and Carne of the Sixth were coming to tea, and after tea there was to be a game of cards—that being one of the favourite amusements of the black sheep of the Sixth.

Cards were not supposed to exist within the walls of Greyfriars, but if any of the masters had searched Loder's study, quite a number of packs would have been found, and Loder would have found himself in serious trouble. But the black sheep of Greyfriars was very careful, and he had never been discovered yet.

The table was laid for three, and there was a fragrant odour of cooking. Little Wun Lung was on his knees before the fire, poaching eggs.

Loder looked on with approval.

He had given the little Chinese a licking with a cricket-stump immediately upon his arrival in the study: not that Wun Lung had done anything to deserve it, but on general grounds, as it were. Loder had a firm conviction that the more a fag was licked, the better he was for it; and Loder never failed to carry out his principles in that respect.

Wun Lung had taken the licking with his usual impassive quietness. Lickings did not hurt him very much. He had a true Oriental insensibility to pain. But his almond eyes had gleamed in a way that might have put Loder on his guard if he had observed it. But Loder was thinking about his little celebration, and had no attention to waste on the fag, and he did not care twopence what thoughts might be passing in the mind of the little Oriental.

"All ready," said Wun Lung at last.

"Good!" said Loder, with satisfaction. "And here come the fellows. You can stay here and wait on us, Wun Lung."

"Me doee anything for handsome Loder."

"You'd better, unless you want that cricket-stump round you again!" said Loder grimly. "I'd have given you another whaling if you'd burnt the eggs. Come in, you fellows. It's all ready."

Walker and Carne came in together. They surveyed the well-spread table with great satisfaction. They had been at footer practice and they were hungry.

"Chairs, Wun Lung!" growled Loder.

Wun Lung placed chairs for the Sixth-Formers. As Carne was sitting down the little Chinese pulled the chair back, as if by accident. Carne sat down—on the floor—with a loud concussion.

"Bump!"

"Yow!" roared Carne.

Wun Lung blinked at him.

"Me solly!" he murmured.

"You—you pigtailed beast! You did that on purpose!" howled Carne, jumping up in a fury.

"Me awfully solly! Yaroooooh!"

Carne seized the little Chinese by the pigtail and boxed his ears right and left.

The other seniors looked on, grinning. Loder's friends were all fellows after his own heart, and they grinned with enjoyment as the fag howled and wriggled in Carne's grasp.

Carne did not cease pommeling the little Chinese till he was out of breath. Then he flung the fag, gasping, into the corner of the study. Wun Lung collapsed there blinking dazedly at the bullies.

"Serve him right!" said Walker. "Must

keep fags in order. I say, this looks ripping, Loder. That omelette is a beauty."

"The little beast can cook," said Loder.

"Sit down."

"And the three seniors sat down to the feed."

"More toast, Wun Lung!" snapped Loder.

Wun Lung obediently made more toast. His almond eyes were glittering now. Loder & Co. had started on the omelette, which was a very large one, and was certainly beautifully made. There were very few, if any, fags at Greyfriars who could turn out an omelette in the style of a French chef, but Wun Lung could. There was ample for large helpings all round, and the tea-party finished it to the last fragment, and smacked their lips over it.

"Jolly good!" said Walker heartily. "My hat! I think I'll sock young Paget, and have Wun Lung to fag for me."

"These Remove kids won't fag!" growled Loder.

"They will if you lick 'em enough," said Walker. "Wun Lung, you Chinese thief, would you like to fag for me?"

"Me happy do anything for handsome Walkee"

"Well, I'll make you, whether you're happy or not!" said Walker crossly, as his comrades grinned. Walker was anything but handsome, as a matter of fact, and he suspected the little Chinese of poking fun at him. "You cheeky heathen! I've a good mind to give you a hiding row to start with!"

"Handsome Walkee—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Well, it was a ripping good omelette," said Carne. "It had a peculiar flavour, too. Never known it before. Awfully good!"

"You'll find the jam-tarts all right too," said Loder. "The heathen made them too."

And the tea-party started on the jam-tarts. By the time the tarts were finished, however, some of the cheerfulness seemed to have departed from the gathering. Loder was moving uneasily, a bit seat, as if he felt an inward pain of some sort, and Carne was moving silent. Walker had risen, and was moving uneasily about the study.

Wun Lung watched them with a peculiar gleam in his slits of eyes.

"I—I say!" said Carne at last. "I—I'm feeling rather queer. Must be the heat of the study. It's rather warm here."

"I was just going to say the same," said Walker, upon whose brow perspiration was gathering. "I—I suppose there was nothing wrong with what we've been eating, Loder? You didn't get any of these things out of tins, I hope?"

"No, I didn't!" growled Loder.

"That's what it feels like to me—ptomaine poisoning," muttered Walker. "I—I feel quite ill."

"S-s-s-so do I!" confessed Loder. "It can't be the grub, though. That was all right. I got all the things at Mrs. Mibble's."

"Then what is it?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Ow!" gasped Carne suddenly, jumping up from his chair.

"What's the matter?"

"Ow! A—a sudden pain—like a k-k-knife! Ow!"

"Yaroo!" yelled Walker. "I've got it too! Yow-ow! It's like a dagger—like a beastly dagger in ray—ow!—tummy!"

"The omelette—it had a taste!" yelled Walker.

"Ow! I feel as if I've been poisoned!" growled Loder. "But it can't have been the food!"

"Yow! What else was it, then, fathead?"

"Grooh-hoo!"

"Oh dear!"

"Yah! Oh! There it is again—like a d-d-dagger!"

"Oh crumbs?"

There was a sound of a low chuckle. The three seniors swung round towards Wun Lung, a sudden suspicion in their minds. The little Chinese was doubled up with merriment.

"You young villain!" roared Loder, seizing him by the shoulder and shaking him furiously. "Have you been playing some trick with the grub?"

"He, he, he!"

"That's what it is!" gasped Walker. "He's put something in what we've eaten—in the omelette! I thought it had a taste!"

"Oh dear! This is awful!"

"Groogh!"

"Wun Lung, you young villain," howled

Loder, shaking the grinning Chinese, "what have you been putting in the grub?"

"Me poison you!" said Wun Lung calmly,

"What?"

"Me puttee poison in omelette."

Loder released the little Chinese, his nerveless hand dropping from Wun Lung's shoulder as if that shoulder had suddenly become red-hot.

"You—you've done what?" he gasped hoarsely.

"Me puttee poison in omelette because you bully Hop Hi," said Wun Lung, with terrible calmness. "You diee."

"Wha-a-a-t!"

"You pelish in fealfu agony in ten minutes," said Wun Lung. "You gloan and gind your teef, and pelish in convulsions."

"Good heavens!"

"You—you murderous young villain!"

"Help!"

"Ow! I'm dying!" groaned Walker, slinking on the sofa. "Loder, you heathen, this is all through your beastly bullying. You ought to know better than to bully a wild savage from China. Ow! It's all your fault! You've murdered me!"

"And me!" groaned Carne. "Ow! I feel I'm dying! Send for a doctor! Telephone for somebody! Help—"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"You pelish soor in gleet agony," said Wun Lung, grinning with enjoyment. "No doctee can savee you! Velly stiong Chinese poison. He, he, he!"

Loder sank weakly into his seat. Wun Lung, chuckling like a gleeful gnome, darted from the study. The door closed behind him, and the three groaning bullies were left alone to perish miserably—perhaps.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Not Fatal!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO came into the School House, flushed and rosy, from footer. Wharton had a package under his arm, which he had purchased at the school shop on his way in. Johnny Bull had another. Bob Cherry came downstairs and met them, with a sheaf of imput paper in his hand.

"Finished?" asked Wharton. Bob grunted.

"Yes, just done. Should have finished before, only that silly young rascal Hop Hi mucked up my imput. How did the match go?"

"Beaten the Fourth," said Nugent. "Good egg! I'll join you in the study when I've taken this in to Quelchey. Hallo, hallo! What are you cackling at, you heathen? What rascality have you been up to now?"

Wun Lung came along from the direction of the Sixth Form passage, almost doubled up with mirth. The chums of the Remove stared at him.

"What's the little joke, Wun Lung?" demanded Wharton.

"He, he, he! Velly funnee!"

"He's been fagging for Loder, instead of Hop Hi," Bob Cherry explained. "Have you been playing any tricks on Loder, you heathen?"

"He, he, he, he!"

"You cackling image!" roared Bob Cherry. "What have you been up to?"

"He, he, he! Me faggee for Lodee—"

"Yes, I know that—but where does the cackle come in?"

"Me makee omelette—nicee big omelette!" chuckled Wun Lung, his almond eyes glistening with enjoyment. "Me makee him so nicee, dey eatee him all up—every little bit. Dey likee him. Eatee all."

"Well?"

"Me puttee somefin in omelette," chuckled the heathen. "Lodee feelee pain in tummee—Walkee feelee painee—Carnee feelee painee! He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've been putting some medicine in their omelette?" grinned Bob Cherry. "Oh, you funny little beggar!"

"Lodee feelee painee, he askee watee puttee in, and me feelee He, he, he!"

"And what was it?"

"Poison—stiong Chinese poison. He, he, he!"

The laughter of the juniors died away. They stared at Wun Lung, aghast. The little Chinese was not like an English boy—he had many peculiar little ways—and though he was usually extremely good-tempered, there was a strain of Oriental

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ferocity in his nature, as they had seen on more than one occasion. There never was any telling what Wun Lung might or might not do. It was barely possible that he was serious, and that he had really poisoned the bulbies of the Sixth. Bob Cherry turned quite pale.

"You've put poison into your omelette, Wun Lung?" he said huskily.

"Me puttee. He, he, he!"

"But—but not real poison?" gasped Harry Wharton. "Great Scott! Not real?"

Wun Lung grinned and shook his head.

"Not real," he confessed. "Nasty stuff—givee baddee painee in tummee—pass off in an hour. What you tinee? But me tellee Lodee leal poison. He scalee to death! He, he, he!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Wun Lung went chuckling on his way. The clumps of the Remove looked at one another. "Better give Loder a look in," said Wharton slowly. "If the silly ass thinks he has been poisoned, he will raise the whole school over it."

The Famous Five hurried down the Sixth Form passage. As they neared Gerald Loder's study, the sound of deep groans fell upon their ears. The seniors were evidently in a state of great suffering.

Groan! Groan! Groan!

"Oh dear!"

"I'm dying!"

"Send for a doctor!"

Groo-hoo! This awful pain!"

The juniors grinned, and opened the door. Three Sixth-Formers were stretched before their eyes in attitudes of suffering. Walker was rolling on the sofa, Loder was in a chair, Carne was striding to and fro twisted with pain. Knowing that the stuff administered by the little Chinese was some harmless concoction, the juniors were not alarmed—indeed, the sight seemed utterly ludicrous to them, and they burst into a shout of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the little game, Loder?" Loder looked at them with haggard, pain-distorted eyes.

"I'm poisoned!" he groaned. "I've got frightful pains—like daggers and knives and red-hot pinners! Go for a doctor—quick!"

Harry Wharton shook his head gravely.

"No good going for a doctor," he said. "If it's a Chinese poison, an English doctor won't be able to save you. I'm afraid it's all up, Loder!"

"Better think about your sins and things!" suggested Nugent.

"Or make your will!" said Johnny Bull.

"That's a good idea. Can I have your bicycle when you're gone, Loder?"

"I'll have your camera!" said Nugent.

"Shall I get some impot paper, Loder, and help you make your will?"

"You—you heartless young villain!" gasped Loder. "Can't you see it's serious? We're dying—all dying of poisoning!"

"I—I shan't last much longer!" murmured Walker. "I can feel the end coming. I'll try to forgive you, Loder. You caused all this by your bullying!"

"Ow-ow-ow-ow!" howled Carne. "I'm dying!"

"Well, die quietly, for goodness' sake!" urged Bob Cherry. "You don't want the whole county to hear you die, surely!"

"You will make a beautiful corpse, Loder!" said Bob. "That's one comfort. By the way, while there's yet time, would you prefer to be cremated?"

"Ow! Ow! You heartless young fiend!"

"My dear chap, I'm trying to be useful," said Bob. "I shouldn't mind the trouble of lighting a bonfire and cremating you—alive or dead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder staggered towards the door.

"I'm going to the Head!" he gasped. "That young scoundrel shall be hanged for this—Ow—ow—yow!"

"What's all this row about?" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth, putting his head into the doorway. "Is anybody hurt?"

"Loder's dying!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "He's making a lot of fuss about it—doesn't seem to like the idea, somehow. I don't see why—he won't be missed!"

"Not in the least!" said Frank Nugent.

"Buck up, Loder! A chap can only die once. It will soon be over, and you will be at peace—and so shall we!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's all this silly rot?" said Wingate suspiciously. "Shut up that row, Loder! You're not dying—"

"No such luck!" grinned Bob.

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"I'm poisoned!" panted Loder. "Wun Lung put something into an omelette—I've got frightful pains—and he said it was a Chinese poison! Ow!"

"What rot!"

"I tell you I'm dying!" shrieked Loder. "Well, your lungs seem pretty strong for a dying person!" said Wingate sceptically.

"Do you young rascals know anything about this?"

"A little," admitted Bob Cherry. "Loder has been ragging Hop Hi, and he made Wun Lung tag for him. Wun Lung put some stuff into the grub—something quite harmless, of course, only causing a little pain in the bread-basket."

"What!" yelled Loder.

"It's all right!" grinned Bob. "It will pass off soon. It's only a little Chinese joke!"

Carne sat up on the floor suddenly.

"I—I feel better!" he murmured. "It—it's passing off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I feel better, too!" gasped Walker.

"Oh, that Chinese villain! It was only a rotten joke after all! Oh!"

"I—I—I'll slaughter him!" yelled Loder, greatly relieved to find that he was not dying, but greatly enraged at the same time. "I'll scalp him! I'll smash him—"

"No you won't!" said Wingate, laughing.

"You shouldn't have fagged him—and you shouldn't have been idiot enough to believe that he had really poisoned you. Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate strode out of the study, laughing, and the Famous Five followed him, yelling with merriment. The door closed upon Loder & Co. They were all sitting up now, and looking extremely sheepish.

the shadows of the trees. A man who was sitting on the stile, wrapped up in an overcoat and smoking a pipe, slipped down, and came towards him.

"Here you are, Master Loder!" he said, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"Here I am, Jobling," said Loder. "Now, what is it? You said in your letter that you wanted to see me specially."

"Very special, Master Loder."

"Well, what is it? Some good tip, I hope," said Loder. "I've had bad luck lately. If you could put me on to a good thing—"

"It ain't that this time," said Mr. Jobling.

"You don't mean to say that you're going to worry me for the few quids due to you?"

growled Loder. "You know that's all right."

"I'm goin' to offer you a chance of wipin' that out, Master Loder, without any cost to yourself," said Mr. Jobling. "You owe me four quid."

"I know I do. I understand that it was to stand over for a bit."

"There's a party I'm acquainted with," went on Mr. Jobling calmly. "He wants something done as you can do for him. He's willing to pay fair and square for it."

"I don't quite understand."

"There's a Chinese kid in your school," said the bookmaker.

Loder started.

"There are two," he said. "What about them? What on earth do they matter to you, Jobling?"

"Nothin' at all," said Mr. Jobling. "But they matter to the party I'm speaking of. There is a Chinese kid named Hop Hi?"

"Yes; he's the younger brother of the other little beast!" growled Loder.

