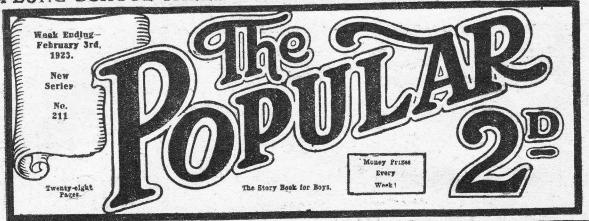
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THE AMAZING KIDNAPPING OF HOP HI-THE GREYFRIARS CHINEE!
(A dramatic long story of Harry Wharton & Co., in this issue.)

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



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Fag Wanted !

ALLO, hallo, hallo! dickens-

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 Chinee, was curled up in the armehair, watching him through half-closed eyelids as he ground away at the imposition. Wun Lung had stayed in to keep

half-closed eyelds as he ground away as the imposition. Wun Lung had stayed in to keep Bob Cherry company.

Bob was grinding wearily through the adventures of the pions Eneas, 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

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. Quelch, his Form master. 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.

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 solly!"

"I'll make you sorrier!" snorted Bob Cherry. "That's flity 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 crieket-bat from the corner. Wnn 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.

The PCPULAR.—No, 211.

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 Greyiriars, and Lung had been some time at Greyfriars, and he had learned many things from his lenglish 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."

passage "What do you want him for?" demanded

"What do you want him tot.

Bob Cherry,
"I want a fag!" growled Loder. "It's silly rot 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.

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 Chinec here?" he demanded. "He lun on," said Wun Lung calmly. "No comee in hele. Me healee 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.

seized Hop Hi by the above, "Allee light; me "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, "I didn't say he wasn't here. And look you're not going to bully that kid. him alone!"
"Ite him lones" said Wun Lung

him aloue!"
"Let him lonee." said Wun Lung. "Vou hittee my minor, I hittee you with pokel!"
"He's going to fag for, me!" said Loder.
"I want somebody to get my tea. Niee 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 larruping when I get you into my study that..."

(Copyright in the United States of Americ)

Tale of the Famous Chums of Greyfriars School. Full of thrill from end to end.

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

"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!" wasned India.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Loder. "Besides, Tubb of the Third is your

fag___"The young rseal's gone out! I shall lick him when he comes in!" said Loder. "Now, Hop Hi, are you coming, or shall I yank you

Hop H, 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 Chinee to Loder's tender mercies.

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

"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," growied 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 Cherry. "
the Form."

"Lats! Me faggee for handsome Lode!!

Hop Hi stayee hele."

"H you say 'Rats!' to me, you blessed pigtalled 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 Sath.

"Come, Wun Lung!" said Loder.

"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 Chinee, was famous for his powers as a cook. In that line even Billy Bunter did not excel him. And Loder was standing a very special feed that afternoon to two or three very special friends.

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 angly?" 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 Wur Lung intended to jape the bullying prefect

Loder looked round suspiciously.

"What are you cackling at?" he demanded.
"You, Loder!" said Bob blandly. "I often de!"

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
stieth.

"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 old tale of Eness, while his thoughts wandered to Harry Wharton & Co. on the football-field.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Doomed !

ODER'S study, in the Sixth Form pas-sage, presented quite a festive ap-pearance. Loder was in funds, and he was "doing himself" remarkably

he was "doing nimsell" 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.

ing eggs.

Loder looked on with approval,

Loder looked on with approval.

He had given the little Chinee 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 at were. Loder had a firm conviction that the more a fag was licked, the better he was for it; and Loder never falled to carry out his principles in that respect.

Wun Lung had taken the Hoking 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 leady," 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 anyting for handsome Lodel."

"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

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. "Aliee light!"

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

Bump!
"Yow!" roared Carne
Wun Lung blinked at him.
"Me solly!" he murmured.
"You-you plytailed beast! You did that
on purpose!" howled Carne, jumping up in

a fury.

"Me awf'ly solly! Yarocooh!"
Carne seized the little Chinee by the pigtall 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 nowled and wriggled in Carne's grass. grasp.

Graph did not cease pommelling the little Chinee 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 bullics.

"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.

"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 large helpings all round, and the tea-party finished it to the last fragment, and smacked

Inising it to the last fragment, and smacked their lips over it.

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

"These Remove kids won't fag." growled

"They will if you like 'em enough," said Walker. "Wur Lung, you Chinese thief, would you like to fag tor me?"
"Me happee do anyting for handsome Walkee"

Walkee "
"Well, 121 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 Chinee of poking fun at him. "You cheeky heathen! I've a good mind to give you a hiding row to start with!"
"Handsome Walkea..."

"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," id Loder "The heathen made them too."

And the tea-party started on the lamterts. By the time the tarts were finished, how ever, some of the cheerfulness seemed to have

ever, some of the cheeriulness seemed to have departed from the gathe.ing. Loder was moving uneasity a his seat, as if he felt an inward pain of some sort, and Carne was quite sileut. Walker had risen, and was moving uneasity about the study.

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

"I—I say!" said Carne at last. "I—I'm feeling rather queer. Must be the 'eat 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.

"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-so do I!" confessed Loder. It can't be the grub, though. That was all right. I got all the things at Mrs. Mimble's."
"Then what is it?"

"I-I don't know!" "Ow!" gasped Carne suddenly, Jumping up

"What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?"
"Ow! A—a—a sudden pain—like a k-kknife! Ow!"
"Yarooh" yelled Walker. "I've got it
too! Yow-ow! It's like a dagger—like a
beastly dagger in my—ow!—tummy!"
"The omelette—it had a taste!" yelled Walker.

Walker.
"Ow! I feel as if I've been poisoned!"
groaned Loder. "But it can't have been
the food!"
"Yow! What else was it, then, fathead?"

"Grooh-hooh!" "Oh dear!"

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. Lung, a sudden suspicion in their minds. The little Chinee was doubled up with merri-

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

"He, he, he!"

"That's w.at 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 Chinee, "what have you been putting in the grub?" "Me poison you!" said Wun Lung calmly, "What!"

"Me putce polson in omelette."

Loder released the little Chinee, 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 putee poison in omelette because you bully Hop Hi," said Wun Lung, with terrible calmness "You diee." "Wha-a-a-t!"

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

"Good heavens!"

"You-you murderous young villain!"
"Help!"

"Help!"

"Ow! I'm dying!" groaned Walker, slaking on the sofa. "Loder, you incand, this sall 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 Carra, "Ow! I fee! I'm dying! Send for a doctor! Telephone for someobdy! Help—"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"You pelish soon in gleat agony," said Wun Lung, grinning with enjoyment. "No doctee can savee you! Veily stlong Chinese poison. He, he, he!"

Loder sank weakly into his seat. Wun Lung, chuckling like a gleeful guome, darted

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 1

ARRY WHARTON & CO came into the School House, fushed 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 impot paper in his hand.

"Finished?" asked Wharton.

Bob grunted.

"Yes, just done. Should have finished.

"Yes, just done. Should have fluished before, only that silly young rascal Hop Hi mucked up my impot. How did the match

"Beaten the Fourth," said Nugent.

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

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

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?" heathen?"

"He, he, he, he!"
"You cackling image!" roared Bob Cherry.

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

"Me makee ometette—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?"

"Well?"

"Me puttee somefin in omelette," chuckled the heathen. "Lodge feelee pain in tummee—Walkee feelee painee—Cainee 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!"

"Lodge feelee painee, he askee wattee puttee in, and me tellee He, he, he!"

"And what was it?"

"Poison—stlong Chinee poison. He, he, he!"

The laughter of the juniors died away

The laughter of the juniors died away
They stared at Wun Lung, aghast. The
little Chinee was not like an English boyhe had many peculiar little ways—and
though he was usually extremely goodtempered, 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 bullies of the Sixth. Bob Cherry turned quite pale.

"You've put poison into their 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 leal," he confessed. "Nasty stuff—givee baddee painee in tummee—pass off in an hour. What you tinkee? But me tellee Lodee leal poison. He scalee to death! He, he, he!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Wun Lung went chuckling on his way. The clums 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!"

"Oh dear!"
"I'm dying!"

"I'm dying!"
"Send for a doctor!"
"Groo-hooh! This awful pain!"
The juniors griuned, 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 Chinee was some harmless conroction, 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, paindistorted eyes.

distorted eyes.

"I'm poisoned!" he groaped. "I've got frightful pains—like daggers and knives and ted-rot pincers! 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 and the bable to save you. I'm afraid it's all up, Loder!"

Better think about

ill up, Loder!"

"Better think about your sins and things!"
nggested 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 villains!" gasped
Loder. "Can't you see it's serious? We're
dying—all dying of poisoning!"

"I—I sha'n't last much longer!" murmured
Walker. "I can feel the end coming. I'll

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,

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?"
"On! On! You heartless young foud!"

"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!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Loder staggered towards the door.
"I'm going to the Head!" he gasped.
"That young scoundre! 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" edwifted Pels Charge. "Itelan."

this?"

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

"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!"

"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 sleughter him!" yelled Loder,

greatly relieved to find that he was not dying, but greatly enraged at the same time. "I'll sealp him! I'll smash him—"
"No you won't!" said Wingate, laughing.

"No you won it said wingare, income," You shouldn't have fagged him—and you shouldn't have been idiot enough to believe that he had really poisoned you. 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.



"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. 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 feel-ings—especially towards Wun Lung of the Remove—may be better imagined than described.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Surprise for Loder.

ERALD 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.

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

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

came bowards him.

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

"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

"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," and the bellymaker.

the bookmaker. Loder started.

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

them? What on earth do they matter to you, Jobling?"
"Nothin' at ali," said Mr. Jobling. "But they matter to the party I'm speaking of. There is a Chinee 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 speaking of, wants of 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 chineman"

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 it anything shady, I can tell you that!" "Tain't any great harm, that I can see," said Mr. Jobling, with a chuckle. "Them Chinee kids wear pigtails, don't they?"

"Well, I can't see any 'arm in 'aving a

"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

young Hop Hi, and cut his pigean carthat'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 Chinee 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 Chinee kid's pigtaiil, can you?"

"Not that I can see," grimned 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 eves glistened.

bookmaker. half."

Loder's eyes glistened Order's eyes gistened.
"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

any harm—1 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 Chinee 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 kic out of school somewhere where Foo-Chung can get at him," explained Mr. Jobling. "Mind, the kid's not going to be cut orf."

"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 looking out for a chance of gettin' into trouble."
"No, I suppose not," assented Loder, reassured.
"You see, them heathens look at things

"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 pigtaii in China; and it it's any satisfaction. I don't see why Footbage shouldn't

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 Il have to go through the wood."

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

"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. sius.

"I'll do it," he said

"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 fipun' 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!"

Master Louer:
"Good-night, Jobling!"
And they parted. Loder strode back in
the direction of Greyfriars, and Mr. Jobling
looked after him with a very peculiar ex-

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 bookmaker 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 Gregfriars.

of Gregfriars.

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 it to the room. 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 nigness.

for his pyjamas.

Then he started back with a sudden terri-

fied 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 had suddenly some mad

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 floure in the bed night spring upon him. Loder scuttled round the table, in rear 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-clittering. 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 ouce. Do you hear?"

Silence!

Silence!
"My hat, he's asleep!" muttered Loder.
"What the dooce am I going to do?"
A cruel glitter came into his eyes. He came nearer the hed, 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.

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.

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 stended. Loder dropped the but, sprang 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 be had deats. ing blow he had deatt.

Loder flung the match into the grate with a curse.

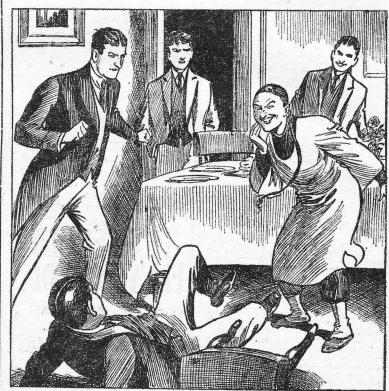
a curse. He understood at last. Someone—he thought he could guess whom—had discovered that he was absent, discovered that he had made up and set a dummy in his bed, and made that little alteration as a surprise to him.

Loder picked up the ruled 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 lu, were positively Hunnish.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Kidnapped!

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 Gatty
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.)

"Fag!" If he had been out of sight of the prefect, Dicky would have turned a deaf car for the call. As it was, he had no choice shout obeying it.

perfect, Dicky would have turned a deaf ear in the call. As it was, he had no choice about obeying it.

"I want somebody to go to Courtfield for mee," 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 sanusually 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; the tuckshop was visited in vain. Dicky Nugent made his way at last to Study No. 18, 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.
"Doder 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 sot 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's study. He was doubtful about his recention, as it was ouite possible that Loder.

