

"STAND AND DELIVER!" OUR GREAT DICK TURPIN IN THIS NEW TALE OF DICK TURPIN IN THIS ISSUE!

Week Ending -
March 17th,
1923.

New
Series.

No.
217.

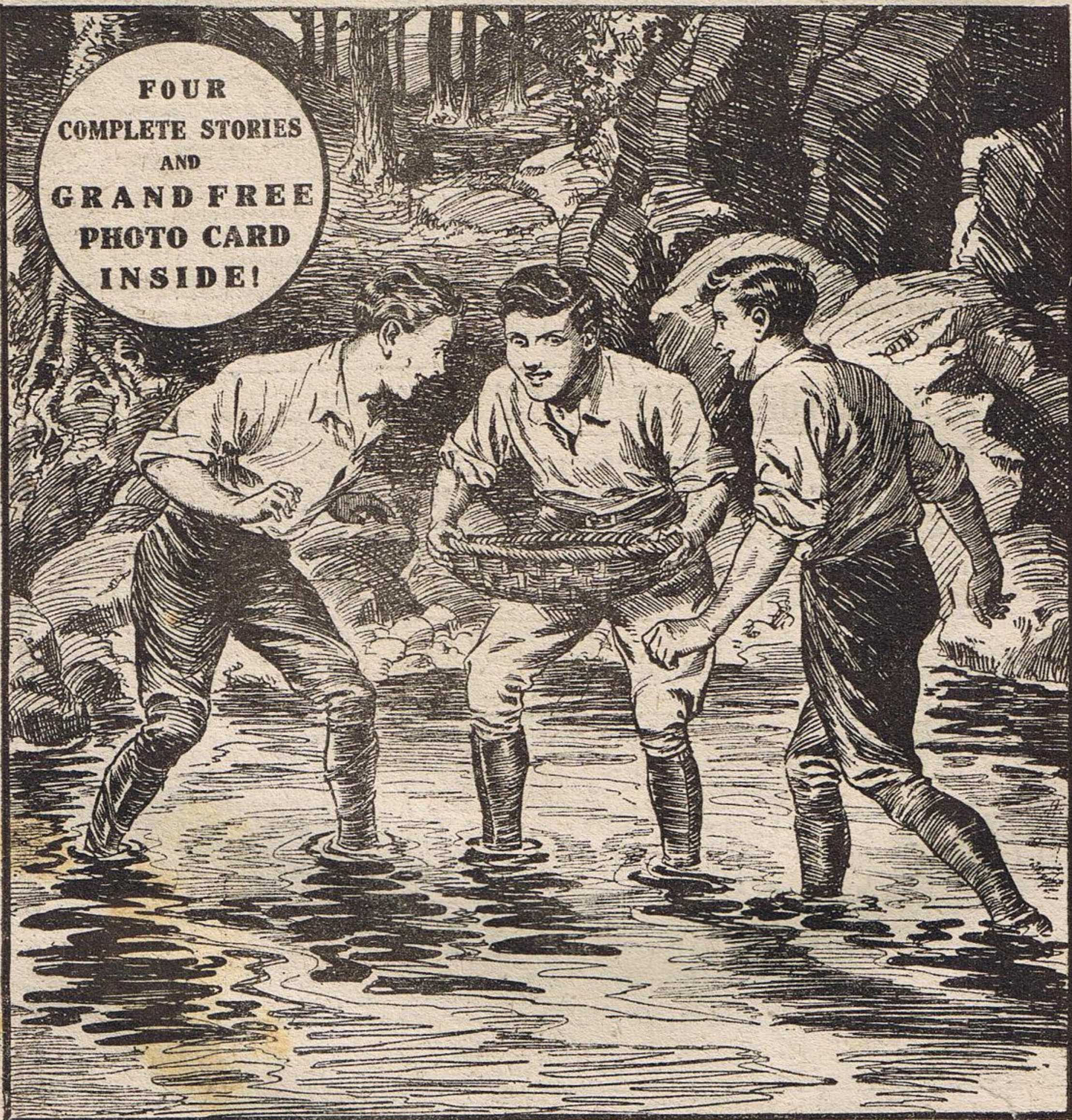
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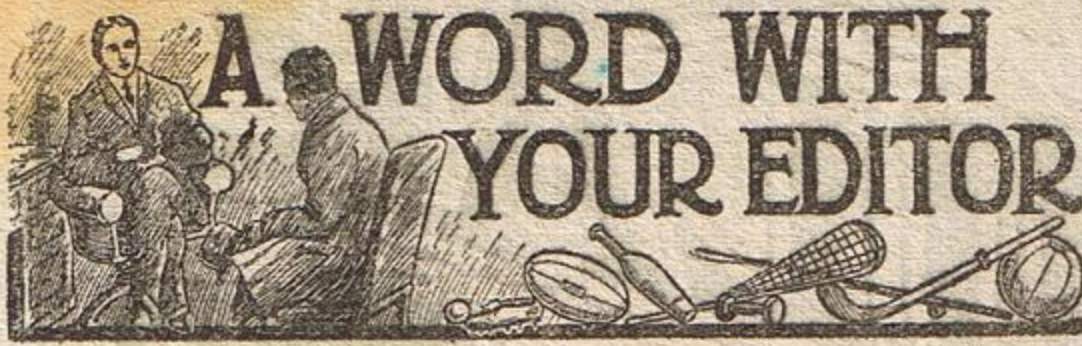
**FOUR
COMPLETE STORIES
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"GOLD—GOLD DUST!" CRIED BOB LAWLESS.

*Frank Richards & Co.'s Sensational Discovery in the Cascade Mountains!
A Dramatic Episode from "The Schoolboy Prospectors," the Long Complete Wild West Tale Inside.*

Stories of School, Wild West, and Adventure for you next week!



"PROOF POSITIVE!"

Next week's Greyfriars yarn in the POPULAR will be fairly jumped at. It features, as they say at the cinema, the classic features of William Wibley. Wib has been a joy to the Remove ever since he first shed the light of his countenance on the school.

ENTER WIB!

Well, next Tuesday's story shows how it all worked out. It is massive in its interest, and yet as light and amusing as anything Frank Richards has written. Wibley arrives at Greyfriars, and his fame, what there was of it in those remote days, has not gone on ahead. The Remove had never heard of William. When he informs Harry Wharton & Co. that he understands acting, and is a whale on props, and gags, the hefty fellows of the Remove Dramatic Company treat him to derision, etc. He is no actor—that's how they put it.

Wibley—William of that ilk—has to prove to the sceptics that he is a born actor, for he is no end keen on being accepted as a leading light of the Remove Dramatic Society. It is the old notion of the proof of the pudding, etc., but Wibley is not eating anything, certainly not humble pie. So, to convince the doubters that he understands theatrical work, he thinks out a wheeze. It is a tremendous stunt. When you get an enthusiast like Wib on his mettle sparks fly.

THE BACKWOODS!

Cedar Creek is being well represented by Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, Vere Beauclerc, and the Chink, up there in the wild lands where the discoverers have gone in quest of sport and gold. There has been plenty of hilarity this journey, abundance of adventure, a nice peppering of peril, and any amount of sensation.

"THE CAPTAIN'S DISGRACE!"

Bulkeley's booby trap will long be remembered at Rookwood. It was not precisely Bulkeley's, but no matter. The career of the

popular skipper of Rookwood got somehow mixed up with the plot, and neither Liddell, nor Scott, Aeschylus, nor the worthy Todhunter can lay claim to anything so dramatic as next week's yarn in the POPULAR showing how fate was up against Bulkeley. Like Sisera, against whom the stars in their courses fought, the captain has a rare bad time. He gets into dire trouble with the authorities at Rookwood. Dr. Chisholm is a fair man, and a just, but he cannot do other than act on the plain evidence set before him. "THE CAPTAIN'S DISGRACE" will make you appreciate the POPULAR more than ever.

"THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR!"

To dub Baggy Trimble a transgressor seems a bit like lifting the stodgy personage into the realms of high-class drama. You start thinking of yawning chasms in the bright moonlight, and some arch and lively villain skipping in, so as to avoid capture by the representatives of the law. Baggy is a homely sort of wrongdoer, and the manner in which he gets sorry for himself when the hand of vengeance is after him, would evoke tears from the most hard-hearted wight. The plain fact is, Baggy crumples up when the wheel of fortune sends him down under. He flies from justice, but he is a common or garden little fugitive, totally inexperienced in the art of dodging a shemozzle.

A DREAM NUMBER!

One day as Billy Bunter lay a-thynkyng (Ingoldby puts it like that) the porpoise thought of having a Special Dream Number of the "Weekly." It is rumoured about the corridors of Greyfriars that the motive underlying this Dream Number of the famous Supplement—see it next Tuesday—came to Bunter in a real dream after a sumptuous supper. Anyway, the porpoise has another real success in his latest. The heavy work of inspiration, super-imagination, and all the goods in that department, was borne by W. G. B. He has had some excellent brain waves of late, and it was a lucky notion to have this Dream Number. The subject offers many inducements.

"STAND AND DELIVER!"

The success of our serial is terrific. Everybody is reading it, and letters pour in on me to the effect that the new story is the finest yet. So I think.

THE COMPETITION!

This well-known feature continues to top the bill for thorough-going interest. Next week's test is more fascinating than ever.

PHOTOS!

There will, of course, be another Topping Free Real Photo next week, and one worthy of your fine collection.

Your Editor.

BIG CASH PRIZES FOR A FEW MINUTES' WORK!

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

What You Have To Do.

Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Clapton Orient 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 "CLAPTON ORIENT" Competition, POPULAR Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, March 22nd, 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 event 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 is final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Gen," "Magnet," and "Boys' Friend," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

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

Name.....

Address.....

P

THE SCHOOLBOY GOLDMINERS!

A GREAT STRIKE!

High up in the Cascade Mountains, Frank Richards & Co. discover gold, and fall in with Kern Gunten again!



A Dramatic Story of the Backwoods of Canada.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The Way of the Chinese!

"B" Y gum!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked down the valley, his brow growing very grim. "What's up?" asked Frank Richards. "Look!" Frank Richards and Vere Beauclere followed his glance. The Cedar Creek chums had been looking for game, and they were returning to camp for dinner. Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin had been left in charge of the camp, which the schoolboy explorers had pitched by a mountain stream, high up in the Cascade Mountains. They were still at a distance from the camp, where a fire of logs and pine-chips smoked, and the horses and pack-mule lay resting by the stream. "The young rascals!" exclaimed Frank Richards, as he saw what had caught Bob's keen eye in the distance. Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin ought to have been "doing the chores" while the others were looking for game. But they weren't. They were seated on opposite sides of a log, and each of them held a hand of cards, and they were evidently deep in the game. A little heap of coins glistened in the sun on the log. The heap was on Yen Chin's side, and it looked as if the Chinese had had all the luck. Chunky did not look as if he were enjoying the game. His fat face was lugubrious in expression. Yen Chin was grinning. "Well, my word!" exclaimed Beauclere, in astonishment. "That's rather a new game for Chunky, isn't it?" "It's that blessed heathen!" growled Bob Lawless. "My hat! I'll give him the end of the trail-rope! He's led that fat jay into it, of course! He's like all these blessed Chows! They'd gamble the shirt off their backs. But we'll put him up to a wrinkle about playing poker in our camp!" The three schoolboys hurried their steps towards the camp. They were wrathful. Yen Chin had his back to them as they came up, and did not observe them; and Chunky was too deep in the examination of his cards to look up. "You diawee cardee—oh, yes?" Yen Chin was asking, as Frank Richards & Co. came within hearing. "I'll draw two," said Chunky at last. The little Celestial dealt him a couple of cards. Chunky's fat face brightened a little. Evidently the cards he had received had improved his hand.

"Playee up!" murmured Yen Chin. "I'm your antelope!" said Chunky. "There's a quarter for a start, anyhow. Cover that, you heathen!" Then Chunky looked up, with a start, as he heard footsteps clinking on the rocky ground close at hand. "Oh!" he gasped. Yen Chin spun round. It did not need the looks of Frank Richards & Co. to tell him that they were wrathful. He knew their opinion on the subject of gambling. In a second he whipped his cards out of sight. "Velly glad see handsome ole Flanky again," he said. "Niece ole Bob leady for dinner?" "You young scamp!" roared Bob Lawless. "No savvy. Whatee pool lill' Chineee doee?" asked Yen Chin innocently. "As for you, Chunky, you young rotter—" Chunky's fat face was crimson. "It—it was only a lark!" he stammered defensively. "I—I never really meant to play, you know. I'm not a shady blackguard like Gunten! I—I— You see—" "Yes, I guess I see!" growled Bob Lawless. "Have you got dinner?" "I—I'm just going to." "Allee light!" murmured Yen Chin. "We gettee dinnee velly slick, no time!" Chunky Todgers was crimson and distressed. It was the cunning little Chinese who had induced the unwary Chunky to enter into that little game, as the chums of Cedar Creek knew very well. Chunky backed away to the camp-fire to get on with the neglected cookery, and the chums surrounded Yen Chin. "Now, you young rascal—" began Frank. "Chineee no lascal!" murmured Yen Chin. "Velly good boy!" "You've made that fat duffer play cards with you." "No playee card!" "What?" "No can," said Yen Chin. "You—you haven't been playing cards?" exclaimed Beauclere. Yen Chin shook his head. "No can," he answered. "Chineese velly good boy. No can playee pokee. Velly wlong playee pokee." "We saw you!" roared Bob. "Niece ole Bob makee mistake," said Yen Chin calmly. "Me satee hele, tinkee of nicee ole fiends comee back to dinnee." The chums of Cedar Creek stared at him. "Well, if that heathen don't take the prize!" said Bob, with a deep breath. "Do you expect anybody to believe that, Yen Chin?" "Me tinkee—oh, yes! Flozen tiuth!" "I'll give you frozen truth, you young rascal!" exclaimed Bob. And he caught the

Celestial with one hand, and laid on a trail-rope with the other. Whack, whack, whack! Yen Chin uttered an earsplitting yell. "Yow! Ah! Oh! No whackee pool lill' Chineee! No playee piccee card! Chineee good lill' boy! Yah! Oh! Beastly ugly Bob! Oh!" Whack, whack! Yen Chin roared with anguish. His yelling was so terrific that Bob desisted before he had given him what he considered enough. Yen Chin sat on the log and sobbed spasmodically. Bob looked rather contrite. "You know you asked for it, you young heathen!" he said. Yen Chin sobbed. "No whackee pool lill' Chineee!" he wailed. "Well, I'm not going to whack you any more." "No whackee any mole?" "No." "Allee light!" said Yen Chin, suddenly ceasing his pitiful sobs, and grinning up at the chums. "Allee light, ole Bob! If no whackee, no cly." Bob Lawless stared speechlessly at the Chinese. "You spoofing little villain, you're not hurt!" exclaimed Frank. Yen Chin nodded calmly. "No hurt," he agreed. "Howlee loudee to makee ole Bob stoppee. Oh, yes! All light now stoppee." "Oh erumbs!" "M-m-my word!" gasped Bob Lawless. "I've a jolly good mind to boot you all round the camp, you deceiving heathen! Look here, Yen Chin, if you're caught gambling again, you'll get the trail-rope in real earnest." "No catchee again." "You won't do it any more?" asked Frank. "No catchee," answered Yen Chin, with a grin. "Don't you know it's wrong?" asked Beauclere severely. "Me know. Likee allee same." There was really no reply to be made to that, unless it was with the trail-rope. Frank Richards & Co. felt that the Chinese was really a little too much for them, and they turned their attention to dinner instead.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
The Prospectors!

FRANK RICHARDS & Co. had had no luck with game that day, and dinner was rather meagre in the camp. Chunky Todgers felt that most severely, but he did not venture to complain. He was very silent for once.

He felt that he was under a cloud, and he made himself as small as possible.

Yen Chin was silent, too.

Not that he was feeling repentant, like poor Chunky; the Chinese did not seem to feel any need of repentance after wrongdoing.

Yen Chin had his good points, but they all came from Nature, and not from cultivation.

To do what he did not want to do because it was right to do it, was an idea that he did not seem able to penetrate into his Oriental brain.

And to leave undone what he wanted to do, because it was wrong to do it, was also a proposition he had never comprehended, or perhaps tried to comprehend.

Fortunately, he was a good fellow in the main, for as he always acted as the spirit moved him, he would certainly have been a thorough rascal if his propensities had been bad.

His desire to gamble was instinctive, and though he took Frank Richards' word for it that it was wrong, he did it, all the same.

But he was prepared to maintain against the plain facts that he did not do it by way of a concession to his friends' prejudices.

Frank Richards & Co. liked the little Chinese, and they did not forget that he had risked his life once to help Frank in danger.

They had made up their minds to take him as he was, and make the best of him, and, young rascal as he assuredly was in many respects, his affection for the chums was very real and loyal.

He was not feeling repentant now, but he was sorry he had been found out; that was as far as Yen Chin ever went in the direction of repentance.

As soon as dinner was over he rose from the log, and glanced down the valley.

"Chinese goey for a lide," he remarked.

"Look out for grizzly bears, then," said Frank, with a smile. "Don't go too far and get lost."

"Nevve lose nicee ole Flanky," said Yen Chin reassuringly.

And he trotted away down the valley on his little wiry pony.

Vere Beauclerc looked after him very curiously.

"What's that young bounder's game?" he remarked. "This is the third afternoon he's toddled off by himself."

"Perhaps he plays cards all on his lonesome, when he's out of sight," said Bob Lawless, with a laugh. "It's a disease with him; he can't help it. I'm going to try to cure him with the trail-rope, though."

"Cheer up, Chunky!" said Frank Richards, catching the clouded look upon Todger's podgy brow.

Chunky looked lubugrious.

"I guess I don't want to put it on Yen Chin," he said shamefacedly, "but—but I'm really blowed if I know how I got playing with him. He was showing me card-tricks to begin with. Your fault for bringing a blessed heathen along."

"Well, he really brought himself along," said Bob. "But he's been jolly useful once or twice; there's no denying that. You fellows coming along the stream? There's a lot of wildfowl."

Chunky Todgers stretched himself in the shade of a rock.

"I'm not going to sleep," he said defensively. "I'm going to—keep a look-out. Just as well for one fellow to stay and look after the hosses."

Frank Richards & Co. grinned as they went down the stream.

They were well aware that Chunky's eyes would be sealed before they were out of sight of the camp.

The upland valley in which the schoolboys had camped was solitary, and the wildfowl there had rarely been disturbed.

The nearest settlement was twenty miles away, in a "gulch" lower down the range, known as Tucker's Bar.

The stream was a shallow one, rippling over rock and sand, though in winter time it was probably a rapid torrent.

Bob Lawless was watching the stream as the chums went along the rocky bank, and his brows were knitted in thought.

He made the pace, and they proceeded at a leisurely rate.

"This doesn't look much like supper, old

scout," said Frank Richards at last. "It's getting towards sundown, Bob."

"I've been doing some thinking, Franky."

"Any result?" asked Frank, with a smile.

"We came up through Tucker's Bar," said Bob. "You noticed the diggings there—all placer and mining. This stream flows down into the river at Tucker's Bar. I've been wondering—"

He paused, and looked at the gleaming sands in the stream again.

"Looking for fish?" asked Beauclerc, in surprise.

"Nope! I was wondering if there was pay-dirt in this creek," said Bob.

"My hat!" exclaimed Frank Richards, "Gold, do you mean?"

"Well, it looks like it to me," said Bob. "I've been over the placer claims at home in the Thompson Valley many a time. I know the look of pay gravel when I see it. It struck me, when we camped here three days ago, and I've been thinking about it since. What do you fellows say to sticking here for a few days, and looking for pay-dirt?"

Frank Richards laughed. "No objection," he answered. "Chunky was going to discover a gold-mine, I remember. He said so when we started on our holiday."

"Well, Chunky won't discover any old mine, unless he walks in his sleep to do it," said Bob with a laugh. "But we might. Not a giddy bonanza, you know; I guess I don't mean that. But I really reckon we might wash out a few hundred dollars."

"Good!" said Beauclerc. Bob Lawless halted.

Close at their feet was a bed of sand, shining in the sun, which had been covered with water when the creek was swollen by rains.

Now it lay dry as a bone, crunching under the tread.