"Oh!" said Mr. Jobling, quick to understand the Greyfriars fellow's tone. "You don't like them—what?"

"I'd like to wring their necks, the pair of them!" snarled Loder.

"All the better!" said Mr. Jobling, with satisfaction. "That makes it easier."

"I don't understand you! What do you want me to do?"

"That there kid, Hop Hi, the party I'm speaking of, wants to see him," explained Mr. Jobling.

"Well, he can come to the school and see him, I suppose," said Loder, in wonder.

Mr. Jobling chuckled.

"Not exactly. You see, the party is a Chinaman."

"Well?"

"From what he's let on to me he's had trouble with the father of that kid over in Hong Kong," said Mr. Jobling. "I don't know the rights of it, and I don't want to, neither. But I know he's offered me ten quid to help him get at Hop Hi."

Loder started again.

"What does he want to do to the kid?" he muttered. "I'm not going to help in anything shady, I can tell you that!"

"Tain't any great harm, that I can see," said Mr. Jobling, with a chuckle. "Them Chinese kids wear pigtails, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't see any 'arm in 'aving a pigtail cut off, can you?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"But it appears that it's considered a disgrace in China," said Mr. Jobling. "And the party I represent, he wants to get at young Hop Hi, and cut his pigtail off. That's his scheme of revenge on the old man in China. See?"

Loder burst into a laugh.

"The silly idiot!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Jobling laughed, too.

"That's wot I thought," he said. "Now, I've had some dealings with this man Foo-Chung, and he knows some of my business, knows that I know some of the gentlemen at Greyfriars, I mean. So he reckoned I could help him to get his paws on the Chinese kid, and he's making it ten quid."

"That's a lot of money!" said Loder.

"He's got lots of dibs," said Mr. Jobling. "Made it on opium smuggling in China, I reckon. But that ain't any business of mine. I can't see that it's any 'arm to cut off a Chinese kid's pigtail, can you?"

"Not that I can see," grinned Loder.

"That's all he wants, and it seems to me an easy way of earning ten quid," said the bookmaker. "If you help I'll stand you half."

Loder's eyes glistened

"I've never had a chance of making a five-pound note quite so easily as that," he said. "I don't care twopence whether the silly kid's pigtail is cut off or not. It can't do

**STAND NEXT WEEK, CHAPS!**



**AND DELIVER!**

Full particulars on page 24 of this issue.

"Only a rotten jape!" muttered Walker.

"We—we ought to have guessed it! Of course, even that Chinese savage wouldn't have poisoned us!"

"It felt like it!" growled Loder.

"If this is what you call a giddy teaparty, Loder, you needn't ask me to any more!" growled Walker. And he stamped out of the study and slammed the door after him.

"Just what I say!" snorted Carne. "I'm fed-up with you and your rotten omelettes, Loder!"

And the door slammed for the second time. Gerald Loder was left alone, and his feelings—especially towards Wun Lung of the Remove—may be better imagined than described.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**A Surprise for Loder.**

GERALD LODER dropped from the school wall into the road.

He stood in silence for a few moments, looking along the road, which glimmered white in the starlight, save where the trees cast heavy shadows.

The road was deserted at that late hour. Satisfied that there was no one to observe him, the black sheep of Greyfriars crossed the road quickly, and strode along under the shadows of the trees in the direction of Friardale.

The prefect was not, however, bound upon one of his nocturnal excursions to the Cross Keys. The card-party in the little parlour of that delectable establishment did not expect his company that evening. Loder halted by the stile in the lane, keeping under

any harm—I suppose the idiotic thing will grow again, won't it?"

"I s'pose so," assented Mr. Jobling. "And if it doesn't it doesn't matter to me," said Loder. "I'd take a lot of trouble to make those Chinese rotters squirm. One of them played a rotten trick on me to-day."

"Then you can manage it?"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Loder, in turn.

"Get the kid out of school somewhere where Foo-Chung can get at him," explained Mr. Jobling. "Mind, the kid's not going to be 'urt. It's only his pigtail that's going to be cut off."

"You're sure of that?" asked Loder, with a momentary feeling of uneasiness. "Those Chinese are queer beggars, you know."

"Quite sure," said Mr. Jobling. "You don't think I'd 'ave a 'and in the business if it wasn't all right, do you? I ain't lookin' out for a chance of gettin' into trouble."

"No, I suppose not," assented Loder, reassured.

"You see, them heathens look at things different from what we do," said Mr. Jobling. "It seems that it's a deadly injury to chop off a pigtail in China; and if it's any satisfaction I don't see why Foo-Chung shouldn't have it, do you?"

"Not if he pays for it."

"Exactly. Now, you manage to send the kid out to-morrow," said Mr. Jobling. "S'pose you send him to Courtfield to fetch something or other, or cash a postal-order or something. Tell him to hurry, and take the short cut."

"Then he'll have to go through the wood," said Loder.

"Yes; and my party will be waitin' for him there, and off goes his pigtail, and he comes home bald!" chuckled Mr. Jobling.

Loder chuckled, too. He was by no means averse to taking a hand in that little scheme. The proposal came just at the moment when the prefect was feeling very anxious to make Wun Lung and his minor suffer for their sins.

"I'll do it," he said. "Say he gets to the short cut about six," suggested Mr. Jobling. "I'll let my party know the arrangement."

"Right-ho!"

"And it means a fifteen note, which will come in 'andy after your bad luck, Master Loder."

"Good enough!"

"Then I can depend on you, Master Loder?"

"Yes, rather."

"That's about all, I reckon Good-night, Master Loder!"

"Good-night, Jobling!"

And they parted. Loder strode back in the direction of Greyfriars, and Mr. Jobling looked after him with a very peculiar expression on his face.

But Loder did not see that. He strode quickly back to the school, feeling very satisfied in his mind. His "dead certs" had of late been extremely uncertain, with the result that Loder was short of cash and in debt. The five-pound note offered for the service required of him would, as the book-maker said, come in very handy.

Loder clambered over the school wall, and dropped into the Close. He scuttled across the Close to the School House, keeping in the shadow of the elms, though there was little danger of being seen. At that hour all the lights were out in the great building of Greyfriars.

The Sixth-Former stopped under his study window, and clambered up the ivy. The window was unfastened, just as he had left it, and he pushed it up silently, and leaped into the room.

He closed the window and undressed quickly. He did not venture to strike a light. A light in his study at that hour would have been too risky. But Loder was not unaccustomed to going to bed in the dark.

Half-dressed, he stepped towards the bed for his pyjamas.

Then he started back with a sudden terrified exclamation.

For a moment he stood rooted to the floor. He had left a dummy in the bed, horizontal. Now the dummy was sitting, up, with a silk hat on its head.

Loder gazed at it open-mouthed. For a moment he wondered dizzily whether he had suddenly gone mad.

In the gloom the white face and the silk hat glimmered at him. He pulled himself

together with an effort. It was evidently impossible that a dummy could sit up of its own accord and put a silk hat on. Somebody was in his bed!

"Who—who are you?" gasped Loder.

With a vague thought of burglars in his mind, he made a jump towards the grate for the poker. The poker was not there. Loder scuttled round the table, in fear that the figure in the bed might spring upon him. It did not spring, however, and he had time to grab a cricket-bat out of the study cupboard. He felt safer with the bat in his hands, and he approached the bed, his eyes glittering.

"Who are you?" he repeated savagely. "What are you doing in my bed?"

No reply.

The white face glimmered at him under the silk hat, that was all. Who was the man? Had he come into the school to rob it, and fallen asleep on Loder's bed? That seemed the only possible explanation. But it hardly suited Loder to give the alarm. He would have to explain how it came about that he was out of his study when the burglar got there.

"Look here!" said Loder, in a suppressed voice. "I give you one minute to clear out. You can go free if you go at once. Do you hear?"

Silence!

"My hat, he's asleep!" muttered Loder. "What the deuce am I going to do?"

A cruel glitter came into his eyes. He came nearer the bed, the bat grasped in both hands by the cane handle. He raised it in the air. One heavy blow before the intruder was on his guard would stun him, and then he could be pitched out. There would be an alarm to follow, of course, but it would not take Loder many moments to get into his pyjamas, and then he could make out that he had been awakened from slumber by the arrival of the thief in the night.

The figure did not move. Loder came closer, the bat in the air. With a sudden sweep he brought it down with all his force on the hatted head.

Crunch!

The silk hat crumpled up like a concertina. But there came no cry from the figure. The still form collapsed under the doughty blow, that was all.

Loder panted.

The man was evidently stunned, as he had intended. Loder dropped the bat, sprang forward, and seized the form to drag it off the bed.

Then he gave a yell, forgetting caution in his surprise and rage.

The still form came to pieces as he dragged it away. The head came off and unfolded, and his pyjamas dropped out of the folded flannel shirt. Panting with rage, Loder struck a match at last, and surveyed the figure. His hat-box, with the lid open, caught his eye. It was his own Sunday topper that lay a wreck on the bed, smashed out of all semblance to a hat by the crashing blow he had dealt.

Loder flung the match into the grate with a curse.

He understood at last. Someone—he thought he could guess whom—had discovered that he was absent, discovered that he had made up and set a dummy in his bed, and made that little alteration as a surprise to him.

Loder picked up the ruined topper, and tried to flatten it out. His fingers came through it. The hat would never be a hat again. Loder's night excursion had cost him a guinea for a new topper.

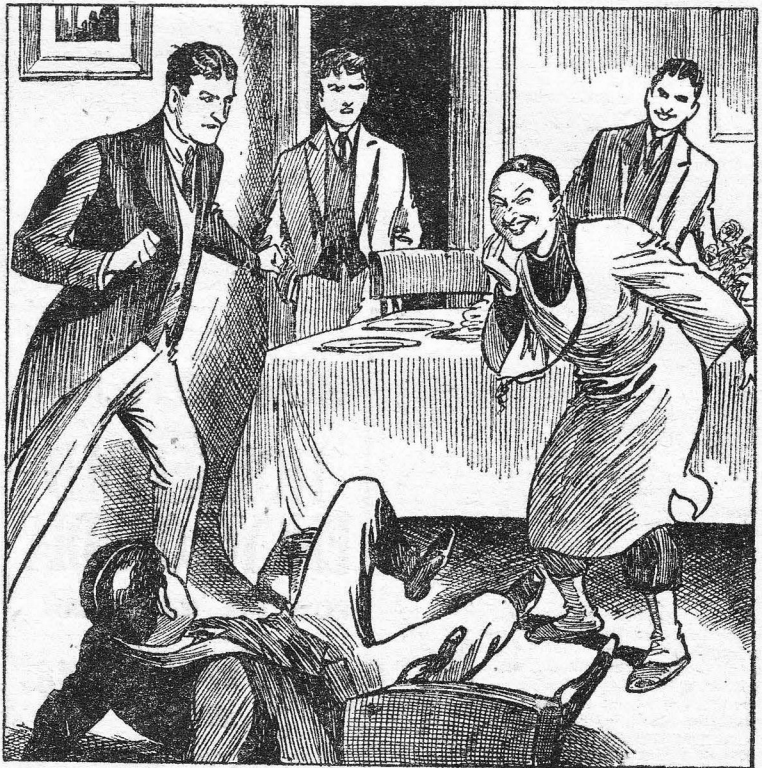
Loder's feelings, as he turned in, were positively Hunnish.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Kidnapped!

**N**UGENT MINOR, of the Second Form, came along the Remove passage, and looked into Study No. 13. Nugent minor did not look amiable.

Lessons were over, on the day following Loder's nocturnal adventure. Dicky Nugent wanted to be on the footer-field with Gabby and Myers of his Form; but Loder had spotted him in the passage and called



**SITTING ON NOTHING!**—As Carne was sitting down, Wun Lung pulled the chair back, as if by accident. Carne sat down—on the floor—with a loud concussion. "Yow!" he roared. Wun Lung blinked at him. "Me solly!" he murmured. (See Chapter 2.)

"Fug!" If he had been out of sight of the prefect, Dicky would have turned a deaf ear to the call. As it was, he had no choice about obeying it.

"I want somebody to go to Courtfield for me," Loder said.

"I'm going to play footer!" growled Dicky.

At another time Loder would probably have cuffed him for that reply, but this time the cuff was not forthcoming. Loder seemed unusually good-tempered.

"Well, find somebody else," he said.

"That little Chinese rascal will do. Find Hop Hi, and send him to my study!"

"Like a bird!" said Dicky joyfully.

And he started to look for Hop Hi. But the little Celestial was not easily found. The Close and the gym were drawn blank; the Form-room was empty; and the tuckshop was visited in vain. Dicky Nugent made his way at last to Study No. 13, the quarters of Wun Lung, hoping to find Hop Hi with his major.

He was successful at last.

The two little Celestials were there, engaged in eating some queer-smelling compound they had cooked over the study fire, and talking in a weird language of which Nugent minor did not understand a syllable.

"Oh, here you are!" growled Dicky.

"Whatee wantee?" asked Wun Lung.

"Loder wants Hop Hi in his study?"

Hop Hi looked alarmed at once.

"No goee!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it's all right!" said Dicky. "He only wants you to go to Courtfield for him. He's not in a wax this time!"

"Allee light," said Hop Hi, much relieved.

"Me goee!"

"You'd better!" grinned Dicky.

And he hurried away to join his chums on the footer-ground, dismissing Hop Hi and Loder from his mind.

Hop Hi made his way a little uneasily to Loder's study. He was doubtful about his reception, as it was quite possible that Loder intended to make him smart for the trick his major had played the day before.

But he was relieved as soon as he entered the study. Loder was in a good humour, and he nodded kindly to the little Chinese.

"Hallo! Here you are!" he exclaimed.

"Me comee at oncee," murmured Hop Hi.

"Me always gladdee comee to do anything for handsome Lodee!"

"Yes—I don't think," assented Loder. "I want somebody to go to Courtfield for me, and to hurry up. I want a postal-order."

"Me goe at oncee. Goee to Flialdale—mole nealee!"

"No; you're to go to Courtfield," said Loder. "I've got a postal-order payable at Courtfield. You'll have to cash it for me, and then get me a postal-order for five shillings. Understand?"

"Me savvy?"

"Here's the postal-order," said Loder, taking one out of his pocket. "I've filled it in. Don't lose it!"

"No losee!"

"Get there and back as quick as you can. I want to catch the post after you come back. You know the short cut?"

"Me knowee."

"Then buzz off!"

"Allee light!"

And Hop Hi, greatly relieved that he was not licked, hurried out of the study and left the School House. Loder remained with a grin on his face.

"I fancy that will make the young beggars sit up when the imp comes back with his pigtail cut off!" he murmured. "Blessed if I know what they value a silly pigtail for, but it seems that they do!"

And Loder chuckled, and lighted a cigarette.

Hop Hi crossed the Close, and hurried down the road towards Courtfield. By taking the short cut, nearly a mile was saved on the way, and Hop Hi knew the way well. He jumped over the stile giving admittance to the footpath through the wood, and went along at a trot.

He did not intend to give Loder an excuse for licking him if he could help it. He kept on the trot through the shadowy wood.

The dusk was already falling in the wood, and the footpath was lonely. But it did not occur to Wun Lung's minor that there might be any danger.

He was in the heart of the wood, when there was a sudden rustle in the thickets, and a man leaped out into the path.

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He leaped into the path before the junior, and Hop Hi halted.