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 Chinee.

"Hallo! Here you are!" he exclaimed.
"Me comec at oncee," nummured Hop Hi. "Me always gladdee comec to do anyting 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 goee at oncee. Goee to Flialdale—mole nealee!"

"No; you're to go to Courtfield, it said

"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 shilling. Understand?" Me savvy

"Mere's the postal-order," said toder, 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?" back. You and "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 murnured. "Blessed if I know what they value a silly pigtail for, but it seems that they do!"

Loder chuckled, and lighted a And eigarette.

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 close at a trot. 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.

Companion Papers."

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!

The rufflen gripped.

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

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 Chinee 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

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

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?

"The Search for Hop Hi!"

in next week's issue.

HOW TO MAKE! HOW TO MEND! HARMSWORTH'S FOR THE HANDYMAN Part I on sale Jhursday. Feb.8! ORDER TO-DAY **FORTNIGHTLY** ALL NEWSAGENTS PARTS

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logy generally, ages 14-11. An increase answered.

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correspond with readers anywhere, ages 15-18. All letters answered.

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storics from readers for printing in his maga-zine, "The Wolf."

zine, "The Wolf."

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Miss E. H. Roberts, 9, Upper Street, Islington, N. 1, wishes to correspond with readers abroad.

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David Penn, 79, Cornwall Road, Notting Hill, London, W. 11, wishes to hear from any readers, ages 11-14, who would like to play for Cornwall Athletic next season.

E. Rosenberg, 14, St. Stephen's Road, Bow, E. 3, wishes to join a sports club within two miles' radius.

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or overseas.

J. L. Morrow, J. Balmore Road, Lambhill, Glasgow, wishes to hear from readers who are interested in literature and coin collecting. This correspondent is running a literary club in connection with a very excellent amateur magazine, and would like to hear from anybody willing to become a member

member.

H. Hammond, 3, Blantyre Street, Chelsea, S.W. 10, wishes to hear from readers overseas who would be willing to join the Boys' International Exchange.

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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.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Cardew Speaks His Mind!

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

negligently on the sofa, looked up.
"Calm yourself, dear man," he said.

"What excitin' news have you brought

"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!"

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

Leyison. "What luck?" asked Cardew breath-

lessly.

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

"Against whom?"
"Wynport College."
"Whew!" Cardew gave a low whistle. "When!" Carden gave a low winste.
"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?"

"Higheliffe," said Levison, with a
grin, "And they just managed to scrape
home—hy eight goals to nil!"

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 High-cliffe 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

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 fall that the state of the state o

liar 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

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 "I was merely the figure-head," he was constantly explaining to his schoolfellows. "It's the others you've got to thank. Loyalty? By gnd, 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

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

In the second round Greyfriars had provided the opposition. And the Friars 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-

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, for-

gotten 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, should like to know? Was it Tom

Merry?" "No!" came in a mighty roar from the

"No! came 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 fold against Wynfellow

"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

was quivering with excitement and passion.
"Fair play's a jowel!" 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.

THE POPULAR.—No. 211.

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

"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

"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.

> TOM MERRY. "-(Signed) "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 cloven that host heatedly. "I won't go so far as Grundy, and say that the same eleven that beat Greyfriars ought to play against Wyn-port. But Tom Merry might have included one or two of them—you, at any rate, Ralph!"
"Never mind me," said Cardew.

me," "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 elaven. Dick Brooke, for instance. He played a nailin' 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 greens for Tom Merry!" end

"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 Carafrians. Grevfriars.

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

round upon Levison.

"What's Levison?" opinion of your

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 whose to call them, should play against without they're all fit again. And yet it isn't fair that the team that licked Greyfriars—your team, Cardow—should be left out in the cold."

cardew nodded.

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 work the same of my chans quibt to get a think some of my chaps ought to get a show. An', what's more, I mean to see that they do!"

THE POPULAR .- No. 211.

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 ex-pected 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

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. Col-lins, 41, Gladstone Road, Croydon; C. Lake, 43, Killyon Road, Wandsworth Road, S.W. 8; Percy Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester. Manchester.

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

May Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester; Leslie Tombs, 68, Astwood Road, Worcester; C. Kelly, 5, Hands Street, Litherland, Liverpool; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egorton 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, S. Abbey Road, Merton, S.W. 19; S. H. T. Auld, 54, Langley Road, Portsmouth: Poppy Meek, 29, Charles Street, Berkhampsted, Herts; John B. Moorwood, 38, Borrowdale Road, Seiton 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, Campbeltown, N.B.; F. A. Collins, 13, Dover Road, Wanstead, E. 12; B. Ashworth, 756, Oldham Road, Falisworth, Manchester; Mrs. J. Mastin, 21, Tenter Street, Rotherham; H. Allcott, 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!"

"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 factor.

"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 conat the done. It a tooter 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' there myself on one side for a moment, there are six fellows who are entitled to play in Saturday's match. I refer to Clive, Clyn, Dane, Brooke, Roylance, an' 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?"

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

bombshell. 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 tarm I shall do sa'. the team, I shall do so."

Tom Merry could only gasp. 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 bomb-shell. He left the Terrible Three staring at each other in stupefied surprise.

THE SECOND CHAPTER, At a Deadlock.

ELL, 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:

The "Final" At Last! St. Jim's Great Fight for the Cup—Next Week 1

"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 some-where," 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 cheering, House quartette as he came up. Cardew nodded cheerfully to the New

"What does this mean, Cardew?" asked Figgins, pointing to the noticeboard.

"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

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

"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 Cuptie," 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!"

"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 dead-

"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



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.

ball

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

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

Cardew. "We're going to play for St. Jim's," said Figgins. "Never mind anything clse. We refuse to takes sides in this 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 ne good."

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

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 super-fluous 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 ne 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 cortain, 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 Cuptie authorities had a very strict rule

about prompt starting.
THE POPULAR.—No. 211.

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 Reylance.
Left-half: Noble or Glyn. Outside-right:
If Arey 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!" "Bon'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, amid mingled cheering and groaning.
It was found that three of Cardew's men, including Ralph Reckness himself,

The positions were to be filled thus:
Right-half: Roylance. Left-hal The positions
Right-half; Roylance, Leit-naix.
Noble, Outside-right: Cardew, Insideright: Clive, Centre-forward; Merry.
Inside-left: Talbot. Outside-left:

Cardew turned to Clive with a smile. "You an' me constitute the right wing, Sidney," he said. "It's rough leck 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, havin' finally settled this business, we'll go forth an' collect the scalps of Wynport College."

THE THIRD CHAPTER, Football Extraordinary.

TERE 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 bould form the sight. should form the right wing.

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. 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

"Goal!" The crowd cheered delightedly. This early goal for the Saints was a good

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 a Wynport attack. Then followed long spell of midfield play. The ball 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 advan-

tage.
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

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 defence

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 centreforward broke through and scored.

Shortly after this calamity, another

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 large had been put out. He was carried 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 ad-themselves to the loss of Redfern. 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 off for St. Jim's. Tallot 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 dan-

gerous 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. 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. Lim's entered

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

Challenge Cup Competition.

How do St. Jim's Fare in the Final of the Public Schools' Challenge Cup?-Read all about it, next week, in:-

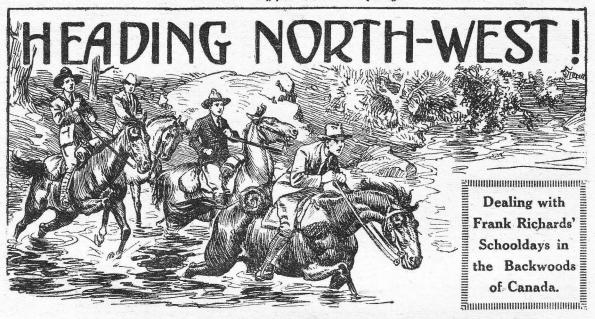
"THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL!"

Don't forget-

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

-Order Early!

HOLIDAY ADVENTURES IN THE BACKWOODS !-When Frank Richards & Co. take the lone trail into the great North-West they find adventure in plenty!



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Yen Chin, Too!

AST day at school!" remarked Bob

Lawless.

"No more blessed work for weeks to come!" said Chunky Todgers, with great satisfaction.
Frank Richards laughed.
Frank was looking forward to the holidays, but not exactly for the same reason as Chunky. He did not object to work.

"We're going to spread ourselves a bit these holidays," went on Bob Lawless. "A few days at home just to make our people happy—ahem—" Lawless.

happy-ahem-"Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!"

"And then the North-West trail!" said Bob, with glistening eyes. "Just our hosses and guns and ourselves, and all the North-West in front of us! Up the Cascade Mountains, perhaps right on through the Coast Range to the Pacific—hay? You've never seen the Pacific—hay? You've never seen the Pacific, Franky?"

"Not yet," said Frank Richards.

"It's a great sight. We shall see something of the mining-camps in the Cascade section, too, and the Redskins in their native haunts. As Chunky's coming with us we'll make him do all the chores."

"Oh, will you?" said Chunky Todgers warmly.

warmly.
"The whatter?" asked Frank.

"The whatter? asked Frank.

"Ah, I forgot you don't speak Canadian well yet," grinned Bob. "I mean the work about camp—the chores, you know. Chunky will be useful if not ornamental!"

"Why, you jay—" exclaimed Chunky. Chunky Todgers was far from believing that he was not ornamental, and he had no great desire to be useful.

he was not ornamental, and he had no great desire to be useful.

"It will be ripping!" said Vere Beaucierc.

"The time of our lives, Cherub!" said Bob.
"I suppose your roppa won't mind you coming away for a few weeks?"

Beauciere shook his head:
"Year the mill be away timeoff as it.

"No; father will be away himself, as it happens. I've told him I'm going on a holiday with you fellows, and he's glad,"
"Good!"

"I say, there's been a lot of big strikes in the Cascade Mountains," remarked Chunky Todgers thoughtfully. "Suppose we found a gold-mine—"
"I'll bring home in my hat all the gold-

"I'll bring home in my hat all the gold-mines you find, Chunky. Hallo, you lump of yellow wickedness, what do you want?"

Bob Lawless addressed that polite question to Yen Chin, the Chinee of Cedar Creek School.

The chums of Cedar Creek were standing in the gateway, chatting while they waited for the bell for afternoon lessons—the last lessons they were to receive for many merry

Yen Chin came wriggling up with an agreeable grin upon his yellow face.
"No mole schoollee aftel to-mollow," he

said.

"Just found that out?"

"You chappee goee away," said Yeu Chia.
"Me heal talky-talky. You goee on long joulney North-West—oh, yes?"

"Correct!"

"Nicey-nicey!" said Yen Chin. comee

"Neey-neey!" said Yen Chin. "Me comee."

"Eh!"

"Me comee North-West with handsome Bob," said Yen Chin. "You likee me comee?"

"Oh!"

"You likee me comee, Flanky?"

"Ahem!" murmured Frank Richards.

"You likee, Chelub!"

Vere Beauclere coughed.

As a matter of fact, the chums of Cedar Creek were not yearning for the company of the Chinee on their North-Western trip. Chunky Todgers, who was not quite so polite as the rest, answered the little Chinee with delightful directness.

"You likee me comee, Todgee?"

"No fear!" answered Chunky.

"No likee?"

"No heathens in this outfit!" said Chunky.

"No heathens in this outfit!" said Chunky.
"Run away ard chop chips, you young jay!
You'll be in the way!"
"Chinee velly nicey boy," said Yen Chin.
sorrowfully. "Me tinkee likee comee. Me

sorrowfully. "Me tinkee likee comee. Me cookee."

"Yep, I guess I know your cooking!" said Bob Lawless, with a wry face. "No cats and dogs on my plate thanks!"

"Me cookee nicee."

"The fact is, four's company, and five's a crowd!" said Bob. "You wouldn't like it, Yen Chin.

"Takee only four, notice fivee?" said Yen Chin thoughtfully.

"Correct."

"Allee lightee! Leave ugly Chunkee, and takee me instead."

"Why, you cheeky heathen!" roared Chunky Todgers in great wrath. "Do you want me to scalp your pigtail?"

want me to scalp your pigtail?"
Yen Chin jumped back.

"No wantee nicey Chinee?" he exclaimed.
"Allee light! You go choppee-chippee. You
velly ugly, bad boy!"
The chums of Cedar Creek grinned as Yen

Chin marched away with that remark.

"Hallo, there's the bell!" exclaimed Bob.
Frank Richards & Co. went into the school-

There was a buzz of voices in Miss Meadows'

class when the schoolmistress came in.