Bob Lawless knelt, and his chums watched him curiously as he ran through handfuls of the shining sand through his hands.

They guessed that Bob had noticed that spot before, and borne it in mind, intending to make an examination of it for "pay-dirt."

"Well, what results?" asked Frank, as the rancher's son looked up at last.

Bob coloured a little. His chums had taken his suggestion of "prospecting" with good humour, but he could see that they were of little faith.

"I guess it wants looking at," said Bob. "If you fellows don't feel inclined to waste time on it, you go on and look for game."

"Oh, we'll help, old scout. But what's to be done?"

"If we could wash out some of this dirt I'd jolly soon see whether there was pay-dust," said Bob. "If you want to help, lend me a hand making a cradle."

"Great Scott!"

"Only a rough-and-ready one, of course! There's a bank of osiers along the creek, and I can show you how to do it."

"Right-ho!"

Bob led the way to the osier bank, and with their hunting-knives the three schoolboys cut down a quantity.

Under Bob's direction they plaited them together, making a kind of wicker-basket, which was to serve the purpose of a miner's cradle.

They sat down cheerfully to the work in the reddening sunset.

When it was finished it was carried back to the bed of sand, and as spades were not available they scooped up the sand with their hands, loosening it with their knives where necessary.

In a short time the wicker-basket was all full, and was slid down the sandy bank into the stream, for washing.

Frank and Beauclerc were growing interested by this time.

With their sleeves rolled up, the three schoolboys proceeded to "wash out" the mud and sand for pay-dirt.

Bob Lawless' face was growing excited.

The sun was sinking beyond the mountains, to the far Pacific, and shadows were lengthening in the upland valley, when the wash-out was finished.

Bob Lawless carefully scraped up a residuum of golden grains.

"Pay-dirt?" asked Frank.

"Gold!" said Bob laconically.

"Phew!"

"How much is that lot worth?" asked Beauclerc.

Bob shrugged his shoulders. "A couple of dollars," he answered.

"Oh!"

"But it shows it's there," explained Bob. "I guess if we could uncover a part of the stream-bed we should find pay-gravel in plenty. What do you say? We've lots of time, and it's fun, anyway. Camp here for a few days, and build a log dam, and see what it's worth."

"Any old thing," said Frank Richards. "By Jove, it would be ripping if we could stake out a claim, and—and—"

"And give our names to a new town," said Beauclerc laughing.

"Ha, ha!"

"We'll stake out the claim right enough, if it's worth it," said Bob. "It only means riding down to Tucker's Bar and registering it. I guess we'll get back to camp now, and start fresh in the morning."

"Good!"

And the explorers returned to camp, there they found Chunky Todgers wide awake and eagerly waiting for them.

"Where's the game?" demanded Chunky. "Still on the wing, old scout," said Bob. "Biscuit and beef will do for once. But we've struck a claim, Chunky."

Chunky Todgers jumped.

"Gold!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "You bet!"

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Chunky triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you we'd have luck? Wasn't I right? I—I say, Bob, is it worth a million dollars?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Not quite."

"Half a million?"

"Less, old son."

"Well, how much?" asked Chunky disappointed.

"Two dollars, so far."

"Eh! Do you mean two thousand?"

"No; two."

The expression on Chunky's fat face was extraordinary for a moment. "You pesky ass! Yah!"

And Chunky went about getting a cold supper, and displayed no more interest in Bob's gold-mine.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Seeking Gold!

"WHERE'S that pesky heathen?" exclaimed Bob Lawless, as the party sat down to supper, in the glow of the pine-chip fire.

"He hasn't come back yet," said Chunky. "The little duffer's lost himself, I suppose," said Bob restively. "I suppose we shall have to trail after him. Lucky there's a moon to-night."

But before supper was finished, Yen Chin rode into the camp.

He looked rather tired, and not cheery as usual, as he sank down on a log by the fire.

His pony began to crop the herbage by the stream, looking as if it had covered a good distance.

Yen Chin gave no explanation of where he had been, and he sat silent on the log, and did not ask for any supper.

"Ain't you hungry, kid?" asked Bob.

"No hungry."

"Tired?"

"Allee light!"

"Where have you been?"

"Lidee."

"Yes, I know you've been riding, fathead! Did you lose your way?"

"No losee way."

"Well, what are you looking down in the mouth for?" asked Frank.

"No can tinkee. Allee light."

The chums regarded Yen Chin rather anxiously.

He was a little mysterious, and they could see that he was tired and in a state of depression of spirits.

"You haven't fallen in with Gunten and Keller by any chance?" asked Bob. "I believe they're still in these hills."

"No see Guntee."

"Well, something's wrong with you. What is it?"

"Allee light."

The little Chinese evidently did not intend to explain.

The chums of Cedar Creek were puzzled, but they gave up questioning him.

Yen Chin sat in silence for a long time.

When Bob and Beauclerc went towards the horses, to see them settled for the night, the little Chinese moved at last, and sidled towards Frank Richards.

"The Stolen Claim!" is the Title of Next Week's Stirring Wild West Yarn!

"Nicey ole Flanky!" he murmured.
 "Hallo! What do you want?" asked Frank, smiling.

"You leudee me monee."
 "Eh?"
 "Pool lill' Chinee losee money," said Yen Chin pathetically.

Frank stared at him.
 "Well, you don't want money here," he said. "You can't buy anything from the grizzly bears, Yen Chin."

"Me wantee dollee."
 "How did you lose your money?" exclaimed Frank, with a sudden suspicion.

It was two or three days since the chums had seen Gunten and Keller, their old enemies of Cedar Creek School, who were camping somewhere in the mountains, and Frank wondered whether Yen Chin knew where they were, and had visited them to play poker.

"Me losee in ttail," said Yen Chin, watching Frank's face as he spoke. "Fallee off pony, and droopee all money, no findee. Me got no money. Pool lill' Chinee cly."

"But you don't need any money here," said Frank, reassured by that explanation.

"No lendeer pool lill' Chinee ten dollee?" asked Yen Chin sorrowfully.

"I'll lend it to you if you want it," said Frank, in perplexity. "But I'm blessed if I see what you want cash for here!"

"No likee be stonee bloke," said Yen Chin. "Likee have cashee in pockee. Oh, yes! Payee Flanky when home."

"Oh, all right!" said Frank.

Frank had a good supply of cash for his holiday, and the chums had spent very little money.

He took out a couple of five-dollar bills, and gave them to the little Chinese.

Yen Chin's eyes glistened as he took them. "Flanky good ole sort," he said.

As Bob and Beauclere came back, the little Celestial rolled himself up in his blanket and lay down to sleep.

He was soon fast asleep, or affecting to be so.

The weather was fine, and the chums of Cedar Creek slept in their blankets, under the stars, round the sinking fire.

As was their custom, they took turns to watch during the night; Chunky and Yen Chin being exempted from that duty as unreliable.

Yen Chin did not turn out in the morning with the rest.

His journey the previous day had evidently tired him, and he was still sleeping, rolled in his blanket, long after the rest were up and doing.

Bob Lawless awakened him at last by rolling him over with his boot.

"Going to sleep all day?" he demanded.

The Chinese blinked at him drowsily. "Me gettee up," he said. "Goey lidee."

"Oh, you're going riding again, are you?"

"Me tinkee."

"And where are you going?"

"Lookee fol gamee."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Bob, at that untruthful answer, for it was pretty plain that it was not the truth.

Yen Chin vouchsafed no further information, however, and after the midday meal he mounted his pony and rode away.

He had heard the chums discussing the "strike" in the creek, but showed a plentiful lack of interest in it.

Some other matter, it was plain, was engrossing the thoughts of the little Chinese, but what it was Frank Richards & Co. could not guess.

The "claim," however, took all their attention that day.

Having decided to give it a trial, they set to work with hearty goodwill to put Bob's theory to the test.

Where the creek made a bend they banked up a dam with thick logs, hewn by their own axes, and strengthened with wattles and mud.

The work occupied the four of them most of the day, and Yen Chin's assistance would have been useful, too; but the Celestial was not on the scene.

Towards sundown they had succeeded in uncovering an expanse of the sandy bed of the creek, and in the fading light Bob Lawless proceeded to "pan" it.

His chums sat on the log embankment and watched him at work.

Bob's eyes were glistening when he showed them the result.



TRACKED DOWN AT LAST! There was a ringing of horses' hoofs on the rocks of the ravine, and Frank Richards & Co. came riding into view. Gunten sprang to his feet. "So we have found you at last!" said Bob Lawless grimly. (See Chapter 5.)

"Good?" asked Frank.

"Tip-top—all O.K., I guess," said Bob. "Partners, I guess we've struck it. I reckon we can take two hundred dollars a day out of this claim, as long as it lasts."

Frank Richards opened his eyes.

"That's a real strike!" he exclaimed.

"You bet!"

"Hurrah!"

The chums of Cedar Creek returned to camp in great spirits.

Yen Chin had not yet returned, and they sat down to a cold supper without him, eagerly discussing the "strike."

"I guess we shall have to stake out the claim," said Bob. "Any prospector may come moseying along any day, and if the claim's not ours legally, any galoot can chip in and wash out our gold. One of us can ride down to Tucker's Bar in the morning and register it in five names. We go shucks in the concern, eh?"

"Equal whacks all round," agreed Frank Richards.

"Then that blessed heathen will have to take a hand in the work," said Chunky Todgers warmly.

"By the way, where is Yen Chin?" exclaimed Bob. "He's getting too jolly mysterious. He must have some reason for clearing off every day like this."

"Can he have fallen in with Gunten?" asked Beauclere.

Bob knitted his brows.

"It's possible. I believe that foreign trash is still hanging about the hills somewhere. But Yen Chin never liked him. Gunten used to bully him at Cedar Creek. I'll jolly well make him explain when he comes back!"

But it was long before Yen Chin came back.

Frank and Bob and Beauclere waited up, their anxiety deepening.

There was a step on the rocks at last.

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Frank, in great relief.

It was Yen Chin at last.

He came into the camp on foot, and threw himself wearily down on a log to rest. And the three chums surrounded him at once.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Yen Chin's Way!

YEN CHIN did not look up. He was plainly tired out and in a black mood, which contrasted curiously with his usual cheery spirits.

"Where's your horse, Yen Chin?" asked Bob.

"No savvy."

"Have you lost him?"

"Losee on ttail."

"Have you had to hoof it home?"

"Oh, yes!"

"That's jolly queer!" said Bob Lawless suspiciously. "Where's your knife? I see it's not in your belt."

"Losee."

Frank Richards clapped the Celestial on the shoulder. Frank was more than suspicious now.

"Have you lost the ten dollars as well?" he asked grimly.

"Allee light," said Yen Chin hastily.

"You've still got the money?"

"Me gottee."

"Show it to me, then!" exclaimed Frank. Yen Chin hesitated.

"Me makee mistakee," he said at last.

"Losee money, too! Losee all! Dlopee on ttail, and no findee."

"You want us to believe that you've lost your horse, your knife, and your money by accident on the trail?" exclaimed Frank.

"Allee blue!"

"You've lost them playing poker!" roared Bob.

"No playee pockee. No cau."

The three chums looked at one another in exasperation.

There was no doubt that their suspicions were well-founded. It was only at cards that the Chinese could have lost his property.

How to deal with him was a mystery. "The pesky young villain!" said Bob Lawless at last. "What are you going to do without a horse?"

"No savvy?"

"Anyhow, we won't let you go off again by yourself!" said Bob. "I guess I'll take good care of that!"

"Me wantee go to-morrow."
 "What?"
 "Flanky lendee me some dollee. Flanky nicee old boy! Me goee to Tuckee Bar and buy hoss. Oh, yes!"
 "Catch me trusting you with money after this!" growled Frank Richards.
 "Nicee ole Flanky——"
 "Oh, dry up!"
 "Dear ole Bob lendee money——"
 "I'll 'dear old Bob' you!" grunted Bob Lawless. "You try to leave the camp again, and I'll skin you!"
 "Ole Bob velly ugly! No likee ugly Bob!"
 "Never mind whether you likee me!" grinned Bob. "You're going to help work on the claim to-morrow. We'll buy you a new horse at the Bar out of the profits when we break camp. You won't want a horse till then."
 "Findee gold?" asked Yen Chin, his almond eyes glistening.
 "Look at that!" said Bob.
 He held out the little buckskin bag in which the chums had placed the grains of gold washed out from the placer.
 "Goldee!" ejaculated Yen Chin, almost gasping with excitement. "Hundred dollee!"
 "There's a good hundred dollars there," assented Bob. "And when we've finished we'll buy you a new horse if you behave yourself, and take your share of the work."
 "Me velly good boy. Wolkee velly muchee. Oh, yes!"
 "I guess we'll keep you to that. Now turn in."
 Yen Chin obediently rolled himself in his blanket.
 But his almond eyes remained open, fixed upon Bob Lawless.
 There was a glitter in his eyes that would have aroused Bob's suspicions if he had noted it; but he gave no further heed to the Celestial.
 He thrust the buckskin bag into his pocket, and sat on the log to keep the first watch while his comrades slept.
 When his watch was over he lay down to sleep near the dying fire, and Frank Richards took his place on the log.
 Frank watched the little valley drowsily in the glimmer of the moonlight.
 He started a little as Yen Chin rose from his place and glided silently towards him.
 "Go to sleep, kid!" said Frank.
 "Me healee someting!" murmured the little Chinese.
 "What can you hear? Only the wind in the pines," said Frank.
 Yen Chin shook his head.
 "Man walkee by cleek," he said. "Velly quiet! Man comee."
 Frank Richards started to his feet, and looked towards the creek through the trees.
 He could hear nothing but the sough of the wind in the foliage.
 "Are you sure, Yen Chin?" he asked.
 "Me tinkee. Flanky goey see, me watchee hele!"
 "Right-ho! I think you're mistaken," said Frank.
 He took up his rifle, and went through the trees towards the creek, keeping his eyes well about him.
 There was no sign of the intruder, however, and after ten minutes' inspection of the vicinity he returned to the camp.
 He expected to find Yen Chin sitting on the log where he had left him. But the Celestial was not there. Neither was he in his blanket.
 Frank Richards gazed round him, in surprise and then in anger as he realised the truth.
 Yen Chin had tricked him into leaving his post while he cleared out of the camp.
 "The young rascal!" exclaimed Frank Richards savagely.
 He shook Bob Lawless and awoke him.
 "Hallo! What's up?" yawned Bob.
 "Yen Chin's cleared off."
 "Eh?" Bob jumped up, and Beauclerc, awakened, too, followed his example. "What on earth has he cleared off for at this time of night? It's nearly an hour to dawn yet. Why didn't you stop him?"
 Frank explained rather ruefully.
 "The cunning heathen!" growled Bob. "But I don't catch on! Why should he sneak away like that? He hasn't taken a horse?"
 "No; I should have heard him if he'd

touched the horses. He's gone on foot. Blessed if I know why!"
 "It would be plain enough if he had borrowed money of us," said Bob. "But he was dead broke when he came in, and he can't gamble with Gunten without any money. Lucky I had the gold-dust in a safe place!"
 He put his hand in his pocket as he spoke, and then he uttered a sudden yell of wrath. His hand came out empty.
 "Gone!"
 "Gone!" repeated Frank, in amazement. "What's gone?"
 "The buckskin bag. He's picked my pocket while I was asleep!" roared Bob.
 "Oh, my hat!"
 Bob Lawless fairly stamped with wrath.
 Yen Chin was gone, and the buckskin bag with him; the proceeds of that day's labour on the claim had vanished.
 Frank Richards looked aghast.
 "The awful young rascal!" he exclaimed. "He's robbed us! And—and he's gone to Gunten, wherever he is, to gamble the dust away."
 Bob set his teeth.
 "That's enough of Yen Chin, and of Gunten, too," he said. "We can't follow him now, but we'll pick up a trail at dawn. And I guess we'll make it hot for the whole gang if we run them down—and I calculate we will!"
 And with the first gleam of dawn on the mountains the chums of Cedar Creek led out their horses and took the trail.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
 Rough Justice.

"BY gum! That heathen again!" exclaimed Kern Gunten.
 Keller grinned.
 The two Swiss schoolboys were camped in a ravine a good ten miles from the creek where Frank Richards & Co. had pitched their camp.
 They were seated by a camp-fire, breakfasting late, in the sunny morning, when Yen Chin came in sight.
 "Hallo, heathen!" grinned Gunten, as the Chinese came panting up. "I guess you've had a long walk. What have you got there?"
 Yen Chin held up a buckskin bag.
 "What's in it?" asked Keller curiously.
 "Gold-dustee."
 "Phew!" exclaimed Gunten, as Yen Chin showed the contents of the bag. "Where did you get that, John?"
 "Findee."
 Gunten grinned. He did not care very much where Yen Chin had "found" the gold, as a matter of fact.
 "Playee pokee," said Yen Chin. "Oh, yes!"
 "As long as you've got any dust!" chuckled Gunten.
 And the three sat down to the game round

a log that served as a table, and in a few minutes it was going strong under the bright sunshine.
 But that game of poker was destined to be interrupted.
 Gunten had valued the bag of dust at a hundred dollars, and Yen Chin was allowed to use "chips" representing that sum, and two-thirds of the amount had passed to Gunten and Keller, when there was a ringing of horses' hoofs on the rocks of the ravine.
 Gunten sprang to his feet.
 Frank Richards, Beauclerc, and Bob Lawless were riding down the ravine at a trot.
 "So we've found you!" said Bob Lawless grimly.
 "I guess you've come to our camp without being asked," growled Gunten. "What do you want?"
 "First of all, we want the bag of dust Yen Chin took last night," said Bob. "I see you've got it there. Take it up, Franky."
 Gunten made a stride forward.
 "Leave it alone!" he exclaimed. "Yen Chin's lost chips to us for sixty dollars already, and it comes out of that dust."
 "Yen Chin can't lose our gold to you," said Beauclerc contemptuously. "You are a scoundrel to be gambling with the poor little beggar, anyway!"
 "Mind your own business! Let that bag alone!" shouted Gunten.
 He caught at Frank Richards' wrist.
 Without a word, but with a glitter in his eyes, Frank struck the Swiss full in the face, and Gunten rolled over on the rocks.
 Frank slipped the buckskin bag into his pocket.
 Gunten scrambled up, his hand on the knife in his belt.
 "You'll get hurt if you show that sticker, Gunten," said Bob Lawless quietly.
 And Gunten wisely did not draw it.
 "Yen Chin, you young villain," said Bob, "you've robbed us, and we're fed up, and we're done with you! There's your horse; take it!"
 "That's our horse!" blustered Keller. "The Chinese lost it at poker."
 Crash! Bob's answer was a drive from the shoulder, and Keller went down. He stayed there.
 "That's for you!" said Bob. "You've got that little rascal to gamble away his money, and you can keep it, but you're not going to keep his horse. Take it at once, Yen Chin."
 The Chinese obeyed.
 Bob Lawless took a trail-rop, and coiled it, the two Swiss watching him apprehensively. They had grounds for apprehension.
 The rancher's son began on Gunten, and he laid the trail-rop on with hearty vigour.
 The Swiss yelled and dodged, and dodged and yelled, and fairly took to his heels at last. Keller sped after him, not escaping three or four lashes as he went.
 "I guess that lets them out, the scallywags!" growled Bob. "Now come along with us, Yen Chin, you heathen thief!"
 "Pool lill' Chinese solly."
 "Oh, shut up!" snapped Bob.
 The chums of Cedar Creek rode away, Yen Chin with them. Not till they were quite gone did Gunten and Keller venture to return to their camp.
 The schoolboys rode on, and Bob Lawless halted at last where a trail marked by horses' hoofs led to the distant camp of Tucker's Bar.
 He pointed along the trail.
 "That's your way, Yen Chin."
 Yen Chin's face fell, and his mouth drooped pathetically.
 "Pool lill' Chinese velly solly!" he pleaded.
 "No playee pokee any mole. No takee gold-dustee any mole. Velly good boy! Velly solly! Me cly!"
 "You can cry as much as you like," answered Bob, "you heathen humbug! If you come near our camp again I'll take the trail-rop to you, and you'll remember it! Scat!"
 "Me no leavee handsome ole Bob!"
 "That's enough!"
 The three chums rode away together, and Yen Chin, evidently realising that it was final, remained sitting his pony on the trail, his eyes following them.
 The last they saw of him he was still sitting there motionless, with a downcast face that haunted the chums for a long time afterwards.