His little almond eyes scanned the man's face as he backed away. The stranger's evident intention was to stop him.

The man's yellow face and Mongolian features showed that he was a Chinaman; but he wore no pigtail, and he was dressed in ordinary clothes.

"Whatee wantee?" demanded Hop Hi, as the man came striding towards him.

The stranger did not reply, but he grasped the little Celestial in his powerful hands. Hop Hi struggled violently, in great alarm.

"Lettee go!" he shrieked. "Helpee! Helpee!"

The ruffian grinned, and jerked a cloth from his pocket, and pressed it over the face of the little Chinese.

Hop Hi's struggles ceased.

There was a soft, sickly smell from the cloth; it was impregnated with chloroform.

In a few moments the little Chinese lay helpless, silent, insensible in the grasp of the ruffian.

The Chinaman raised him in his arms, and after a quick look round, bore him into the wood.

Locking up time at Greyfriars came and went by, and there was no sign of Hop Hi.

Wun Lung was frantic with anxiety, and there was no doubt that if he had been allowed to get at Loder, the prefect would have come to serious harm.

But Loder swore he knew nothing of Hop Hi's disappearance, as indeed he did not. But he knew that Jobling would be able to give a better answer to the countless questions being asked on all hands. That fact, however, the thoroughly scared prefect thought it better to keep to himself!

But he had not heard the last of his part in the affair yet. To-morrow would see the search for Hop Hi begin. And what would be disclosed then?

THE END.

Hop Hi has been kidnapped by a mysterious chinaman. What has happened to him? Will the Chums of Greyfriars find Wun Lung's minor?

See—

"The Search for Hop Hi!"

in next week's issue.

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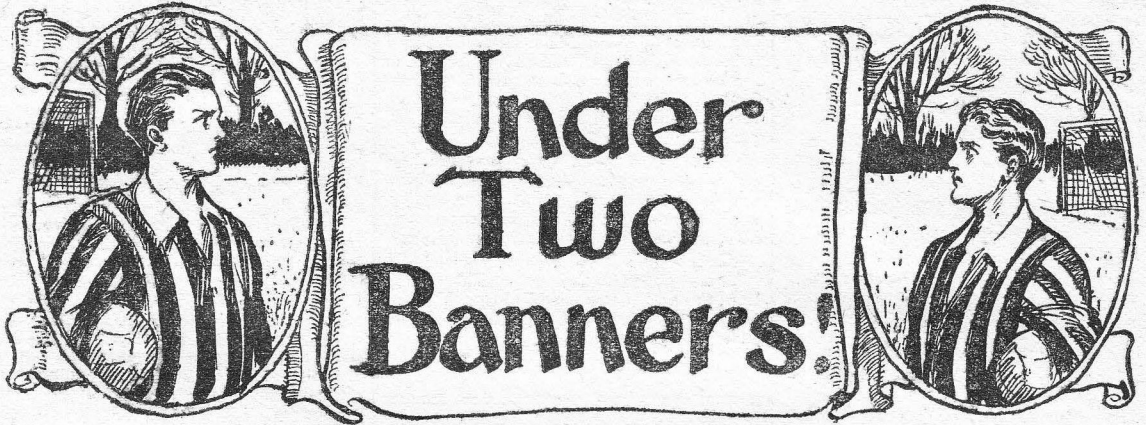
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A Yarn That'll Take Some Beating—"The Search for Hop Hi!"

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!—A Feud between Tom Merry and Ralph Cardew causes excitement and trouble in the ranks of the St. Jim's footballers!



A Ripping New Long Story, dealing with the Third Round of the Public Schools' Challenge Cup, and a quarrel which almost lost St. Jim's the great match.

## By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the famous Stories of Tom Merry & Co., now appearing in the "Gem" Library.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Cardew Speaks His Mind!

"LOUD cheers!" ejaculated Clive of the Fourth, bursting in upon his two study-mates, Cardew and Levison.

Ralph Reckness Cardew, reclining negligently on the sofa, looked up.

"Calm yourself, dear man," he said. "What excitin' news have you brought us?"

"The draw's out!" said Clive. "Don't look at me in that wooden way, as if I was talking double Dutch! The draw's out, I tell you—the draw for the third round of the Public Schools' Cup!"

"Oh!" Cardew shot up like a jack-in-the-box. He was all attention now. And so was Levison.

"What luck?" asked Cardew breathlessly.

"All the luck in the world!" said Clive. "We're drawn to play at home again."

"Against whom?"

"Wynport College."

"Whew!" Cardew gave a low whistle. "That rather takes the gilt off the gingerbread," he remarked. "Wynport have got one of the strongest school teams in the land. Let me see! Who did they play in the second round?"

"Highcliffe," said Levison, with a grin. "And they just managed to scrape home—by eight goals to nil!"

"My only aunt! What a score!"

"They'd have got more if they had cared to exert themselves," said Levison. "They simply waltzed round the Highcliffe defence. Toyed with 'em, so to speak."

"An' that's the team we've got to meet!" said Cardew. "Well, it's a facer, an' no mistake!"

"We've got choice of ground," Clive reminded his chum.

"An' we need it, by Jove!"

There was silence in the study while Cardew and Levison digested Clive's exciting news.

Step by step St. Jim's were working their way towards the final of the Public Schools' Cup. They were finding the road to fame a very difficult one to tread.

In the first round they had been drawn against Wellesley College, on the latter's ground. After a gruelling game the

Saints had proved victorious, to the tune of 3-1.

In the second round Greyfriars had provided the opposition. And the Friars had proved themselves a tough nut to crack—as they invariably did. The match—played at St. Jim's—had ended 1-1. The replay—at Greyfriars—had ended 4-4, after extra time. And so a third meeting was necessary.

This third meeting had taken place on neutral ground—at Rookwood, to be precise. And after a match that almost beggars description, so thrilling and sensational was it, St. Jim's had triumphed by 3-2.

This victory for the Saints was little short of a miracle. For no less than seven members of the regular team had been unable to play, owing to the influenza epidemic, which had recently wrought havoc at St. Jim's.

Ralph Reckness Cardew—such a peculiar fellow that one never knew what he was going to do next—had come forward at this critical time and undertaken to skipper a scratch team.

So it was Cardew's eleven, and not the regular St. Jim's eleven, that had made Greyfriars bite the dust. And it was safe to say that there wasn't a more popular fellow in the Lower School at this moment than Ralph Reckness. After his epoch-making victory Cardew was almost hero-worshipped by many of the fellows.

Not that Cardew cared a fig for popularity. Indeed, he professed to despise it.

On his return from that memorable match Cardew had quietly faded away, leaving others to take all the honour and glory.

And yet Cardew was proud—and justly proud—of his fine achievement. He had come to look upon every fellow who had played in his team as a personal friend. Without their co-operation he would have been helpless. They had been splendid, magnificent—and Cardew never wearied of saying so.

"I was merely the figure-head," he was constantly explaining to his schoolfellows. "It's the others you've got to thank. Loyalty! By gad, if ever there was real loyalty displayed, it was displayed that day! The way those fellows backed me up was stunnin'—simply stunnin'!"

And now, when Tom Merry & Co. were

fit and well again, came the draw for the third round of the Public Schools' Cup, causing a fresh burst of excitement at the old school.

It was Levison who broke the long silence in Study No. 9.

"Wonder if Tom Merry's drawn up the team yet?" he remarked.

Cardew looked thoughtful.

"Let's stagger along to the notice-board an' see," he said.

The three chums sallied forth arm-in-arm.

There was a crowd round the notice-board. Not a well-behaved crowd, but a fierce, angry one.

George Alfred Grundy was holding forth to a number of fellows.

Grundy had always maintained that he was entitled to a place in the St. Jim's eleven. But it was not of this that he was speaking now. He had, in fact, forgotten all about himself for once.

"It's a shame—a rank, rotten shame!" he exclaimed. "Give honour where honour is due—that's what I say!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Who put Greyfriars out of the Cup, I should like to know? Was it Tom Merry?"

"No!" came in a mighty roar from the crowd.

"Was it Cardew?"

"Yes!" came an even mightier roar.

"Then Cardew ought to skipper the team against Wynport College!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The same team that licked Greyfriars ought to take the field against Wynport," said Grundy. "And if any fellow here disagrees with what I say I'll dot him on the nose!"

Nobody ventured to disagree. Grundy was not in a mood to be disagreed with just then. He was purple in the face with indignation. His massive fists were clenched ready to strike, his burly frame was quivering with excitement and passion.

"Fair play's a jewel!" he exclaimed loudly. "Cardew's eleven licked Greyfriars; therefore, Cardew's eleven ought to carry on the good work!"

"Hear, hear!"

Cardew elbowed his way smilingly through the throng.

"Make way there, please!" he shouted.

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"The Greatest Game of All!"—Next Week's Ripping St. Jim's Tale I

"Come along, Sidney, dear boy! This way, Levison! Let's feast our optics on Tom Merry's announcement."

The trio forced their way to close quarters and read the notice. It was worded in a brief and businesslike manner.

### "PUBLIC SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE CUP."

#### Third Round.

"We are to oppose Wynport College on Saturday next.

"St. Jim's eleven:  
Wynn; Figgins and Kerr; Lowther, Redfern, and Noble; Blake, D'Arcy, Merry, Talbot, and Levison.

"(Signed) TOM MERRY,  
"Football Captain."

That was all. No rallying call to arms, no embellishments of any sort. Just the bald facts.

Cardew ran his eye over the names, and the smile left his face.

"The old brigade," was his comment.

"Yes; and it isn't fair!" said Clive heatedly. "I won't go so far as Grundy, and say that the same eleven that beat Greyfriars ought to play against Wynport. But Tom Merry might have included one or two of them—you, at any rate, Ralph!"

"Never mind me," said Cardew. "I'm not annoyed because Tom Merry has seen fit to leave me out. But I do think he ought to have given a chance to some of the others who were in my eleven. Dick Brooke, for instance. He played a nallin' good game. An' Bernard Glyn, an' Clifton Dane—to say nothin' of you, Sidney. Tom Merry's behavin' very high-handedly over this."

"It's a shame!" hooted Grundy.

"Three groans for Tom Merry!" said Wilkins.

And there was a chorus of dismal groans, fit to make a person's flesh creep. There was hot anger against Tom Merry.

The captain of the Shell had calmly ignored the good work done by Cardew's eleven, and he was playing the old hands. Doubtless Tom considered he was justified, for it was the old hands who had carried St. Jim's through the first round, and through two of the matches with Greyfriars.

Cardew discussed the matter with Clive for a moment. Then he suddenly wheeled round upon Levison.

"What's your opinion of this, Levison?"

Levison flushed. He was a chum of Cardew's, but he was also a member of Tom Merry's original eleven. He had not played in Cardew's team, having been one of the influenza victims. He was now placed in a very awkward position.

"I think there's something to be said for both sides," he said. "In a way, it's only right that the Old Brigade, as you choose to call them, should play against Wynport, now that they're all fit again. And yet it isn't fair that the team that Eked Greyfriars—your team, Cardew—should be left out in the cold."

Cardew nodded.

"Of course, four of these fellows belong to Tom Merry's team and mine as well," he said. "I refer to Wynn, Figgins, Kerr, an' Redfern. It's the other seven that I'm quibblin' about. I think some of my chaps ought to get a show. An', what's more, I mean to see that they do!"

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Cardew spoke with quiet determination.

"Whether I personally play against Wynport College or not doesn't matter the toss of a button," he said. "But I feel bound to make a fight on behalf of the fellows who helped me to beat Greyfriars. I'll go an' have it out with Tom Merry. An' there's no time like the present."

So saying, Cardew turned on his heel and strode away. Clive followed him, but Levison remained near the notice-board, where George Alfred Grundy was holding a sort of indignation meeting.

The Terrible Three were in their study. Tom Merry looked up quickly when Cardew and Clive came in. He expected trouble; and his expectations were realised.

(Continued on next column.)

## Result of "ASTON VILLA" Competition!

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

JAMES LYNCH,  
8, Greenhough Street,  
Ancoats,  
Manchester.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following four competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

Ellie Auckland, Balmain, Denwick Terrace, Tynemouth, Northumberland; Cyril H. Collins, 41, Gladstone Road, Croydon; C. Lake, 43, Killyon Road, Wandsworth Road, S.W. 8; Percy Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester.

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following twenty-six competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

May Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester; Leslie Tombs, 68, Astwood Road, Worcester; C. Kelly, 5, Hands Street, Litherland, Liverpool; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol; W. Sidwell, 15, Broadmead Road, Folkestone; Harry Witton, 2, Eastwood Road, Birmingham; Edward Dutton, 261, Alfred Street, Nottingham; Mrs. A. F. Climie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; John Evans, 110, High Street, May Bank, Staffs; S. Malins, 22, Peewitt Road, Hampton, Evesham; E. E. Smith, 226, Great College Street, Camden Town, N.W.; Nancy Mason, 31, St. Augustine's Avenue, South Croydon; William Hamilton, 20, Duke Street, Motherwell; Robert Scott, Gordon Cottage, Hawick, N.B.; A. Pennington, 8, Abbey Road, Merton, S.W. 19; S. H. T. Auld, 54, Langley Road, Portsmouth; Poppy Meek, 29, Charles Street, Berkhamsted, Herts; John B. Moorwood, 38, Borrowdale Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool; D. G. Smith, 23, Irvine Place, Aberdeen; Geo. Sykes, 74, Anson Street, Barrow-in-Furness; Walter Marcus, 85, Edgware Road, W. 2; William Mitchell, 5, North Shore Street, Campteltown, N.B.; F. A. Collins, 13, Dover Road, Wanstead, E. 12; B. Ashworth, 756, Oldham Road, Pailsworth, Manchester; Mrs. J. Mastin, 21, Tenter Street, Rotherham; H. Alcott, 12, Thorncliffe Road, Oxford.

#### SOLUTION.

What club has a more brilliant record than Aston Villa? There is a thrill in the very title. And the names of the famous footballers the Villa has produced will never be forgotten. It is noticeable, however, that to-day their resources are not what they were in pre-war days.

Cardew plunged into his subject right away, without any preamble.

"I see you propose to play the Old Brigade against Wynport, Merry," he said. "an' I don't approve of it."

"Indeed!"  
"I consider that some of the fellows who played in my team ought to be given a show."

"What you consider, my dear old top," said Tom Merry, "doesn't count. I'm captain of footer."

"An' we expect fair play from a footer captain," said Cardew bluntly.

"Well, you're getting it, I hope. I'm trying to be as fair as I can. I recognise and appreciate the great game your fellows put up against Greyfriars. And I should like to give every single one of 'em a place in Saturday's team. But it can't be done. If a footer team consisted of eighteen players, instead of eleven, I should be able to squeeze 'em all in. But unfortunately, eleven's the maximum. And I prefer to rely upon the old hands. So that's settled."

Cardew looked grim.  
"It's a long way from bein' settled," he said.

"What do you mean?"  
"I'm goin' to see justice done to the fellows who played in my team. Puttin' myself on one side for a moment, there are six fellows who are entitled to play in Saturday's match. I refer to Clive, Glyn, Dane, Brooke, Roylance, an' Koumi Rao."

"But there's no room for them!" cried Tom Merry, in tones of exasperation. "Don't be an ass, Cardew! As I said before, I'd play every man jack of them if I could. But the rules of football lay it down that a team shall consist of eleven players. Seventeen or eighteen would be a crowd."