That afternoon most of the boys and girls were thinking more of their coming holidays than of their last instructions at Miss Meadows hands.

"Silence, piease!" said Miss Mendows. The lessons proceeded.

The lesson happened to be geography, and it dealt with North-Western Canada, and so Frank Richards & Co. were more than usually interested in it.

That was the region where they were to travel.

But the lesson was suddenly interrupted by terrific yell from Bob Lawless: "Yaroooor!"

Bob leaped to his feet as he yelled. Miss Meadows spun round towards him,

"I-I-I was stung!" gasped the unhappy Bob. "Something sharp ran into my leg, ma'am."
"Nonsense!"

"It-it did, ma'am! Somebody stuck a pin

in me, I guess!" howied Bob, turning to glare at the row behind him.

In the form behind there were Chunky Todgers, Tom Lawrence, and Yen Chin. All three of them stared at Bob and grinned.

Miss Meadows came among the desks. "Did one of you touch Lawless with a pin?" she exclaimed severely. "Nunno, ma'am!"

"Numb, ma am!"
"Certainly not, ma'am!"
"No touchee Bobbee," murmured Yen Chin.
"No leachee. How can?"
"That is quite true. These boys could not reach you, Lawless, without leaving their seats," said Miss Meadows.
"All the same, somebody stuck something into me," said Bob. "It hurts like anything! Ow!"
"This is very extraordinary! You may

"This is very extraordinary! You may change places with Richards, Lawless."
"Yes, ma'am."
Bob changed forms with his chum, and

Bob changed forms with his chu Frank Richards sat down in his place.

Miss Meadows, with a very severe look, resumed the lessons.

But there was destined to be another interruption,

It came from Frank Richards this time. He jumped up suddenly with a how! that ran through the class-room, and caused all the class to stare round.

"Yah, yah! Oh! Oh, my hat! Ow!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER,

Four in Trouble!

ICHARDS!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"How dare you interrupt the lessons, Richards!" exclaimed Miss Meadows angrily. "Are you out of your senses, boy?" senses, boy?

THE POPULAR.-No. 211.

Roaring Wild West Stories That Are Always Popular !

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

Todgers! Yen Chin! Did you touch Richards

you touch Richards?"
"No, ma'am!"
"No touchee nicee old Flanky," said Yen Chin. "How can?"
"Richards, I am afraid that you are deliherately wasting time," said Miss Meadows sternly. "This appears to me to be a joke between you and Lawless."
"Oh, no, ma'am! I—I—"

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

Frank Richards obeyed with scarlet cheeks. Vere Beauclerc, with a rather puzzled look 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.

rang reasing 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.

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 clapsed Miss Meadows was interrupted by a sharp cry from Vere Beauclere: "Oh!"

The schoolmistress' eyes were fixed upon him at once.

Beauclere!"

"I-I am sorry, Miss Meadows!" stammered eauclerc. "Someone ran a pin into my Beauclere. leg!

"You must be well aware, Beauciere, that you are stating an impossibility!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "No one could do so without stooping; and certainly no one has stooped. J 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 Beauclere, come out before the class!"

Frank Richards & Co. obeyed with crimson

Miss Meadows pointed to the corner of the

the youngest class.

"You will join Mr. Slimmey was busy with 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

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 lias his own views on that subject.

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

Grinning clanes were tunned towards them

Grinning 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.

"Yarooh! Yah! Yawp!"
Chunky Todgers fairly bellowed.

"Todgers!" shricked 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 had hoy!"

"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 dismally 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 to-wards Frank Richards & Co. with a stern brow.

You have displeased me very much, 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 set you a task."

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 online.

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

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 Beauclerc. "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

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. I' Chinee cly!" said Yen Chin Pool lill' solemnly.

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

"Brr-r-!" grunted Bob Lawiess.
"You likee goee way?" asked Yen Chin.
"Can't, duffer! We're detained, ain't we?"
"Me askee Missy Meadee!"
"Bathead!" said Frank. "You'll get detained, too, if you're cheeky to Miss Meadows." 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 showee 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

They did not quite know the facts yet.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Ungrateful!

OME in!" called out Miss Meadows as a tap came at her study door.
Yen Chin wriggled into the room. The schoolmistress a smile.

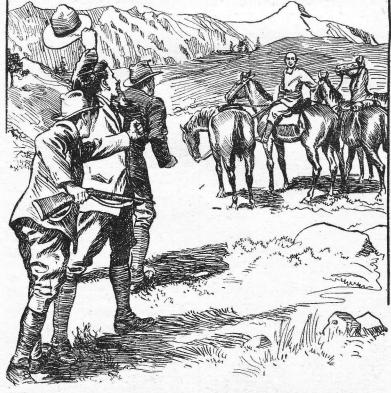
Yen Chin was a thorough little rascal in many respects, but he was a good fellow in some ways, and the queer little Celestial was rather liked in the lumber school. Miss Meadows was always kind to Yen Chin. "Well, what is it, Yen Chin?" she asked. "Me solly"

"Me solly."

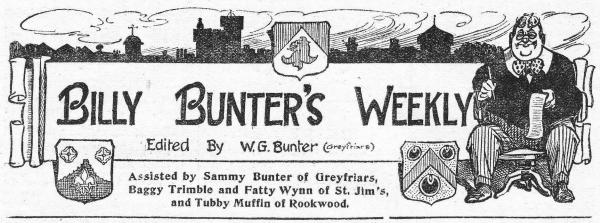
"What?"

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

Meadows' suppressed a smile. (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.)



Supplement No. 108.

Week Ending February 3rd, 1923.

EDITORIA

By Billy Bunter.

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

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 presslus. the more preshus.

Being fat has its advantages. It also has it 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 kontents 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 to have another from Sammy's powerful pen. I have plezzure in delivering the goods herewith.

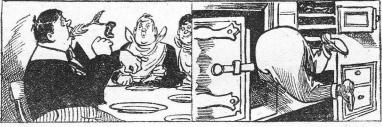
"Larf and grow fat," runs the ancient proverb. And there is enuff larfter in these presents to make all my readers.

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 sinseerly, 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.

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

Eight foolish fat boys stayed up till

eleven, One collapsed through overweight, and there were seven.

Seven foolish fat boys; one contrived to mix Tomato-sauce with applethen pie, and there

were six.

Six foolish fat boys for the cake did strive, One was prodded with a knife, a and then there

Five foolish fat boys began to sleep and snore.

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

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

One succumbed to frostbite, and then there were three.

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

Two foolish fat boys devoured another

was one.

It fairly finished one of them, and then there

One foolish fat boy got in such a fix;

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

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

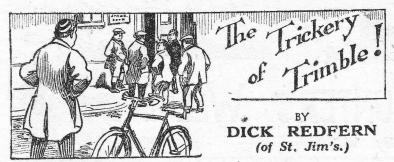
I think he is jellus of plumpness in a fellow. He is as skinny as a skellington himself. As I have already said, a fat boy gets to the top of the ladder of fame, miles, or rather rungs, before the chap all skin and bones.-ED.)







THE POPULAR.-No. 211.



TAL BUN WANTED! To appear nightly 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 abovenamed hall." FAT BOY WANTED! To appear nightly

That advertisement, which appeared in the local paper, was pointed out to Baggy Trimble in the junior Common-room. It was Levison who brought it to Baggy's

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 fellow for miles around, I'll eat my Sunday fellow for miles around, I in 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.

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 pay-

for about hair 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

the music-hall, and the evening performance had not yet begsin.

Baggy beheld a procession of fat boys rolling into the building. He rested the bieycle 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.

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-half at once, fear-The Popular.—No. 211.

"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!

ful lest his chances of getting the job had

ful lest 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!"

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!"
"Whe?"

"Why?"
"I-I'm afraid of catching a chill!" faltered



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

"What nonsense!"

"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 be turned upon the im-

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.

STOUT BOYS or SLIM BOYS? WHICH DO YOU PREFER? A Number of Rookwood fellows state their views on this subject. SLIM BOYS?

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 Shakefat," says Shakespeare. But Shake-speare 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 nationed with fat 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 notiss 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 shudder at the very thought of it. One fat fellow is worth four scraggy scarecrows, in my opinion. And I don't say this bekawse I happen to be—er—a little on the stout side myself. I say it on the stout side myself. I bekawse it is my honest opinion.

VAL MORNINGTON:

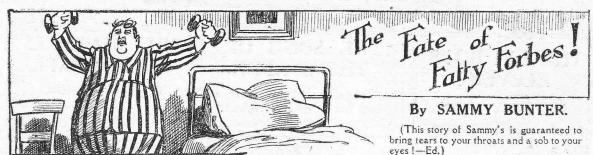
It doesn't matter the toss of a button whether a fellow is stout or slim, so long as he plays the game and sticks to his code of honour. There are fat sportsmen and fat cads; there are slim sportsmen and slim cads; and you can't definitely say that fat people are preferable to thin, or vice versa.

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 !-Ep.)

Supplement II.



TTY FORBES, of the Fourth Form at St. Fred's, was fatter than Fal-staff.

Fatty had been fat ever since he

ratty had been fat ever since he could remember. And although he didn't beleeve in the Coo-ee treetment 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. Nappoleon was fat; and it's no use your reminding me that Nelson was thin, bekawse two wrongs don't make a write.

Send a fat how and a thip how out into

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 clime 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 berst!" "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 eggser-

"You'll have to take ap size," said Larker.

"And cut down your feeding," said Lawson. Fatty Forbes was not at all keen on doing this. He loathed eggsersize, 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 sumthing despritt if he wanted to work off his scoperfluous fat.

"I'll set to work right away!" he eggs-

claimed.

claimed.

Fatty started off by buying a pear of dumbbells. If only those dumbbells could speek!
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.

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 impossibul). He ate pracktically 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 fedny with your fatness. There's no room for anybody else in the studdy when you're there!"

there!

"I'm taking eggsersize—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 treet-ment—Fatty Forbes weighed limself 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 terribul!"

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 eggsersizes.

In the evening he again weighed himself.

Horrer of horrers! He was fourteen stoan! In spite of all his anti-fat treetment, Fatty Forbes had put on two stoan in two

days!

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

"I reelly 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," stuttered 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.

The Form master looked thoughtful.

"Perraps you are taking the wrong treetment, 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 increesing fatness, and he worried bekawse he had not eaten a square meel for days. He worried about anything and everything.

And the more he worried the fatter he got!

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 terribul condition.
He was no longer able to enter his studdy
in the ordinery 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 clothers had shrunk so much that he

His clothes had shrunk so much that he had to have special soots made. And when he attempted to ride his bicycle, it promptly

kollapsed beneeth his weight. Life became a burden to Fatty Forbes.

Although he was so fat, he had a very thin

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 Formroom.

"I say, Larker," he muttered, "I believe 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 terribul crash.

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

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 grashus!" 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 duzzen 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 tast. He opened his eyes, but was unable to stagger to his feet.

"Roll me round to the sanny, 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 sanny.

"He'll be back to his normal sighs when

the sanny.

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

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

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

"I am sorry, my boy," he said, "but I ant 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"

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 missfortune, not your fault. But I dare not permit you to remain at the skool. You will be a constant saves of daying to the mission that, now your hand. Dut I date 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 axxident? He would never service 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 steem-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 hangker-cheefs and weep hot, skalding tears of lammentation and whoa!

THE END THE POPULAR .-- No. C11.

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. Rookwood.

When we got to Greyfriars we received

rather a shock.

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

But there are lots of fairly slim fellows in the Greyfriars Remove who fellows in the Greyfriats 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.

swooped down upon me.

There was rebody 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

which baffled me altogether, and dehed 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. 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 eyer 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 beest! I shall refuse to pay you a penny peace for this artikle!—Ep.)

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 flout 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 firstrate.

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 WEERLY 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.)

. \$\delta \cdots \cdots

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 obstaclerace, 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 scarcerows like Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd; but when I tried to skweeze my way between two of the rungs I got hoaplessly stuck! My pals had to come and eggstricate me.

I had another unforchunate eggsperience 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 feet. I found it impossibul. I mannidged 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.

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 feet 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 check to charge me double

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 ordinery people. The same thing happened when I travelled by tramcar and tay!

taxi.

Another grate drawback to being fat is that you have to pay twice as much for a soot of clothes as any ordinary individual. The tailor at Latcham told me that he used twice as many yards of cloth in clothing meas 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 spong over his annatermy in two ticks; but a fat fellow has to put in twenty minnits' hard laber.

a fat fellow has to put in twenty minnits' hard laber.
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 kollum. But next week I will write a sort of sequel to this artikle.
(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 riding-skeol 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.

HEADING NORTH-WEST!

(Continued from page 12.)