THE END.

(Another fine long adventure tale of Frank Richards & Co., entitled: "The Stolen Claim!" in next week's issue.)

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Doubting Thomases!

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter's little round eyes were gleaming with excitement behind his spectacles, as he burst into the Common-room at Greyfriars.

Most of the Remove were there, and a good many of the Upper Fourth and the Shell. And most of them looked round at Bunter as he rushed in ablaze with excitement. The fat junior had been out, and he had evidently returned with news.

"Well, what is it now?" sniffed Johnny Bull. "Your postal-order come at last?"

"It's—it's extraordinary!" gasped Bunter.

"Yes, it would be, if your postal-order came!" Bob Cherry agreed.

"Oh, really, Cherry! It isn't that! I tell you it's a fair corker!"

"What's happened, fathead?"

"I saw him!" panted Bunter.

"Saw whom—what—which, ass?"

"Wingate!"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged quick glances, and Peter Todd looked up from the game of chess he was playing with Tom Dutton. They guessed at once that Billy Bunter had seen something, of which they as yet only knew the secret. But now that Bunter knew it, it was fairly on the way to becoming common knowledge. The other fellows, however, who knew nothing of what the Famous Five knew, stared at Bunter blankly.

"You frabjous ass!" said Mark Linley. "What is there extraordinary in seeing Wingate of the Sixth? Don't we all see him every day and all day?"

"Not where I saw him!" chuckled Bunter.

"And where did you see him?" inquired Skinner.

"Guess!"

"Oh, rats!"

"What price the Anchor at Pegg?" chortled Bunter.

"Wingate—at the Anchor in Pegg!" said Penfold. "Rubbish!"

"Rot!" said Temple of the Fourth.

"Shut up, you fat duffer!" advised Fry of the Fourth. "If you were heard telling a yarn like that about a prefect, you'd get it in the neck."

"But it's true!" howled Bunter.

"Rats!"

"I tell you I saw him!" shrieked Bunter. Like many followers of Ananias, Bunter was greatly indignant at having his word doubted

when, by chance, he was telling the truth for once. "I saw him with my own eyes."

"I suppose you couldn't see him with anybody else's!" snorted Hobson of the Shell. "But your eyes ain't much good. No good at all if they see things like that. Shut up!"

"Yes, cheese it!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ring off!" said Peter Todd. "You ought to be ashamed of coming here with a yarn like that, Bunter!"

Alonzo Todd looked at his cousin in surprise.

"But, my dear Peter," he began. "You yourself—Yaroooh! What are you stamping on my foot for, Peter?" gasped Alonzo in tones of anguish. "You have hurt me—you have really hurt me very considerably!"

"I'll stamp on your head if you don't keep it shut!" growled Peter in a fierce whisper.

Harry Wharton, who was near him, could not help hearing what he said, and he cast a curious look at Todd. It occurred to him at once that someone outside the ranks of the "Co." had also seen Wingate, captain of Greyfriars, most popular fellow in the school, lounging and smoking at the Anchor Inn in Pegg—the most shady inn in the neighbourhood.

"So you know, Todd?" he murmured.

Peter gave him a quick look.

"Do you?" he asked in the same tone.

"Yes. Keep Bunter shut up if you can."

"Lot of good trying that!" muttered Peter.

"Wild horses couldn't do it. Listen to him now, the fat jossler!"

Billy Bunter's voice was rising with excitement. The general unbelief that greeted a statement of exact fact exasperated him.

"I tell you I saw him!" shrieked Bunter.

"I've been over to Cliff House to tea, and so I happened to be passing the Anchor—"

"You don't pass the Anchor to go to Cliff House!" said Bulstrode.

"Well, you see, I—I didn't have tea at Cliff House after all!" Bunter admitted. "I called there, but owing to some misunderstanding the porter didn't let me in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You mean you shoved yourself there without being asked, and got the order of the boot!" said Hazeldene. "Serve you right!"

"So I went into Pegg," said Bunter hastily. "I was going to the grocer's for some cake, you see, as I didn't get any tea owing to that misunderstanding. And as I passed the Anchor, there was Wingate sitting in the garden—"

"Rats!"

"Smoking a cigarette—"

"Rot!"

"He didn't take the slightest notice of me," went on Bunter. "Didn't turn a hair! Didn't seem to care a rap if he was seen!"

"Rubbish!"

"I tell you he was smoking in the inn garden—" howled Bunter.

"Bosh!"

"Shut up!"

"Ring off!"

"Cheese it!"

Billy Bunter blinked furiously at the crowd of doubting Thomases. Some of the juniors were looking angry, too, and they were gathering about Bunter in a threatening manner. George Wingate was the idol of the Lower School. Bunter was always starting some yarn or other—but that he should venture to begin a yarn like this about the popular captain of Greyfriars was the limit.

"If you say another word," said Hobson of the Shell, shaking a warning finger at Billy Bunter, "we'll give you a lesson in scandal-mongering, you fat rotter!"

"I saw him!" yelled Bunter.

"That does it!" said Hobson. "He won't shut up! Collar him!"

"Here, I say, you fellows—hands off, you know!" howled Bunter. "I'm telling the exact truth—honour bright, you know—I am—honest Injun! Yow—ow—leggo!"

But the juniors did not let go. They collared Bunter, and dragged him into the middle of the room. Temple of the Fourth closed the door, in case any prefect should come along the passage and interrupt the proceedings. Hobson and Dabney whirled Bunter off his feet, and slammed him face downwards on the table.

Bunter wriggled wildly in the grasp of the juniors.

"Leggo!" he gurgled. "You beasts—it's true! Ow, ow! Peter Todd, you beast, help me! You ain't going to see your own study ragged, are you, you funk?"

"Yes, rather!" said Peter Todd calmly. "I'm going to lend a hand, too, if you tell yarns like that about old Wingate!"

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry. "A still tongue shows a wise head, Buntie dear. If you see things you're not supposed to see, you should keep your silly head shut."

"Not that he really saw anything of the kind," said Penfold. "We all know that Wingate is straight as a die. Rag the fat rotter!"

"Anybody got a cricket-stump?" asked Hobson, looking round. "No? Never mind

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—an exercise-book will do. Hold the fat rotter tight."

"Ow, ow! Help!"
Hobson of the Shell folded the exercise-book in two, and took a firm grip upon it. Billy Bunter, held at length on the table, helpless in the grasp of the juniors, turned a red and furious face round towards the Shell fellow.

"Ow! Keep him off!" he howled. "Don't you hit me, Hobson, or—yarooooh!"

Whack, whack, whack!
Hobson made quick play with the exercise-book, and the whacks sounded almost like pistol-shots upon Bunter's tight trousers. The Owl of the Remove roared and struggled and wriggled and yelled.

"Ow, ow! Leggo! Help! Rescue! Fire! Murder! Yaroooh!"

Whack, whack, whack!
"Go it!" said Peter Todd cheerfully. "Bunter, old man, you've asked for this, and now you're getting it. Put your beef into it, Hobson!"

"I'm doing that!" panted Hobson. "I'll teach him to tell lies about old Wingate. It might be true about Loder or Carne—but Wingate, my hat! Take that, and that, and that!"

Whack, whack, whack! Bunter took them—he could not help it! He roared like a bull.

"Ow, ow, ow! I tell you it's true—quite true! I saw him—yow—ow!"

"Obstinate pig!" said Russell. "Give him some more. Lick him till he owns up that he's telling lies!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "Pile on, Hobson! You ain't half whacking him!"

Whack, whack, whack!
"Ow, ow! Help! Fire! Murder!" roared Bunter.

"Will you own up that you were telling lies about Wingate?" demanded Hobson of the Shell, pausing breathlessly, with the exercise-book upraised.

"Yow—ow—ow! Beast!" howled Bunter. "It's true!"

"The rotter! Give him some more!"
Whack, whack, whack!

"Ow! Stoppit!" howled Bunter. "I—I—I'll own up! I'll say anything—yow—ow! I'll say—yaroooh—I'll say anything you like!"

"Repeat it after me, then," said Hobson. "I admit that I'm a beastly liar—"

"Grooh! I admit that you're a beastly liar—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Oh, help! Yah! Crumbs! Grooogoooh!"

"Don't you be funny!" said Hobson severely. "Repeat exactly what I say. I admit that I'm a beastly liar—"

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "I admit that I'm a beastly—ow—liar—ow—"

"And I've lied about Wingate—"

"Ow! I've lied about Wingate—"
groaned Bunter.

"I never saw him at the Anchor at all!" said Hobson.

"I never saw him at the Anchor at all! Yow—ow!"

"And I'm sorry I told whoppers!"
"Grooh! I'm sorry I told whoppers! Oh dear!"

"Now chuck him out!" said Hobson.

And the juniors, laughing loudly, swung Bunter off the table, and rushed him to the door. Dabney opened the door, and Bunter went whirling forth, sliding a dozen yards along the passage before he came to a standstill.

"There! I don't think he'll tell any more lies about old Wingate!" gasped Hobson.

"I think we've nipped that rot in the bud!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Half an hour later, when Peter Todd went up to Study No. 7 to do his preparation, he found Billy Bunter still groaning in the arm-chair.

"But, but I say—"
"Shut up!" roared Peter.

And Bunter shut up at last.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Painful Duty!

HARRY WHARTON tapped Peter Todd on the arm when the cheerful Peter came downstairs later.

"So you know about it?" he said.
Peter nodded.

"Yes; but I didn't know you knew," he said. "How did you know?"

"We promised Wingate not to say any—"
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thing," said Harry, "and we haven't said a word. I suppose you saw him at the inn with that shady bounder Screwe?"

"Yes, and now Bunter's seen him!"

"He must be off his rocker!" said Harry. "I never dreamed that old Wingate would break out like that—and that he'd do it in such an assinine way, that's the queerest part of it. He doesn't seem to care whether he gets the sack or not. If the Head knew, he'd sack him right off, and he must know soon, if this goes on!"

"Wingate seems to be asking to be found out," Peter remarked. "But he's a good sort, in spite of this, and I'm looking after him. I've taken him under my protection. I'm not going to let him get himself sacked, if I can help it!"

"Ha, ha ha! You'll make him pretty wild if you go that way to work to save him!"

"You chaps could help me a lot," said Peter. "I'm thinking of collaring him at the Anchor when he goes there, and making him sit up. That will bring him to his senses, if anything will!"

"You—you ass!" exclaimed Wharton. "Collaring Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of the school! Are you off your rocker, too?"

"Not a bit of it. It's the only way; and I'm not going to let him go to the dogs if I can protect him," said Todd. "It's up to us, I think."

"I don't suppose Wingate thinks so!" grinned Wharton.

"Oh, never mind what Wingate thinks! He's not the fellow to judge, under the circumstances. Now, if you're willing to follow my lead—"

"Catch me! Study No. 1 leads in the Remove!"

"Study No. 7!" said Peter firmly.

"Look here—"

"Well, if you can suggest a better scheme, I'll follow your lead," said Peter. "I can't say fairer than that. What do you propose?"

"Why not mind our own business?" suggested Wharton.

Todd shook his head.

"I've made this my business," he said. "I'm not going to let Wingate go to the giddy bow-wows! He seems to be bent on going the whole unicorn now. I'm not going to let him. I like him too much!"

"But if you chip in, he'll think it a cheek of a junior. He'll whop you, and get all the more obstinate!"

"Well, that's possible," Todd admitted.

"Still, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I've done my best. I think you fellows might lend a hand."

"Oh rats!" was Wharton's reply to that.

Peter shrugged his shoulders and went his way. Other fellows might be unwilling to join his harebrained schemes, but that did not make Peter himself think any the less of them. And his determination to save George Wingate from his follies was stronger than ever. Peter Todd meant business.

Peter Todd thought it out carefully, and the next day, after morning school, he joined Harry Wharton & Co. in the passage.

"You chaps care for a lark?" he asked.

"What kind of a lark?" asked Bob Cherry, somewhat suspiciously. "Some of your larks are rather too lurid!"

"A regular scorcher!" said Peter cheerfully. "I'm going down to Pegg to slaughter a man!"

"To what?" howled the Famous Five together.

"Slaughter a man," said Peter calmly.

"Will you help?"

"You frabjous fathead—" said Johnny Bull.

"He's a bad man," explained Peter. "He's teaching the young idea how to shoot—the wrong way. He's leading a gentle and innocent youth into wicked ways. I have thought it out, and come to the conclusion that a slaughtering would be the best way to stop him. His name is Dicky Screwe, and he's a longshoreman, a waster, and a gambling rotter—the worst character in Pegg!"

"Oh!" said the juniors, understanding at once.

"I was thinking of ducking him, and explaining to him gently but firmly that he's got to drop his acquaintance with Greyfriars chaps," said Peter. "A ducking, a whopping, and a bumping will constitute the slaughtering. We can't boil him in oil; the law would step in. We've got too many laws in this country!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, we don't mind," he said. "When

are you going? That rotter wants a licking, if anybody does! I know he was talking to Hazeldene the other day, trying to get him to put money on a horse. I jawed Hazel for it; but it's Screwe who ought to be jawed—or something stronger!"

"Good egg!" said Peter Todd. "After lessons to-day, then. I know just where to find the rotter. He generally loafs in the same place!"

And, when lessons were over for the day, eight juniors left Greyfriars in a little party—the Famous Five, and Peter Todd, Alonzo, and Tom Dutton. They walked down the lane to the fishing village, and there Peter Todd left his companions, and sauntered on to the Anchor alone.

Dicky Screwe could be seen leaning up against a wall near the Anchor, smoking a pipe and contemplating the sea. He was generally to be found there at that time; he was never known to work. Mr. Screwe did not see the fun of working hard to catch fish at sea, when it was so much easier to catch duffers ashore.

Peter Todd paused, and nodded to Mr. Screwe. The longshore loafer looked at him inquiringly. Longshoreman and loafer as he was, Dicky Screwe had a very extensive acquaintance among all sorts of people. Many of the fellows of Highcliffe School made bets with him, and Screwe had long been anxious to extend his profitable connection to Greyfriars also, so he was very civil to Peter.

"Arternoon, sir!" he said.

"Anything going for the Mugford Handicap?" said Peter, with a wink.

Mr. Screwe looked very keen at once.

Here was a young gentleman who looked prosperous, simply asking for trouble, as it were. Screwe guessed that the schoolboy had heard that he ran a betting business, and was anxious to "come in."

"If so be as you're lookin' for a safe thing, I could put you on to something for that werry race, sir," said Mr. Screwe.

"Come along, then!" said Peter. "I've some fellows with me who want to talk to you, and they don't want to do it here in the street. You savvy?"

Mr. Screwe grinned. He "savvied" well enough. Schoolboys who had dealings with men of his sort had to be very careful to keep it "under the rose."

"I'm on," said Dicky Screwe.

"This way, then!" said Peter.
He sauntered away, and the rascal followed him only too willingly. Peter walked out of Pegg, and down the lane to the point where it ran along the bank of the Sark. By the river there, under the trees, Harry Wharton & Co. were waiting.

Mr. Screwe looked somewhat surprised at seeing such a crowd of them. If it was business, it was a good stroke of business; there was no doubt about that.

"Arternoon, young gentlemen!"

Peter Todd made a sign, and the juniors surrounded Mr. Screwe. The longshoreman looked somewhat uneasy. He began to suspect that it was not business—or, at all events, not the business he had anticipated.

"I say, wot's this 'ere?" he began.

Peter Todd raised an accusing finger, and pointed it at Dicky Screwe.

"The time has come, as the walrus remarked, to talk of many things," said Peter severely. "What sort of a blighter do you call yourself, Mr. Screwe?"

"Wot!"

"You came here, thinking you were going to lead a nice, well-behaved, innocent kid like me into your sinful ways!" said Peter. "Look at my cousin Alonzo, how shocked he looks!"

"My dear Peter—"

"Look 'ere!" shouted Mr. Screwe. "If this 'ere is a lark, I don't like it! I'm orf!"

"Not yet," said Peter. "Collar him!"

"'Ands orf!" roared Mr. Screwe. "'Ow dare you lay 'ands on me, you young war-mints? I'll 'ave you locked up!"

"Chuck him in!"

"Why, this 'ere—ow—yah—'elp!" shrieked Mr. Screwe.

Splash!
"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Well Run!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. roared as the rascal descended with a mighty splash into the shallow water of the river's margin. There was no danger of Mr. Screwe's being drowned; the water was less than a couple of feet deep

there for some yards out; but he was very wet. He rose from the water, drenched, and it surged round his legs as he stood planted in soft and clinging mud.

He gasped for breath, with the water running down his face, and glared furiously at the grinning juniors on the bank.

"You young 'ounds!" he roared. Mr. Scrawe came tramping towards the shore, through the squelching mud that clung around his boots. But Harry Wharton & Co. lined up to receive him.

"Stand where you are!" said Peter Todd. "If you try to get out, we'll shove you in again—and quick, too!"

"The quickfulness will be terrific, my esteemed rotter!"

"Look 'ere!" yelled Mr. Scrawe. "I shall ketch cold—"

"We've got to talk to you before you get out," explained Peter Todd affably. "Now, what sort of a scoundrel do you call yourself?"

"Look 'ere—"

"Are you a lazy, loafing, swilling, gambling rascal, or are you not?" asked Peter calmly. "You'll be kept in the water till you've owned up to the truth! Now, then!"

Mr. Scrawe glared savagely at the juniors; but he knew he had no chance of getting out of the water so long as they chose to keep him there, and they were out of sight of the village, and far from help. The loafer realised that he was in a very tight corner indeed, and he weakened at once.

"I'll say anythin' you like, young gents!" he mumbled.

"Are you a loafing rotter?"

"Groo! Yes. Lemme out!"

"Good! Are you a gambling blackguard?"

"Ow! Yes. I say—"

"Now, that's clear," said Peter, with a nod of satisfaction. "I trust, Mr. Scrawe, that you now see your rascally conduct in its true light?"

"Will you lemme out of this 'ere water?" said Mr. Scrawe savagely, between his teeth.

"Not until you see your conduct in its true light," said Peter calmly.

"Yes, I do—I do! Lemme out!"

"Not quite. You know that we belong to Greyfriars, I suppose?"

"Yes, 'ang you!"

"We are a Committee of Morality and Upright Conduct, appointed by ourselves," Peter Todd explained. "Do you catch on?"

Mr. Scrawe snorted and shivered. The water was very cold.

"We have made it our business—and pleasure—to see that you don't have any acquaintance with Greyfriars chaps," resumed Peter. "You've got to promise not to speak to any fellow belonging to Greyfriars before we let you out."

"I p-p-promise," shivered Mr. Scrawe.

"Especially Wingate."

"Eh! I ain't never spoken to anybody of that name!" mumbled Mr. Scrawe.

"You awful Ananias! You beat Bunter!" said Bob Cherry indignantly. "We've seen you with him."

"I tell you I don't know 'im, and I ain't 'ardly 'eard the name!" howled Mr. Scrawe.

"Now let me out."

"No good expecting him to tell the truth, I suppose," said Harry Wharton. "Look here, Scrawe, you've got to promise not to speak to Wingate again."

"I p-p-promise."

"If you do, we shall come for you again," said Peter Todd impressively. "We shall give you a real ducking and a real walloping next time. Savvy?"

"Grooh! Ye-e-es. Ow!"

"Sure you quite understand?"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Scrawe. "Lemme out, 'ang you!"

"I think we can let him out now, chaps and fellows," said Peter Todd. "I think the rotter's had his lesson. Are you cold, Mr. Scrawe?"

"Grooh! Yes!"

"We'll warm you up!" said Peter. "You can come out."

The juniors backed away from the water's edge, and the shivering Mr. Scrawe tramped and squelched out of the water. His legs were thick with clinging mud up to the knees. His look was positively murderous.

"Yes, he looks rather cold," Peter Todd remarked, surveying him critically. "But we'll warm him up. You'd better run for Pegg, Mr. Scrawe. In case you should linger on the way, we shall run after you. We shall thump you every time we get within reach of you. Do you see? It will be quite exciting, won't it?"