"Then you won't give my fellows a show?"

"I'm sorry, but it can't be done."  
Cardew moved to the door, beckoning Clive to follow. Then he exploded a bombshell.

"The six fellows I have named," he said, "are goin' to play on Saturday. I shall instruct them to turn out for the match, an' I shall insist upon them playin'. An' I'll go a step further than that. If they should ask me to skipper the team, I shall do so."

Tom Merry could only gasp. Cardew's words, uttered slowly and deliberately, fairly took his breath away.

It was unheard-of, for a fellow who was not captain of football to take the law into his own hands in this way. But Cardew was in sober earnest. Moreover, he was at the height of his popularity just now, and lots of fellows would approve of his action, and range themselves on his side.

Cardew had indeed exploded a bombshell. He left the Terrible Three staring at each other in stupefied surprise.

#### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

##### At a Deadlock.

"WELL, if this isn't the limit!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn.

"It certainly takes the bun," agreed Kerr.

And Figgins and Dick Redfern nodded their agreement.

The four New House fellows had come over to the School House to see what all the excitement was about.

They stood in front of the notice-board, and read Tom Merry's announcement.

But there was another announcement, pinned cheek by jowl with Tom Merry's. It ran thus:



"ST. JIM'S v. WYNPORT COLLEGE.

"The St. Jim's eleven will be as follows:

Wynn; Figgins and Kerr; Roylance, Redfern, and Glyn; Cardew, Clive, Brooke, Dane, and Koumi Rao.

"This is the identical team that defeated Greyfriars in the second round."  
 "(Signed) RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW,  
 "Captain."

"It seems that we're playing in two separate elevens!" said Dick Redfern.

"There's a frightful mix-up somewhere," said Figgins. "There are two teams and two skippers. And we four are down to play in both teams."

"Looks to me as if Tom Merry and Cardew have come to loggerheads," said Kerr. "But here comes Cardew. No doubt he'll explain."

Cardew nodded cheerfully to the New House quartette as he came up.

"What does this mean, Cardew?" asked Figgins, pointing to the notice-board.

"It means," said Cardew, "that there's been a split in the camp. Tom Merry thinks the Old Brigade ought to play, an' I consider that the team which licked Greyfriars deserves a show. Merry's obstinate, an' he's made up his mind to have his own way. I'm equally obstinate, an' I mean to see fair play. So that's how the matter stands at present."

"But, my dear chap," said Figgins, "either you or Tom Merry will have to come down from the high horse. One of you must stand aside, or we shall have eighteen fellows turning out on Saturday to play Wynport College."

Cardew shrugged his shoulders.

"I did my best to get Tom Merry to see reason," he said; "but there was nothin' doin'. As for myself, I had no intention of playin' in the team, at first; but a whole crowd of fellows have urged me to play, an' not only play, but skipper the side."

"But Tom Merry's the official skipper," said Dick Redfern.

"He wouldn't be skipper for long, if there was a new election."

Figgins & Co. looked startled.

"We don't want all the bother and fuss of an election, on the eve of the Cup-tie," said Figgins. "Dash it all, how can we hope to lick Wynport unless we stand together?"

"United we stand, divided we fall," said Fatty Wynn.

"Precisely!"  
 "But you can see my point of view, can't you?" said Cardew.

"Yes," said Kerr. "We can see your point of view, and Tom Merry's too. And there's something to be said for both sides. It's Tom Merry's duty to select the very best team possible, according to his judgment; and I believe he drew up the list conscientiously. On the other hand, it's only fair that some of the fellows who helped to lick Greyfriars—especially you and Clive and Brooke—should be given a show."

"It's a rummy situation," said Dick Redfern. "What you might call a deadlock."

"If only we were allowed to play eighteen men instead of eleven," said Fatty Wynn, "everything in the garden would be lovely."

"Are you fellows goin' to play in my team, or in Tom Merry's?" asked Cardew.

"We're going to play for St. Jim's," said Figgins. "Never mind anything else. We refuse to take sides in this



**REDDY'S BAD LUCK!**—Redfern was charged heavily, and his leg crumbled up under him as he fell. He was assisted to his feet, but he couldn't stand. His knee was put out. (See Chapter 3.)

business. It's the honour of the school that counts."

"Well spoken!" said Dick Redfern. "Those are our sentiments, to a T!"

"Do you think I'm not considerin' the honour of the school?" flashed Cardew angrily. "I'm not actin' from selfish motives. I'm tryin' to field the best team possible, with a view to trouncin' Wynport College."

"Well, I hope you and Merry will come to some agreement by Saturday," said Figgins. "If you don't, it will be an impossible situation."

"Absolutely!" said Kerr.

The discussion being at an end, the New House fellows went back to their own quarters.

The days passed swiftly. And the situation remained unchanged.

Tom Merry showed no sign of giving in to Cardew. And Cardew showed no sign of giving in to Tom Merry.

Saturday came, without a settlement.

Tom Merry visited Cardew in the latter's study, shortly before lunch, and tried his utmost to persuade Ralph Reckness to abandon the position he had taken up. But Cardew was firm.

The result was that eighteen fellows lined up on the football-field to face Wynport College.

The situation was altogether without parallel in the annals of St. Jim's football.

The Wynport boys—fine, well-built fellows—fairly gasped when they saw the extent of the opposition.

Jorrard, their skipper, spoke to Tom Merry on the subject.

"My dear fellow," he said, "we came here to play the St. Jim's eleven—not a Rugby fifteen with three reserves thrown in!"

Tom Merry flushed crimson.

"I—I'm awfully sorry," he stammered. "I would have averted this, if I could. The fact is, there's a split in our camp, and this is the result. I've done my best to bring about a settlement, but it's no good."

There was a buzz of excitement around the ropes. The spectators were wondering what was going to happen, and whether the tangle would ever be sorted out.

Kildare of the Sixth came striding on to the turf. He was frowning.

"What is the meaning of this, Merry?" he demanded. "There are seven superfluous men in your team."

Tom Merry explained all the circumstances quite fairly and frankly.

"We're absolutely at a deadlock, Kildare," he concluded, "and there's no way out."

"Nonsense!" said Kildare sharply. "You and Cardew could have settled this matter long ago."

"But how, Kildare?" asked Tom Merry in perplexity.

"By having the team chosen by ballot. There is still time for this to be done. It will only take a few minutes. We will call an emergency meeting of the Shell and the Fourth, and let the fellows select their own team. Wynn, Figgins, Kerr and Redfern will play for certain, so we needn't worry about them. It's the other seven positions that matter, and we'll soon settle who are to occupy them."

There was not a moment to waste, for the kick-off was nearly due, and the Cup-tie authorities had a very strict rule about prompt starting.

**Don't Be Mistaken—Next Tuesday's St. Jim's is the Finest Tale Yet!**

The members of the Shell and Fourth Forms were promptly summoned to the junior common-room.

Kildare, with the assistance of Darrel and Monteith, hastily drew up the ballot-papers.

The fellows were asked to vote as to who should fill the following positions:—

Right-half: Lowther or Roylance. Left-half: Noble or Glyn. Outside-right: D'Arcy or Cardew. Inside-right: Blake or Clive. Centre-forward: Merry or Brooke. Inside-left: Talbot or Dane. Outside-left: Levison or Koumi Rao.

The papers were filled up in record time. Most of the fellows had made up their minds in advance whom to vote for.

There was a buzz of excitement when Kildare collected the ballot-papers, and proceeded to tot up the votes.

"What's the result, Kildare?"

"Don't keep us in suspense!"

"We're simply dying to know!"

Kildare raised his hand for silence.

"The quieter you keep, the quicker I shall be," he said.

The result was announced at length, and mingled cheering and groaning.

It was found that three of Cardew's men, including Ralph Reckness himself, had been selected to play.

The positions were to be filled thus:—

Right-half: Roylance. Left-half: Noble. Outside-right: Cardew. Inside-right: Clive. Centre-forward: Merry. Inside-left: Talbot. Outside-left: Levison.

Cardew turned to Clive with a smile.

"You an' me constitute the right wing, Sidney," he said. "It's rough luck on Gussy an' Blake; still, Tom Merry can't grumble. Four of his men have been chosen. On the whole, I've no quarrel with the votin'. An' now, leavin' finally settled this business, we'll go forth an' collect the scalps of Wynport College."

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Football Extraordinary.

"HERE they come!"

"Give 'em a cheer!"

"Hurrah!"

"Play up, Cardew!"

It was a rather mixed team that St. Jim's put into the field. But it was a very strong one.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Jack Blake were the most notable absentees. They were fine footballers both; but with Cardew and Clive bang on top of their form, it was only right that they should form the right wing.

Another surprise was the appearance of Dick Roylance in the half-back line, in preference to Monty Lowther. But even Monty admitted that on current form he was no match for Roylance.

As for Tom Merry and Cardew, they were only too ready to sink their differences now, and play up shoulder to shoulder for the common cause. Personal squabbles would have no place in that match with Wynport College. Each fellow would play up for his side, not for himself.

The ball was kicked off promptly to the minute.

Away went the St. Jim's forwards—a dashing set of foragers. Their speed and skill were an eye-opener to the Wynport fellows.

Cardew and Clive passed and re-passed to each other in dazzling fashion. And they made ground rapidly. The Wynport defenders closed in upon them, and Cardew, cool as a cucumber, sent across a perfect centre just as he was charged over.

Tom Merry and Talbot raced for the ball, and the Wynport goalie raced for it at the same time. Tom Merry won by the veriest fraction of a second, and he promptly whipped the ball into the net.

"Goal!"

The crowd cheered delightedly. This early goal for the Saints was a good omen.

Wynport refused to be put off their game by this early reverse. They played up strongly, and when they attacked it was clear that their forwards were just as deadly, just as dangerous, as Tom Merry's line.

But Fatty Wynn was very sound and safe in the home goal. And Figgins and Kerr defended stoutly.

"Come along, the Saints!"

"Let's have another!"

Figgins, with a mighty kick, put paid to a Wynport attack. Then followed a long spell of midfield play. The ball bobbed about near the half-way line, and neither side could claim an advantage.

Then Dick Redfern opened up the game by putting Levison in possession.

Levison raced away on the left, with a turn of speed which suggested that he had a pair of wings concealed under his jersey.

"Good man!" roared the crowd.

"Take it through! Look out, there's a man on you!"

Levison saw the danger, but with cool self-possession he back-heeled the ball to Talbot, who was following up.

Talbot took the leather in his stride, and sent it hurtling into the net with an impact which broke the rigging.

"Goal!"

"Two up!" chortled the spectators.

"That's the style, St. Jim's! Keep the merry pot boiling!"

The Wynport fellows were looking a trifle dismayed now. They were not accustomed to having their defence pierced in this way. They were a really fine team; but there was something irresistible about the play of the homesters.

The remainder of the first half saw the Saints swarming round the Wynport goal like flies round a honeypot. But they could not add to their score. Half-time came, with St. Jim's leading 2-0.

After all their strenuous Cupties, it really looked as if the Saints would have a smooth passage into the fourth round.

But when the second half began, they experienced a black ten minutes.

Everything seemed to go wrong.

First of all there was a misunderstanding between Figgins and Kerr—a thing that only happened once in a blue moon—and whilst they both stood

hesitating, each leaving it to the other to go for the ball, the Wynport centre-forward broke through and scored.

Shortly after this calamity, another came.

Fatty Wynn ran out to save a slow ground shot. Suddenly he slipped on the treacherous turf, and went sprawling. The ball gently trickled past him into the net.

It was the softest goal imaginable, and sheer bad luck for St. Jim's.

But the chapter of accidents was not yet at an end.

Dick Redfern, who had been playing a glorious game at centre-half, was charged rather heavily, and his leg crumpled up under him as he fell. He was assisted to his feet by the two St. Jim's backs, but he couldn't stand; his knee had been put out. He was carried off the field.

Reddy's absence was a tremendous handicap to St. Jim's. He had been the axle on which the team had revolved, and the Saints seemed to go all to pieces without him.

Jerrard, the Wynport skipper, gave his side the lead with a fast, unstoppable shot. And now it seemed that the Saints were doomed.

Gradually, however, they adapted themselves to the loss of Redfern. Tom Merry rallied his men with words of encouragement, and they began to have more of the game.

Tom Merry, putting all his energy into the tussle, initiated attack after attack. But nothing seemed to come off for St. Jim's. Talbot headed against the crossbar, and Levison sent in a stinging cross-shot, which was turned round the post for a corner.

The corner-kick was desperately cleared by the Wynport defenders. And it was not until very late in the game that St. Jim's got on terms.

It was Clive's goal. He broke clean through on his own, tricking man after man, and finally planting the ball in the corner of the net, out of the goalie's reach.

With five minutes to go, both teams played up fiercely, cramming all their energies into a final spurt. Both goals had narrow escapes, but neither fell, and the score, at the end of ninety minutes, was 3-3.

The referee ordered extra time to be played. And then came the most thrilling scene of all.

After Wynport had made several dangerous raids, the Saints broke away, and the whole forward line indulged in a wonderful bout of passing, working their way nearer and nearer to the Wynport goal.

Tom Merry let drive with his right foot, and the ball shot through space as though discharged from a cannon. It crashed against one of the uprights, and rebounded into play. Ralph Reckness Cardew seemed to rise up suddenly from nowhere, and he shot the last goal, the winning goal, and the best goal of the match.

And that was how St. Jim's entered the fourth round of the Public Schools' Challenge Cup Competition.

THE END.

How do St. Jim's Fare in the Final of the Public Schools' Challenge Cup?—

Read all about it, next week, in:—

**"THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL!"**

Don't forget—

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

—Order Early!



"Somebody stuck a pin in my leg, ma'am," stammered Frank—"somebody behind me! Ow, ow!"

"Lawrence! Todgers! Yen Chin! Did you touch Richards?"

"No, ma'am!"

"No touchee nicee old Flanky," said Yen Chin. "How can?"

"Richards, I am afraid that you are deliberately wasting time," said Miss Meadows sternly. "This appears to me to be a joke between you and Lawless."

"Oh, no, ma'am! I—"

"Beaulerc, take Richards' place! Richards, you will take this seat under my eyes!" said the schoolmistress severely.

Frank Richards obeyed with scarlet cheeks.

Vere Beaulerc, with a rather puzzled look at his chum, took the place he vacated.

Miss Meadows, good-tempered as she always was, looked angry now.

She concluded that the exuberance of spirits, natural on the eve of the holidays, was leading some of her pupils to perpetrate a "rag" in class.

For it really seemed impossible for anyone at that desk to be reached by a pin from behind without the action being seen by the whole class.

And certainly Lawrence, Todgers, and Yen Chin had not moved from their places, and, without moving, they could not get within reach of the fellow in front.

But before ten minutes had elapsed Miss Meadows was interrupted by a sharp cry from Vere Beaulerc:

"Oh!"

The schoolmistress' eyes were fixed upon him at once.

"Beaulerc!"

"I—I am sorry, Miss Meadows!" stammered Beaulerc. "Someone ran a pin into my leg!"

"You must be well aware, Beaulerc, that you are stating an impossibility!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "No one could do so without stooping; and certainly no one has stooped. I am sorry to see that three boys whom I have regarded as my best pupils have entered

into a scheme to show disrespect to their schoolmistress on the last day of the term."

"Miss Meadows! I—"

"That is enough!" rapped Miss Meadows. "Richards, Lawless, and Beaulerc, come out before the class!"