Chin had not learned that way of expressing himself at Cedar Creek.
"What have you done, my boy?" asked
Miss Meadows, supposing that the Chinee had come to her to confess some little fault that troubled his tender conscience.

"Me stickee pinnee in pool old Flanky."
"What!" exclaimed Miss Meadows, with a

start.

"Me plickee them with pinnee," said Yen Chin.

"Chinee velly bad boy, awiul old lascal. No can say how solly. Must confess to Miss Meadee, because pool old Flanky kept in Oh, yes!"

Miss Meadows' look became very stern.

"You bad boy!" she exclaimed. "Do you

"You bad boy!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that Richards and the others were stating the truth all the time?"

Collect!

"You are a very bad boy, Yen Chin. But I fear that you are not telling me the truth. I should have seen you if you had done as you state

Yen Chin grinned. "Chinee velly clevel old lascal!" he said penitently. "Lookee!"

penitently. "Lookee!"

The Celestial held up his foot.
On the toe of his boot a large, thick pin
was fixed, point outwards.
Miss Meadows stared at him.
She could see how Frank Richards and his
chums had been jabbed with the pin without the young rascal getting near them.
Yen Chin, while keeping his place on his
form, had simply stretched out his leg under
his desk to make his attack.
The Canadian schoolmistress was speechless for some moments.

less for some moments.

"You wicked boy!" she exclaimed at last.

"Chinee awful solly." "Why have you come and told me this,

Yen Chin?" Pool old Flanky kept in. Bad conscience." d Yen Chin. "Feelee mustee tell Miss bies Yen Chin. Meadee

"I am glad you have so much conscience," said Miss Meadows. "As you have confessed this of your own accord, Yen Chin, I cannot very well punish you. If it had come to my knowledge in any other way, I should punish you severely." you severely."
"Me solly."

"I hope you are sorry. You have acted very badly. You may go!"
"Me tankee beautiful Miss Meadee."
And Yen Chin glided from the room with an expression of penitent remors on his

As soon as he was in the passage, however, that expression gave place to a wide grin, and he chuckled softly and silently as he glided out of the schoolhouse.

Yen Chin's remorse was evidently only skin-

Miss Meadows proceeded to the school-room, where she found four dismal youths buried in their task.

in their task.

"My boys, you may go," she said kindly.
"I am sorry that I misjudged you. It seemed so impossible that your statement could be correct that I concluded you were playing a foolish, practical joke. I find that that was not the case."

Frank Richards & Co. rose to their feet, wondering how Miss Meadows had learned that much.

But the school mistress explained at once.

But the schoolmistress explained at once. Yen Chin has confessed to me,

"Yen Chin!" exclaimed Frank.
"Yes; he had a pin fastened on his boot,"
said Miss Meadows.

The awful young rascal!" exclaimed Bob. "I am sorry you have been detained for no fault," said Miss Meadows "It doesn't matter a bit, ma'am!" said

"It doesn't matter a bit, ma'am!" said Frank cheerfully. "I'm glad you know now that we were not being disrespectful."

The four boys quitted the school-room with

great satisfaction.

As they crossed the playground towards the corral for their horses they met Yen Chin.

Four glares of great wrath were turned at once on the Chinee.

"You pesky jay!" howled Chunky Todgers, shaking a fat fist at the youth from the Flowery Land. "You young rascal!" exclaimed Frank

"You young rascal!"

"You—you pig-tailed, pink-eyed, yellow-skinned son of a pesky heathen!" said Bob Lawless Lawless.

Lawless.
"No savvy," said Yen Chin. "Chinee good boy. Me askee Missy Meadee lettee you off. Me good pal."
"It was you all the time, sticking a pin in us with your boot!" exclaimed Beauclerc.

Yen Chin backed away.

"Miss Meadee talky too muchee," he said.
"No wantee Missy Meadee tellee you."

"Let's duck him in the crock!" exclaimed Todgers.

Todgers.
"No duckee pool lill' Chinee. Me gettee you off!" urged Yen Chin. "Me good boy; velly fond of nicey, old Flanky. Now me comee with you on holiday—ol, yes?"

Apparently Yen Chin thought he had a strong claim on "the gratitude of Frank Richards & Co. for getting them off detention"

tion.

But, considering that he had been the cause of their detention in the first place, the chums did not see where the claim for

gratitude came in.

If Yen Chin expected gratitude, at all events he was disappointed. It was something quite different that he received.

The four exasperated fellows rushed on him and collared him on all sides.

Yen Chin was slammed over a bench, and Chunky Todgers started operations on him with his satchel?

Whatk, whack! Whack! As the satchel was full of books it was rather a formidable weapon, and Chunky laid it on with all the vigour of his podgy arm.

Yen Chin roared and wriggled. "You lettee up! Yoop! Pool lill' Chinee solly! Oh clumbs! Ugly Chunkee stoppee! Ugly lob Bob lettee go! Yah!"

The final whack burst the satchel, and Chunky's books were scattered far and wide. "Hold him!" panted Chunky. "I'll give him some more!"

"That will do!" said Bob Lawless, laugh-

Yen Chin was released, and he made a bolt

Chunky collected up his books, and the schoolboys led their horses out of the corral and took the trail for home.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Off for the Holidays!

EDAR CREEK SCHOOL broke up the next day, and Frank Richards & Co. rejoiced thereat, as did most of the other fellows

Not that they were not attached to their school in the backwoods; but to any school-boy the prospect of a long holiday is always delightful.

And Frank Richards & Co. had laid plans for an excursion of unusual magnitude and interest.

Frank had not forgotten his brief trip into the wild North-West, and he was very keen to see more of that wide, half-settled country

The chums of Cedar Creek were to travel on their "lonesome," as Bob expressed it, looking after themselves, as they were quite capable of doing.

Bob Lawless had all the cool self-reliance of the young Canadian, and his father had no doubt of his ability to take care of him-

Beauclere's father, the remittance-man of Cedar Creek, had willingly given the Cherub permission to join in the long excursion, more especially as he was to be away from home himself for some weeks.

The shack by the creek would have been lonesome for Beauclerc, with his father and his chums away.

Chunky Todgers, the fourth of the party, was very keen on the journey, entertaining a hope of discovering a gold-claim somewhere in the North-Western hills.

The holiday journey meant a good deal of hard work, for the schoolboys had to camp out, to care for their horses, to hunt and fish for most of their food, and do every-

thing for themselves.

But hard work is one of the natural conditions of existence in the Canadian West,

and even Chunky Todgers did not want to slack all the time. Several days passed very cheerily in making preparations for the journey. Frank and Bob and Vere Beauclerc and

Chunky were continually riding over to one another's homes to make arrangements about "outfit "

When all was ready, and it was time to start, the "outfit" gathered at the Lawless ranch.

Bright and early on a fine morning the

chums of Cedar Creek took the trail.

Mounted upon their own horses, and with a pack-mule led with baggage packed on his

back, they started on the western trail.

Two rifles and a shotgun and a huntingknife and axe apiece were the armament of

the party.

Chunky Todgers had a desire to carry a revolver—a desire upon which his companions sat on at once.
Mr. and Mrs

Mr. and Mrs Lawless accompanied the quartette for a few miles on the way in the ranch buggy, to see them off as far as the ford of the Indian River.

"Take care of yourselves, my dear boys," said Mrs. Lawless when they parted.
"You bet!" said Rob.

"You rely on me, ma'am," said Chunky Todgers. "I'm looking after them, you know.

Mrs. Lawless smiled.
"I'll bring 'em back safe and sound!" said
Chunky; while his companions glared at him.
"Rely on me!"

"Good-bye, Bob! Good-bye, Franche riders plunged in at the ford. Good-bye, Frank!"

On the other side they stopped to wave their hands at the rancher and his wife in the buggy, which then turned back towards the ranch.

Then the four trotted on across the green, rolling prairie.

The sun rose higher upon a wide expanse green, with dusky timber in the distance. The chums of Cedar Creek were in great

"Off at last!" said Bob Lawless. way, I rather expected to see that Chinee heathen again. He hasn't shown up."

Frank Richards laughed.

"This trip wouldn't have suited Ven Chin," he said. "Besides, I believe the young rascal is wanted in his pater's laundry during the holidays.

good many miles glided under the pat tering hoofs before the adventurers camped for the noonday rest in a clump of timber beside a silvery spring.

The horses were staked out, and Bob Law-

less went into the wood with his gun to look for dinner.

Chunky Todgers cooked the dinner at a fire of chips, with great satisfaction to himself and his comrades.

After dinner the chums of Cedar Creek laid in the grass to rest and to give the horses a rest before taking the trail again.

The four horses and the pack-mule were

staked out with the trail-ropes on the edge of the stream at a little distance.

The faint sound of the crop-cropping of the animals came to the ears of the schoolboys as they rested in the rich, long grass.

The sound ceased, but they did not notice it for some time. It occurred to Bob Law-less at last, however, and he sat up in the grass and looked about him.

The next moment be bounded to his feet.
"Jeloshapnat!" he exclaimed.
"What's the row?" asked Beauclere.
"The hosses!"

"What's the matter with them?"
"Gone!" yelled Bob.
"What?"

The campers were on their feet in a twink-

They dashed along the stream to the spot

where the borses had been roped.

Not a sign of them was to be seen.

Close at hand was the timber, into which the animals had evidently vanished.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

"You couldn't have tied them safely, Bob!"

Lawless snorted

BOD Lawless shorted
"Do you reckon I don't know how to stake
out a horse?" he demanded. "They couldn't
get loose from the peg!"
"But they have, old scout!"
"They've been et loose, I guess!"
"There's nobody here but ourselves," said

"There's Roos-Chunky Todgers.
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"You jay! There must be—some dashed horse-thief, I guess. Look at that rope!" Bob Lawless held up the end of a trail-

rope still attached to the peg.

It had been cut through with a knife.

"Oh, my hat!" said Beauclere, in dismay.

"A horse-thief, right enough! Almost under our eyes, too!"

"Corne on!" evaluited Reb.

"Come on!" exclaimed Bob.

The trail of the horses into the timber was plain enough in the rich grass.

Bob had caught up his rifle as he ran from the camp, and he held it in readiness for use as he started for the timber with a grim look an his race.

use as he started for the timoer with a gime look on his race.

It was a bard blow to be robbed of their horses on the first day of their journey; and if it was necessary to return to the ranch for fresh mounts, they could anticipate the smiles with which they would be greeted.

They would almost rather have continued

the journey on thot.

If a horse-thief had to be dealt with, they were prepared to deal with him as drastically as need be.

Bob Lawless would have had no hesitation whatever in using his rifle for the recovery of the their recovery.

of the stolen mounts.

The trail of the horses and the pack-mute was easily followed through the timber, and they came out on the plain beyond.

Bob, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed out over the sunlik register.

out over the sunlit prairie.
"There they are!"
Far out on the plain a bunch of steeds
came into view, with a single rider in their

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. No Luck for Yen Chin.

RANK RICHARDS & CO. stared hard after the purloined horses, and at the solitary figure of the rider.

They were half a mile away, but even at that distance they could discern something familiar about the rider.

His form was diminutive, and he was evidently a boy-and a boy of small size at that. "They've stopped," said Beauclere

Bob Lawless breathed hard.
"Gimme the glasses, Franky!"
Frank Richards slipped his field-glasses from the leather case slung over his shoulder, and handed tuem to his chum.

Bob lifted the binoculars to his eyes, and then he uttered an angry exclamation.
"I thought so!"
"Who is it, Bob?"
"That blessed Chime!"
"Yen Chin!" yelled Chunky Todgers.
"I guess so!"
Frank Richards draw a brooth of relief

"I guess oo!"
Frank Richards drew a breath of relief.
"Not a horse-thief, after all! We shall
get the gees back," he said.
"And I guess we'll make that heathen
smart for this trick!" growled Bob Lawless.
The four schoolboys strode out on the
plain, the grass rising thigh-deep round
them. them.

They hurried in the direction of the halted

They hurrled in the direction of the halted group of steeds, which was the direction in which they had come from home.

As they came closer Yen Chin was easily recognised.

He was mounted upon a wiry-looking Indian pony, and he held the trail-ropes of the four horses and the pack-mule in one hand

The captured animals were cropping the grass, and Yen Chin sat motionless on his pony, regarding the chums of Cedar Creek as they came towards him with a grinning countenance.

Evidently he had observed them in pur-suit, and was waiting for them to get near enough to recapture their mounts.

It was clear to them that Yen Chin had been watching when they started, and had followed on their trail unnoticed, with the intention of playing this impish trick on them at the first halting-place

If they got near enough to reach Yen Chin with a trail-rope they intended to give him a severe lesson on the subject of prac-tical jokes of this kind.