Mr. Scrawe's reply cannot be recorded. It was couched in language that would have made one of the celebrated "army in Flanders" green with envy.

"Shut up!" snapped Peter. "Now, we give you half a minute's start."

Mr. Scrawe simply bolted.

He went down the lane towards Pegg almost with the speed of a locomotive, and Peter Todd timed him, and gave him exactly thirty seconds' start. Then, with a whoop, the juniors came tearing on his track.

"After him!" roared Todd.

"Put it on!"

"Give him socks!"

Fear lent Mr. Scrawe wings. Loafing about public-houses, and imbibing strong drink, and staying up to the small hours of the morning had not made him very fit for a foot-race.

But with the juniors yelling behind him, he put on a remarkably good speed, considering. He went down the lane at a terrific burst, and the juniors, good runners as they were, did not gain on him for some minutes.

But Mr. Scrawe's wind was not good, and he slacked suddenly, gasping. Then Bob Cherry, who was ahead of the pursuers, came within reach.

Bob reached out, and gave Mr. Scrawe a playful box on the ear as he ran, and then a box on the other ear with the other hand.

Dicky Scrawe roared, and ran harder.

Bob Cherry kept pace, and he boxed Mr. Scrawe's ears, and poked him in the back, and dug him in the ribs, while the other fellows roared with laughter behind.

Mr. Scrawe halted at last, and turned savagely upon his pursuers.

They were running too fast to stop themselves, and they simply piled into Dicky Scrawe, and he went rolling over on the ground, with the juniors sprawling over him.

"Ow, ow! 'Elp!" mumbled the longshoreman feebly.

"Ow! Gerroff my neck, somebody!" gasped Bob Cherry. "What silly idiot is shoving his silly elbow in my eye!"

"Ow! I've knocked my elbow!" murmured Alonzo Todd. "I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors scrambled off. Mr. Scrawe lay gasping on the ground. Peter Todd winked to the other juniors.

"Now, all together!" he exclaimed. "When I give the word, jump on him—with both feet! One—two—three—jump!"

But before the word "jump" was out of Peter's mouth, Mr. Scrawe had leaped to his feet, and was fleeing madly into Pegg village. The juniors roared with laughter as the fugitive disappeared among the cottages.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think that rotter's had his lesson," said Peter Todd, with great satisfaction. "And we have deserved well of our country."

And the Co. returned very cheerfully to Greyfriars. Wingate of the Sixth met them as they came into the Close, and he glanced at them suspiciously. When eight members of the Remove came home grinning and chuckling, it was easy enough for a prefect to guess that there had been trouble for somebody.

"What have you young rascals been up to?" the Greyfriars captain demanded.

"Snuff!" said Peter.

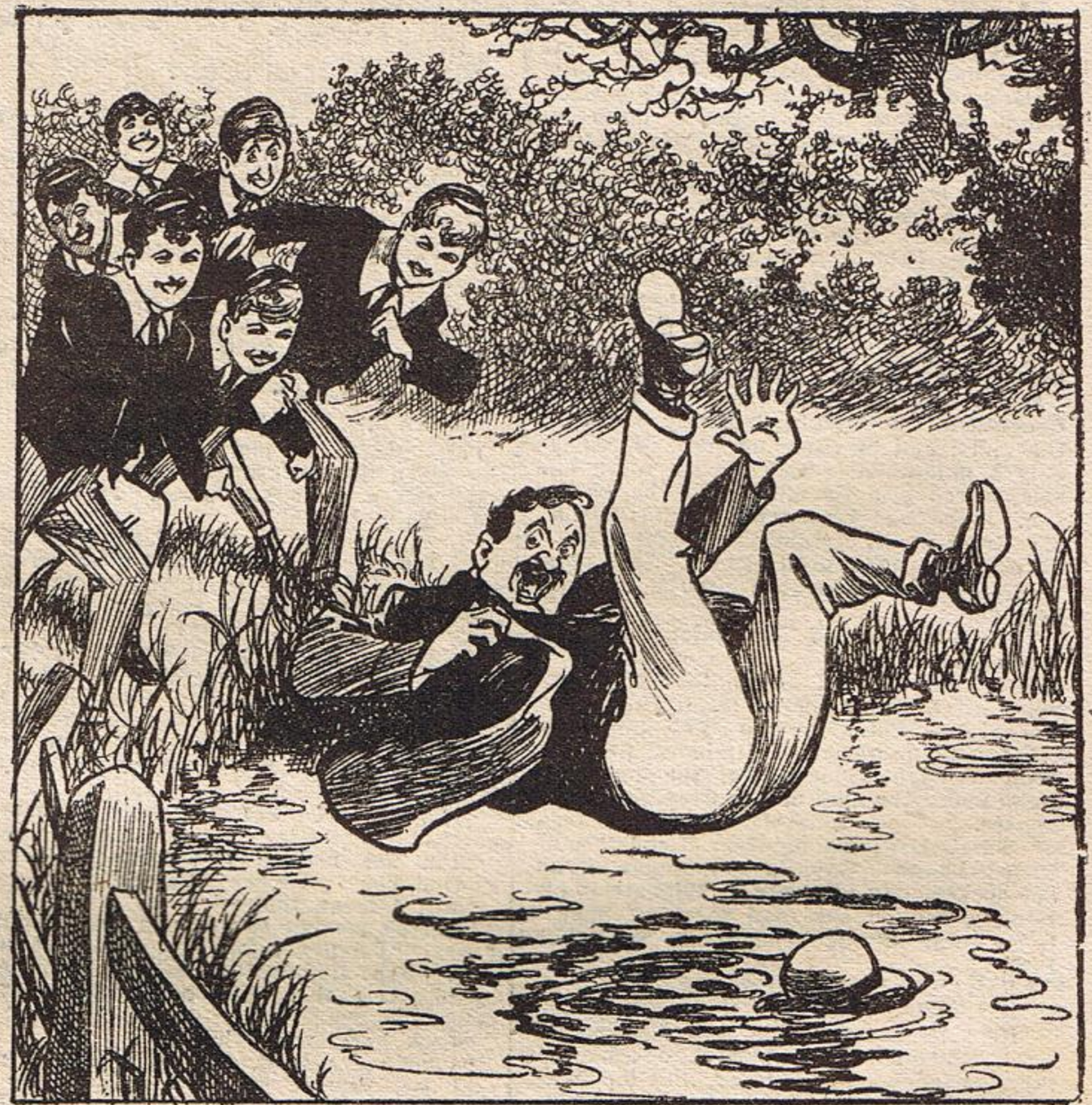
"What have you been doing?" asked Wingate, frowning.

"A painful but necessary duty, thank you!" said Peter Todd. "A fellow got wet in a river, and we helped to dry him. He required warming, and we warmed him. It was a pleasure as well as a duty."

And Peter Todd dodged into the School House before Wingate could question him any further.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Protection Not Required!

THE next day was Saturday, and in the afternoon the First Eleven of Greyfriars were playing a visiting team. Wingate being football captain of the school, he would be required,



DUCKING A RASCAL! "Collar him!" cried Peter Todd. "'Ands orf!" roared Mr. Scrawe. "'Ow dare you lay 'ands on me, you young warmints! I'll 'ave you looked up!" The rascal was collared on all sides and thrown out into the shallow water of the river. Splash! "Ow! 'Elp—yah!" cried Mr. Scrawe. (See Chapter 2.)

of course, in the match, and under the circumstances, Peter Todd confided to his comrades that he thought he could take his eye off Wingate that afternoon. Extraordinary as the skipper's conduct had been of late, he was not likely to cut a First Eleven match for the sake of playing the giddy goat, Peter considered.

So Peter, with that responsibility off his mind, allowed himself an afternoon off, so to speak. He decided that Study No. 7 should have a boat out on the bay, intending to give Billy Bunter some instruction in rowing. Bunter didn't want instructing in rowing; to his mind, it was too much like work. But Peter's word was law in Study No. 7. Having determined to make a man of Bunter, as he expressed it, he was willing to take any trouble, and to give Bunter any, to achieve that laudable object.

Bunter declared that he couldn't, wouldn't, and shouldn't row; and Peter declared that he would take a boathook with him, and that unless Bunter could, would, and did row, the boathook and Bunter would come into personal and disagreeable propinquity. And Bunter groaned and gave in.

That row on the bay was anguish to Bunter. Peter kept him at work till the perspiration rolled down his fat face. It was doing him good, Peter assured him from time to time, but Bunter did not seem to see it.

When the boat came in to the beach again, Bunter rolled ashore, feeling more dead than alive.

"Come on," said Peter. "We'll have some cake and gingerbeer before we go home. I'm peckish!"

Billy Bunter brightened up wonderfully. "Good idea!" he exclaimed heartily. "I'm simply famished. Come on!"

And they walked up from the beach. As they came into the village, Tom Dutton uttered an exclamation.

"My hat! There's Wingate again!"

"Great Scott!" said Peter.

He stared at the figure coming down the village street.

"But the match can hardly be over at Greyfriars yet!" he exclaimed.

"He's cut it!" said Bunter. "He's cut the match to come down here to meet his precious friend Scrawe, just as I told you the other day—"

"Great pip!" said Dutton. "He's going into the Anchor!"

Peter Todd's brow grew dark as the youth opened the gate close by the inn, and went into the garden and disappeared.

"The silly ass!" he exclaimed. "The awful chump! Why, anybody might have seen him going in there, and— Great Scott! Look there! Prout, by Jove!"

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth at Greyfriars, was walking sedately along by the cliffs, and he came up into the village only a minute after the reckless youth had disappeared into the garden of the Anchor Inn. If he had been sixty seconds earlier, Mr. Prout would certainly have seen him.

The juniors exchanged glances. Such utter recklessness on Wingate's part was simply astounding.

"He must be off his onion!" Dutton muttered.

Mr. Prout nodded kindly to the juniors, who lifted their caps respectfully, and walked on. Peter drew a deep breath of relief as he disappeared. He had feared that Wingate might come out of the inn again, right under the eyes of the Greyfriars Form master.

"This is shocking, my dear friends!" murmured Alonzo. "My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted. Wingate is certainly going on the road to ruin. Shall I follow him in and remonstrate with him, Peter?"

"Rats!" said Peter disrespectfully.

"But, my dear Peter—"

"Here he comes again, and Scrawe with him!" muttered Billy Bunter excitedly. "I say, you fellows, this is thick, isn't it? Why, they might have run right into old Prout!"

"Oh, he's dotty! He's simply dotty and potty!" muttered Peter Todd, watching the two figures as they proceeded down the street. "He's asking for trouble—simply begging for the sack! And, my hat, there's Prout again!"

Mr. Prout had reappeared in sight, and he had halted in the street, and was gazing

after the two figures as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. Dicky Scrawe and his companion were crossing the street, and their faces were in full view of the astounded Form master. Then they passed a cottage and disappeared. Peter Todd groaned.

"Prout's spotted him!" he exclaimed. "It's all up with Wingate now! It means the sack! Look at Prout's face! Looks as if a thunderbolt had dropped on his giddy napper, don't he? By George, Wingate must be fairly off his dot! Come on!"

"Where—"

"Don't jaw! Come on!" said Peter abruptly.

Mr. Prout, still looking thunderstruck, stood in the village street, apparently trying to collect his startled thoughts. It was enough to astound him to see George Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, walking and talking on the friendliest possible terms with Dicky Scrawe, the worst character in the whole district.

Peter Todd and his companions hurried away after the two, and came in sight of them again in the lane.

"They're going to Friardale!" said Peter. "But perhaps they won't get there. We're going to talk to them. Scrawe made us a little promise yesterday, and he seems to have forgotten all about it. I'm going to remind him."

"Look here, Toddy!" exclaimed Bunter, in alarm. "Wingate will be ratty—"

"I know he will!"

"Well, I'm not going to get into a row with Wingate—"

"Yes, you are!" said Peter Todd, seizing the fat junior by the collar. "You're going to back up your study! Come on!"

"Leggo!" howled Bunter. "I tell you—"

"Shut up, and come on!"

Peter Todd ran Bunter along the road, and Alonzo and Dutton followed. They quickly overtook the two walkers, and swung round and stopped directly in their path.

Mr. Scrawe scowled ferociously at the sight of the Greyfriars fellows.

"So it's you again, is it?" he said between his teeth.

Peter Todd nodded calmly.

"Us!" he agreed.

"Get out of the way!" said Scrawe savagely.

"Not just yet. I've got to talk to your friend," said Peter. "You shut up! Wingate, are you right off your rocker, you silly chump?"

Mr. Scrawe's companion stared at Peter Todd.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Business!" said Peter promptly. "Mr. Prout spotted you in the street just now."

"Spotted me!"

"Yes; Mr. Prout."

"Who's Mr. Prout?"

Peter stared at him. That Wingate of the Sixth should ask him who Mr. Prout was, was a little too much. Todd turned red with anger.

"I suppose you are very funny," he said, "but I don't see it. I've said that I'll save you from getting yourself ruined, and I'm going to do it. You're going to part company with that thief Scrawe at once!"

"Wot d'ye call me?" yelled Mr. Scrawe.

"And I'm going to see that you do it!" said Peter determinedly, unheeding Mr. Scrawe. "Now, sharp's the word! Don't you understand that Prout may come along at any moment? I tell you he spotted you in the street."

"Ha, ha, ha! You're making a mistake, kid!"

"I'm not making any mistake. Prout spotted you. We saw him—"

"No; I mean that—"

"There's no time to waste in jaw!" shouted Peter. "I tell you you've got to part company with that rotter before Prout gets on to you again! He's coming this way, I believe."

"Look here, young 'un—"

"Lend me a 'and, and we'll larrup 'em!" said Mr. Scrawe, taking a tighter grip on his heavy walking-cane. "They assaulted me yesterday, the young varmint! I'll give 'em tit for tat now, so I will!"

And Mr. Scrawe ran right at the juniors, lashing out with his stick.

Billy Bunter uttered a howl of terror, and fled at top speed. The other three juniors fastened upon Mr. Scrawe, receiving several severe lashes with the cane as they did so, and brought him to the ground.

"Elp, ole pal!" yelled Scrawe, as he struggled with the juniors.

His companion rushed to his aid. Todd and Dutton and Alonzo found themselves dragged off Dicky Scrawe and hurled into the road. Mr. Scrawe staggered up.

His face was purple with rage, and he brandished his cane furiously.

"Give 'em beans, the cheeky young whelps!" he howled.

Lash—lash—lash!

"Yaroo!" roared Peter. "Stop it! Great Scott! Oh!"

He jumped up, dodging the cane as best he could. It was borne in even upon Peter's reckless mind that three juniors were no match for a man with a stick, backed up by a fellow like Wingate. He reluctantly gave the signal to retreat, and the three Removites ran. Mr. Scrawe ran a dozen yards after them, lashing out fiercely, till they were out of reach. Then he returned, panting, to his companion.

Peter Todd groaned dismally, and rubbed his arms and shoulders, as he gazed after the two figures that disappeared down the lane towards Friardale.

"Oh, my hat! Blessed if I will ever take Wingate under my protection again! Ow! Fancy the beast going for us, when we were trying to help him! Ow!"

"What did you expect, my dear Peter? Ow! I am considerably hurt!"

"Oh, my head!" groaned Dutton. "That beast fetched me a lick on the napper! Todd, you silly idiot, what did you tackle them for? What business is it of yours if Wingate gets the sack, anyway?"

"I'm protecting him!" snapped Peter.

"Detecting him! Well, Prout's detected him now, and he'll get it in the neck, and serve him jolly well right!" growled Dutton, rubbing his head dolorously.

"I don't care a rap if the beast is expelled now! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Well, we've suffered in a good cause," murmured Peter. "Only our sufferings have been rather thick, and the cause doesn't seem to have benefited much. I wish I'd left him to you and your tracts, Lonzy! Ow!"

And the three very ill-used juniors took their way dolefully back to Greyfriars, feeling that life was hardly worth living in a world where fellows who tried to do good were so exceedingly roughly used. They overtook Bunter as they came up to the gates of Greyfriars. The Owl of the Remove blinked at them a little doubtfully.

"I—I—I ran for help!" he explained. "I—I was going to bring a lot of fellows to—to help you, Toddy—"

He did not stay to finish his explanation, but fled into the gateway just in time to escape Peter's boot.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

"WINGATE!"

"Hallo, Wharton!"

George Wingate was at tea in his study when Wharton knocked at the door and looked in. The captain of Greyfriars was looking more cheerful than he had looked during the past week. He nodded very kindly to Wharton.

"You're wanted, Wingate," said Harry.

Wingate gave him a sharp look. Wharton's face was very grave and troubled.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so. The Head has sent for you."

"The Head!" said Wingate, in surprise.

"Yes. Mr. Prout's with him. And Prout has taken Todd—both Todds—and Bunter and Dutton with him to the Head's study and—"

"What a giddy collection!" said Wingate, laughing. "Is he going to ask the Head to send them to a freak collection?"

"It's serious, Wingate. The Head was looking quite black when he told me to come for you," said Harry earnestly. "I—I'm afraid it's come out."

"What's come out?"

"About your being in Pegg at the Anchor with that rotter Scrawe. I know that the Todds and Dutton knew about it, and Bunter saw you the other day, too. I'm afraid their being taken to the Head's study shows that Mr. Prout has found something out, and knows that those kids know. I thought I'd warn you."

"Thanks!" said Wingate, with a smile.

(Continued on page 18.)

Next Week's Instalment Is Full of Dramatic Situations and Thrilling Escapades!

TUBBY MUFFIN IN CLOVER!

Tubby Muffin makes the most of his "heroic deed" and his short triumph!

ROOKWOOD'S HERO!



The Hero of the Hour!

A Simply Topping tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., the famous chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Author of the tales of Rookwood appearing in the BOYS' FRIEND.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Heroic!

"MUFFIN!"
"Tubby Muffin!"
Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the Fourth Form dormitory.

The dusk of a spring afternoon was closing in on Rookwood School. The sunset glimmered in at the high windows of the dormitory, and shone upon Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth—more commonly known as Tubby Muffin, on account of his circumference.

Tubby Muffin had just changed his clothes, and he was now busily occupied in brushing his hair.

Upon his fat face there was a smile of smug satisfaction.

Tubby Muffin was in high feather that afternoon.

"Hallo, you fellows!" he remarked.
Jimmy Silver marched in, with nearly all the Classical Fourth at his heels, and a good many of the Moderns.

All eyes were fixed upon Tubby Muffin, in astonishment and keen interest. For once the fat Classical was the cynosure of all eyes, and he basked in the limelight.

"Tubby, old scout—"

"Tell us about it, Tubby!"

"Go it, fatty!"

"Oh, you've heard?" remarked Tubby, in a lofty manner. "I wasn't going to talk about what I've done, you know. It was really nothing to me! Anything really plucky is just in my line!"

"Oh!"

"The fact is, you fellows have never really known the kind of chap I am," said Tubby Muffin severely. "You know now, I hope. I'm not going to talk about it. True heroes are always modest. I read that in a book once."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Tubby, my modest and unassuming hero—" began Jimmy Silver.

"That's it—that's me all over!" assented Tubby brightly. "Modest and unassuming. And the best of the bunch, all the time! That's me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Modesty, thy name is Muffin!" murmured Raby.

"But we want to hear the thrilling yarn, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "We couldn't swallow it at first. But we've asked Bulkeley of the Sixth, and he says you pulled him out of the water. It beats us—"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"Ahem—I mean, it's very surprising! Nobody ever suspected you of being a giddy hero before, Tubby!"

"Though we might have guessed it from Tubby's unassuming modesty," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell solemnly.

Tubby dabbed at his unruly hair with the brush.

"I don't mind telling you fellows about it," he said.

"I thought not!" murmured Jimmy.

"Eh! What did you say?"

"N-n-nothing! Get on with the washing!"

"Well, it was like this," said Tubby, blinking at the interested crowd of juniors. "I'd gone up along the Croft Brook—you know the place, on old Sir Leicester Stuckey's land—"

"Out of bounds!" said Newcome.

"Oh, I don't care about school bounds; I'm such a daring chap, you know!"

"Oh!"

"I was after Teddy Grace—I mean, I thought he had a picnic, and he hadn't," said Tubby. "I—I was alone—quite alone—alone, in fact—"

"Alone he did it!" murmured Lovell.