Frank Richards & Co. obeyed with crimson faces.

Miss Meadows pointed to the corner of the class-room where Mr. Slimmey was busy with the youngest class.

"You will join Mr. Slimmey's class for the present," she said. "Mr. Slimmey, will you kindly take charge of these three unruly boys?"

"Certainly, Miss Meadows!"

There was a general grin as the three blushing culprits went to Mr. Slimmey's class, where they were placed in a row of little girls of about eight or nine.

There is really no indignity in sitting among little girls of eight or nine, but a schoolboy has his own views on that subject.

Frank Richards & Co. were being ridiculed as a punishment for their supposed disrespect, and they felt it keenly.

Grimacing glances were turned towards them from their own class, and Miss Meadows had some difficulty in keeping the attention of her pupils to the work in hand.

It was about a quarter of an hour later when a sudden, terrific yell from Chunky Todgers rang through the school-room.

He leaped up so suddenly that he nearly pitched Tom Lawrence off the form.

"Yaroooh! Yah! Yaww!"

Chunky Todgers fairly bellowed.

"Todgers!" shrieked Miss Meadows.

"Yah! Oh! Somebody's stabbed me!" yelled Chunky. "I've been stabbed in the leg! Yaroooh! Oh crumbs! Oh Jerusalem!"

"Come here, Todgers!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Come here, you bad boy!"

"Oh dear!" moaned Chunky, as he limped out before the class.

Swish!

"Now go and take your seat with the other unruly boys!" said Miss Meadows sternly. "If

there is any further disorder I will detain the whole class for an hour this evening!"

Chunky Todgers rolled away distally to Mr. Slimmey's corner, and was there accommodated with a seat between two smiling little girls.

There was no more disorder in Miss Meadows' class.

If it was a rag, the threat of detention had been sufficient to make an end of the little game.

When lessons were over at last, and Miss Meadows dismissed her class, she came towards Frank Richards & Co. with a stern brow.

"You have displeased me very much," she said quietly. "I am sorry to punish you on your last day at school. But you will be detained for one hour, you four. I will let you a task."

"But, ma'am—"

"You need not speak!"

"But I assure you, Miss Meadows—"

stammered Frank.

"Silence!"

There was nothing more to be said.

While the rest of the school marched out Miss Meadows set the unhappy four their detention task, and they were left to it in the deserted school-room.

Miss Meadows' brow was very severe when she left them, and her displeasure was a greater punishment to the four than the detention, for they had a very great respect for the schoolmistress, and valued her good opinion.

"It's too bad!" granted Bob Lawless. "Miss Meadows has got mad with us now, and she won't hear a word!"

"And we weren't to blame!" groaned Chunky Todgers. "Somebody ran a pin into my leg—I know that!"

"Same here!" said Frank.

"And here!" smiled Beaulerc. "But I don't quite see how it was done, either. There was nobody close to me."

"Miss Meadows don't believe it, anyway. She don't know that we beat Georgie Washington in his own particular line," said Bob, with a rueful grin. "Some beastly jay having a lark with us, somehow. Hallo, you yellow imp! Vamoose the ranch!"

Yen Chin trod softly into the deserted school-room, and came up to the detained quartette with an expression of deep sympathy on his little yellow face.

"Pool old Flanky!" he said. "Me solly!"

"All serene, kid. No bones broken, you know."

"Lill' Chinee velly solly, allee samee. Pool lill' Chinee cly!" said Yen Chin solemnly.

"Br-r-r-r!" grunted Bob Lawless.

"You like goee way?" asked Yen Chin.

"Can't, duffer! We're detained, ain't we?"

"Me askee Missy Meadee!"

"Fathead!" said Frank. "You'll get detained, too, if you're cheekey to Miss Meadows."

"No cheekee; me askee. Me gettee you off, you askee me comee on holiday in North-West—oh, yes?" asked Yen Chin.

"Oh, absquatulate!" said Bob.

"The silly jay can't beg us off!" said Chunky Todgers.

"Me know how can."

"Rats!"

"Me shooee you, then you takee me on holiday—oh, yes!" said Yen Chin; and he toddled out of the school-room.

Frank Richards & Co. settled down to their detention task. They had no faith whatever in Yen Chin being able to beg them off.

They did not quite know the facts yet.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**Ungrateful!**

"COME in!" called out Miss Meadows as a tap came at her study door.

Yen Chin wriggled into the room.

The schoolmistress gave him a smile.

Yen Chin was a thorough little rascal in many respects, but he was a good fellow in some ways, and the queer little Celestial was rather liked in the lumber school. Miss Meadows was always kind to Yen Chin.

"Well, what is it, Yen Chin?" she asked.

"Me solly."

"What?"

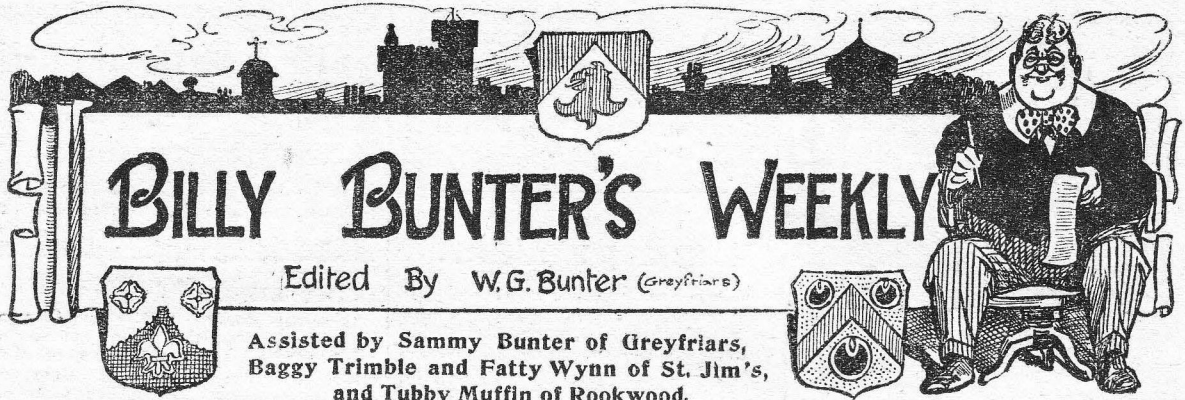
"Pool lill' Chinee velly bad boy," said Yen Chin sorrowfully. "Wicked old heathen, you bet."

Miss Meadows suppressed a smile. Yen

(Continued on page 17.)



**YEN CHIN HAS THE ADVANTAGE—AND THE HORSES!—Bob Lawless put his hands to his mouth and shouted desperately. "Yen Chin! Halt!" The Chinee looked back over his shoulder, grinning. As soon as he saw the pursuers had stopped he stopped also. "Allee light!" he called. (See Chapter 5.)**



# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Edited By W.G. Bunter (Greyfriars)

Assisted by Sammy Bunter of Greyfriars, Baggy Trimble and Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's, and Tubby Muffin of Rookwood.

Supplement No. 108.

Week Ending February 3rd, 1923.

## EDITORIAL!



By Billy Bunter.

My dear Readers.—A number dealing with fat boys, written by fat boys! What could be better?

One of these days we might publish a Special Thin Boys' Number, with Alonzo Todd or Fisher T. Fish as editor. There are lots of scraggy skellingtons at Greyfriars, but there aren't many plump, hansom fellows. Me and my miner, Sammy, are the only two. Johnny Bull is berly, but he isn't really fat. Coker of the Fifth is hefty, but he isn't fat, either. Fat boys are jolly rare, and this only makes them all the more preshous.

Being fat has its advantages. It also has its drorbacks. It is not my purpuss, in this editorial letter, to give you a list of the bennyfits and the pennalties of being fat. You will find those out for yourselves, when you peruse the kon-tents of this issew.

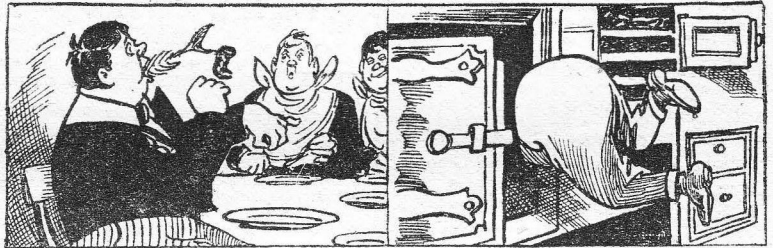
On my editorial staff I have four fat and famus subbs. Each and all of them have kontributed to this number, which is only right. But the principal plum in the pooding, so to speak, is the grand story by my miner, entitled "The Fate of Fatty Forbes!" Some of you will remember the tuching story that Sammy wrote several weeks ago, "The Story of Sam Skellington." It proved such a good story that I have decided to have another from Sammy's powerful pen. I have plezurs in delivering the goods herewith.

"Larf and grow fat," runs the ancient proverb. And there is enuff larfer in these pages to make all my readers become as fat as myself!

I will now lay this Special Number at your feet, and leave it in your hands, hoping you will enjoy it to the fool, and proseed to shower congratulations upon

Yours sincerely,  
YOUR EDITOR.

## TEN FOOLISH FAT BOYS. By Dick Penfold.



Ten foolish fat boys, at a banquet fine, One ate too much treacle-tart, and then there were nine.

One succumbed to frostbite, and then there were three.

Nine foolish fat boys, eating cod and skate, One devoured a fishbone, and then there were eight.

Three foolish fat boys; one, so cold and blue, Took a bath and boiled himself, and then there were two.

Eight foolish fat boys stayed up till eleven,

Two foolish fat boys devoured another bun,

One collapsed through overweight, and then there were seven.



It fairly finished one of them, and then there was one.

Seven foolish fat boys; one contrived to mix Tomato-sauce with apple-pie, and then there were six.

One foolish fat boy got in such a fix;

His head jammed in the oven door, and then there were nix!

Six foolish fat boys for the cake did strive,

One was prodded with a knife, and then there were five.

(It's just like Dick Penfold to make fun of a fellow's form. Personally,

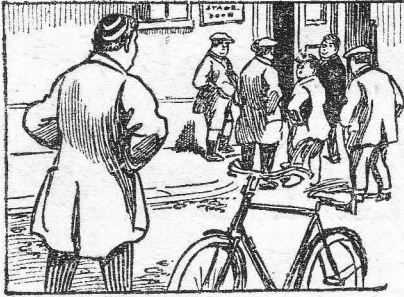
Five foolish fat boys began to sleep and snore,

One rolled over in the fire, and then there were four.

I think he is jellus of plumpness in a fellow. He is as skinny as a skellington himself. As I have already said, a fat boy gets to the top of the ladder of fame, miles, or rather rungs, before the chap all skin and bones.—Ed.)

Four foolish fat boys woke shivering, and, dear me!





## The Trickery of Trimble!

BY  
**DICK REDFERN**  
(of St. Jim's.)

"FAT BOY WANTED! To appear nightly at Wayland Music Hall in a comic sketch. Liberal salary offered. Applicants should apply in person to the Proprietor of 'The Frivolities,' now performing at the above-named hall."

That advertisement, which appeared in the local paper, was pointed out to Baggy Trimble by the junior Common-room.

It was Levison who brought it to Baggy's notice.

"There's a chance for you, Baggy," he said. "Roll up and capture the job, and the dollars!"

Trimble's little round eyes glittered with excitement.

"Think it's genuine?" he asked.

"Absolutely! They're wanting a fat fellow, to take part in one of their funny sketches. And if you're not the fattest feller for miles around, I'll eat my Sunday topper!"

"What shall I have to do?" asked Baggy. "Just play the fool," said Levison. "In other words, act naturally."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter at Levison's little jest. But Baggy Trimble was deaf to the sounds of hilarity. He was thinking of the advertisement, and he had already made up his mind to respond to it.

There were times when plumpness was a valuable asset, and this was one of them.

Baggy Trimble decided to interview the proprietor of "The Frivolities" at once. Delay might ruin his chances of getting the job. There were other fat boys in Wayland and district who would see that advertisement, and answer it. In fact, there would be a sort of fat boys' parade, and the fattest fellow of the bunch would probably get the job.

"I'm sure to bag it if I go along right now," mused Baggy. "I shall only be wanted for about half an hour every evening, and I can easily manage that. I expect the payment will be jolly good, too!"

Having calmly borrowed Blake's bicycle, Baggy Trimble pedalled off to Wayland.

It was about six o'clock when he reached the music-hall, and the evening performance had not yet begun.

Baggy beheld a procession of fat boys rolling into the building. He rested the bicycle against the kerb, and watched them.

"I'm a jolly sight plumper than that skinny crew!" he murmured, with a chuckle. "The proprietor will turn them all down as soon as he catches sight of me!"

Scarcely were the words out of Baggy's mouth, when a boy tacked himself on to the tail-end of the procession.

This particular boy was no scarecrow. He was the fattest fellow Baggy Trimble had ever seen—much fatter, even, than Baggy himself!

"Oh crumbs!" faltered the fat junior, in dismay. "I shall never be able to compete against that fellow, unless—"

An inspiration came to Baggy.

"I'll bike back to St. Jim's, and pad myself out with cushions and things," he muttered. "Then I shall get the job, for a cert!"

Having formed this resolve, he promptly put it into execution. He cycled back post-haste to the school, and proceeded to pad himself out with the aid of cushions and towels.

By the time these operations were concluded Baggy Trimble looked half as fat again. He felt so congested and uncomfortable that he had great difficulty in cycling back to Wayland.

Baggy entered the music-hall at once, fearfullest his chances of getting the job had already vanished.

fullest his chances of getting the job had already vanished.

On entering the vestibule, he found a number of fat boys standing in a row, being inspected by the proprietor of "The Frivolities." Among them was the extremely fat youth whom Baggy had seen before. He looked slimmer than Trimble now.

The proprietor gave a start when he caught sight of the St. Jim's junior.

"By Jove, you're a plump specimen!" he exclaimed. "And I want the plumpest I can get!"

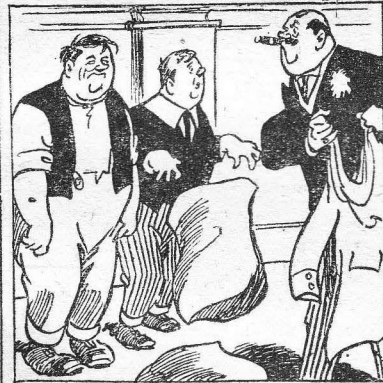
After a searching inspection of the fat boys arraigned before him, the proprietor asked Baggy and the extremely fat youth to remain and he dismissed the rest.

"The choice lies between you two," he said. "Off with your coats! I want to compare the size of your arms."

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Baggy Trimble. "I—I'd rather keep my coat on, sir, if you don't mind!"

"Why?"

"I—I'm afraid of catching a chill!" faltered Baggy.



The proprietor wrenched Baggy Trimble's coat off. Instantly a couple of cushions fell to the floor.

"What nonsense!"

Baggy's rival had already removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves, revealing a pair of huge, flabby arms.

The proprietor, growing impatient at the delay on Baggy Trimble's part, went forward, and wrenched the fat junior's coat off.

Instantly a couple of cushions fell to the floor.

"What the thump—" began the amazed proprietor. Then he turned upon the impostor with a roar.

"This is a trick—a deliberate trick to deceive me!" he thundered.

Baggy Trimble stood quaking with fright. He didn't like the expression on the proprietor's face a little bit. After a second's hesitation, he snatched up his coat and turned to flee.