The question was, whether they would get near enough, for the cunning Chinee was master of the situation.

Being mounted, while the Co. were afoot, he could keep any distance he liked.
For the present, however, he remained as motionless, almost, as a yellow image, The Popular.—No. 211.

watching them as they toiled nearer, his

watching them as they toiled nearer, his almond eyes glimmering.

As soon as they were within hailing distance he held up his disengaged hand.

"Stoppee!" he called out.
The chums did not reply; they put on a spurt to get nearer.

Immediately Yen Chin set his pony in motion, and started off, the led horses following him at the end of the trail-ropes.

The whole bunch trotted away, leaving the schoolboys, on foot, hopelessly in the rear.

Bob Lawless panted.
"By Jerusalem, I'll lambaste that heathen when I get near him!"

Chunky Todgers gave a prolonged gasp. He had more fat to carry than his companions, and he was at the end of his tether.

"We c-can't get near him!" he gasped.
"I say, I can't keep on!"

"Go back to the camp and look after our truck," said Bob Lawless. "We'll see about the hosses!"

"All right!" gasped Chunky.

And the fat youth limped away on the back-trail, quite content to leave to his comrades the difficult task of running down

And the fat youth limped away on the back-trail, quite content to leave to his comrades the difficult task of running down the clusive Yen Chin.

How Yen Chin was to be run down was a mystery, as a matter of fact. On foot the

A REGULAR READER-



-OF THE "POPULAR" IS ALWAYS POPULAR WITH HIS CHUMS!

chums could not get near him unless he

They halted at last, panting for breath. Bob Lawless put his hands to his mouth, and shouted desperately: "Yen Chin! Hait!"

The Chinee looked back over his shoulder, grinning.

As soon as he saw that the pursuers had stopped he stopped also, but evidently ready to trot off again at a moment's notice.

"Allee light!" he called back. "You stoppee, me stoppee—oh, yes!"

Bob came a little nearer, and the Chinee held up his hand.
"That enuffee! You talkee if wantee, but

no comee mole neal."

Bob breathed hard.
"Give us back our scamp!" he exclaimed.
"You wantee hoss?" our horses, you yellow

"You wantee hoss?"

"Yes, you young rasca!?"

"Me blingee backee, if wantee. You wantee me comee on holiday with nicce pals?" asked Yen Chin.

"No!" roared Bob, understanding now the reason of the little Celestial's trickery.

"Then me no blingee hossee."

"I'll scalp you!" roared Bob.

"You catchee me firstee!" said Yen Chin cheerfully. "Wantee long leggee to lun aftee hossee, you old lasca!!"

"Yen Chin, don't be a silly beast!" exclaimed Frank. "We're going to have the horses, if we follow you all the way home; and then you'll get the trail-rope!"

"No goee homee," answered Yen Chin calmiy. "Goee on holiday, takee hossee, you bet! Lill' Chinee velly deep old iascal—oh., yes!" oh, y The

The chums shook their fists at the Celestial, who kissed his hand to them in response

They drew a little nearer, and Yen Chia promptly set the horses in motion, keeping his distance,

Bob Lawless suddenly brought his rifle to

bob Lawess studenty brought his three so his shoulder.

"Yen Chin, bring back those hosses, or I'll wing you!" he roared.

Yen Chin looked back and grinned.

"No shootee pool lill' Chinee!" he called back. "Gleat Shellff Hendelson come along the back and how men or the Oh was!"

back. "Great Shellt Hendelson come along with lope and hang up on thee. Oh, yes!"

The threat was evidently useless. The wily little Oriental was quite well aware that Bob would not pull trigger upon him.

But Bob was not in a mood to be trifled with

with.

"I won't wing you, Yen Chin, but I'll jolly well drop your pony in his tracks!" he exclaimed. "Mind, I mean that! You take another step away from us with those gees, and down goes your pony!"

"Good!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "You Good!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

can do that! It's your own fault it you lose your pony, Yen Chin!"

The Celestial's grin suddenly vanished.
His pony presented an easy target to Bob's

His pony presented at easy to a rifle.

It needed but a slight pressure of Bob's finger to bring Yen Chin's pony rolling in the grass, and Yen Chin along with it.

"Go on and take the hosses, you chaps!" said Bob. "I'll keep him covered! If he takes them only a yard farther away, I'll drop him in his tracks!"

Frank Richards and Vere Beauciere strode on towards the group of horses.

on towards the group of horses Yen Chin hesitated.

He did not want his pony shot. His father, the laundryman of Thompson, would father, the laundryman of Thompson, would certainly have had a vers painful explanation with him if he had come home and announced that his valuable pony was dead.

He was watching Bob's face to ascertain whether he really meant to carry out his

threat.

Bob's rifle never wavered for a moment.

Yen Chin watched Frank and Beauclere uneasily as they came nearer.

"You no wantee lill Chinee comee?" he asked coroughlik.

asked sorrowfully.

"No fear, you tricky little beast!"
"Bob Lawiess ugly old lascal! Yen Chin, "Ugly old Bob! You no shootee, me leavee hoss!" The little Chinee threw down the bunch

of trail-ropes.

Then, when Frank and Beauclere were within a few yards, he clapped spurs to his pony and dashed off.

Bob Lawless lowered his rifle.
Yen Chin did not mean to stay for the licking he had earned; but he had to be allowed to escape.

Shooting his pony was a desperate resource only to be used for recovering the horses, and they were recovered now.

Frank and Beauclere gathered up the trail-

ropes.

"I guess I've a good mind to run him down and lambaste him!" growled Bob, as

he sprang on his horse.

But Yen Chin, who feared exactly that proceeding, was riding homeward as if for his life, and even the pleasure of lambasting

his life, and even the pleasure of lambasting the mischlevous heathen was not worth an afternoon's hard riding.

Only too thankful to have recovered their horses, the chums mounted, and rode back to the timber. Yen Chin fading out of sight on the horizon.

"Got 'em!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers, as they rode up to the camp. "Good! You galoots will have to keep a sharper eye open after this."

"I guess we've done with Yen Chin" said

"I guess we've done with Yen Chin," said Boh.

"I wonder?" remarked Frank Richards thoughtfully. He was by no means so certain that the pertinacious little Chinee was done with.

done with.

But nothing was to be seen of Yen Chin as the chums of Cedar Creek rode out of the timber in the sunny afternoon and resumed their journey towards the wild North-West.

THE END.

(Next week's tale of the Cedar Creek Chums is a Real Ripper It's entitled, "The Sticker!")

More About the Exciting Schooldays of the Famous Author NEXT WEEK!

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



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.

The Campaign Begins.

IMMY 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 "nat" 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.

"Caued me!" he said. "Me—head of the Fifth! The cad doesn't know that the Fifth! Form ain't caned! 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 bave his left, only—"

There was a very considerable "only."

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.

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?"

not going to stay at Rookwood.

"Eh?"

"They're a scrubby lot," said Jimmy, while the Fith-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 It. 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

"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 Bulkeley 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." without taking his time about it. "Well?"

"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 scoot 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—"

"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!"

"Oh!"
"F'rinstance, 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

"Just as you like. Are you fond of tar?"
"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 sween?" regred Han-

"You cheeky young sweep?" roared Han-som. "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 Bitth Formers earning.

with that, leaving the Firth-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,

"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-packet," answered Jimmy, "They're wild about his caning them. He lacks respect for the noble Fitth!"
"Ha ha ha ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"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!"

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

Hansom of the Fifth came out of the School House with his friends, with a smiling

The Fistical Four observed Hansom & Co. going round and speaking to other members of the Fifth, and they drew the conclusion that the Fifth we'c being warned to be late

for lessons that afternoon. Hansom, with all his loftiness, was evidently acting upon Jimmy Silver's sage advice.

"I think we'll be late for lessons, too," remarked Newcome. "Only a blessed prefect taking us, you know. I want to see Pumphrey catch it." So did a good many other members of the Classical Fourth

And so it happened that when George Bulkeley went into the Form-room for work that afternoon he found only five or six of the Fourth Formers present.

The rest had taken French leave for the

occasion.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Mr. Pumphrey Loses His Temper-And His Job!

C PLASH! "Yoooop!"

"My hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "He's got it!"

"He's got it!"
The new master of the Fifth Form at Rockwood had "got it," unmistakably.
Mr. Pumphrey was a minute or two late for classes and he came rather hurriedly to the Fifth Form room, expecting to find all the Fifth there awaiting him.
He did not find the Fifth Form; he found something also

something else.

As he showed open the door, which was ajar, and strode in, the booby trap above was set in action.

Mr. Pumpling hardly knew what happened.
But he knew that something thick and
stickly swamped over his head and face, accompanied by clouds of soot.
He staggered back into the passage, splut-

tering.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Help! Yooop!"
The Fistical Four, enconced in a window-recess down the passage, watched him with friendly interest, keeping out of sight, how-

Not that Mr. Pumphrey could have seen them, or anything else; his vision was en-tirely obliterated by soot and tar

He tottered in the passage, gasping and state of fury to which mere words could not have done justice.

From the end of the passage came a chuckle.

Hansom and most of the Fifth were there, waiting round the corner.
"Help! Yooop! Yaroooh! Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug-guggggg!" spluttered the Fifth Form master. "Ow! Oh! Yah! Yooop!"

He clutched desperately at the tar stream ing over his face, and gouged it from his eyes and nose.

eyes and nose.
"What ever is the matter?"
Dr. Chisholm came hurriedly from the direction of the Sixth Form room, where he was taking the top Form of Rookwood that

afternoon.

He blinked in amazement at the blackened figure staggering and gasping and gouging

in the passage.

"What—what—who—how—vthat?" stuttered the Head blankly.

"Yaroooh!"

"What does this mean? How dare you enter Rookwood, you—you unclean ruffian?"

Rockwood, you—you uncrean ruman:

"Oh my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"He doesn't know him!"

"His own father wouldn't know him like
that!" chuckled Loyell. "Keep out of sight,
for goodness' sake!"

"Yarooh! Gurgug-gug! Dr. Chisholm!"

"Who are you?" thundered the Head.

"You unclean, dirty, unpleasant—"

"You sald seal to am Mr. Pumphrey!"

"You old fool, I am Mr. Pumphrey!" roared the unhappy master of the Fifth, too enraged to care what he was saying. "Who the dickens do you think I am?"

"Wha-a-at! Mr. Pumphrey! This language to me!" stuttered the Head.
"I am the victim of an outrage!" roared Mr. Pumphrey. "Look at me! I am smothered with something—grough!—tar I THE POPULAR.—No. 211.

think! It is in my mouth—gug-gug! Look at me! Some young ruffians—grooogh!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Pumphrey gouged away more tar and blinked at the Head, palpitating with wrath.

"It was a booby-trap!" he gasped. "It was set above the door! As I entered—groogh! No one is present in the Form-room. It is evidently a plot. I demand that the author of this outrage be flogged and expelled from the school, Dr. Chisholm!"

"It is not for you to demand, Mr. Pumphrey, but to request with due respect—" respect—"
"Rubbish—

"What!

"Nonsense!" roared Mr. Pumphrey. "Do you think I am going to endure this? If you do not instantly flog the young scoundrel who treated me thus, I will take the matter into my own hands!"

"Bless my soul!" The Head was pale with anger and indignation. "Mr. Pumphrey, I have had several serious faults to find with you already. But for the fact that, owing to—to circumstances I was pressed for time, I should certainly never have engaged you as a master in this school. After your con-

There will be

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THE "POPULAR!"

duct, sir, it is quite impossible for you to remain here. The sooner you can leave Rookwood, Mr. Pumphrey, the better I shall be pleased!"

"Twaddle, sir—twaddle!" hooted Mr.

Pumphrey. Wha-a-at!"

"I demand the instant-

"Mr. Pumphrey," thundered the Head, you are dismissed!"

And with that the incensed old gentleman rustled back to the Sixth Form room, greatly perturbed, leaving Mr. Pumphrey sawing the air with his hands, and giving utterance to a stream of remarks not at all suitable for a Rookwood master.

Jimmy Silver & Co. scuttled away, almost suffocating with laughter.
The plot had worked better than the juniors had dared to hope.
The "blackleg" who had taken Mr. Greely's post was dismissed, and there was great satisfaction among the junior campaigners.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Morny Takes a Hand.

IMMY SILVER & CO. came in rather inte to lessons, and Bulkeley of the

sixth gave them a stern look.

It was no pleasure to Bulkeley to take the Fourth Form in the absence of a Form muster, and he found his hands full

with those cheery youths.

"You are late!" snapped the prefect.

"Sorry, Bulkeley!" said Jimmy meekly. "Take fifty lines each!"