"I want it to be fully understood that I was alone," said Tubby cautiously. "If there had been another fellow there, Bulkeley might have thought he did it. And I did it, you know."

"We know," assented Jimmy Silver. "Get on!"

"Well, being alone, you understand—quite alone—I suddenly saw Bulkeley of the Sixth coming along on the other side of the brook. He was coming over by the plank bridge. I thought the beast was going to report me for being out of bounds when he saw me—I—I mean, he isn't exactly a beast, he's a splendid chap—that's what I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, on he came!" said Tubby impressively. "And the plank busted when he jumped on it. It was old, you know, and rotten, and it's been going to be repaired for dogs' ages, but it never has been. And Bulkeley was in a hurry. I believe the beast—I mean, I believe he was going to collar me, because I was on old Stuckey's ground. Old Stuckey is always complaining about fellows being on his ground—"

"Never mind old Stuckey now. Get on with the yarn!" said Mornington.

"Keep to the point, Tubby!"

"Well, the plank went, and Bulkeley went!" continued Tubby. "He banged his napper on the plank, and he went into the water like a—a—a—like anything, in fact."

Tubby gave his hair another dab, putting in a dramatic pause at the most thrilling moment of the stirring tale.

"And then?"

"Well, what could I do?" said Tubby. "There was Bulkeley, whiffling along into deep water, unable to help himself. I thought it out with marvellous swiftness. Without stopping to think a moment, I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you fellows cackling at?"

"Never mind; run on!"

"Without stopping to think a moment, I plunged into the raging flood—"

"Into the which?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

"The raging flood," replied Tubby warmly.

"Into the brook, you know."

"The Croft Brook isn't a raging flood. It's as smooth as a pond."

"If you're going to carp at everything I say, it's not much use my telling you about my heroic deed!" said Tubby Muffin loftily.

"Ha, ha! Shut up, Tommy! Let's get on to the heroic deed."

"Go it, Tubby!"

"I plunged into the raging flood," repeated Tubby Muffin, with a blink of defiance at Tommy Dodd. "The thundering billows nearly overwhelmed me—"

"My hat!"

"But with heroic resolution I fought my way to Bulkeley—"

"Phew!"

"Seizing him by the hair, I bore him ashore—"

"Lucky he doesn't wear a wig!" remarked Doyle.

"Shut up, Doyle! Stick to it, Tubby!"

"I bore him ashore, amid the raging billows," said Tubby, who had quite a poetical imagination when once it got fairly started. "Exhausted by my fearful efforts, I staggered ashore with Bulkeley in my arms—"

"You carried the biggest chap in the Sixth in your arms!" shrieked Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin started.

"I—I—I mean, not exactly in my arms!" he stammered. "To be strictly accurate, I had him by the collar. I—I was speaking figuratively, of course."

"Stick to the facts, and let the figures alone, old trump," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "The facts are staggering enough."

"I laid him on the grass and—sank exhausted to the earth," said Tubby Muffin. "I was wet—awfully wet! But I never thought about myself. I never do—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I looked after him like a long-lost brother," said Tubby. "He came to his senses at last, and sat up. He seemed surprised, somehow, that it was I who had rescued him."

"No wonder!"

"And he's not going to report me for breaking bounds," said Tubby. "It would have been different if it had been Teddy Grace. Putty is going to have a flogging if he goes on old Stuckey's land again. That's why he—he—I mean, Teddy Grace hasn't anything to do with it, of course."

"Keep to the point," urged Lovell. "Never mind Teddy Grace now. Did you carry Bulkeley home to Rookwood in your arms?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nunno; I—I couldn't, you know!"

"Go hon!"

"We walked home—at least, Bulkeley walked and I trotted," said Tubby Muffin. "Bootles met us as we came in. He told me I was a credit to the Form. So I am!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not the fellow to brag—"

"Oh crikey!"

"Not in the least. I shouldn't have told you fellows about this at all, only I think it may be for your good," explained Tubby. "You will be able to take me as an example, you see."

Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled.

But for the fact that Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, had already corroborated the

Next Week's Rookwood Story—"The Captain's Disgrace!"—a Real Winner!

story of the rescue, they certainly would not have believed a word of the egregious Tubby's yarn. But Bulkeley's statement was unquestionable, and, amazing as it was, Tubby had to be believed.

Shorn of all exaggerations, there was no doubt that the fellow who had plunged into deep water to rescue George Bulkeley had done a very plucky thing—and Tubby was given that much credit.

"Well, old chap, you're an awful fibber!" said Jimmy Silver. "But you've got more pluck than we ever thought—"

"Blessed if I understand it now!" said Lovell.

"It's rather a corker, but there you are! Bulkeley says it's true, and I suppose he knows," said Jimmy. "Tubby, old man, you're a giddy hero! Three cheers for the giddy hero of Rookwood!"

And the cheers rang through the dormitory, mingled with some laughter, and Tubby Muffin smiled expansively.

Like the gentleman of ancient times, at that moment the fat Classical came near to striking the stars with his sublime head.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. In Borrowed Plumes!

"YOU fat rascal!"
Teddy Grace, the new junior in the Fourth Form, made that uncomplimentary remark as Tubby Muffin entered Study No. 2.

Teddy Grace had the doubtful honour of sharing that study with Tubby. Higgs and Jones minor, who also shared No. 2, were downstairs in the Common-room, where discussion was still going on concerning Tubby's heroic exploit.

Grace stared grimly at the fat Classical as he came in, and shook a clenched fist at the hero's fat little nose.

"You fraud!" he exclaimed. "You spoofing porpoise!"

Tubby blinked at him.

"I say—" he began.

"You fat spoofer! What do you mean by telling the fellows such thundering whoppers?" roared Teddy Grace.

"Look here, Putty—"

"I've a jolly good mind to give you away on the spot!" growled Putty of the Fourth savagely.

Tubby Muffin grinned.

"You can't!" he answered.

"I've a jolly good mind to. I'm not going to stand by and hear you spinning such thumping yarns!"

"If you're going to attempt to throw doubt on it, Grace, I can tell you it's no good. The fact is, I did rescue Bulkeley—"

"You did?" howled Teddy.

"Yes—at least, I pulled him out of the water," said Tubby. "You can't deny that, Putty. I certainly pulled him out, and I got jolly wet!"

"You fat rascal! You caught hold of his collar after I'd brought him ashore," said Putty. "That's what you did."

"You can tell the fellows that, if you like."

"Isn't it true, you fraud?"

"It may be true, and it may not," answered Tubby calmly. "You see, Bulkeley supports what I've said. He thinks—I mean, he knows it was me."

"My hat!"

"I think you're jolly ungrateful," said Tubby warmly. "It was all for your sake, too."

"You've been telling these thumping lies for my sake?" howled Putty.

"Certainly! Didn't you make me promise not to mention that you'd been anywhere near the Croft Brook?"

"Yes; but—"

"Well, when Bulkeley came to he saw me—and what was he to think? I couldn't mention you'd been there, owing to my promise. Some fellows know how to keep a promise!" added Tubby loftily.

Teddy Grace gave the fat Classical a wrathful glare.

He had cut off, after pulling Bulkeley out of the water, to escape unseen, because he had been promised a flogging by the Head if he was caught on Sir Leicester Stuckey's land again. Putty did not care two straws about getting the credit for the plucky action he had performed, but he cared a great deal about a flogging.

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It was true that he had bribed Tubby with the promise of a feed not to mention that he had been on the spot, and he had escaped before Bulkeley came fully out of unconsciousness. He had not had much time to think, and it had not even occurred to him that the egregious Tubby would attempt to shine in the role of heroic rescuer.

But Tubby "had" him; there was no doubt about that. To expose Tubby's pretence meant giving away his own trespass on Sir Leicester's land, and that meant a flogging from Dr. Chisholm.

The alternative was to remain quiet and listen to Tubby's "swank," and let it pass, which was very exasperating, and, indeed, put him in the position of being accessory to a falsehood. That was not a pleasant position, but there seemed no help for it.

Tubby Muffin grinned again as the new junior remained silent. He felt that he was master of the situation.

"If I hadn't been such an honourable chap—" he went on.

"Such a what?" gasped Putty.

"Honourable chap—I should have given you away. But my word is my bond," said the fat Classical, with dignity. "Some fellows are honourable, and some aren't. I happen to be one that is, that's all!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Putty.

"Don't you be afraid," said Tubby encouragingly. "I'm going to keep your secret. I sha'n't give you away. Nobody's going to know from me that you went on old Stuckey's land to sketch after Bulkeley had warned you not to. I'm a fellow of my word. You just hold your tongue, and it's all right."

"And let you go on telling lies?" growled Putty.

"Of course, I should disdain to tell a lie," answered Tubby calmly.

"What do you call it, then?"

"I may have emphasised my part in the bizney, that's all. After all, I did pull Bulkeley out—"

"After I'd been in for him and got him to the shore, you fat fraud!"

"Never mind that; I did pull him out, and that's what I've said I did. If you think you're going to bag my glory, Putty—"

"Wha-at?"

"All the fellows know now what a plucky chap I am. It's no good you trying to deny it. I call this simply mean jealousy," said Tubby. "You ought to be proud of me as your study-mate. I'm surprised at you, Putty. I am, really!"

Teddy Grace stared at him.

"You—you—you fat idiot!" he gasped. "I suppose you're a bigger fool than anything else."

"Not much of a fool to rescue Bulkeley from being drowned, I should think!"

"But you didn't do it!" shrieked Putty.

"If you're going to begin that again, I've got nothing more to say. I decline to discuss the matter with a fellow who's jealous of me. Now, what about that feed?"

"What feed?"

"Look here, you know you promised to stand a study spread if I kept it dark about you sketching by the Croft Brook this afternoon—"

Putty of the Fourth breathed hard.

"I never thought for a moment that you'd make it an excuse for telling all these lies," he said.

"I wish you wouldn't be so personal, Putty," said Tubby Muffin peevishly. "Anybody would think I was a regular fraud to hear you talk."

"What are you?" hooted Putty.

"Look here, what about that spread? I'm jolly hungry. After what I've done, I'm fairly famished. I suppose you're going to keep your word, as I've kept mine!"

"I suppose it's no good talking to you, you fat idiot!" growled Putty.

"Well, I'd rather have tea, if you don't mind, old chap. We can talk after tea."

Teddy Grace gave it up.

He felt it incumbent upon him to stand the promised spread; for Tubby had, in fact, kept his side of the bargain, though he had enlarged upon it. And Reginald Muffin's fat face was soon beaming over a festive board. Jones minor and Higgs came in to tea, and the change in their manner towards Tubby Muffin was quite striking. Hitherto, Tubby certainly had not been a person of much consequence in Study No. 2.

Now he was treated with considerable respect by two of his study-mates, at least.

Putty's cheerful face was grown quite morose. It was irksome to him to hear Tubby Muffin rolling out "whoppers" that were growing larger and larger with every repetition, and to remain silent when he knew the facts. It was not the fact that the fat Classical had bagged the glory that properly belonged to him that worried Teddy Grace; he did not care about that. It was the mountain of untruthfulness that was growing up under his eyes that worried him. But there seemed no help for it.

There was a tap at the door as the juniors finished tea, and Bulkeley of the Sixth looked in. George Bulkeley was a little pale, but otherwise looked none the worse for his adventure that afternoon.

He gave Tubby Muffin a nod and a cheery smile—a great honour from so important a personage as the captain of the school.

"Oh, having your tea?" he said. "I was going to ask you to tea in my study, Muffin, but another time—"

Tubby jumped up at once.

"I'll come with pleasure, Bulkeley!" he exclaimed.

"But if you've had your tea—"

"That's all right. I've finished here. I'll come!"

Bulkeley laughed. Putty's spread in No. 2 had been quite plentiful, but the fat Classical was quite ready for another tea. Probably he would have been prepared to tackle a third after that.

"Come on, then, kid!" said the captain of Rookwood.

Tubby Muffin rolled out of the study and trotted along the passage with Bulkeley, followed by a good many glances from the Fourth Form fellows. Tubby held his fat little nose very high now; he was a great man at present. It wasn't every junior in the Fourth Form who was asked to tea, and called for personally, by the captain of Rookwood.

Reginald Muffin enjoyed his tea in Bulkeley's study. It was quite a good tea; and Tubby, in spite of his earlier exertions in his own quarters, seemed to be blessed with an excellent appetite.

"Thanks very much, Bulkeley!" he said, when it was finished, and he rose to depart. "I'll come to tea again to-morrow, if you like."

"Oh!" said Bulkeley, rather taken aback.

"I'll come with pleasure!"

"Oh!" repeated Bulkeley, with quite a curious expression on his face. "Certainly! Do!"

"I will!" promised Tubby.

And he did.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Bulkeley's Pal!

BUMP!
The following day, after lessons, Jimmy Silver was coming along to Study No. 2, to call on Putty of the Fourth, when the door of that apartment suddenly opened, and a fat figure whirled out.

It landed at Jimmy's feet with a loud concussion and a roar, and Jimmy Silver recognised it as Reginald Muffin.

A boot appeared for a moment in the doorway, which looked like Teddy Grace's, and was withdrawn.

Jimmy Silver stopped.

"What the dickens—" he began.

"Yaroooh!"

"Tubby—"

"Yow-ow-ow! The rotter! That's because he's jealous of me!" wailed Tubby. "I've a good mind to tell George!"

Jimmy Silver laughed as he picked up the fat junior and set him on his feet. Tubby Muffin gasped for breath.

"I say, Jimmy—I say—groogh!"

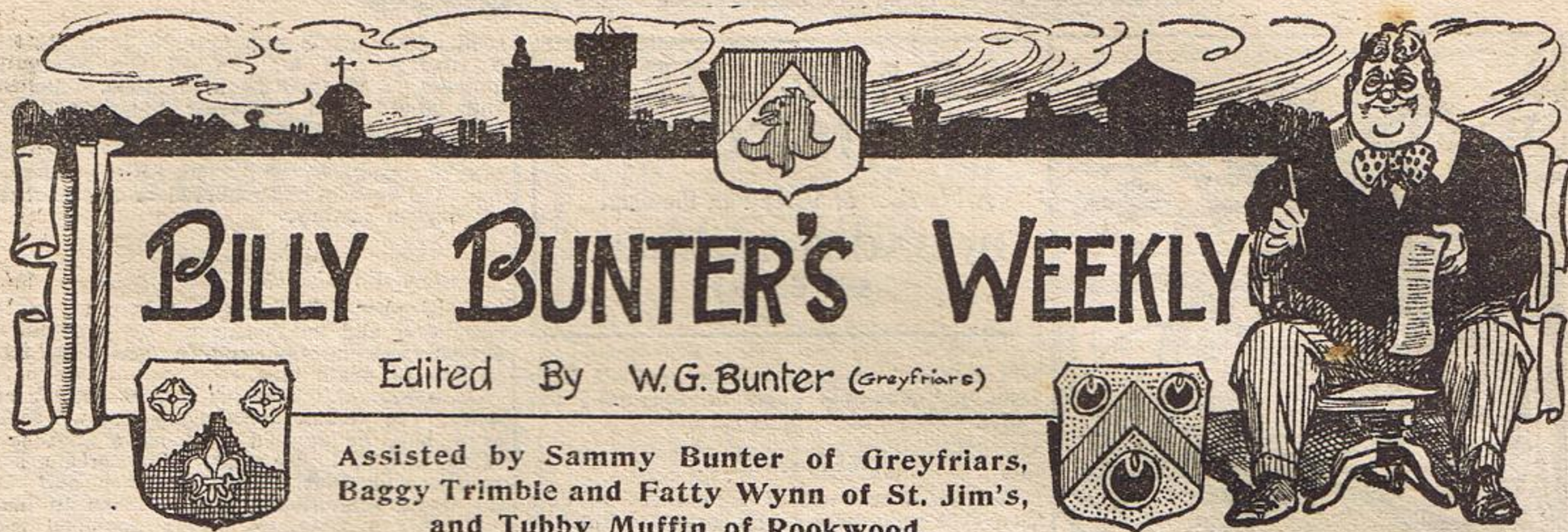
"Well?" said Jimmy.

"I believe you could lick Putty, couldn't you?"

"I could lick you, you fat bounder, and I jolly well will if you don't cut off!" growled the captain of the Fourth.

"But I say, Jimmy, look at me! I've been kicked out of my own study, you know—me, you know! Fancy that! I'll tell you what—you give Putty a jolly good hiding, and I'll take you to tea along with me in George's

(Continued on page 16.)



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Edited By W.G. Bunter (Greyfriars)

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

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MUTINY IN THE FORM-ROOM!

By Sammy Bunter.

"**N**UGENT MINER!" wrapped out Mister Twigg, the master of the second. "When did Edward the Third come to the throne?"

"I don't know, sir, and I don't care!" said Dicky Nugent.

For a minnit, I thought old Twigg was going into a fit.

"Boy!" he thundered. "This is sheer impertinense! Answer my question at once, or I will cane you severely! When did Edward the Third come to the throne?"

"Ask me another, sir!" said Dicky Nugent coolly. "It might have been the year Dot, or it might have been last year. I haven't the foggiest notion."

"Stand out before the class!" roared Mister Twigg. "Bunter miner! Will you answer the question which Nugent is too ignnerent to answer?"

"I'm afraid I can't, sir," I replied, standing in my place. "You see, sir, none of us know anything about English History, and we don't want to know anything about it, either. We're simply fed up with history, sir. We don't mind joggraphy, and arithmetick, and that fellow Dick Tation. But history we can't stand."

Old Twigg danced two and fro like a cat on hot brix.

"This is mutiny!" he eggsclaimed. "Nugent and Bunter, you appear to be the ringleeders, and I will cane you! The history lesson will then proceed."

But it didn't. Before old Twigg could say another word we all hurled our history books out of the open window.

After this, there was such an intense silense that you could have heard a pear drop.

At last Twigg found his voice.

"I will go and fetch Doekter Locke!" said he. "This is inserbordination—open rebellion, in fact!"

So saying, old Twigg fairly flounced out of the Form-room.

"We've fairly done it now, you fellows!" said Dicky Nugent. "I eggspect the Head will tan our hides!"

"He might take our part, and cut history out of the programme in future," said Gatty hoapfully.

But, alas for Gatty's hoaps! When the Head came in he was pink with indignation.

The Head caned the whole jolly lot of us, and then he ordered us to go and fetch our history books, and resoom the lesson.

Thus ends my mournful history of the mutiny in the Form-room.

EDITORIAL!



By Billy Bunter.

MY dear readers,—History, as taught in schools, is a dry subjeck. But I'll wager you won't find anything "dry" about this issew!

Now, if Harry Wharton were to publish a History Number of the "Greyfriars Herald," it would be as dry as dust. He'd give you a long list of the names of the English Sovereigns (to say nothing of the bobs and half-crowns), with the dates they came to the throne, and the dates they died, and the names of their fathers and mothers.

This is not my way. When I publish a Special Historical Number, I endeavour to crowd it with thrilling and romantick insidents, which will make your hair nearly stop beating, and your heart stand on end!

It was my miner Sammy who suggested this special number, and as a token of appreciation I have given him tuppence over and above his usual sallery. Sammy is awfully bucked at my jenerosity, and he is already at work thinking out fresh idears.

Even if you don't happen to feel hungry, you are bound to devour this number with relish. You will notiss that all my fat subs have taken a hand in this production. Fatty Wynn, and Baggy Trimble, and Tubby Muffin, as well as my miner Sammy, have splashed the ink about to good purpuss.

There are more special numbers coming along shortly, and the fame of the WEEKLY, and its plump and illustrious editor, will spread like a fire through gorse. I already have several million readers, but I am not satisfied. I want my serkulation to touch the billion mark. Then I shall be able to sit back in my chair with a sigh of kontentment and say, "Everything in the garden is lovely!"

Your plump pal,

YOUR EDITOR.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

By Dick Penfold.

"I was most ready to return a blow,
In my hot youth, when George the
Third was King."

—BYRON.

Over a hundred years ago,
They fought with barren knuckles;
The victim took a knock-out blow
And fell, amid loud chuckles.
But he himself would moan and groan:
When George the Third sat on the throne.