The proprietor, nothing if not polite, showed Baggy out. But the manner of his showing-out was both vigorous and effective. He took a flying kick at Baggy's retreating figure, and the fat junior shot out on to the pavement, where he alighted on all fours.

"Now cut off!" cried the incensed proprietor. "The other fellow gets the job, and you can go to Jericho!"

Baggy went. Not to Jericho, but to St. Jim's, as fast as Jack Blake's bicycle could take him!

## STOUT BOYS or SLIM BOYS?

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

A Number of Rookwood fellows state their views on this subject.

### JIMMY SILVER:

It really doesn't matter whether a fellow is stout or slim, so long as he's a sportsman in the true sense of the word. If I am compelled to state an opinion, however, I cast my vote in favour of the slim fellow. He is usually more athletic, more lively, more energetic than his podgy school-fellow. Fat boys are rather inclined to "stodge." You often hear the expression "fat and lazy," and there is no doubt that plumpness and laziness usually go together. I have no use for a lazy fellow at any time; that is why the slim boy gets my vote.

### ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL:

"Let me have men about me that are fat," says Shakespeare. But Shakespeare would soon have got fed up if he had been surrounded by fat people all his life. Most fellows of the Tubby Muffin type are gluttonous, and they are continually whining that they are starving, and imploring you to stand them a feed. This sort of thing gets on one's nerves. I have no patience with fat people; but I hope that my Uncle Robert, who is one of the plumpest men in England, will not take it as a personal insult if he reads these remarks. I am expecting a remittance from him shortly, and I wouldn't hurt his feelings for worlds!

### TUBBY MUFFIN:

Give me the stout fellow every time! Stout people are always jolly and full of fun; thin people are always moony and mizzerable. In fact, you will notice that every pessimist is thin. Who ever heard of a plump pessimist? If you were to drain the world of all fat people, what a dreary wilderness it would be! I shudder at the very thought of it. One fat fellow is worth four scraggy scarecrows, in my opinion. And I don't say this because I happen to be—er—a little on the stout side myself. I say it because it is my honest opinion.

### VAL MORNINGTON:

It doesn't matter the toss of a button whether a fellow is stout or slim, so long as he plays the game and sticks to his code of honour. There are fat sportsmen and fat cads; there are slim sportsmen and slim cads; and you can't definitely say that fat people are preferable to thin, or vice versa.

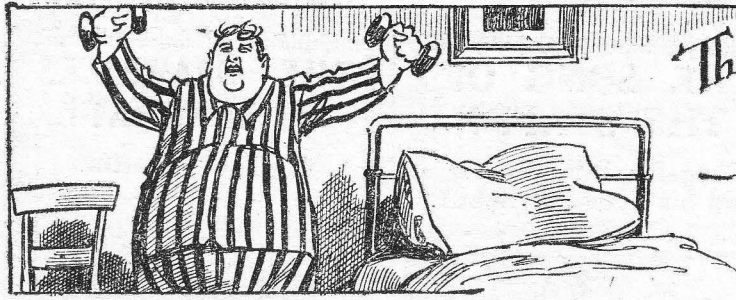
### LOVELL MINOR:

My views on this toppick will occupy a whole page of BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY. I will kick off by saying that I loathe fat boys—

(Therefore you loathe the editor of this paper, so I won't allow you to say another word, you cheeky yung bratt!—Ed.)

[Supplement II.]

Don't Be a Pessimist, But Read Next Week's—



The Fate of Fatty Forbes!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

(This story of Sammy's is guaranteed to bring tears to your throats and a sob to your eyes!—Ed.)

FATTY FORBES, of the Fourth Form at St. Fred's, was fatter than Falstaff.

Fatty had been fat ever since he could remember. And although he didn't believe in the Coo-ee treatment of auto-suggestion, every day, in every way, he grew fatter and fatter.

Now, it's a fine thing to be fat. All the world's greatest men have been fat. Napoleon was fat; and it's no use your reminding me that Nelson was thin, because two wrongs don't make a write.

Send a fat boy and a thin boy out into the world to carve out their careers, and the fat boy will climb to the top of the tree, leaving his scraggy companion on the bottom rung of the ladder.

But one can have too much of a good thing. And Fatty Forbes was filled with alarm when he saw how fat he was getting. Larker and Lawson, his two studdy-mates, started chipping him about it.

"Fatty," said the former, "if you get much fatter you'll jolly well burst!"

"You'll go off pop like a ginger-pop cork!" said Lawson.

Fatty Forbes gave a grone.

"I realise the trooth of your remarks, you fellows," he said. "I'm getting so fat that it's a sauce of continual worry to me. I can't even enter this studdy without grazing my sides on the doorposts. And when I'm in chapel, my pew only seats three fellows, instead of the customary six. It's awful!"

"You'll have to take up violent eggsize," said Larker.

"And cut down your feeding," said Lawson.

Fatty Forbes was not at all keen on doing this. He loathed eggsize, and he loved tuck. He took too little of the former, and too much of the latter.

But he realised that he would have to do something despritt if he wanted to work off his scooperfuous fat.

"I'll set to work right away!" he eggsize-claimed.

Fatty started off by buying a pear of dumb-bells. If only those dumb-bells could speak! They would describe how Fatty Forbes got up early every morning, and swung them above his head, and in front of him, and behind him. They would tell how he panted and perspired, and gasped and groned, but stuck gamely to his task.

Fatty also put himself on a starvation diet. He went without his breakfast every morning (a feat which the writer of this story would find impossibil). He ate practically nothing for dinner. He cut tea out of his programme. And before going to bed he consumed a cupple of assidulated tablets—commonly called assid drops.

"By the end of the week," he confided to his two chums, "I shall be as thin as the Form master's cane!"

"Let's hope so," said Larker. "We're fed-up with your fatness. There's no room for anybody else in the study when you're there!"

"I'm taking eggsize with the dumb-bells every morning, and I'm cutting my food down to a minimum," said Fatty. "If that duzzent do the trick, why, nothing will!"

On the Monday—the first day of his treatment—Fatty Forbes weighed himself on the scales. He was twelve stoan.

"To-morrow," he said to himself, "I shall be only eleven."

But when he weighed himself next day he was thirteen!

Fatty's brane seemed to real.

"I—I've gained a stoan, instead of losing one!" he gasped. "This is trooly terrible!"

On Wednesday he went without food altogether. He was afraid to eat. Even when Larker offered him a dainty dog-biskit, he declined it. And he worked harder than ever at his dumb-bell eggsize.

In the evening he again weighed himself.

Horror of horrors! He was fourteen stoan! In spite of all his anti-fat treatment, Fatty Forbes had put on two stoan in two days!

His increase of flesh was visible to the naked eye. Mr. Swishingham, his Form master, notissed it.

"I really don't know what to do about you, Forbes," he said. "You are like a yewman balloon. You take up so much room in the Form-room that the other boys are cramped together like sardeens."

"I—I can't help it, sir," stutted Fatty. "I've worked like a nigger to reduce my fat, and I've gone without grub into the bargain. But instead of getting thinner, I'm putting on flesh every day."



There was a terrible crash, the form gave way, and then a couple of floor-boards smashed in. Fatty Forbes had fainted.

The Form master looked thoughtful. "Perraps you are taking the wrong treatment, Forbes," he said. "I beleeve a very good thing for making people thin is worry. Try to cultivate the worrying habbit, and see if it has any effect."

"Right you are, sir," said Fatty.

And from that moment he worried dreadfully. He worried about big things, and he worried about trifles. He worried about his increasing fatness, and he worried because he had not eaten a square meal for days. He worried about anything and everything. And the more he worried the fatter he got!

When he weighed himself on the Friday evening he found that he was sixteen stoan! "This is perfectly awful!" groned Fatty.

Fatty was now in a terrible condition. He was no longer able to enter his studdy in the ordinary way. He had to let himself in sideways.

His bed in the Fourth Form dormitory was too narrow for him, and he had to sleep on a cupple of beds joined together.

His clothes had shrunk so much that he had to have special suits made. And when he attempted to ride his bicycle, it promptly kollapsed beneath his weight. Life became a burden to Fatty Forbes.

Although he was so fat, he had a very thin time of it.

He tried remmedy after remmedy, with a view to working off his fat. But everything failed, and he grew rounder and rounder, and plumper and plumper, and heavier and heavier.

All this time Fatty continued with his starvation diet.

One morning, having missed his breakfast as usual, he came over faint in the Form-room.

"I say, Larker," he muttered, "I beleeve I'm going to faint!"

"What a noosance!" grunted Larker. "Can't you put it off till after lessons?"

Even as Larker spoke there was a terrible crash.

The form gave way, and then a cupple of floor-boards were sunk in.

Fatty Forbes had fainted!

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Larker. "That's fairly done it!"

Mr. Swishingham looked up from his desk. "Good grasshuts!" he gasped. "Has an earthquake happened?"

"No, sir," said Lawson. "It was only Fatty Forbes falling over!"

"What is the matter with him?"

"His activities have come to a full stop, sir," said Larker. "In other words, he's in a state of comma."

"Dear me! He must be carried out into the fresh air at once."

It took a duzen of the strongest fellows in the Fourth to carry Fatty Forbes out into the quad. And it took them nearly all the morning to get him there.

Fatty came round at last. He opened his eyes, but was unable to stagger to his feet.

"Roll me round to the sanay, you fellows!" he muttered feebly.

"That's a tall order," said Larker. "But we'll mannidge it somehow."

And they did.

Fatty Forbes spent two weary weeks in the sanay.

"He'll be back to his normal sighs when he comes down again," said Lawson.

But the boys of St. Fred's received a rood shock. For when Fatty Forbes rejoined them after his illness he was fatter than ever!

Matters came to a climb-axe one morning, when the Head sent for Fatty.

"I am sorry, my boy," he said, "but I shall have to send you home to your parents. You are far too fat to be aloud to remain at St. Fred's."

"Oh!" gasped Fatty.

"You will proseed home by the next trane, Forbes."

"But—but what have I done, sir?" cried Fatty wildly. "It isn't a crime to be fat!"

"I am aware of that, Forbes. It is your misfortune, not your fault. But I dare not permit you to remain at the skool. You will be a constant sauce of danger to the community. Supposing you were to collide with one of your skoolfellows, by axident? He would never servive the shock. Supposing you were to sit down heavily? You might go clean through the floor! Supposing— But there is no end to the alarming possibilities. I am sorry, my boy, but, to put it poetically, you must fold your tents like the Arabs, and silently steel away."

Half an hour later a steam-lorry conveyed Fatty Forbes to the station, the cab having broken down under his weight.

Fatty had looked his last on the old skool. This is where we pull out our hankerchiefs and weep hot, skalding tears of lamentation and whoa!

## THE FAT BOYS' ELEVEN!

By FATTY WYNN.

Billy Bunter, our fat, fatuous, and foolish editor, decided to form a football team of fat boys.

The team was to meet, and, if possible, defeat, a team composed of thin fellows, picked from the Greyfriars Remove, and the match was to be played at Greyfriars.

I received an invitation to play for Billy Bunter's eleven, and in a moment of weakness I accepted.

Baggy Trimble was also invited to travel to Greyfriars and take part in the match. So was Tubby Muffin, of Rookwood.

When we got to Greyfriars we received rather a shock.

I had anticipated that the thin boys would have a very feeble eleven, comprised of such fellows as Alonzo Todd, Fisher T. Fish, and Skinner.

But there are lots of fairly slim fellows in the Greyfriars Remove who are fine footballers. Frank Nugent is one; Peter Todd is another; and Hazeldene another. In fact, we found that the thin boys had a more than useful side.

"I want you to keep goal for us, Fatty," said Billy Bunter.

"I'll do my best," I promised.

I took up my position in goal. The ball was kicked off, and the thin boys swooped down upon me.

There was nobody to check them in their headlong rush. Baggy Trimble and Sammy Bunter were our full-backs, and they were worse than useless.

I was soon busy fisting out shots. From beginning to end I was subjected to a fierce bombardment.

My chums at St. Jim's tell me I am not a bad goalkeeper. And perhaps it was fortunate I am not, or goodness knows how many shots I should have let through!

As it was, there were three shots which baffled me altogether, and defied my smartest efforts at saving.

By those three goals the thin boys led at half-time.

The second half was a farce. Billy Bunter was so puffed and fagged that he could hardly stand on his feet, so he pretended to meet with a serious injury, and limped off the field. Tubby Muffin followed suit, and so did Baggy Trimble, and we were left with only eight men.

I will give young Sammy Bunter credit for playing a plucky game, though he knows next to nothing about football.

I was beaten seven times in the second half, which was not to be wondered at, in the circumstances.

We left the field thoroughly demoralised, to the tune of 10-0, and if Billy Bunter ever asks me to play for a team of fat boys again I shall hurl his precious invitation back in his teeth!

(All right, Wynn, you beast! I shall refuse to pay you a penny peace for this article!—Ed.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 211.

## THE SONG OF THE STAFF!

(Sung By Billy Bunter and his Four Fat Subs.)



Oh, Bunter's an editor brave and bold,  
And Sammy's a splendid sub;  
And from morn till night we sit and write,  
Inspired by thoughts of grub.  
Billy and Sammy are brainy boys,  
And Baggy's a mighty worker;  
And Muffin and Wynn must both come in,  
We have no room for a shirker!

CHORUS:

Where would the WEEKLY be without us?  
That's what we want to know.  
Five fat fellows, and who can Rout us?  
Our motto is push and go!  
There's nothing that's stodgy or slow about us—  
On with the work! Heave-ho!

To the tribe of Fat Boys we belong,  
Merry and plump are we;  
Our stories are great, our songs first-rate,  
And our articles full of glee.  
Shoulder to shoulder we always stand  
Through fair and stormy weather;  
We never get slack when things look black,  
But we gallantly pull together!

CHORUS:

Where would the WEEKLY be without us?  
How would it weather the tide?  
It would collapse, and none can doubt us  
Or say we are stuffed with pride.  
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD will never rout us,  
Although it has tried and tried!

Oh, we are jolly journalists,  
The boys of the Plump Brigade!  
Our paper is read by the worthy Head,  
And by many a man and maid.  
There are some who scoff, and some who sneer,  
And there's many a grousing grunter;  
But the brightest and best, that has stood the test,  
Is the WEEKLY controlled by Bunter!

CHORUS:

Where would the WEEKLY be without us?  
Why, it would not exist!  
If the rival scribes desire to clout us,  
We'll meet them, fist to fist!  
Whatever the critics say about us,  
We're at the top of the list!

## THE DRAWBACKS OF BEING FAT!

By Tubby Muffin.  
(The Fat Boy of Rookwood.)

It's jolly nice to be fat, in some ways. It's jolly inconvenient to be fat, in others.

The other day I took part in an obstacle-race, and one of the things we had to do was to worm our way through the rungs of a ladder. All very well for skinny scarecrows like Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd; but when I tried to skweeze my way between two of the rungs I got hopelessly stuck! My pals had to come and eggstricate me.

I had another unfortunate eggspereience a month or so back. I was confined to the punishment-room, on a diet of bread and water. Never mind what it was for.

Now a slender fellow could have wormed his way through the window of the punishment-room, and made good his escape by shinning down the ivy. But when I came to attempt the feat I found it impossibil. I managided to skweeze my head and sholders through the window, but the rest of me refused to follow. I was wedged tightly in the aperture, and was unable either to get back or to go forward. When Mack, the porter, came up with my bread and water he saw what a sorry fix I was in, and he wrenched me back into the room, not without a good deal of suffering on my part.