"Oh!"
"And go to your places!" growled the

captain of Rookwood.

The juniors obeyed meekly.

As a prefect Bulkeley's word was law, but

as a Form master he found a good many difficulties to contend with.

However, lessons passed off quietly in the Fourth Form room, the juniors taking a good deal of credit to themselves for not ragging "old Bulkeley."

The Fifth Form room was deserted that afternoon

afternoon.

The Fifth had gone in with the Sixth by the Head's order; so the Head had had his hands full, too.

When the fellows came out of the Form-rooms the Fifth found themselves minus a Form master.

Mr. Pumphrey had spent most of the after-noon in the bath-room, with soap and water galore, in a state of simmering fury. But after the cleansing process, Mr. Pumphrey calmed down a good deal, and repented him of the hot words he had uttered to the Head

to the Head.

Repentance, however, came too late, as it so often does.

The Head refused even to see him, and the new master of the Fifth was under the necessity of packing his belongings and de-parting from Rockwood.

Quite a crowd of Rookwooders gathered to

see him off.

Hansom of the Fifth clapped Jimmy Silver on the shoulder as the cab drove away to the station.

"Good for you, young 'un!" Hansom con-descended to say. "Of course, you couldn't foresee that it would turn out so well. Fancy the silly ass slanging the Head! But it has turned out well, and we're obliged to you."

"My dear man, that's better than an O.B.E." said Jimmy Silver gravely. "I feel that I haven't lived in vain, if you're obliged to me, Hansom."

Whereat Hansom sniffed and walked away. The Fifth Form were without a master now, and it was arranged for them to work with the Sixth for the present, under charge of the Head.

That arrangement, the only possible one in the circumstances, was far from satisfactory, however.

But after his unhappy experience with hurrieally-engaged new masters, it was pretty certain that the Heal would take his time in selecting a new man.

And ere long, if Jimmy Silver's campaign went on satisfactorily, the hapless Head was to have some more places to fill.

After lessons there was a consultation among some of the Classical Fourth—especially the Fistical Four, Mornington, and Conroy, the Australian, who were the chief leaders in the campaign.

Mornington went in search of his cousin, Mornington II., of the Second Form, and brought him to the end study, where Jimmy Silver & Co. had gathered to tea.

Mornington II .- otherwise "Erbert "-was not looking happy.

He was rubbing his hands in a rueful way

as he came in.
"Had it again 'Erbert?" asked Jimmy
Silver.

The fag nodded.

"Mr. 'Ogg is a corker!" he said. "We don't like our noo master! The Third Forn chaps rag their noo master, Mr. Mobsby; but our noo master rags us! Hc's a nawful beast! "Like him to go?"

"Wotto!" said 'Brhert feelingly. "I wish the 'Ead would let Mr. Wiggins come back. He was a good sort. That 'errid Mr. 'Ogg is down on me!"
"What for?"

"What for?"

"He says as 'ow I drops my aitches," said 'Erbert. "Course I does: I ain't 'ad the eddication of the other fellers, owing to me bein' lost when I was a nipper. Mr. Wiggins made allowance for me, but Mr. 'Ogg don't! He's a regler beast, he is!"

Valentine Mornington's brow darkened.

There was a good deal of affection between

There was a good deal of affection between Mornington of the Fourth, the fastidious dandy, and his little cousin in the Second Form, once a ragamufin whom Morny had befriended without knowing his relationship. "I'm not standin! this, you fellows," said Morny. "The cad's not goin to rag my cousin. 'Erbert's worth a hundred of him." "All serene," said Jimmy Silver. "We're on his track. Sit down and wire into these pilchards, 'Erbert's Lovell, old man, coffee for the distinguished guest."

'Erbert grinned and sat down to tea. In spite of his sufferings in the Second

In spite of his sufferings in the Second

Adventures in the days of the Cloak and Rapier—see next week!

Form room, he had a good appetite, and he enjoyed tea in the end study.

There was considerable discussion over tea.

The somewhat harebrained scheme of Jimmy Silver & Co. was to make life not worth llving to the new masters at Rookwood, and fortune seemed to be smiling on them, so far.

They had had unexpectedly complete success with the new master of the Fifth; that Form, like the Fourth, was now without a

master. Mr. Hogg, of the Second, was next on the

After he had been dealt with, it would be the turn of Mr. Snaggs, of the Shell, and Mr. Mobsby, of the Third.

Mr. Mossby, of the Third.

'Erbert had to leave the end study at last for evening preparation in the Second Form room, as the fags did their prep in the presence of their Form master.

Morny's cousin went to the Form-room with a heavy heart.

The want of training in his earlier days placed him under many disadvantages, and Mr. Hogg made no allowance for the fact.

Mr. Hogg made no allowance for the fact.

Mr. Hogg had a bitter tongue and a bad temper, and hs was accustomed to holding up poor 'Erbert to ridicule before his class, which was little short of torture to the sensitive little fellow.

Owing to the long discussion in the end study, 'Erbert was a minute or two late in the Form-room, and he found Mr. Hogg there with the rest of the Second Form.

'Erbert slipped in quietly, hoping to reach

Erbert slipped in quietly, hoping to reach his place without attracting the attention of the master, but the hope was vain. "Mornington!"

"Yes, sir," faltered 'Erbert, turning round. "You are late!" snapped Mr. Hogg. "On'y a minute, sir," pleaded 'Erbert. "What?"

"On'y a minute, sir," pleaded 'Erbert.

"On'y a minute, sir."

"What do you mean by on'y '?" thundered Mr. Hogg. "Are you not aware that there is an '1' in the word?"

Some of the Second grinned, and poor 'Bribert crimsoned.

"Yassi" be graced.

"Yesis!" he gasped.
"Then why do you not pronounce it?" snapped Mr. Hogg.
"Abit, I s'pose, sir."
"Abit Do you mean habit?"
"Yus!" gasped 'Erbert, his pronunciation getting worse and worse as he grew more flustered. "Yus!"

"Yus!" repeated Mr. Hogg. "Yus!" repeated Mr. Hogg. "Do you mean yes? If you mean yes, why do you not say yes? You are perfectly well able to pronounce the word if you choose, Mornington; I have heard you do so."
"It's you worritin' me, sir!" gasped 'Erbert, in despair. "I torked ever so much better with Mr. Wiggins. He didn't worrit a bloke."
"Worrit! There is no such word as worrit in the English language."
"Oh crumbs!"
"Come here Mornington"

"Come here, Mornington," said Mr. Hogg, taking up his cane. "This is deliberate impertinence on your part. You are not content with being a vulgar little ragamufin!"

"Mr. Wiggins never called me names, sir," said 'Erbert. "He was a gentleman, he

"Mr. Wiggir said 'Erbert. was."

was." "What!

"What! Come here at once."

'Erbert looked obstinate.

"I've been caned enough, sir," he said.

"You give it to me five times to-day, and I've 'ad enough. My 'ands are swelled now."

Mr. Hogs stared at him.

"Will you obey me?" he thundered.

"I ain't goin' to be caned no more to-day, sir," said 'Erbert. "I tell you I've 'ad enough! Let a bloke alone!"

Mr. Hogg strode towards the fag, grasped him by the collar, and jerked him out into the middle of the Form-room.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The came rose and fell on 'Erbert's shoulders, and the fag's yells filled the Form-room.

room.

room.

The door suddenly opened.

Mornington of the Fourth looked in, with a grim expression on his handsome face and a glitter in his eyes that was daugerous.

Without speaking a word, Mornington ran in, grasped the Form master by the collar, and spun him away from 'Erbert.

Crash!

Crash!

Moray put all his strength into that spin, and Mr. Hogg went sprawling on the floor, and there was a gasp of horror, mingled with delight, from the astounded fags.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Brought to Book!

H dear!" gasped 'Erbert.

Mr. Hogg, hardly knowing what had happened, sprawled on his back, blinking up in a dazed state. Valentine Mornington stood with his fists enched, looking down at him, his eyes clenched. blazing.

You coward!" he exclaimed. "You brute!

Touch my cousin again if you dare!"

Mr. Hogg sat up dizzily.

He blinked at Mornington of the Fourth
as if he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Boy!" he gasped.

"Cod!" exterted Mornington

Boy!" he gasped. Cad!" retorted Mornington.

"You-you dare—"
"Lay your paws on my cousin again, and you'll see that I dare!" answered Morny disdainfully. "You brute! You ought to be a prison warder, not a master in a school!" Mr. Hogg staggered to his feet.

The fags came swarming out before the

desks.

Three or four missiles smote Mr. Hogg as he gasped on the floor, and Snooks up-ended an inkpot over him.

There was a roar of rebellious voices in the Form-room which was heard far beyond the purifieus of the Second.

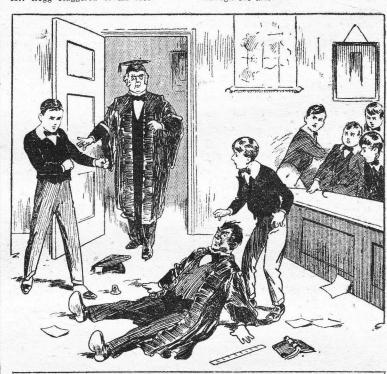
The fallen master, inky and dazed and confused, struggled wildly among the mob of face.

There was a sudden how! of warning from Jones minimus:
"Cave! The Head!"
"Oh crumbs!"

The fags scampered back to their seats.
Mornington and 'Erbert were left alone in
the middle of the room, with Mr. Hogg, inky
and breathless, sprawling at their feet.

Dr. Chisholm swept in, with a face that was a study in itself.

Mr. Hogg sat up and blinked at him through the ink.



THE HEAD'S DRAMATIC ENTRANCE!—There was a howl of warning.
"Cave! The Head!" The fags scampered back to their seats, and left
Mornington and 'Erbert in the middle of the room, with Mr. Hogg, inky
and breathless, sprawling at their feet. Dr. Chisholm swept into the Formroom. (See Chapter 4.)

His red, dyspeptic face was crimson now. He grasped his cane and started towards Valentine Mornington.

The dandy of the Fourth faced him coolly, his hands clenched and his eyes gleaming.

The Second Form looked on breathlessly.

Such a scene was unheard of at Rookwood before the strike of the masters.

"I—I—" gasped Mr. Hogg.
"Come on, then!" retorted Mornington recklessly. "Keep back, 'Erhert!"

"Morny—" stammered the terrified fag.
"Keep back!"

"Meep back, 'Erbert!"

"Morny—" stammered the terrified fag.

"Keep back!"

Mr. Hogg was springing on the dandy of the
Fourth, the cane lashing out.

Mornington caught the lash on his left
arm, and winced with pain, but Mr. Hogg
had time only for the one cut.

The next moment

The next moment Morny's right hand, clenched and as hard as iron, smote the new master full on the mouth, and Mr. Hogg staggered back.

Back he went stumbling, to lose his footing and collapse on the floor with a bump.

"Brave!" gasped Snooks.
The Second Form were all on their feet now, wild with excitement.

Their Form master had been knocked down before their eyes, and their fear of him was

"What-what-what-" stuttered the lead. "What does this mean, Mr. Hogg? Head. "Groogh!"

"Answer me!"

Gerrrroooogh!"

"Mornington, what are you doing here?"

"I came in to protect my cousin, sir." answered Mornington quietly. "That brute was ill-using him."
"What! What, you dare to apply such an

"What! What, you dare to apply such an expression—"
"It's the truth, sir!"
"Mr. Hogg—"
"Wow-wow! Groogh!" That was all Mr. Hogg could say, so far, till he got rid of some of the ink from his mouth.
"It's the truth, sir!" said 'Erbert, speaking up at once in defence of his champion. 'I've been caned all day! Look at my 'ands! Mr. Wiggins wasn't always a-pitchin' into me like that bloke!" like that bloke!" Boy!"

"Bryls" in a wulgar little ragamuffin," said Erbert. "But Mr. Wiggins never called me any sich names. He was a gentleman, he was."

"Do you mean to say, boy, that Mr. Hogg applied such expressions to you?" exclaimed the Head.

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"'Course he did, sir! And he's always a doin' of it. Any of the coves 'ere will tell you. Look at my 'ands!"
"Mr. Hogg, kindly come to my study; and you also, Mornington, and your cousin. Boys, keep order here."

A dead silence fell on the fags as the Head left the Form-room, followed by the two Morningtons, Mr. Hogg limping and gasping

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Fed-Un!

IMMY SILVER & CO. were at work in

The state of the conditions of the conditions.

Although there was a great campaign going on, prep had to be done-or, rather, the Fourth-Forners, in the kindness of their hearts, did prep so as not to worry "old Bulketey" in class.