They weren't so polished and polite
As people are to-day;
They simply revelled in a fight,
And plunged into the fray.
Yes, there was many a Rodney Stone
When George the Third sat on the throne.

If someone got right in your way,
When George the Third was King,
D'you think he'd turn to you and say,
"So sorry, dear old thing!"?
No; the offence he'd never own,
When George the Third sat on the throne.

If Bunter had been living then
He'd have a sorry fate;
For greedy, grasping, gluttonous men
Would promptly pinch his plate,
And eat his dinner—every bone!
When George the Third sat on the throne.

Bob Cherry would have loved to live
In those times—no mistake!
For Bob would know the way to give,
While others had to take.
As a fighting-man he'd stand alone,
When George the Third sat on the throne.

Thrice armed was he who struck first
blow
In those fierce days of old;
When Bruiser Bill and Gentleman Joe
Would meet in battle bold.
No "quick results" by telephone,
When George the Third sat on the throne.

THE POPULAR.—No. 217.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

SOME people think that Oliver Cromwell was born in Germany. But this couldn't have been the case, for if he had been born in Germany he would have been a "Squarehead," whereas we have definite proof that he was a Roundhead.

Cromwell was a very ambitious man, and in time became one of those things that they put on the souls of boots—a Protector. Cromwell was up against the King, and he fought many desprit battles against him. Eventually, the King got it "in the neck." He lost his head, and he must have lost his feet as well, for Cromwell stepped into his shoes!

Cromwell was trooly a grate man. For we must remember that he was only the son of a pheasant, and he caused quite a flutter in England. Some people say he

THE HISTORY OF A PENKNIFE!

(Related by Fatty Wynn.)

I ARRIVED at St. Jim's in a registered parcel, addressed to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Esquire.

There was quite a sensation when Gussy started to open the parcel.

"Wonder what's inside?" said Jack Blake. "I expect it's a gold watch, ffrom my Uncle Wobert," said Arthur Augustus. "He pwomised me a gold watch for my birthday, you know."

When Gussy had taken off all the wrappings he caught sight of me.

I am a very handsome penknife—at least, I was in those days. I had two blades, a corkscrew, and a tin-opener. And my shell was of mother-of-pearl.

You'd have thought Gussy would have been delighted, wouldn't you? But he wasn't. He stood glaring down at me with a wrathful expression on his countenance.

"Oh, what a sell!" he exclaimed. "Uncle Wobert has sent me a penknife! An' I've got half a dozen penknives already!"

"Don't you want this one, Gussy?" asked Digby.

"No, deah boy."

"Then I'll give you a tanner for it."

Arthur Augustus gave a snort.

"It's worth much more than a tannah," he said. "I shouldn't dweam of takin' less than

GRATE MEN IN HISTORY!

A Number of Vivid Pen Pictures.

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

(Sub. Editor.)

was ruff and uncooth, but he couldn't have been, or he would never have started the "Civil" War!

WELLINGTON.

Wellington was one of the greatest soldiers who ever put spurs to his hoarse. But the directors of the London and South Western Railway don't like him, bekwase he did such a lot of damage at Waterloo! History duzzent tell us what he did at Charing Cross and Paddington.

Wellington had nerves of steel. He was as bold as brass, and he was called the Iron Duke. He was the Hero of a Hundred Fights. Not tea-fights or confetti-fights, but real fights on the field of battle.

Wellington's deadliest enemy was Napoleon Bonypart, who led him a rare old dance for a long time, but finally came a cropper at Waterloo.

Napoleon was exiled to a lonely island, where he spent the evening of his days in deep morning.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

This famus seaman flurrished in the rain of Good Queen Bess. The best thing he ever did was to smash up the Spannish Armarder. He was playing marbels on Plymouth Hoe, when sumboddy shouted, "Look out, Drake, old chap! The Spanyards are hear!"

What did Drake do? Did he turn and flee like a frightened mouse? No! He didn't turn a hare. At the moment he was having a "rare-bit" of fun.

"Let's get on with the game!" he said impatiently. "I'll wipe up the ground with my opponent first, and then I'll wipe up the sea with the Spannish Armarder." As

five bob for it. It's a mothah-of-pearl penknife, with a couple of blades, a corkscrew, an' a tin-openah."

Jack Blake, who had been regarding me with envious eyes, produced a couple of half-crowns.

"Here you are, Gussy," he said. "That penknife's mine!"

I was handed over to Jack Blake, and for six months I rendered him yeoman service. I sharpened all his pencils for him, I sliced up his cake, and on one memorable occasion—there being no other knife available—I actually carved a cold chicken!

But Blake didn't treat me fairly. He was very fond of carving his name or initials on tree-trunks, on posts, or on stone walls. One day he was sent to the punishment-room, and he beguiled the time by engraving his initials on the stone wall. I was never cut out for such rough work, and my big blade broke. Jack Blake then tried the small blade, and it snapped in half.

"Oh, what a dud penknife!" growled Blake.

If only I could have spoken, I should have told my owner that no penknife could withstand such shabby treatment.

I was soon in a very feeble state of health. In opening a ginger-beer bottle Blake badly twisted my corkscrew. It was twisted originally, of course, but he made it ten times worse. Then, when attempting to open a tin of sardines, he cut his thumb with my tin-opener. Snorting with vexation, he then hurled me out of his study window.

I alighted on the head of Baggy Trimble, who happened to be passing through the quad. I must have hurt Baggy considerably, for his yell of anguish could have been heard all over St. Jim's.

When he had finished rubbing his injured napper, Baggy stooped and picked me up.

"A penknife, by Jove!" he ejaculated. "The blades are broken, and the corkscrew's twisted clean out of shape. But it's a nice

soon as the game was over he jumped into a rowing boat and chased the Spannish galleons all the way back to Spain. Before they could land on their native soil he scattered and sunk the whole jolly lot!

For this gallent deed, Drake was nighted next morning by the Queen. His wonderful feet will ever be remembered in the animals of English history.

COLUMBUSS.

Christopher Columbuss was a grate eggsplore and navvy-gaiter. He was not a Briton, but he desserves a plaice in our gallery of grate men.

Columbuss was born at Genoa—the plaice where the Genoa cakes come from. Even as a boy, he refused to beleve that the earth was flat. He said, "I'm certain it's round, and that there's another half of the world somewhere. And I mean to find it!" For a time, everybody poo-pood the idear, and Columbuss could get noboddy to lend him a ship to go eggsplore in. But at last the King of Spain took the matter up, and Columbuss set sale in 1492. After nine weary weeks on the water, during which time the crew got fed up, land was sighted. The sailors, who had been on the verge of mutiny, threw themselves at the feet of their skipper, and said, "You were quite right, Columbuss, old thing! There's another half to the world, and we've found it. Hooray!" Columbuss then waded merrily ashore, carrying the banner of Spain.

Two halves of the world have now been found, and when I grow up I mean to be an eggsplore, and set out to find the third half!

ROBBIN HOOD.

Robbin Hood was one of our greatest poets. He wrote the famous lines:

"I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where."

He was the brother of Tom Hood, who wrote "The Bridge of Size."

Robbin Hood wrote most of his poetry in Sherwood Forrest, where he lived the life of an outlaw. The other members of his gang were Dick Turpin, Buffalo Bill, and the Wild Man of Borneo. They used to rob fat profiteers and reskew fair ladies, and on the whole they had a jolly fine time of it! No gallery of grate men is complete without good old Robbin Hood.

mother-of-pearl handle. If I sell the thing by public auction I ought to make a good thing out of it."

But Baggy was unlucky. He put me up for auction, but the bidders weren't to be caught napping. Nobody went higher than fourpence, and I was knocked down to Wally D'Arcy for this sum.

Wally used me for the purpose of toasting fish. He would impale a herring on the end of my corkscrew, and toast it at the Common-room fire.

"To what base uses are we come!" as Shakespeare says. Fancy, a magnificent mother-of-pearl penknife being used as a toasting-fork!

I went on doing this menial work for quite a long time. And the climax came last week, when Wally D'Arcy bought a new penknife, and had no further use for my services. He callously threw me into the river, and it is in the river-bed that I am destined to end my days.

I see the trout and minnows go gliding over me; and occasionally I catch a glimpse of an oar or a punt-pole. But it's a dull life down here, with the water gradually eating me away.

Instead of being "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," I am an outcast, and shall never be of any more service to anyone. But I suppose I ought not to grumble. Every dog has its day, and so does every penknife. Then it is hurled on to the rubbish-heap, or cast into the river, to brood on the past, when its blades were sharp and keen, and it was the envy of all beholders.

Thus ends my sad, eventful history—in the muddy bed of the River Rhyll. I have abandoned all hope of being rescued; but one day, when they are dragging the river, they might—

But what's the use of dreaming dreams?

[Supplement II.]

SOME HISTORY "HOWLERS."

Collected by Jimmy Silver,
mainly from the exercise-book
of Tubby Muffin.

"The great wars between the counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire were known as the Wars of the Noses, a good many nasal organs being knocked out of shape."

"Joan of the Ark was a brave pheasant maid who lived in the time of the Grate Flood."

"William Rufus was a 'King Beaver,' because he boasted a long red beard. He was punctured by an arrow while shooting elephants in the New Forest."

"During the Stuart period, there lived a man who was always shamming. If he fell off his bicycle, he'd declare that he'd broken his back. If you punched him on the nose, he'd lay down and pretend he was whacked. This man was known as the Young Pretender."

"One member of the Royal Family, who eventually became King, was awfully fond of fruit. So they nicknamed him 'William Prince of Orange.'"

"Guy Fox was a man who was fed-up with the King, and decided to give him a jolly good 'blowing-up.' But he was caught red-handed, and he got it in the neck good and proper."

"One of the biggest events in history was when gas was invented, and the gas companies started sending in their bills to the consumers. This was known as 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.'"

"Richard Cur de Lion was a gay dog. He was skipper of a football team called the Red Croasaders."

"Sir Walter Rally was the man who discovered tobacco. None of our chimbleys would be smoking to-day if it hadn't been for Sir Walter. He was awarded a sootable reward by the Queen."

"The Battle of Bunker's Hill was so called because everybody ran away."

"Sir Robert Peel was a famus British statesman, who was very fond of hunting. That is how we got the well-known song: 'D'ye ken Bob Peel in his coat so gay?' Ruling the country did not 'ap-Peel' to him very much."

"There were two Pitts in Parlyment—Pitt major and Pitt minor. One became Earl of Chatham, and the other became a coal-miner. That is why those who work in the coal-fields are always known as Pitt-men."

"The Rump Parlyment was so called because the polliticians used to dine on rump stakes before they got to bizziness."

THE HISTORY OF A BANKING ACCOUNT!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

My uncle sent me sixpence,
Not a large amount;
I took it to the Savings Bank,
And opened an account.

I found another sixpence
Lying in the ditch;
This helped me open my account,
And I felt jolly rich!

Another shining sixpence
The Head advanced to me,
For carrying his golf-clubs
Round the links, you see.

And yet another sixpence
I found in my old coat;
I much regret I didn't find
A rustling five-pound note!

I now had two whole shillings
To my account in Latcham;
I sought for further sixpences
But somehow couldn't catch 'em!

One day when I felt peckish,
I drew a tanner out;
A rather reckless thing to do;
Of that there's not a doubt.

Alas! my hunger lasted.
I took another tanner,
And soon my savings disappeared
In an amazing manner!

One day I went to Latcham,
And asked if they were willing,
To let me draw from my account
The sole remaining shilling.

The damsel at the counter,
She simply glared at me;
"You haven't got a shilling left;
You've had it all," said she.

Thus ends the tragic history
Of Tubby Muffin's hoard;
But never mind! Inside my sock
I've twopence-ha'penny stored!

THE FAMOUS FIVE:—

The Magnet Library!
Monday

The Boys' Friend!
Monday

The Popular!
Tuesday

The Gem Library!
Wednesday

Chuckles!
Thursday

SHOULD HISTORY BE ABOLISHED?

The Topic of the Hour at
Rookwood School.

JIMMY SILVER.—All depends what lesson you are going to have in its place. If history is cut out in favour of boxing, or dancing, or leap-frog lessons, then I'm all in favour of it! But if we are to have Euclid, or algebra, or science in place of history, then I shall get up on my hind legs and protest! There are many subjects nicer than history. On the other hand, there are even worse evils!

TUBBY MUFFIN.—History is very eggsiting, especially when we read of the rane of Queen Elizabeth, when there was plenty of bludshed. The Stuart period is rather bludthirsty, too; but the Georgian and Victorian periods are tame. On the whole, however, I think we ought to stick to history, bekwase it's far more thrilling than joggraphy or maths.

ALGY SILVER.—I simply love history, and I don't think it ought to be abollicated at all, so there!

TOMMY DOYLE.—Faith, an' I'm a broth of a bhoy for history! It's meat and drink to me. I simply revel in stunts like the Spanish Armada, and the Battle of Trafalgar. I don't think history ought to be abolished at all, at all. For the love of Ould Oireland, let's hope they carry on with the good work!

VAL MORNINGTON.—I've no patience with history. What's the use of it? How will it help a fellow in later life to know what year William the Conqueror landed, or how many wives Henry the Eighth had? It's all tommy-rot, and the sooner they abolish history from the school curriculum (good word, that!) the better.

THE HEAD.—It is a good thing for every boy to know the history of his own and other lands. Everyone should have an intelligent understanding of all the great events that have happened in the past. History is, in fact, one of the most important subjects. A number of misguided boys have brought me a petition, pleading that history should be abolished. I have placed the petition on the fire, and severely caned the boys in question!

LOVELL MINOR.—What's the good of history? Bah! Down with mouldy history! Yah! As I've often said before, history's a beestly bore, and I hate it more and more, and it makes me feel quite sore; it's a subject I abhor, gives me headaches by the score. Me and history are at war!

THE GREAT "COMPANION PAPERS"!

The Best and Biggest on the
Market.



THE HERO OF THE HOUR!

(Continued from page 12.)



study. George will welcome any friend of mine."

"Fathead!"

"He's an ungrateful beast, you know!" gasped Tubby. "After I've kept his secret—"

"Whose—George's?" grinned Jimmy.

"Nunno—Putty's"

"What on earth secrets are you keeping for Putty, you duffer?"

"Why, about—I—I mean—ahem!—nothing! I don't know anything about Putty going on old Stuckey's land, of course."

"So he's been going there again, has he?" growled Jimmy.

"Oh, no! Not at all! He hasn't, and I don't know anything about it," stammered Tubby Muffin. "I—I must get off now, or George will be waiting tea for me."

And Tubby Muffin rolled away to have tea with George once more.

Jimmy Silver entered Study No. 2. He found Putty of the Fourth looking flushed and angry.

"Is that the way you treat a giddy hero?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "Heroes oughtn't to be booted out of their studies, Putty."

Teddy Grace gave a snort.

"It's all gammon! He's about as much a hero as the Kaiser is!" he growled. "I believe that fat villain's going to squeeze money out of Bulkeley—he was mumbling something about it. I won't allow it!"

Jimmy's face became grave.

"I hope he'll stop short of that," he said. "But I don't see how you can stop it, Grace, if he does. But I didn't come here to talk about Tubby. I've just seen Mr. Bootles."

"Well?" grunted Putty. "Don't say I'm in a row again. I haven't done anything that I know of."

"That's the question. Have you been on old Stuckey's ground again?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Blow old Stuckey!"

"Blow him as hard as you like; but that isn't an answer. The old hunks has been complaining again; he's rung up the Head on the telephone. Mr. Bootles says. Now I know you went along the Croft Brook several times to paint—those queer things you call pictures—"

"Fathead!"

"Sir Leicester Stuckey has told the Head that a Rookwood boy has been trespassing," said Jimmy Silver.

"Tubby Muffin was there on Wednesday," said Putty, with a grin. "So was Bulkeley, for that matter."

"Bulkeley was only on the footpath, and it's not out of bounds for the Sixth. The brook is on old Stuckey's property, and he makes no end of a fuss if anybody goes there to fish."

"Well, I haven't been there to fish, anyway."

"No, you go to sketch," said Jimmy. "Or else to play tricks on somebody. I know you! Anyway, sketching there is barred. According to what the old hunks has yarned to the Head on the telephone, a Rookwood kid was seen there sketching one day this week—and that couldn't be Tubby."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Mr. Bootles has told me to speak to any fellow in the Form who thinks of defying old Stuckey, and give him a serious warning," continued the captain of the Fourth. "I'm fed up with the subject, and if I catch any chap trespassing there I shall punch his head! You can go and make your daubs somewhere else—see?"

"I am not going there again," growled Putty. "But I don't see how I was seen last time I was there. I certainly wasn't aware of it."

"Then you have been there this week?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Possibly."

"Well, it looks to me as if you're booked for a row," said Jimmy Silver. "Old Stuckey must know it for certain, or he wouldn't ring up the Head on the subject. I must say you deserve to get a licking, Putty."

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Bulkeley took the trouble to warn you specially."

"I don't believe I was seen. If I was, why hasn't the old hunks complained about it before?"

"Blessed if I know!"

With that, Jimmy Silver quitted the study, leaving Teddy Grace in a thoughtful and worried mood. He had been on the Stuckey Croft land once that week—on Wednesday afternoon; the occasion when he had rescued Bulkeley. It was now Friday, and if he had been seen there, it was curious that the incident had not been mentioned to the Head before. And he had been very cautious indeed; so far as he was aware no one had seen him there, excepting Tubby Muffin, and Tubby was certainly keeping it dark for good reasons.

And Putty had other worries, too, concerning that eventful Wednesday afternoon. Tubby Muffin was displaying more and more the charming inwardness of his fascinating nature.

So long as the fat Classical was content with egregious swanking, Putty felt that he could be silent, and give him his head, as it were. But Tubby had been thinking the matter out, and with results. He had let drop a hint in Putty's presence concerning a little loan he intended to raise from his friend George.

Teddy Grace remained some time in thought after Jimmy Silver had left him. When he quitted Study No. 2 at last he made his way to the Sixth Form quarters.

There he waited about till Tubby Muffin came out of Bulkeley's study.

The fat Classical had invited himself to tea with Bulkeley again, and the captain of Rookwood was still enduring Tubby's society with fortitude. His position was rather difficult. Any fellow but Muffin might have been expected to exhibit a little tact; but tact was not one of Reginald Muffin's gifts.

It really looked as if the fat junior intended to "hang on" till Bulkeley's patience was worn out; and it was a rather interesting question how long that would take.

Tubby came rolling down the corridor with a fat and contented face, and Teddy Grace caught him by the shoulder at the corner. There was a half-crown clutched in Tubby's fat paw.

"Hallo, Putty!" said the fat Classical genially, if a little uneasily. "Come along to the tuckshop, old chap. I'm standing ginger-pop."

"Where did you get that half-crown, you fat fraud?" muttered Putty.

"Look here—"

"Where did you get it?" growled Putty, shaking him. "Have you squeezed it out of Bulkeley, you fat rotter?"

"Ow! Look here, Putty. What does it matter to you if my pal George makes me a loan?" demanded Tubby indignantly. "I'm going to settle up; I suppose you know that?"

"You've stuck Bulkeley for half-a-crown—"

"He's lent me half-a-crown!" answered Tubby Muffin, with dignity. "Why shouldn't he, after what I've done for him? There's such a thing as gratitude, Teddy Grace—Yaroo!"

Tubby Muffin fled, with Putty's boot to help him. But he fled in the direction of the tuckshop.

Teddy Grace remained in painful thought for some minutes. The affair was taking a serious turn now.

He realised that Tubby was too thoroughly obtuse to understand that he was doing wrong or acting unscrupulously. But the fact remained that the captain of Rookwood had been swindled out of money—for that was what it amounted to, whether Tubby understood it or not.

It was a very unpleasant position for Putty of the Fourth. To reveal the facts was to ask for a flogging from the Head, but the alternative was scarcely less pleasant.

He walked away at last to Bulkeley's

study. He found the captain of Rookwood looking very thoughtful. How to deal with the clam-like Tubby was growing to be a problem for the head of the Sixth.

Putty laid a half-crown on the table. "From Muffin, Bulkeley," he said quickly. "He doesn't need it, after all, and he's much obliged!"

"All right!" said Bulkeley, with a smile.