Yes, plumpness is a handicap, in more ways than one.

When morning lessons are over, and the class is dismissed, there is always a mad scramble to get to the tuckshop. And here the slim fellows have the advantage. They can dodge in and out, and thread their way through the throng, and get to the tuckshop first. But it would be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a fat fellow to accomplish a feat of that sort.

When I was in London during the last vacation I had to pay a heavy penalty for being so plump. I boarded a bus, and the conductor had the cheek to charge me double fare, as he said I was taking up enuff space for two ordinary people. The same thing happened when I travelled by tramcar and taxi.

Another grate drawback to being fat is that you have to pay twice as much for a suit of clothes as any ordinary individual. The tailor at Latcham told me that he used twice as many yards of cloth in clothing me as he did in the case of Mornington, who is on the slim side.

Yet another drawback to being plump is that there is such a lot of you to wash each morning. A thin fellow just dabs a sponge over his annatermy in two ticks; but a fat fellow has to put in twenty minuits' hard labor.

But, for all that, the fat fellow has many advantages over his slim skoolfellow. I cannot tell you all these advantages here, bekawse Billy Bunter is only allowing me a kolumn. But next week I will write a sort of sequel to this article.

(Your mistaik, Tubby! Quite enuff has been written and said on this subject, so you can get on to sumthing fresh, as the recroot at the ridng-skool said when he mounted a frisky charger!—Ed.)

Show this Topping issue of  
our Supplement to your pal  
and tell him there's another  
fine Number next week—

**"A SPECIAL PESSIMISTS'  
NUMBER!"**

[Supplement IV.]

**Now, Chaps, Who Does Not Enjoy the "Weekly"? Nobody, Of Course!**







**DR. CHISHOLM GIVES IN!**—A daring scheme which brought about the end of the masters' strike, and the stormy times at Rookwood!



# A Successful Campaign!

There is only one way of ending the great strike, and that is to get rid of the new masters and force the Head to give in. That is what Jimmy Silver & Co. make up their minds to do. This story tells you how they succeed.

## By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Yarns of Rookwood appearing in the "Boys' Friend" every week.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### The Campaign Begins.

JIMMY SILVER smiled as he came along to Hansom's study in the Fifth Form passage at Rookwood.

There was a buzz of voices in that study, and the voices sounded rather excited.

"The cheeky ass!" That was Edward Hansom's voice, in tones that were almost sulphurous.

"Cheeky cad, you know, by Jove!" That remark came from Talboys the "unt" of the Fifth.

Jimmy Silver looked in. Hansom and Talboys, Lumsden and Brown major of the Fifth Form, were gathered in the study, in what appeared to be a council of war.

Jimmy Silver did not need telling that they were discussing Mr. Pumphrey, the new master of the Fifth Form.

Hansom was holding up his hand. "Cared me!" he said. "Me—head of the Fifth! The cad doesn't know that the Fifth Form ain't cased! I'm feeling it now! By gad, you know, I was jolly inclined to let him have my left! I'd have done it, only—"

Hansom paused. Evidently he had been strongly tempted to let the master of the Fifth have his left, only—

There was a very considerable "only." His glance fell on Jimmy Silver in the doorway, and he frowned.

"Cut off!" he said. "Fourth Form fags are barred here! Take your face away!" Jimmy Silver did not cut off.

Instead of that he walked into the study with a cheerful smile.

"I've got something to say to you chaps," he remarked.

The Fifth-Formers glared at him. Jimmy Silver's manner did not display the great respect that was due to the Fifth Form, who were seniors and great guns—in their own estimation, at least.

"Lookin' for a lickin'?" inquired Cecil Talboys.

Jimmy shook his head. "Business," he explained. "I can see that you're not satisfied with your new Form master."

"Rank outsider!" growled Hansom. "But it's no business of a blessed fag, that I can see!"

"That's where you're offside, little one," answered Jimmy Silver affably. "It is my

business. We've been holding a council of war in the Lower School—Fourth and Shell and Third—"

"Bother your fag councils of war!" "We're not satisfied with the new masters," continued Jimmy, unheeding.

"And we've made up our minds that they're not going to stay at Rookwood."

"Eh?" "They're a scrubby lot," said Jimmy, while the Fifth-Formers stared at him blankly.

"Not up to Rookwood form, any of them. The Head engaged them in a hurry, when the old staff walked off, and they're really not fit. We've made up our minds that it won't do."

"Well, my hat!" said Hansom. "Of all the nerve—"

"Look how the matter stands," argued Jimmy Silver. "The Head dismissed Mr. Bootles because he had his back up. Bootles was really in the right all the time. The rest of the staff backed up Bootles—quite right, too—and went on strike in support. Now the whole lot are putting up in Coombe, and the Head has replaced them with this scratch mob. It's not good enough for Rookwood. Now, is it?"

"Cheeky young ass!" said Lumsden.

"We've had two new masters in the Fourth," went on Jimmy Silver. "Both turned out to be no good—simply N.G. They've gone. Now we're left to a prefect. Old Bukeley has to waste his time in our Form-room, when he ought to be doing his own work—jolly bad prospect for his exam! It looks like a long job for him, too, for after what's happened already, the Head isn't likely to engage another master without taking his time about it."

"Well?" "The new French master left, after a row with one of our new Form masters. There's four of the new lot here now; and that's exactly four too many. My idea is to scotch them out, so that the Head will see that he's got to make it up with the old staff, and let them come back."

"Well, my word!" "We want Mr. Bootles back, you see; he's a really good chap, and we're not going to lose him," said Jimmy Silver. "Same with you fellows; you'd like to have Mr. Greely here again, instead of your new man."

"Of course we would! But—"

"Well, if the new man goes, there's a

good chance of it. My scheme is to lead him such a life that he'll be glad to go."

"Oh!" "For instance, we're beginning this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver. "It's close on time for classes. I advise you chaps to be a bit late for lessons."

"When we want advice from the Fourth Form," said Hansom, with crashing sarcasm, "we'll come and ask for it. Thanks all the same!"

"Just as you like. Are you fond of tar?" "Tar?" "And soot?"

"Soot?" repeated Hansom. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that first man in the Fifth Form room this afternoon will get a collection of soot and tar on his napper!" explained Jimmy Silver.

"You cheeky young sweep!" roared Hansom. "Do you mean to say you've had the nerve to rig up a booby-trap in our Form-room?"

"Exactly!"

"Well!" breathed Hansom.

"Better be a few minutes late, and let your merry Form master arrive first," advised Jimmy Silver. "First come, first served, you know. Whoever gets that collection on his napper will want some cleaning afterwards. Ta-ta!"

Jimmy Silver sauntered out of the study with that, leaving the Fifth-Formers staring. The captain of the Fourth strolled into the quadrangle, where his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, were waiting for him.

"Told 'em?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grin.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"What are they going to do?" "I fancy they're going to let dear old Pumphrey bag the prize-pocket," answered Jimmy. "They're wild about his caning them. He lacks respect for the noble Fifth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "The man isn't really nice," said Raby. "It will serve him right. And he ought to go."

"He'll go all right. If we keep on the war-path," said Jimmy Silver confidently. "It's only a question of sticking to it. Hallo, there's Hansom!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 211.

The Rollicking Chums of Rookwood Again Next Week! You'll Enjoy Their Next Adventure!









# STAND AND DELIVER!

A Tale that will thrill the world.

Feb. 16th.  
No. 212.  
28 PAGES.

## The POPULAR 2<sup>nd</sup>

By DAVID GOODWIN.

Our new serial is the most dramatic story of the old days on the highway ever written. You must on no account miss a line of this gripping yarn by David Goodwin. It presents in the most vivid style imaginable the dangers of the road in the bygone times. It starts next week, so make a special note of Tuesday and read the start of the adventures of young Dick Neville.

### Turpin at Lay.

It is a brilliant romance. You find the gallant young hero of the story in possession of his splendid estate. He is the most popular man in the county. Dick Neville was kept out of his rights for a time, thanks to the villainy of an unscrupulous kinsman, but justice has been done at last. Young Neville comes into his own. But during his term of exile, when alone in the world, he has fallen in with Dick Turpin. Turpin is an outlaw, but Neville regards him as a true friend. The famous highwayman is being tracked down by the King's Riders, and he takes shelter at the grand old castle where Neville lives. In a splendid scene the young landowner stands true to the knight of the road, his old comrade.

### Tragic Results.

From the point where Neville aids Turpin to make a getaway, of course dire trouble begins. It is a serious thing to stand between the King's officers and their quarry. Dick Neville loses his inheritance because of his loyalty to Turpin, the man who stood by him in the past. What is there for young Neville to do but once more take to the road? He is a born fighter, and he once again throws in his lot with Dick Turpin.

### Captain Sweeney's Gang.

You will be interested in all the characters of this thrilling yarn. Captain Sweeney is a rival of Turpin, but while Dick Turpin is



LOOK OUT FOR THIS TOPPING COVER EVERYWHERE NEXT WEEK!

out for big actions, Sweeney is but the meanest type of thief—ready to spy, quite prepared to sell those who have been true to him, and through it all he shows the bitterest hate for the highwayman who rides through life as if it were a pageant.

### Ups and Downs of Fortune.

I am giving you next week one of the biggest things we have ever had in the

castles where great lords dispensed lavish hospitality, to say nothing of the glimpses of the quaint old countryside where life swung along in cheery fashion, for it was Merry England then, as always, with festivities on the village greens, and the good old sports in full swing.

(Remember, boys, this amazing serial commences next Tuesday!)

POPULAR. This magnificent story simply rips along. It is cut and parry, and marvellous dash and romantic adventure. There are those who are keen enough to keep Neville out of his rights, and at one time it looks as if this sinister plotting will be crowned with success. But the author handles the threads of this astounding narrative in a masterly style, and with all the give and take, the old principles of truth and justice are never permitted to sink out of sight.

### Echoes of the Bygone.

One fact stands out plain—this wonderful serial will make anyone see fresh things in the light of history, and more than ever will be read into the exploits of the real knights of the great roads through England. Plenty of legends have grown up around the life of such a character as Dick Turpin, but in "Stand and Deliver" you see him as he really was—a successor of the old hero of Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood, carrying on into later days a story of considerable heroism, and often enough winning the admiration of those who were opposed to him. And, what is more, you will find in this captivating story just the kind of picture you like of what was passing in the dim old days when towns and cities were weeks removed from one another, and the old wars at home and abroad had left vast tracts of the country at the mercy of outlaws and miscreants, the majority of whom thought nothing of honour as Turpin did. Then you find the ancient

## THE GREATEST STORY OF THE CENTURY, BOYS!

**STAND**  
  
**AND DELIVER!**

A Story that will win fame for itself as a spirited, splendidly coloured romance-adventure at the time of  
**DICK TURPIN, Highwayman.**

**STAND**  
  
**AND DELIVER!**

Everyone has heard of Dick Turpin, the King of the Roads. The good comrade but bitter enemy. Read about his amazing exploits next week.

**STAND**  
  
**AND DELIVER!**



THE END [OF A GREAT STORY!—But there'll be another to follow—  
"Stand and Deliver." The finest adventure of Dick Turpin ever written!



# The RIVAL SPORTSMEN!

A Gripping  
Sporting Serial,  
dealing with an  
amazing struggle  
for a great fortune.

By VICTOR NELSON.

## THE RAFT OF DEATH—THE END!

ON, on, through the night the car sped. Bexhill itself was reached, and Courtney turned the car and ran along near the coast.

A deserted part of it was arrived at. The road here ran over towering and rugged cliffs overlooking a shingly beach and the sea, and, apparently, as Courtney presently pulled up, there was not a soul about.

Since the two rogues had left the vicinity of Lestrade Castle with their captive, a change had occurred in the weather.

A stiff breeze had sprung up, the strength of which was steadily on the increase. Ominous black clouds had appeared over the horizon, and a cluster of them was drifting before the face of the moon, partially obscuring its phosphorescent light.

Austin Courtney sprang down from his seat.

He and Newbold lifted Harry from the car, and, with Newbold taking his legs, and Courtney supporting him under the armpits, they carried him to the edge of the cliff.

Here a narrow and rugged path wound down to the shingle of the beach below.

"We'll have to hurry," Courtney said, as they slipped and stumbled down the path with their burden. "The tide is coming in fast."

This was correct.

Only a very narrow strip of beach remained between the wind-tossed sea and the face of the cliffs. They quickened their movements, and reached the lower ground.

It was just then that the clouds temporarily allowed the moon to shine out, and its pale light fell fully upon them as they here the boy round a curve in the formation of the cliffs.

Their objective was a spacious cave level with the shore. They took the boy into its impenetrable gloom, and flung him unceremoniously upon the sand that formed its floor.

The white beam of an electric torch held by Courtney flashed out.

It fell for a moment on the lad's white, upturned face. His lids flickered; he stirred and opened his eyes, to stare up uncomprehendingly at the two men who stood above him.

As yet neither had noticed that his senses were returning to him, and both moved to where a roughly-constructed raft lay against one of the cavern's rugged walls.

The raft was secured by a short, stout chain affixed to its bottom to a ring-bolt driven into the side of the cave, so that when the sea entered the cavern and rose higher and higher, the raft would eventually become submerged.

"Ah, my dear cousin, so you have regained consciousness," Courtney sneered, as they went back to Harry and he saw that the boy's eyes were open. "I am glad. It is possible for us to give you some cheering news. You are about to take a journey into the next world—by somewhat slow but very sure means."

He removed the wig and his false beard and moustache.

"You see whom I am, you whelp—your

cousin, Austin, whom you have cheated out of a fortune!" he snarled, as he stooped over the boy and struck him heavily in the face.

"I should have expected something like that from you, cousin," Harry Lestrade said scornfully. "There would be a different tale to tell if my hands were free."

"Maybe; but we are taking no chances this time," Courtney retorted grimly. "Help me with him, Newbold. If we don't get out of here pretty slick, we shall ourselves be caught by the tide."

As if to confirm his words, a giant wave, caught and driven forward by the wind, burst in the very mouth of the cavern. The two scoundrels picked up Harry Lestrade, and in spite of his lashing out with his legs and planting one of his feet in Newbold's chest, they carried him to the raft and dropped him upon it.

Newbold knelt upon his legs and pinned him down, whilst Courtney became busy with some lengths of cord that he had had wound about his waist. With these he securely lashed his cousin to the ungainly craft. Both men straightened up and grinned down in evil exultation at the boy as Courtney directed the light of his torch upon him.

Harry was helpless. The cords were passed under the raft and over his body and knotted tightly. To make him doubly secure, Courtney had also lashed together his ankles, so that it was impossible for him to move hand or foot.

With a laugh his cousin turned away and quitted the cave. Newbold went after him, and the boy was left to his fate.

Outside the wind was now blowing half a gale, so that the two scoundrels came near to losing their footing more than once as they returned up the winding path that led to the cliff top.

Rain began to fall, and it was driven into their faces as they staggered through the wind towards the car. This they had hired in London, but they had no intention of returning it to the garage whence it had come.

As will have been gathered from their conversation outside the drive gates of Lestrade Castle, they had promised the captain of a motor fishing-smack fifty pounds to land them on Belgian soil. They meant to abandon the car at a spot near where it had been arranged a small boat should be left ready for them to row out to the smack, which would be lying a short distance out to sea, to wait for them.