The Fistical Four were busy when Valentine Mornington strolled into the study with a cheery smile on his face.

"Finished already?" asked Jimmy Silver, looking up.

"Finsary altered, dear boy."
"Haven't started, dear boy."
"Haven't started, dear boy."
"Time you did, then!" said Raby severely.
"We've agreed to keep up prep, and give old Bulkeley an easy time, you know. "Tain't Bulkeley's fault that the Head's a bit of a mule."

"Lots of time!" yawned Morny. "I've been busy, too. You can take Hogg's name off the list, Jimmy Silver." "Hogg's next man in, isn't be?" asked

Jimmy

"Hoggs hext man in, isn't her" asked Jimmy.

"No; he's odd man out!" grinned Morny.
"He's teaving Rookwood in the morning."
The Fistical Four stared.
"What's happened?" demanded the whole quartette, with one voice.
"The Head's happened!" chuckled Mornington, "There was a row in the Second, and I chipped in and knocked Hogg down—"
"Great pip!"
"And a merry scene in the Head's study afterwards," said Mornington. "I must say, the Head is a brick, I wish he wasn't a mule, too! That cad Hogg has been down on phor old 'Erbert no end. The man's not a gentleman, you know, and he's a shocking saob in consequence. He don't like 'Erbert's dropped 'h's,' and he's fairly persecuted the poor kid. And now it's all come out! He seemed to expect the Head to approve of him."
"He doesn't know the Head they."

seemed to expect the firm."

"He doesn't know the Head, then."

"And the Head didn't know him, or he wouldn't have let him into Rookwood. And he told him so, by gad!" said Morny, with a chuckle. "Poor old 'Erbert's paws are swollen with caning. That was more evidence. No end of talk before the Head, and the dear old boy was shocked at findin' that he's made such a bounder master of the Second. Talked to him like a Dutch uncle in a wax Hogg man fires up; says if he's not Second. Talked to him like a Dutch uncie in a wax Hogg man fires up; says if he's not satisfactory he's prepared to leave. Head

clinches on that—salary till end of the and the order of the boot on the spot!" "My hat!" -salary till end of the term,

"So he's goin' to-morrow mornin'." Mornagton rubbed his hands. "For some reason ington rubbed his hands. "For some reason or other, after sackin' the Hogg man, the Head thought it necessary to cane me for knockin' him down. Dashed unreasonable old gent—what?"

old gent—what?"
"You're jolly lucky to get off with a caring," said Jimmy Silver. "I suppose the Head knew the man was a brute, or he wouldn't large let you off so lightly."
"I don't feel let off lightly. But it's all right, and you can take Hogg off the list. He's goin'. Now I'd better go and do some prep, or I shall have Erroll huntin' for me." And Mornington sauntered out of the end study.

study.

The Fistical Four looked at one another with great satisfaction.

"We're winning!" remarked Lovell.

"We are—we is—though Morny and 'Erpert seem to have done the second act all on their own," said Jimmy Silver, smiling. "The Head's shedding his new masters like giddy leaves in Vallambrosa. Hurrah for us!"

The Fistical Four settled down to prepagain in great good-humour.

Work had just finished in the end study, when there was another caller.
This time it was Jimmy Silver's cousin, Algy of the Third.

Algy of the Third.

The cheery Algy nodded carelessly to the chums of the Fourth.

"What a life!" he remarked.

"Well, what have you been up to, you young sweep!" asked Jimmy Silver severely.

"Don't come Uncle James with me, old-chap!" said Algy Silver impforingly. "I say, we've had no end of a lark in the Third! Our new man's a regular gilt-edged treasure! I hope he'll never leave!" "He's got to leave!" said Lovell, frowning.

"I don't think he'll be sorry if he does," remarked Algy reflectively. "Poor little man! He ought to take a baby-class in a girls' school. He's not up to the weight of the Third. We're enjoying life with him! We haven't done any work to speak of since he came." "Slacker!" he came."
"Slacker!"

"Slacker!"

"Oh, we haven't been slackin'; we've been givin' Mobsby the time of his life! We've stack all his books with glue, and he can't open them!" chuckled Algy. "We've spilt his canes—not that he'd have nerve to use them, poor little chap! We put crackers in his desk this evening! You should have seen him jump!"

"You young rascal!" said Jimmy, laughing.

"I hear that you've got a scheme of scootin' the new masters out," said Algy.
"I want you to let Mobsby alone. He's a duck! Bohun used to make us work, and Mobsby never does He can't! Bohun used to lick us, and Mobsby daren't. We're enjoying life with him! Prep in the third is better than a Rugger match! So let him alone, old top. We want him to stay!"

And Algy strolled out of the study with a

And Aigy strong one of successful concells.

"Well!" said Arthur Edward Lovel!,
Jimmy Silver laughed.
"I don't think there'll be much trouble with Mobsby," he said. "The poor little chap means well, but he's no good for the Third Form at Rookwood. I fancy he won't last long, even without our assistance. Those last long, even without our assistance. Those young villains in the Third are making his life a burden."

Jimmy Silver was nearer the truth than he supposed.

At that very moment little Mr. Mobsby, the new master of the Third, was tapping at the door of the Head's study.

There was an expression of weighty resolu-tion on the little gentleman's nervous face. Dr. Chisholm was in his study in a troubled mood.

His new masters were failing him, and the

Mood.

His new masters were failing him, and the future was full of uncertainty and worry.

He rapped out "Come in!" very sharply as Mr. Mobsby tapped.

The master of the Third came in hesitatingly, and blinked nervously under the fixed gaze of the Head.

"Well, Mr. Mobsby?" said the Head, scenting more trouble at once.

"I-I-I — Dr. Chisholm, I really hope this will not put you to excessive inconvenience, but—but——" stammered the nervous little gentleman.

"But what, Mr. Mobsby?"

"I beg to tender my resignation, sir," gasped Mr. Mobsby, "I have no complaint to make—none whatever! But—but I do not feel equal to dealing with the Third Form, sir. My experience, here has been—been quite different from what I was accustomed to at—at the preparatory school when I was—In fact, I—I beg you to accept my resignation, sir,"

"Really, Mr. Mobsby, if you have any

tion, sir."

"Really, Mr. Mobsby, if you have any complaint to make—"

"None at all, sir," gasped the little gentleman. "I am simply not equal to the task, and I confess the fact. I should be glad to be relieved of it at the earliest possible moment. That is all."

moment. That is all."
Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips.
'Very well, Mr. Mobsby. I may remark
that I have had very serious doubts as to
your ability to manage the Third Form;
but, owing to circumstances.

No matter;
I accept your resignation, sir."

The Head remained in a very thoughtful mood after Mr. Mobsby had left the study. Of all his new masters, only Mr. Snages of the Shell remained, and Rookwood School was almost without masters again.

Really, there seemed no end to the troubles of a headmaster who had the firm-

ness of a rock-or the obstinacy of a mule, whichever it was!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Not a Success !

OW for Snaggs!" remarked Jimmy Silver cheerily. Mr. Snaggs had already made himself extremely already made himself extremely unpopular with the Shell, and for once Adolphus Smythe & Co., the nuts of that Form, found themselves in complete agreement with Jimmy Silver & Co. A crowded meeting was held in Smythe's study, and the word went forth: "Snaggs must go!"

of I"

A new order from the Head that the Fourth
Form were to combine with the Shell and
take lessons with Mr. Snaggs for the time
being, was received with satisfaction. The
general opinion was that it would make the
ragging of Mr. Snaggs all the easier.
On the following morning a very numerous
class gathered in the Shell Form-roomFourth and Shell combined—and Mr. Snaggs
did not look exhilarated when he came in
to take that swarming class.

to take that swarming class.

Mr. Snaggs was a little gentleman, who made himself look a little taller by means of elevators in his dainty boots.

That was not his only affectation, however; he dyed his hair, which was scanty, and he used abundant scent, and he walked and spoke in a mincing manner.

A "nutty" master Smythe & Co. could have welcomed, but Mr. Snaggs was only a pretended nut. He did not, as Adolphus complained, know the rules of the game at all.

Perhaps even the genuine brand of nutti-ness would have been out of place in a middle-aged gentleman growing bald, how-

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MYSTERY THE POPULAR. - No. 211.

The Most Breathlessly-thrilling adventures of Dick Turpin ever published! 23

"Good-mornin', boys!" said Mr. Snaggs.
"Good-mornin', sir!" said Adolph Adolphus solemnly. "I hope you find yourself well this mornin', sir."
"Thank you, my young friend, quite well,"

said Mr. Snaggs, delicately dabbing his nose with a scented handkerchief.

Adolphus gave a gasp, and sank back on

his seat. Smythe, are you not well?" exclaimed

Mr. Snaggs.
"Hold me!" moaned Adolphus.
Howard and Tracy held him.
"What is it, my boy-what is it?" exclaimed Mr. Snaggs, advancing towards the

class.
"Take it away!" moaned Adolphus.
"What-what is it?"
"A-a-a dreadful smell, sir! I-I think
there's somethin wrong with the drains!" moaned Smythe.

"Bless my soul! I—"
"Oh! Excuse me, sir; it was only the scent on your handkerchief," said Smythe, recovering himself. "Very sorry, I'm sure,

And Adolphus grinned affably at the new

And Adolphus games assets at thim master.

For a moment Mr. Snaggs stared at him as if transfixed.

Then he woke to a sudden life.

He grabbed Adolphus by the collar, and yanked him out before the class.

"Yarooh!" roared Adolphus. "Oh, by gad! Yooon!"

Whack, whack, whack!
"There!" gasped Mr. Snaggs. "You will not be impertinent again, I think, Smythe." "You will Yow-ow-ow!"

The unfortunate Adolphus crawled back to his seat, quite certain that he would not be impertinent again.

His first attempt at ragging the new master was also his last.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER,

The Feeding-up of Mr. Snaggs !

IMMY SILVER & Co. chuckled.

It was just like Adolphus to take
the lead in this way, and still more
like Adolphus to put his foot in it.

But Adolphus Smythe had had enough
taking the lead now. But

If anybody was to take the lead any more, was not to be Adolphus.
He was more than willing to leave the lory—and the risk—to Jimmy Silver of the glory Fourth.

Lessons proceeded in rather a thundery atmosphere.

There was not much work done, however.

The class was far too numerous for one man to handle adequately, even if he had tried hard.

And Mr. Snaggs did not try bard.

He was a slacker as well as a "bounder," and he let the juniors do mainly as they liked.

liked.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not admire slackers, and they fully agreed with Smythe & Co. that the new master was "no good" for Rookwood,

He was not even "up" to his work, for Rawson of the Fourth, who was terrific in Classics, caught him "out" in Virgil, and Mr. Snaggs blundered hopelessly, till he indemnified himself by -caning Rawson severely, much to that painstaking youth's astonishment and wrath.

This was really too bad, and, apart from Jimmy Silver's campaigh, it was felt in the Fourth that Rawson's wrongs had to be avenged. He was not even "up" to his work,

avenged.

avenged.

"The fellow's only a blessed blackleg, anyhow!" said Rawson wrathfully, when the
juniors left the Form-room. "And he's an
ignoramus, too. He had no right to take
on the job! Goodness knows what the Head
was thinking of."
At dinner Mr. Snaggs was frowning.
After dinner he refired to his room.
It was his custom to take a "nap" after
lunch, in the belief that it was good for
the complexion!
While he was taking his nap he did not

he he was taking his nap he did not slight sound at the door of his room, While hear a

naturally. But when his nap was over, and he was ready to go down, he made the startling discovery that the door would not open. He pulled at the handle in great amazement, but he pulled in vain. He rang the bell at last, and a trim mald tapped at the door in a few minutes.

"Kindly open the door!" Mr. Snaggs called

"It appears to be

through the keyhole. "It appears to be fastened on the outside."

The maid blinked at the door.
"It does not seem to be fastened, sir, she answered. "Is the key inside?"

Ves. "Perhaps it is locked."

"It is not locked."
"Well, I can see no fastening, sir."
"Pooh! Nonsense! It must be fastened, as I cannot open it. Use your eyes!"
The maid had already used her eyes, in vain; and she now tossed her head.

vain; and she now tossed her head.
"There is nothing here that 1 can see, sir!" she snapped.
"Don't be silly! Look!"
The maid flounced away, and confided to her friends below stairs that the master of the Shell was no gentleman to speak to a lady in such a manner, and she remained resolutely deaf to further tinklings of the bell.

Mr. Snaggs chafed and fumed in his room. He began hammering on the door at last. Rookwood had gone into the Form-rooms at that time, and for some time the new master hammered in value; but at last there was a rotte in the nessenger.

master nammered in vain; but at last there was a rustle in the passage.