Putty left the study quickly. He had relieved his mind and his conscience by repaying Tubby Muffin's debt. But evidently that was a process that could not be continued indefinitely. Tubby Muffin could play at that game much longer than Teddy Grace could.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bulkeley Sees Light!

"TROUSERS—one guinea!"

Jimmy Silver stopped as he came on Tubby Muffin in the Form-room passage after lessons on Saturday morning. Tubby was seated at a window there, with a stump of pencil in his hand, a soiled sheet of paper on his knee, and a thoughtful frown on his brow.

He was evidently making calculations.

"Trousers—one guinea!" he was murmuring. "That's cheap. I'm letting Bulkeley off too lightly—but, after all, he's a pat. There's the waistcoat; but I won't say anything about that now. That will keep!"

Jimmy Silver dropped his hand on the fat junior's shoulder, and Tubby looked up with a start.

"What are you up to?" asked Jimmy Silver very quietly.

"Making up an account, old chap!" said Tubby affably. "I say, what do you think? Is a guinea enough for my bags? I spoiled them, you know, rescuing Bulkeley from the water. I'm entitled to compensation, aren't I?"

"Compensation!" repeated Jimmy. "That's it! Considering that I saved Bulkeley's life, he can't grumble at paying for the trousers, can he?"

"Oh!"

"It's up to him, I think," said Tubby Muffin. "What do you think, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver breathed hard through his nose.

"I think you're a disgusting fat worm!" he answered. "Have you the neck to get money out of Bulkeley because you pulled him out of the Croft Brook?"

"That's a rotten way of putting it—a very rotten way. It shows a low, suspicious mind, Jimmy!"

"What?"

"I don't want to rub it in, but I've noticed before that you're not so high-minded as I am, Jimmy. I never look at things in that low, suspicious way," said Tubby Muffin calmly. "Besides, this is simply a matter of business. My trousers—"

"You fat rotter—"

"My trousers have been quite spoiled, I think, if Bulkeley knew, he would be willing to pay for the damage. I feel bound to tell him. I don't mind doing brave and generous things—that's me all over—but I can't afford to stand Bulkeley the price of a pair of trousers, and that's what it amounts to. Of course, I shall offer to let him have the trousers if he pays for them!" added Tubby, with dignity. "I'm honest, I hope."

Jimmy Silver looked at him. There seemed to be no words in the English language equal to the occasion.

"Trousers—one guinea!" repeated Tubby Muffin, returning to his calculation. "That's fair, and Bulkeley can't grumble. I'm really letting him down lightly. Some fellows would make it thirty shillings; but I hope I'm not a profiteer. The waistcoat will keep—another time, perhaps—"

"What about the socks?" asked Jimmy sarcastically.

Tubby nodded.

"Yes, the socks were wet," he said. "Not exactly spoiled, but there was damage—there certainly was damage. But the socks will come in another time, Jimmy. I think a guinea for the trousers will do at present. What do you think?"

"I think you're a measly toad!"

"It's rather ill-natured of you, Jimmy, to call me names, just because I've done a splendid act of courage, and put you in the

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shade. Look here, talk sensibly, and give me your opinion! Shall I make up a complete bill, with all the items, or shall I spring them on Bulkeley one at a time?"

Jimmy Silver did not answer that question. He took Tubby Muffin by the collar and knocked his head on the wall, by way of expressing his opinion and his feelings, and went his way, leaving Muffin yelling.

"Silver!" Jimmy Silver stopped, as he was going out to the quad, at the sound of Mr. Bootles' voice.

"Yes, sir?" "Kindly tell Bulkeley that the Head wishes to see him in his study."

"Certainly, sir!" Jimmy Silver hurried out and found the captain of Rookwood on the cricket-ground, and he delivered his message.

Bulkeley frowned. "Stuckey, again, I suppose!" he muttered. And he strode away to the School House.

Putty of the Fourth was coming out as Bulkeley entered, and the Sixth-Former stopped him.

"Don't go out of gates, Grace!" he rapped out.

"Eh! Why not, Bulkeley?" demanded Putty.

"You may be wanted." "Oh dear!" groaned Putty. "More trouble! What have I done this time, Bulkeley?"

"I fancy you know. You can wait, any way!"

Bulkeley went on to the Head's study, and found Dr. Chisholm with a knitted brow. "Sir Leicester Stuckey has communicated with me again, Bulkeley," said the Head, in a rather acid voice. "It appears that his complaint is not without grounds, as I thought at first. It is certain that some Rookwood boy was trespassing upon his grounds on Wednesday afternoon."

"Muffin was there, near the footpath; but owing to what he did for me, I thought he could be excused for breaking bounds, for once."

The Head nodded. "Quite so, Bulkeley; but this does not refer to Muffin. A Rookwood boy has been seen sketching there—taking unwarrantable liberties with Sir Leicester's property, is the way he describes it."

"On Wednesday afternoon!" repeated Bulkeley. "It was on Wednesday afternoon that I was pulled out of the brook by Muffin. At that time there was certainly no other Rookwood boy there."

"It appears to be certain that some boy was there during the afternoon. Sir Leicester informed me over the telephone yesterday that a guest of his was taking photographs in the ground, and one of the negatives, when developed, showed the figure of a schoolboy seated sketching by the brook. The photographer, apparently, had not seen him, but the figure came out in the photograph."

"Oh!" said Bulkeley. "In order to place the guilt upon the right shoulders, as he chooses to express it," went on the Head dryly, "Sir Leicester has had an enlargement made of the photograph, and now tells me that he recognises the boy perfectly as the boy who was reported on a previous occasion for the same conduct."

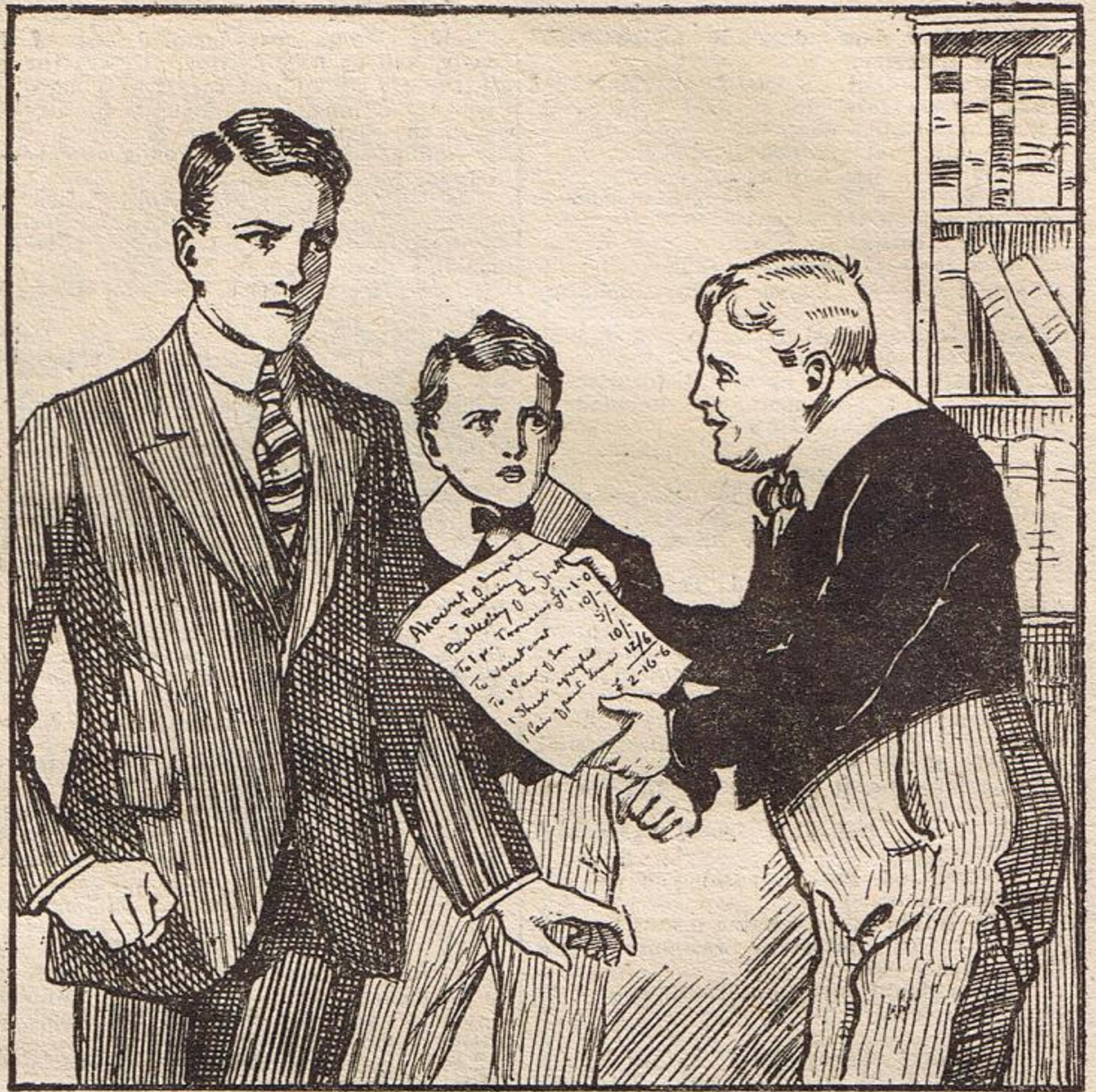
"Grace of the Fourth Form, sir." "Exactly. Sir Leicester states that the photograph was taken at about four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. I should like you to ascertain, Bulkeley, where Grace was at that time on that day."

"It is very odd, sir. It was about a quarter-past four when I came back from Abbeywood, by the footpath," said Bulkeley. "I saw Muffin there, but I certainly saw nothing of Grace. I will question him at once, sir."

"Please do so, Bulkeley." Bulkeley quitted the Head's study with a thoughtful frown on his brow. The news that Teddy Grace had been by the Croft Brook almost at the time of his rescue was startling. A curious suspicion had risen in Bulkeley's mind.

His rescue by Tubby Muffin was astonishing enough in itself—and was still more astonishing in the light of Tubby's subsequent vagaries. Another possible explanation now occurred in Bulkeley's mind.

"Grace!" he called out. Putty of the Fourth was waiting in the doorway of the School House with a worried brow. In spite of the care he had exercised, and of the fact that Tubby Muffin had kept



A BILL FOR BULKELEY! "I say, Bulkeley," said Tubby Muffin, coming into the study. "I've just dropped in, old chap, to show you this little account!" George Bulkeley looked at the fat junior in amazement, and there was a gleam in Teddy Grace's eyes. (See Chapter 6.)

his secret, he had a feeling that his disobedience of orders on that memorable occasion was destined to come to light. And Putty was thinking of the Head's birch with a feeling of great discomfort.

"Yes, Bulkeley?" he answered, quite dispiritedly.

"Come to my study." "All right. Any old thing!" Teddy Grace obediently followed the captain of Rookwood into his study. Bulkeley fixed his eyes upon him sternly.

"Where were you at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon?" he demanded.

"At—at which—" "Were you on Sir Leicester Stuckey's estate?"

No answer. "I warned you that afternoon about going there, Grace."

"I—I remember—" "And you went immediately afterwards, apparently—"

"Ahem!" "Did you pull me out of the water?" "Eh?"

"I asked you a question," said Bulkeley grimly. "I was unconscious in the water, owing to knocking my head. Someone pulled me out. I found only Muffin with me when I came to. You must have been there a few minutes earlier, at any rate. Tell me the truth."

"The—the fact is—" "Was it you pulled me out, and have you been keeping it dark because of the flogging to come?"

"Ahem! You—you see—" stammered the unfortunate Putty.

"It is known that you were there about four, Grace. A photograph was taken, as it happens, and you show up in it."

"Oh, what rotten luck!" groaned Putty. "Who'd ever have thought of a thing like that? Oh dear! There's no rest for the wicked!"

"And now—" Tap!

There was a knock at the door, and it opened to admit Tubby Muffin. The fat Classical rolled in with the familiar ease

that was now natural to him when he visited his friend George's study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tubby's Little Bill—and the Payment Thereof!

"I SAY, Bulkeley—" "I'm glad to see you, Muffin," said the captain of Rookwood grimly.

Tubby nodded and smiled, though he was looking rather suspiciously at Teddy Grace from the corner of his eye.

"I thought you would be, George," he replied. "I've just dropped in, old chap, to show you this little account."

"That what?" "I hope you'll think it's all right," said Tubby, presenting his little bill. "If there's any item you think isn't quite fair, you must tell me, George, and we'll discuss it. I want to do the fair thing by an old pal."

George Bulkeley's face assumed a quite extraordinary expression as he looked at the grubby sheet of crumpled paper presented by Tubby Muffin.

It was quite an interesting document. It ran:

ACCOUNT OF DAMMAGES SUSSTAINED IN RESKING BULKELEY OF THE SIXTH.

	£	s.	d.
To 1 pair of trousers, spoyled	1	1	0
To waistcoat, dammaged	0	10	0
To 1 pair of sox	0	5	0
1 shirt, spoyled	0	10	0
To 1 pair of pants, dammaged	0	12	0
Totle	2	16	0

Bulkeley read that precious document, and read it again, and stared at it, and then stared at Tubby Muffin. The fat Classical met his stare with a happy smile.

"How does that strike you, George?" he asked.

"How—how—how does it strike me?" babbled Bulkeley.

"Yes, old infant. If there's anything that doesn't seem fair, don't mind telling me. I'm a businesslike chap."

"My—my hat!" gasped Bulkeley.

Teddy Grace was looking on in silence, but with a gleam in his eye. He had a suspicion of what was on the paper.

Bulkeley turned to him.

"Look at that, Grace!" he said.

"Oh, I say—" began Tubby Muffin uneasily.

Teddy Grace looked at the paper, and his face flushed with wrath.

"You fat swindler!" he roared, forgetful of Bulkeley for the moment, and he made a stride towards Tubby Muffin.

The fat junior jumped back in alarm.

But Bulkeley interposed.

"Hold on, Grace! Muffin, this account appears to be for damages sustained in getting me out of the Croft Brook the other day?"

"Yes, Bulkeley," gasped Tubby Muffin. "If—if you think I've overcharged you—"

"Never mind that now. I was surprised at the time that you were able to get me out of deep water," said Bulkeley. "It was rather a hefty job for a junior."

"I—I'm a splendid swimmer, you know," stammered Tubby, with a very uneasy blink at Putty of the Fourth.

"You must be, if you did it. Did you do it?"

"Oh, I say, Bulkeley! If—if Putty says I—"

"Never mind Putty! Did you do it?" thundered Bulkeley.

Tubby Muffin cast a longing glance towards the door. This interview was turning out unexpectedly painful.

"If you doubt my word, Bulkeley—" he murmured feebly.

"I do."

"Oh, I say! Fancy that!" gasped Tubby. "After I plunged into the raging flood, and rescued you at the risk of my life—now you begin making a fuss over a few items—"

"Hold your silly tongue a minute, Muffin! Grace!"

"Yes, Bulkeley!" groaned the unfortunate Putty. "Go it! Don't mind me!"

Putty hesitated.

"You needn't be afraid of the flogging!" growled Bulkeley. "I've a pretty clear idea how matters stand now, and if it was you who saved me, I'll do my best with the Head to let you off with a caning."

"Oh, good!"

"I—I say, it wasn't Putty!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin, in great alarm. "He wasn't there at all! I never followed him to the brook because I thought he had a picnic there—"

"What?"

"And I never yelled to him when I saw you fall in, Bulkeley. I never did! And I didn't promise to keep it dark that he was there!" spluttered Tubby Muffin, in a great hurry—rather too great a hurry, in fact. "Nothing of the sort occurred, Bulkeley. You can take my word for it. As for the feed he promised me, it never came off. Putty will bear me out in that."

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Putty.

"We had a bit of a feed in the study, but it wasn't for that. I never agreed to keep it dark that Putty was there. Besides, I did get wet, you know. He splashed me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all very well for you to cackle, Putty—"

"Muffin, you lying little rogue!" thundered Bulkeley.

"Oh dear! He's accusing me of lying now, just because I want him to pay for the trousers!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "It's ungrateful! It's sharper than a serpent's tooth, just like you read in Spokeshave—I—I'm shocked at you, Bulkeley! A chap ought to be grateful when a chap's saved a chap's life at the risk of a chap's life—Yaroooh!"

The heroic rescuer suddenly found himself caught by the collar, and a cane whacking upon his plump person with considerable energy. Tubby Muffin's indignant protestations changed to yells of anguish.

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! After I saved your—yaroooh!—life! I wish I hadn't— Wow! Yoooop! Oh crikey! I—I'll let you off with ten-and-six for the trousers, Bulkeley—yaroooh! I say, old chap, I won't charge you anything—yah! Oh! Yoooop! Whooop!"

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Tubby Muffin was bundled out of the study, and he fled, roaring. It was the end of Tubby's triumphant career as a hero. He looked anything but heroic as he streaked down the Sixth Form passage yelling.

"And now, Grace, you young rascal—"

Teddy Grace sighed.

"Lay it on lightly, Bulkeley," he murmured. "I did pull you out of the river, you know, and if I hadn't broken bounds I couldn't have done it, could I? And—and I'm not going to send in a bill for damages."

Bulkeley laughed.

"You're coming with me to the Head," he said. "I'll get you off as lightly as I can."

"You're a brick!" said Teddy gratefully.

And he followed Bulkeley to the Head's study with all the fortitude he could muster.

Jimmy Silver & Co. heard the news later, and they were not very greatly surprised. True, they had not thought of Putty of the Fourth in connection with Bulkeley's rescue, but anything was less surprising than an heroic rescue by Tubby Muffin. The Fistical Four looked for Putty in his study, and found him rubbing his hands, while Tubby Muffin was groaning dismally in the arm-chair.

"So it was you?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Putty grinned faintly.

"Little me!" he answered. "Ow, it's all right! I've been caned by the Head. But I don't mind. It was the flogging I objected to. As for the caning, I shouldn't wonder if I didn't deserve it. These headmasters have to be given their head, anyway."

"They do," agreed Jimmy. "I think you got off lightly."

"So do I," answered Putty. "If I'd known it before, I think I'd have chanced it; but floggings aren't to my taste. Bulkeley put in a word for me, and the Head was rather decent about it. Ow!"

"And you—you fat rascal!" exclaimed Jimmy, turning to Tubby Muffin.

Tubby blinked at him dolorously.

"Bulkeley licked me!" he gasped. "Me, you know! Jevver hear of ingratitude like that? I never did! Sharper than a serpent's tooth, you know. Ow!"

"Ingratitude!" stuttered Lovell. "What had Bulkeley to be grateful for, when you never did anything but spool him all the time?"

"That's a rotten way of putting it, Lovell—ow! Mr. Bootles himself said I was a credit to the Form—wow!"

"That was before he knew you were lying."

"Look here, Lovell—ow-ow! I've been licked, you know!" gasped Tubby. "I'm suffering an awful lot! But the worst of it," said Tubby, with doleful indignation, "is that Bulkeley somehow seems to think that I've acted badly in the matter. Fancy that!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"He does!" said Tubby. "You'd hardly believe it, but he does! Me, you know! Old Spokeshave—I mean, Shakespeare—was right about the serpent's tooth, wasn't he? I'm not going to speak to Bulkeley again. I won't go to his study to tea any more, if he asks me on his bended knees! If there's anything I can't stand, it's ingratitude—ow! I used rather to like old Bulkeley, but I must say he's turned out an ungrateful brute—ow! What do you think, Jimmy?"

But Jimmy could not say what he thought. He could only gasp.

THE END.

(There will be another fine story of Rookwood School, under the title of "The Captain's Disgrace!" next week.)

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"LOOKING AFTER WINGATE!"

(Continued from page 10.)

"Perhaps it's not quite so serious as you think, Wharton, even if it has come out. I didn't want it to, but if it has it can't be helped. Anyway, I'll go to the Head."

And George Wingate, leaving his unfinished tea on the table, made his way to the Head's study.

Dr. Locke was there, with Mr. Prout and the four juniors from Study No. 7. Peter Todd & Co. were looking very uncomfortable. Mr. Prout had swooped down on them and marched them off to the Head's study without a word of explanation, but they guessed, of course, what they were wanted for. Mr. Prout knew that they must have seen what he had seen in the street of Pegg, and he wanted their evidence in confirmation of his statement to the Head.