They had planned to board this vessel after striking a last—and they hoped fatal—blow at the lad both so bitterly hated.

Into the car sprang Newbold, whilst Courtney again took the wheel. The moon was now almost completely blotted out, and Courtney cursed the darkness as he turned the automobile and drove through the driving rain and wind.

At a spot a quarter of a mile farther on along the cliff road he once again slackened speed and took his bearings. After that it was only a few seconds ere he pulled up altogether.

Newbold tumbled out and joined him as he

sprang down from his seat at the wheel. At this point the beach was much wider, and when they descended to it they found the boat the captain of the fishing-smack had promised to leave lying on the shingle.

They dragged it down to the sea, but there Newbold hung back in dismay, his eyes fixed fearfully upon the mountainous waves that were rolling inshore.

"By heavens, Courtney, we'll never be able to row out to the boat on a night like this!" he said hoarsely.

"We've got to, you fool!" his companion shouted back, having to raise his voice to make it heard above the fury of the elements. "See! There are the lights of the smack"—pointing to where they glimmered out of the darkness some two hundred yards out to sea. "We dare not remain behind now."

Austin Courtney would have been even more anxious to get away, could he have known that on the cliff-top a party of coast-guards were suspiciously examining the abandoned car, though even as it was, with his savage hatred for his cousin beginning to cool, he was feverishly eager to leave the shore, as he thought of the foul deed he and Newbold had perpetrated.

He pushed the boat into the wind-lashed surf and sprang in. Newbold followed him, but not before a giant incoming wave had drenched him to his armpits.

They each seized one of the pair of oars that had been lying in the bottom of the boat, and began to pull out towards the lights of the smack.

Both were speedily soaked to the skin with the rain and the spray from the great waves that dashed themselves angrily against the frail craft.

Newbold's teeth began to chatter, though it was not altogether from the chill that was gripping him. The ex-footballer could not swim, and it terrified him when the boat rode over the crest of one wave, dropped into the dip it caused, and all round he saw the sea towering mountainously above him.

Courtney, too, began to know misgivings when they had rowed for about a hundred yards and covered roughly half the distance that separated them from the fishing-smack.

Every moment he expected the boat to be swamped. He set his teeth and rowed with might and main to reach the vessel in the shortest possible space of time.

Then, disaster came with scarcely a second's warning.

Newbold, who was an indifferent oarsman, dipped his oar just as the boat was rising upon a wave. The consequence was that it did not reach the water and, there being no resistance as he tugged, he pitched backwards into the bottom of the small craft and the oar slipped from his hands.

Courtney was tugging with all his strength at his oar at the moment, so that the boat was swung round and it fell broadside into the vortex. The rogue let out a gasp of consternation, as he saw a second towering wave looming above them, but he was powerless to save the situation.

The great sea descended, the boat was filled and capsized, and, in another instant, Courtney and Newbold were both struggling in the water.

"Help me for the love of Heaven!" the ex-footballer screamed, clinging to his partner in crime. "I—I can't swim a stroke! I—"

"Let go, confound you!" Courtney snarled.

"Let go, you fool, we'll both be drowned!"

Desperately he struck Newbold in the face—struck him again and again. But, fear made the latter oblivious to pain and his clutching fingers tightened convulsively upon Courtney's arms. Down into the depth of the wild water they went. Courtney frantically tried to free himself, but it was all to no avail, and stark terror took hold of him, for he knew he was in the unreasoning grip of a panic-stricken and drowning man, and that, unless a miracle happened, his own doom was sealed.

Meanwhile, Harry Lestrade remained helpless upon the raft in the cavern in the face of the cliffs. The tide had risen and floated the rude craft and already its chain was strained to the utmost—strained and taut.

The water began to lap over his feet, the raft tilting, as the sea strove to force it up with it and the chain held it down.

He strained to the best of his ability

at his bonds, and, though he had little hope of being heard, shouted for help with all the strength of his lungs. In a few minutes more, his feet and legs were entirely submerged, and when swells came, caused by the incoming waves, the water saturated his chest.

Higher and higher crept the tide and soon the swells brought the chill water to his chin. He jerked at the bonds about his wrists, but the knots seemed to grow tighter rather than slacken, and Harry began to give himself up, or lost.

"Help! Help! Help!" His voice was choked by salt water rushing into his mouth. Even as for just a moment the surface grew calm again, the sea was at his lips, and he had to strain up his head to keep them just above it.

Then, when he was grimly telling himself that, hard though it was for one of his age and perfect fitness, he had got to die and the water was entering his ears, he found a light flashing in his face.

He felt something grate against the side of the raft. He could hear nothing, but sensed that some sort of craft had been run into the fast-filling cave. To his joy, a hand was fumbling under the water at the ropes that held him prisoner.

They were cut through and Harry felt strong hands lifting him from the raft. He was dragged into a motor boat in which sat a couple of coastguards.

"By George, it was touch and go, young fellow," one of them said gruffly, but with a great relief in his voice. "One of our chaps saw those two beggars in the moonlight as they carried you from the car down to the beach. He was looking through

his glasses from our station on the headland—luckily for you. We've been searching for you ever since, and only found you just in time. They meant to murder you—that's evident. What did they do for it?"

Harry told them as much as he thought fit, greatly to their excitement and indignation.

He was taken in the motor boat to the coastguards' station, and, after a vigorous towelling, he sat before the fire, wrapped in a blanket whilst he sipped hot coffee.

The men who had gone after the car came in and reported that it had been abandoned, and that they had seen Courtney and Newbold put off in an open boat. But, it was not until the following morning, when the gale and rain had abated and the sun was shining, that the sequel came.

A couple of the coastguards found the bodies of Austin Courtney and Jem Newbold lying upon the beach, left there by the tide as it had receded.

As they had planned for the sea to make an end of Harry Lestrade, so it had made an end of them. It was a fitting retribution for who can say that they did not deserve their fate?

The months had slipped by and once again the South Wessex meet was gathered at Dead Man's Copse.

A crowd of pink coated men and women in riding habits either sat or stood by their horses, waiting for the hounds and the Master to arrive.

Marjorie Randall was there with her father. She looked as fresh and charmingly girlish as usual.

"Here's Harry, dad!" she said, suddenly wheeling her horse and waving her hand.

"How well he rides! I should hardly care to challenge him as I did last year."

Immaculate in his hunting attire, Harry Lestrade, now master of Lestrade Castle and due to inherit his father's colossal fortune to handle as he pleased when he became of age, he had ridden into the road on a well-groomed horse.

The animal was Tearing Haste; for, with the winning of the Grand National, Harry had decided that his four-footed friend should not be troubled to race again.

The lad was glowing with health. He still trained and played with the Wessex Wanderers, who were again going "great guns" this season.

"The top of the morning, Marjorie! Good-morning Sir Travers!" Harry said, as he reined in. "What a glorious morning! We ought to have a fine run."

Marjorie nodded, then she noticed that a look of sadness had crept into the boy's eyes, and discreetly she left him to himself. She knew that the scene here this morning was bringing back the tragic accident that had occurred on the corresponding morning of the previous year and ended in his father's death.

But, the girl still watched him and her eyes were shining.

Last year Harry Lestrade had been very near to developing into an idler—a slacker, but what a difference now!

On that morning of twelve months before, he had found his true self, and Marjorie Randall was proud to call him "friend."

THE END.

(Now turn to page 24 for full particulars of our amazing new serial, commencing in next week's issue.)

## £10 MUST BE WON AGAIN THIS WEEK!

A TOPPING FOOTBALL COMPETITION—AND SO SIMPLE! Just solve the picture puzzle below. You may win a grand prize.

FIRST PRIZE £5 0 0: Second Prize £2 10 0:  
TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

## What You Have To Do.

Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of The Wednesday Football Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears underneath, pin it to your solution, and post it to "THE WEDNESDAY" Competition, POPULAR Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, February 8th, 1923.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the events of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide all, or any of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

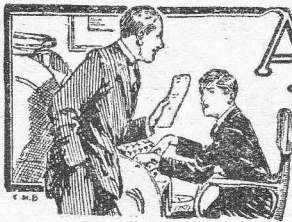
This competition is run in conjunction with "Gem," "Magnet," and "Boys' Friend," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

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

Name.....

Address.....

P.....



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

## HOW TO MAKE, MEND, AND DO EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME.

Harmsworth's Household Encyclopedia, Part 1 of which will be published on Thursday, February 8th, price 1s. 3d., will tell you, in the simplest possible manner, how to make at home thousands of practical and useful things, from a bookshelf or chair to a "wireless" set or a model aeroplane.

It will also show you by means of easy diagrams how to mend everything round and about the home. It is the ideal book for the handyman, and being alphabetically arranged for easy reference you can turn to just what you want at the moment you want it.

The complete work will contain 10,000 pictures, 10,000 articles, diagrams, plans, and COLOURED PLATES, and the parts will be issued fortnightly every other Thursday. Order your copy of Part 1 now.

## MECCANO UP-TO-DATE.

Every product of Meccano, Ltd., has been thoroughly modernised and brought right up to date, and with the reduction in prices of all outfits, one is impressed with the remarkable VALUE now being offered by this progressive firm.

Among the most recent innovations is the introduction of the Meccano Radio Crystal Receiving Set.

With the aid of Meccano parts and one or two additional parts (such as crystal and telephone receiver), a complete Receiving Set may be built. This Receiving Set is claimed to be the most scientific Radio Set on the market, and THE PRICE IS LOWER THAN THAT AT WHICH ANY OTHER CRYSTAL SET IS SOLD. An outfit containing the parts necessary to make the set is also sold, as is a complete Aerial Set. A Meccano Valve Receiving Set will shortly be announced.

## READERS' NOTICES.

W. L. Hayward, Cycle Works, Marchwood, Hants, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16-17.

W. H. Pennington, 27, Randolph Street, Sunderland, wishes to hear from all amateur magazines.

Miss Agnes H. Ismail, 41, Wong Nei Chong Road, Hong Kong, China, wishes to hear from readers who are keen on literary subjects. All letters will be answered. This correspondent is much interested in amateur magazines.

Alfred Bryant, 1, Denton Road, Stonebridge, Willesden, N.W. 10, wishes to hear from readers overseas, with a view to exchanging postcards and photos of general interest.

T. Booth, "Lauriston," Pit Lane, Methley, nr. Leeds, Yorkshire, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 15-18, interested in photography. All letters answered.

Stanhope L. Williams, Connaught Hotel, Herne Bay, Kent, would be pleased to give readers anywhere information concerning electrical engineering, small power engineering, and motor and kindred subjects.

Harry C. Bradshaw, Main Street, Mordialloc, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere in either French or Esperanto.

Hugo Book, 7, Bridge Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Miss Pauline Cohen, 78, Parliament Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with Jewish readers, ages 17-20.

Your Editor.  
THE POPULAR.—No. 211.

## OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

- "THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
- "THE MAGNET" Every Monday
- "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
- "THE GEM" Every Wednesday
- "CRUCKLES" Every Thursday
- "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly.

## NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME!

### "THE SEARCH FOR HOP HI!"

It has been an altogether strange business, this vanishing of the genial little Chinese junior. As will be remembered, a kidnapper had sinister designs on the liberty of the popular compatriot of Wun Lung, but mysterious as are the ways of kidnappers, they are not as a race really on a level with a smart company of Greyfriars fellows. The story next week carries on the thrilling narrative about Hop Hi's disappearance in really sporting style. The search-parties which, of course, include the doughty Wun Lung, scour the countryside, and they have numerous adventures before they get hot on the scent, and bring off a triumph. Hop Hi is discovered in the most amazing circumstances. He asked for nothing better than to be restored to his chums at the old school. It is pretty certain that all the information any kidnapper got out of the cheery Chink was "No savvy."

### IN THE WILDS.

Frank Richards & Co. are enjoying some remarkable adventures during their holiday from Miss Meadows' Cedar Creek School. The party have made for the untrodden lands out North-West, and they thoroughly intended to make their journey unencumbered with the company of the wily Yen Chin. Yen Chin was of a contrary opinion. He felt the expedition would be incomplete without him. It is fair to assume that the capable little fellow was actuated by the noblest motives. He knows he is A 1 at chores. He can turn out hot dinners in the wilderness when requested. Chinese cookery may be regarded with suspicion, but this is merely prejudice. But for reasons of their own Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beauclerc, etc., declined the society of Yen Chin, and that's why the new story which will be in the POPULAR next week is called

### "THE STICKER!"

for Yen Chin proves himself no end of a sticker. It shows the right spirit. He resorts to a clever ruse to keep with the party. The glue-like trait in his composition stands him in rare good stead. A fine yarn this.

### ROOKWOOD.

You may dislike the title of next week's Rookwood story. It is "The Boy Who Was Soft!" There will be two opinions about the description of a fellow who turns up at the school mounted on an

elephant. Rookwood has seen some brisk and lively arrivals, but never aught like this. Picture the feelings of poor old Mack when a prodigious pachyderm marches in. A sensation of this kind makes people dash for help to the telephone. It would be a trunk call, so to speak. Anyhow, in next week's sparkling yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co., we get the full benefit of the novelty. Mr. Owen Conquest handles the scenes in which the elephant figures with care and finish; he does not trample on anybody's susceptibilities, but leaves all that sort of thing to the elephant. It is a rattling tale, full of good fun and merriment. But after this we may look for newcomers turning up on giraffes, zebras, or even camels—though possibly not the latter, for the hump is never permitted at Rookwood.

### "THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL!"

Here we have it in a nutshell, all snug, as touching football; but, as it happens, the title of next Tuesday's story of St. Jim's refers to a very special match. This tussle for the Public Schools' Challenge Cup is a mighty affair, and loses nothing in the telling, thanks to the skill of Mr. Martin Clifford. St. Jim's is all there!

### A PESSIMIST SUPPLEMENT.

The pessimist has a thin time of it in the world. As he perambulates round exuding misery, he is generally looked upon as a prime article of humour. Perhaps it is just as well. Nothing like a hearty laugh to drive away the clouds of pessimism, and unshift the camelious hump from the shoulders.

### TAKEN WELL IN HAND.

Bunter is to be congratulated on taking up the whole subject in next week's supplement of the famous "Weekly." Bunter is sometimes sad at heart, but he wrestles with this tendency to sink into the doldrums owing to lack of tuck, pocket-money, or any other international trouble. Bunter has put the lid on past successes with his grand issue next week. You will laugh at his Pessimists' Number as you never laughed before.

### "STAND AND DELIVER!"

Elsewhere in this number will be found a special reference to our gripping new serial. It is something to be proud about. Keep an extra special look-out for the first long instalment next week.

### FREE GLOSSY PHOTOS.

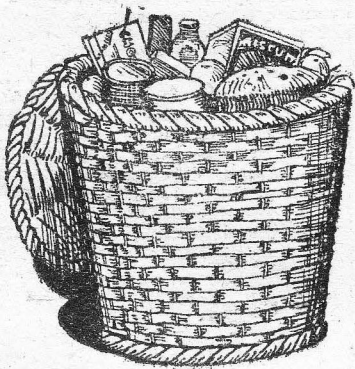
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GET “THE GEM” LIBRARY TO-DAY!

If you are not interested in its easy competitions, you will enjoy its thrilling stories and powerful serial.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY : : PRICE 2d.

This Week's Issue is a REAL BUMPER NUMBER, So Don't Miss It!

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