"What is this disturbance about?" came the Head's voice from outside. "Is that you, Mr. Snagsg?"

"Yes, sir; it is I!" hooted Mr. Snagsg. "I am a prisoner in this room, sir! I have been fastened in."

"Bless my soul! I see no sign—"

"The door will not open, sir!" roared Mr. Snagsg.

"Kindly refrain from raising your voice in addressing me, Mr. Snaggs!" snapped the Head. "I will look—"

Head. "I will look—"

He proceeded to examine the door.

It was not till after a long search that he discovered three or four screws, driven so deeply into the thick wood that the heads had almost disappeared.

"The door has been screwed!" said the Head faintly. "This is most—most extraordinary. Have you any idea who screwed your door, Mr. Snaggs?"

"As I cannot see through a door, sir,

"As I cannot see through a door, sir, especially when I am asleep, I have not!"

booted Mr. Snaggs.
"I will send for the sergeant."
During the next half-hour Sergeant Kettle
and a screwdriver were at work on Mr.
Snaggs' door.
The Form master was released at last, and

The Form master was released at last, and he came downstairs an hour late for his class, flustered and furious.

He found the Fourth and the Shell in his Form-room, engaged in cheery conversation.

Mr. Snaggs glared at the juniors.

"Who screwed up the door of my room?" he thundered.

No reply. "Unless the culprit immediately comes forward," said Mr. Snaggs, his voice trembling with wrath, "I shall detain the whole class for two hours!' Silence.

"Very well!" said Mr. Snaggs. "Very well indeed! We will proceed!" And they proceeded. But Mr. Snaggs' troubles were only be-

ginning.

As soon as he had occasion to use the cane—which was very soon, for his temper was at boiling-point—the cane split into two pieces at the first whack.

When he sat down on the high chair at his desk he sat in a sea of gum, which he did not feel for some time; but when he rose the chair rose with him.

Even when he was rid of his class his troubles did not cease, for when he retired to his study for a rest, and set a match to the fire already laid, there was a crackling as of musketry in the grate, and wood and coal showered on all sides.

It dawned upon Mr. Snaggs—rather late—that he had inadventently set light to a bundle of crackers.

blat he had marketerly set light to a bundle of crackers.

Five times during that afternoon and even-ing was the Head disturbed by a raid from Mr. Snaggs, demanding his assistance in dis-covering and punishing the author of some fresh outrage.

When Mr. Snaggs bounced into the Head's study, for the sixth time, later in the evening, Dr. Chisholm gave him a look like a ing.

big, br. basilisk.

Mr. Snaggs' face was flaming red.

"Good heavens, sir, what has happened!" exclaimed the Head. Mr. Snaggs brandished a bottle in the air.
"Look at me!" he shrieked. "This bottle

-my face! My face-this bottle! Ah, ha!". He spluttered with fury.

"What-what-"This bottle, sir, contained my complexion-wash!" hooted the unhappy nut, "I—"
"Complexion-wash!" gasped the Head,

"Complexion-wash!" gasped the Head.
"Absurd! In a man of your years—"
"Someone has tampered with it!" yelled
Mr. Snags. "I did not observe it in time.

Mr. Snaggs. "I did not observe it in time. But someone has put red ink in it—red ink, sir! Look at my face! Red ink, sir!"

The Head pressed his hand to his brow.
"Mr. Snaggs," he said at last, "you are ridiculous! I am not surprised that you are persecuted. The boys cannot possibly retain the slightest respect for such a man. I must request you, sir, to resign your position here. You are not fit for Rookwood!"
"I should refuse to stay at Rookwood."
"I should refuse to stay at Rookwood where any circumstances whatever!" howled Mr. Snaggs. "My complexion is ruined! I will not stay, sir, another day in this beargarden!"

And Mr. Snaggs didn't.

The following day Rookwood School was once more without masters.

That morning Jimmy Silver cycled down to Coombe and visited the village inn, where the masters on "strike" had their quarters. There he interviewed Mr. Bootles, late master of the Fourth.

And after Jimmy Silver had left, Mr. Bootles held a consultation with the other masters.

masters.

And so it came to pass that, about the time the station cab was bearing Mr. Snags away, eight gentlemen walked in at the gates of Rookwood and proceeded to the School House.

An army of fellows watched them, for it

an army of fellows watched them, for it was the staff returning.

And the army followed them in, right up the corridor to the Head's study, at which Mr. Bootles timidly tapped.

"Come in!"

Mr. Bootles threw open the door, and the eight gentlemen crowded very quietly and respectfully into the Head's study.

Dr. Chisholm rose to his feet in surprise

perhaps in relief—at the sight of them.

"Sir!" said Mr. Bootles. "Good-aftern sir!"

"Good-afternoon.

'Good-good afternoon!' stammered the

Head.
"Sir," said Mr. Greely, taking the lead,
"we understand that you have had—h'm!—
some difficulties—h'm!—we have come, sir,
to offer our services, in the hope that you,
sir, will overlook any unpleasant occurrences
in the past, sir, and, letting bygones be bygones, permit us to resume our duties at
Rookwood School, sir."
"Mas oui—ves, oh, certainment!" mur-

"Mas oul-yes, oh, certainment.
"mured Monsieur Monceau.
"We regret exceedingly that there has trouble," said Mr. Mooney.

been any trouble," said Mr. "Most sincerely!"

The Head's face relaxed.
The offer to return to duty came so opportunely to relieve him of his difficulties

that he could not help welcoming it.

""" were as tactful as

that he could not help welcoming it.

And the "strikers" were as tactful as
could be wished. There was no less of dignity in accepting the olive-branch extended

in this manner.
"Gentlemen," said the Head at last, "I am glad that you have come here. I accept your offer. I will even say that there have doubtless been faults on both sides, which by mutual good will we must endeayour to avoid in the future. Gentlemen, the past is forgotten!"

And Tubby Muffin, whose fat ear was at the door, scuttled off to inform Jimmy Silver & Co that it was "all serene."

The "masters' strike" was over, and once more Rookwood School resumed the normal

tenor of its way.

And all concerned were glad that the trouble was at an end, and for some time afterwards the extreme politeness of the Head and his staff to one another was quite

entertaining to witness.

And in the end study satisfaction was great, for the Fistical Four, at least, agreed in attributing the happy reconciliation entirely to Jimmy Silver's campaign.

THE END. (Another topping tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood next week, entitled: "The Boy Who Was Soft!")

The Popular.—No. 211.

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Turpin at Jay.

It is a brilliant remance. You find the gallant young hero of the stery 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 unscrapulous 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 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 eastle 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 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 Sweeny's Gang.

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

Feb. 16th. No 212. 28 PAGES. (b)



LOOK OUT FOR THIS COVER EVERYWHERE NEXT WEEK!

out for big actions, Sweeny 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 iggest things we have ever had in the By DAVID GOODWIN

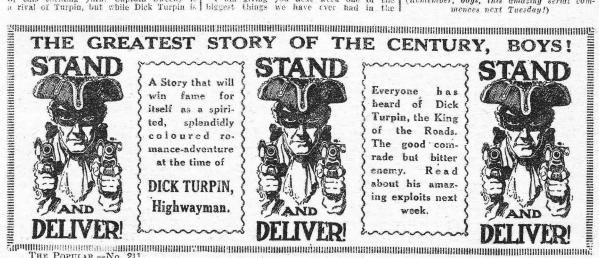
FOREIT STATES OF THE STATES OF

sory 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. sink out of sight

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Text 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 castles where great lords dispensed lavish hospitality, to say nothing of the glimpses of the quaint old countrysides 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!)







Карчана королого казалири принисини синири синичени принистини принисини приниси принисини приниси принисини приниси принисини приниси принисини приниси принисини принисини принисини принисини принисини принисини пр THE POPULAR. -- No. 213

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



NELSON. VICTOR

THE RAFT OF DEATH-THE END!

N, 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

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 stiffsh breeze had spring up the strength

A stiffsh 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.

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.

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 temperarily 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.

its floor.

The white beam of an electric torch held

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

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

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." sure means."

He removed the wig and his false beard

"You see whom I am, you whelp-your

cousin, Austin, whom you have cheated out of a fortune!" he snaried, 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 me heads were free."

sconfully. "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

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 craft. Both men straightened up and grinned down in evil exultation at the boy as Court-ney 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

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 their faces as they staggered through the wind towards the car. This they had hired in London, but they had no intention of re-turning it to the garage whence it had

As will have been gathered from their As will have been gathered from out-conversation outside the drive gates of Les-trade Castle, they had promised the captain of a motor fishing-smack fifty pounds to land them on Belgian soil. They meant to 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,

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 ear 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

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 alto-

gether.

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 behisd 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

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 an i the spray from the great waves that dashed themselves angrily against

waves that dashed themselves angle of section to 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

the sea towering mountainously above min. 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.

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 turging with all his strength

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 hoat was filled and capsized, and, in another instant, Courtney and Newbold were both struggling

Courtney and a trumble 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!

"Let go, confound you!" Courtney snarled.
"Let go, you fool, we'll both be drowned!"
Desperately he struck Newbold in the face—struck him sgain 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 wi'd water they went. Courtney frantically infed to free himself, but it was of the wind water they went. Couldney 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.

Harry Lestrade Meanwhile. remained Meanwine, harry Lestrate remained the pless upon the rait 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

THE POPULAR.—No. 2114

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

his chest.

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

"Help! Help! Help."

His voic 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

water was entering his ears, he found a

light flashing in his face.

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 castguards.

was dragged into a motor boat in which sat a couple of classiquards.

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

his glasses from our station on the head-land—luckily for you. We've been searching for you eyer since, and only found you just in time. They meant to murder you—that sevident. What did they do for it?"
Harry told them as much as he thought fit, greatly to their excitement and indigna-

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 New-bold 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

gale and rain had abated and the sun was shining, that the sequel came.

A couple of t e 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 sen 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

not deserve their fate?

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

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! Goodmorning 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 loves and discreptly she left him to himself.

marjorie noded, 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

Last year marry Lestrane nad neen very near to developing into an idler—a slacker, but what A difference now!

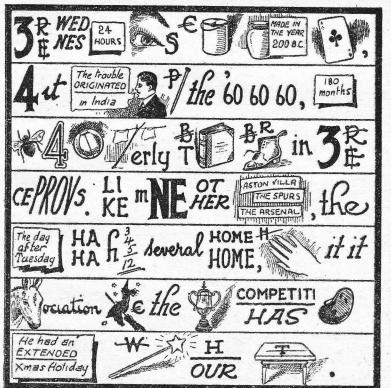
On that morning of twelve months before, he had found his true self, and Marjorie Randall was proud to call him "friend." THE END.

(Now turn to page 24 for full particulars of our amazing new serial, commencing in next week's issue.)

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A TOPPING FOOTBALL COMPETITION—AND SO SIMPLE! Just solve the picture puzzle below. may win a grand prize.

FIRST PRIZE £5 0 0: Second Prize £2 10 0: TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.



THE POPULAR.-No. 211.

What You Have To Do.

Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. this page you will find a history of The YOU 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 WEDNES-DAY" 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.

Editor'	i, and	agree to		
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Every Monday

Every Tuesday

Every Wednesday

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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 Grey-friars fellows. The story next week friars 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 seent, 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 pedition 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 Yea Chin proves himself no end of a sticker. It shows the right spirit. He resorts to a clever ruse to keep with the The glue-like trait in his comparty. position 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 are without equal.

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 anyhody's susceptidoes not trample on anybody's susceptito 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 camelsthough 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 be proud about. Keep an extra special look-out for the first long instalment next week.

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The POPULAR series of portraits of famous sportsmen can be relied upon as the best. For fineness of production and get-up, these free likenesses of the men who have won fame in the sporting lists

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Harmsworth's Household Encylopedia, Part I 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.

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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.

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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 sub-jects. All letters will be answered. This correspondent is much interested in amateur magazines.

Alfred Bryant, 1, Denton Road, Stone-bridge, Willesden, N.W. 10, wishes to hear from readers overseas, with a view to ex-changing postcards and photos of general

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, Herue Bay, Kent, would be pleased to give readers anywhere information concerning electrical engineering, small power engineering, and motor and kindred subjects. subjects.

Harry C. Bradshaw, Main Street, Mor-dialloc, Victoria, Australia, wishes to corre-spond with readers anywhere in either French or Esperanto.

Hugo Book, 7, Bridge Elizabeth, South Africa, wish spond with readers anywhere. ge Street, Port wishes to corre-

Miss Pauline Cohen, 78, Parliament Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with Jewish readers, ages 17-20.

Dour Editor. THE POPULAR.-No. 211.

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