And, in spite of the rough handling they had received in their last efforts to do good, the juniors did not want to say anything to injure Wingate. But the matter was out of their hands now.

Dr. Locke fixed a penetrating glance upon Wingate as he came in. The Greyfriars captain's manner was quiet and respectful.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, Wingate. Mr. Prout has given me a piece of most remarkable—most astounding information. That you can have any explanation to make seems impossible—but I wish to hear what you have to say. Tell Wingate what you have seen, Mr. Prout, and then let these juniors speak. You will listen, Wingate, and then make your answer—if you have one to make."

"Very well, sir."

"I am sorry for this, Wingate," Mr. Prout began; "very sorry, and very shocked. But I had my duty to do—after what I saw, I had no choice about reporting it to Dr. Locke. You will realise that, I hope. I saw you, in the open street, on familiar and friendly terms with a notoriously bad character—a person named Screwe, who is well known to make money by swindling the fishermen of Pegg, and inducing persons in a higher station to make betting transactions with him. He is a dangerous character, and you must be well aware of the fact."

"That is quite true, sir. The man is an utter scoundrel," said Wingate quietly.

"I am glad you say so. Yet you were on familiar terms with him—and my impression was that you had come out of the Anchor Inn with him. These juniors were in the street at the same time, and they will confirm what I say. Todd!"

"Yes, sir," said Peter dismally.

"Did you see Wingate in the street of Pegg this afternoon?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Whom was he with?"

"I—didn't ask him, sir," stammered Peter. Wingate smiled.

"But you know very well," said Mr. Prout sternly. "This is a serious matter, Todd, and you must speak out frankly."

"I command you to speak, Todd," said the Head.

"Well, sir, he was talking to that man Screwe," said Peter reluctantly, with a dismal feeling that Wingate was likely to be worse instead of better off by this means. "But—but he might only have been saying good-afternoon to him, sir. I didn't hear what they said."

"It's all right, Todd—speak out," said Wingate.

"And you?" said Mr. Prout, turning to Alonzo. "Did you see the same?"

"Yes, sir," said Alonzo mournfully. "I was greatly shocked, sir—nay, disgusted. Especially after my endeavour to reform Wingate by means of tracts—"

"That will do, Todd. You saw him also, Bunter?"

"I'm rather shortsighted, sir—"

"Did you see him, or did you not?"

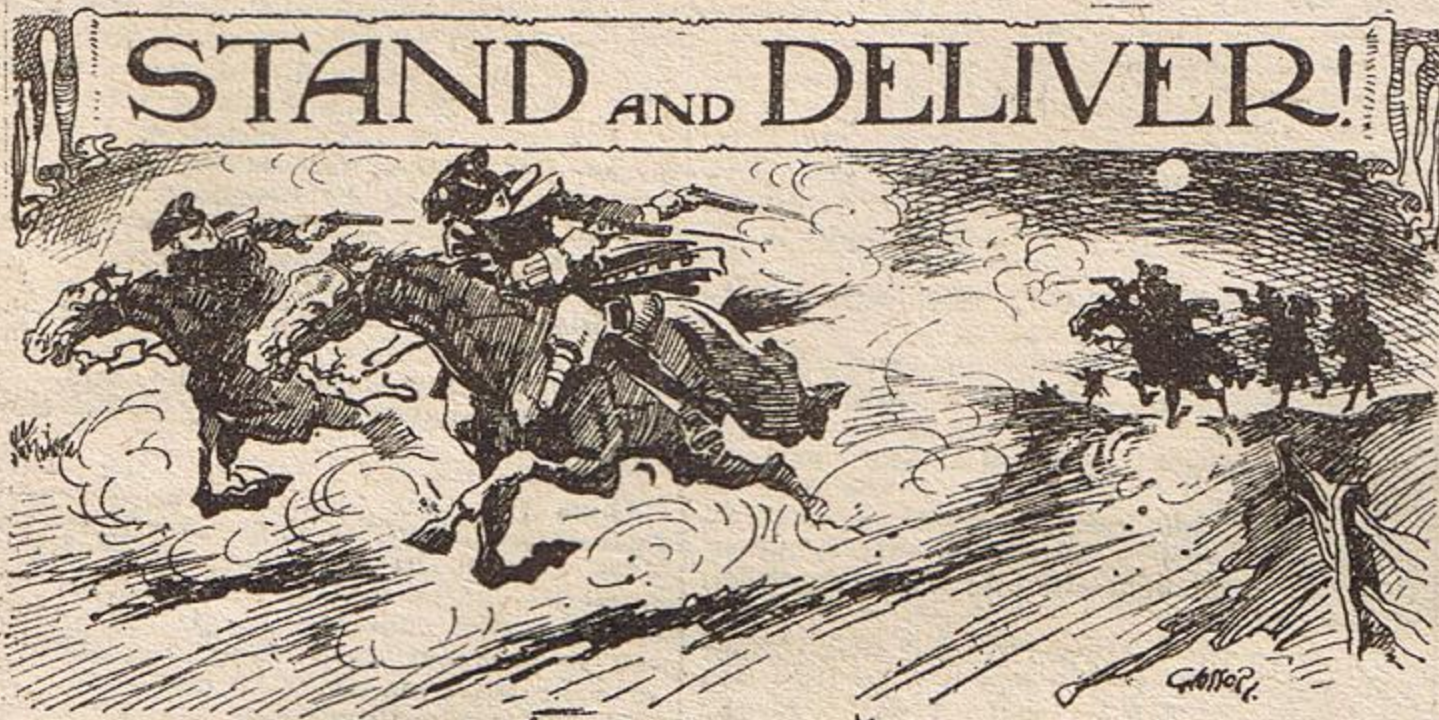
"Yee-e-es, sir."

"Very well. Dutton, you say the same, I suppose?"

"Eh?" said Tom Dutton.

(Continued on page 27.)

YOU'LL SIMPLY RAVE OVER THIS TALE! Which clears up the mystery of Lord Durisdeer, and tells how the Sheriff of Hensleydale learns a lesson from Dick Neville!



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By DAVID GOODWIN.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Dick Neville, the young squire of Faulkbourne, is turned out of his rightful inheritance by the low-down treachery and deceit of an adventurer who calls himself Hector Neville, Dick's cousin. Hector is helped in his vile plotting by reason of the fact that Dick has fallen into disgrace with the Government, owing to the assistance he has rendered the famous highwayman, Dick Turpin. The young squire has also another deadly enemy in Captain Sweeny, a notorious footpad. Hector Neville is determined to obtain possession of the lordly mansion wherein Dick has taken up his abode. The rogue has been foiled the first time, but he returns to the charge armed with legal warrants. Dick first of all resists Hector, but when news comes through that he has been outlawed, and

that the King's Riders are after him, he leaves Faulkbourne with Dick Turpin. Turpin is called away suddenly on a secret mission, and whilst he is gone Dick Neville is ambushed on the moors by Sweeny & Co. The odds are heavy against him, and he is all but beaten, when, from out of the woods, rides a strange company of men, who scatter the footpads in very short time. Dick turns to meet his rescuer. "I am delighted to have had the honour of saving you from this sheriff's posse," said the stranger. "Though they look strangely ill-clad for that." Neville is surprised at the man's words, and wonders what kind of man this newcomer could be who had no scruple about charging what he thought was a sheriff's posse.

(Now read on.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED!

"HAVE you far to ride, sir?" said the stranger, who had just rescued Dick.

"Far or near is all one to me," replied Dick. "I have no house these days that opens to me."

"By this misfortune that came upon you, and in which it was my good luck to give you aid, I need not ask if you are one that love the good old days—that you are of those who hope for better times?"

"Ay, you say truly!" laughed Dick. "I hope for better times—that is my trade, and I have done little else this long while. Yet the times do not mend."

"The day is coming, sir—the day is coming!" cried the stranger. "Soon we who are loyal and true shall see it, and strike a good blow for the right! I saw by your swordsmanship and bearing that you were no sour Whigamore. But my tongue runs away with me; this is no place for such matters. Since you say you are riding free, I pray you do me the honour to be my guest this night, and as long as you will favour me by staying. I am Lord Durisdeer of Tolleshunt."

Dick bowed. "You cover me with obligations," he said, "in saving my life and bidding me to your hospitality. But before I join you under your roof, it is but fair to tell you my name. I am Dick Neville, and I own," he added, laughing, "that 'tis not every man who cares to risk opening his doors to me."

"Say no more!" cried Lord Durisdeer. "I welcome you the more gladly. Dick Neville? Ay, surely I must know the name? But let us leave matters till we are housed and our knees under the oak; I will keep you in the open no longer. Believe me, under my roof all have the good cause at heart!"

"Now, what a plague is the good cause?" thought Dick, as they rode on together at the head of the stalwart horsemen. "However, burn me if I care! If my Lord Durisdeer is so blithe to welcome me, owing him my life, it would be poor manners to refuse him. All causes are alike to Dick o' the Roads. On, then, and let us see!"

They rode along, chatting pleasantly, till they entered a spacious park, and through a long avenue of cedars, to a noble old house, half castle and half manor-house, with wide lawns, oriel windows, and a high, old, ivy-grown tower at one end, with a lofty turret. It reminded Dick of his own lost Faulkbourne. Though scarce so large, it was yet a house any prince might be proud of. Yet Dick saw signs that, lordly as it was, it had an air of having fallen on worse days than it had known in times past.

The great doors were thrown wide by serving-men as Durisdeer and Dick rode up. But Dick had explained to his host what manner of horse Satan was, and my lord, much interested, rode round with him to the stables, and watched while Dick tended his steed's wants. Moreover, Dick took care that Satan was in a stable where he could most easily be reached in a hurry, and this, too, Durisdeer noticed and approved.

"You do well," he said. "I, too, keep my favourite horse where I may be speedily on his back if need be, for who knows in these days of— But let us go in."

More puzzled than ever, Dick entered the house with his host.

"Tolleshunt is bare to-day, compared with its former beauty," said Durisdeer. And truly the great hall and lofty rooms, though well appointed and deep in comfort, did not hold the rich treasures of goldsmith's work and sumptuousness that so good a house generally showed. "But what would you? Our treasures have perforce gone into the melting-pot. The cause needs every guinea that can be given by those who are loyal to it. Here comes my daughter, Phyllis."

Dick had not seen so well-favoured a girl for many a day. She was not more than seventeen, yet straight as a dart, and proud as a tiger-lily, with chestnut hair and splendid hazel eyes. Lord Durisdeer told of the adventure, and the girl looked at Dick with flushed cheeks, noting his alert bearing and cool, ready eye.

"Well done!" she said. "But you would have beaten them back, even without aid, sir. How should a gentleman be worsted by such froth as they?"

"Yet, being numerous enough, the froth sometimes prevails," said Dick, laughing.

"I was never more glad than when I saw Lord Durisdeer and his stout serving-men."

"Well, well," said my lord. "Dinner is served, and there is nothing like fighting to give one an appetite."

Bare Tolleshunt Towers might be of gold candlesticks, but never did Dick sit down to a better feast, nor a merrier one. But the key to the puzzle was kept to the last, when the board was cleared, and the wine and fruit were left. Then Lord Durisdeer rose, and, passing his goblet over the crystal finger-bowl with a sweep, cried:

"To the King over the water!"

In a flash Dick understood. His rescuer was one of those still loyal to the house of Stuart—a Jacobite, who, undismayed by the failure and defeat of the year '15, still hoped to place the exiled prince upon the throne now held by German George, and was ready to risk fortune, title, and life so that he might strike a blow for him whom the Whigs called the Pretender.

Lord Durisdeer had imagined Dick was beset by those who wished his removal, and who would hang him for treason, supposing Dick to be a Jacobite like himself. Durisdeer's daughter echoed the toast with flashing eyes.

Was Dick a Jacobite? He had never given the matter a thought. He owed little to German George, nor did he care a button who sat upon the throne. But he had eaten of the salt of Tolleshunt, and Lord Durisdeer's enemies were his. He leaped to his feet.

"King James!" he cried, and drained his goblet to the dregs. "An exiled prince may count on a ruined man!"

THE CAPTURE!

"NOW, where in the pest's name is this business leading me?" said Dick to himself, as he rode through the park of Tolleshunt Towers in the morning sun. "Not that I care the snap of a finger—but what I fear is that my presence may bring harm to Durisdeer. And what of King James and his chances?"

Dick had sat long with Durisdeer the night before, and heard much, and the upshot of it all caused him to wonder what sort of a leader James Stuart might be. He had made but a poor show in '15. Rightful King of England in the direct line he might be, but Dick was a man of action, and had not ride under a prince who would ever strike a strong blow for his own. The Nevilles were fighting-men first and plotters after, for all their quick wits.

"Od's blood! Were I James, I would not be skulking in Italy!" said Dick, as he rode round the park, "but raising good swordsmen, and laying my head for a stake against the throne—a crown or a severed neck! If he's one of that mind, here's a horse and a sword for him; but to lie dark and plot and plan is too weary work for me. I'll leave that to others, but I'll pledge Durisdeer to be by his side in twelve hours when James Stuart lands, though we have but twenty men to march on to London!"

"But for the rest, I am here on false pretences. Durisdeer does not know I am Dick the Highwayman, and burn me if I could tell him while his daughter is here! I never saw a prettier maid, nor a prouder. 'Twould hurt my pride beyond healing to see her scorn when she learned I was a knight of the roads. Nay, this is a passing pleasant house, but I will go back and pledge myself to Durisdeer, and trouble him no more till my sword is needed. But who comes yonder, heading for the little gate?"

THE POPULAR.—No. 217.

Don't Forget, Boys—DICK TURPIN Again Next Week! Spread the News!

A stealthy-looking fellow came up the lane, and was making for the gate that opened upon a small path leading by the longest way to the Towers. When the man saw Dick he shrank back into the hedge.

"Yonder goes one who is not wishful to have his errand spied upon," said Dick to himself. "Whatever it may be, I will ride by and give no sign that I have seen him, whereby I may learn the more."

From the corner of his eye Dick saw the fellow, who was clad in russet jerkin and breeches, come furtively from his hiding-place again and make for the park gate. Plainly he was bound for the Towers.

"Yonder knave means no good!" muttered Dick, and he was just about to ride forward and ask the fellow his business, when suddenly two mounted men came thundering round the corner, and, riding down the furtive person in the russet jacket so that he rolled head over heels in the dust, sprang from their horses and held him down.

Never had Dick seen anyone fight so desperately. The prostrate man drew a dagger and stabbed one of his captors in the arm, and when that was taken from him, he bit and kicked and struggled and scratched like a wild cat. But the two men knelt on him, and searched his clothes diligently. They found in his bosom, a sealed letter, and when it was taken from him, the fellow resisted no more.

"Od's fish!" said Dick, riding to the scene. "What midday drama is this that I have happened upon?"

The man who held the letter looked up, and, seeing the well-dressed horseman, touched his hat.

"Order o' t' sheriff, sir," he said, and at the same moment Dick heard the sound of galloping horses swiftly approaching.

"Zounds!" thought Dick. "This is no place for me, then. Yet, if yonder be the sheriff coming, and I so near Durisdeer's house, 'twould have a very ill appearance if I were to gallop off at the sound of his name. Perchance he will not know me."

Round the bend came a stout little man on an iron-grey horse, with two more men behind him, all riding like the wind. The little man was the Sheriff of Hensleydale, and he pulled up with a jerk alongside the prisoner.

"Have you found it? Had he it about him?" he cried, purple in the face with hard riding, to the captors of the man.

"Here it be, y'r worship!" said the first, handing up the sealed letter.

The sheriff tore it open and read.

"Ah!" he said fiercely. "Od's wounds! But a man is a fool to traffic with treason in my district! I am not to be tricked. No, no! My Lord Durisdeer's head stands shaking on his shoulders! Would that King George had such a man as me in every county!"

He broke off, and stared ferociously at Dick, whom he saw now for the first time. The little man swelled like a frog with pompousness and wrath. Dick, cool and smiling, returned his gaze.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Who are you? What do you here? Speak, fellow!"

"That which I do?" echoed Dick.

"Blood, sir, yes! Do I not speak plain? What do you here amid these treasonable matters?"

"I humbly admire the zeal and courage of King George's Sheriff of Hensleydale," said Dick.

"You do well, sir—you do well!" said the sheriff fiercely. "And I trust you do no worse, or ill betide you! Mount, men, and follow me! You, Jack Grant, ride back and call up the rest of the posse. Give them my orders as I instructed you!"

And the sheriff moved swiftly away with his men. Dick remained where he was, smiling gently, till they were out of sight round the corner.

Then, looking grave indeed, he wheeled Satan quickly round, and galloping along the grass by the side of the lane to deaden the sound, he made a wide circle of the park at full speed, cleared the fence, and galloped furiously up towards the north side of Tolleshunt Towers, hoping to get there before the sheriff. He found his host by the north door.

"Up, my Lord Durisdeer!" he cried. "The sheriff has taken the messenger with a Jacobite letter meant for you, and he is even now coming up the park with his men!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 217.

"Ah!" said Lord Durisdeer, and his face grew grim and white. "So soon? Then this means my ruin before even I strike a blow for my prince. The groom there! Saddle my horse and Mistress Phyllis' instantly! We must ride for our lives!"

"Nay, burn it, sir! You have forty stout fellows about the house!" said Dick.

"Surely we can make a stand for it!" "And they can pin us here and bring five hundred of George's men against us!" said Durisdeer bitterly. "To attempt it is madness!"

"Ay, that is what I did with Faulkbourne!" muttered Dick.

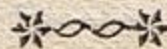
"Our only chance is to fly. Then I may be able to settle matters abroad, and so save our ruin. Will that groom be all day? Ah, here are the horses, and here is Phyllis!"

Very pale, but calm, the girl came down the steps, with a glance of gratitude at Dick. In a moment she and her father were in the saddle.

"Ride to the eastward!" cried Dick. "Spur and spare not! If you can win to Hull and take ship, all will be well. I will hold the sheriff and his men as long as I may!"

PHOTOS!

In this week's issue of The "BOYS' FRIEND" there is given away Free, a Topping Hand-Coloured Real Glossy Photo of a Famous Footballer.



In To-morrow's "GEM" LIBRARY There will be a Fine Free AUTOGRAPHED Real Photo of a Football Celebrity.

Get Them For Your Collection!

With a farewell salute, Lord Durisdeer and his daughter galloped away, and Dick rode round the house to meet the sheriff. But when he reached the front there were but two of the horsemen, and no one else to be seen. Dick trotted down the main road through the park, but met nobody. What had become of the posse?

Wondering greatly, he rode all round the park and lanes, but saw no one save a sheriff's man here and a sheriff's man there, who looked at him curiously, but did not challenge him. He turned back, and rode again towards the Towers.

"Od's death!" he exclaimed, and his heart sank like lead as he stared before him.

The sheriff and six men were riding slowly back to the Towers from the northward, and in their midst rode Lord Durisdeer, pale, bareheaded, his face bleeding, his clothes torn and dusty from a heavy fall! Four of the six horsemen held each a pistol levelled at my lord; and outside the posse, weeping piteously, rode Mistress Phyllis!

"Zounds!" muttered Dick, reining back beside the wall of the house. "He is in the toils at last! Yonder sheriff is less a fool than I thought. He has cut my lord off and ridden him down. I see little hope here. If I ride in to attempt a rescue, they will shoot him to make him sure!"

"So, my lord, we have you fast!" snorted the sheriff as the posse halted before the door. "As fast as though you were in Thursleydale Gaol. Fear not, you shall be

there anon, and I'll stay you from the executioner!"

Durisdeer made no reply.

"Dismount from your horse!" said the sheriff. "John Foster, bring up the rest of the men, and then ride on to Henleysdale and call out a troop of Dragoons. Whether they will be here before night, I know not; so till then, my Lord Durisdeer, I will imprison you in your own tower! I move not from here without the Dragoons. I have suspicions of other Jacobite gentry in these parts, and there shall be no chance of rescue given, I promise you!"

Durisdeer dismounted, slowly and painfully.

"But for my daughter," he said, "you should not have taken me alive, Master Sheriff!"

"Brave words!" sneered the sheriff. "Think not that you could have prevailed against me, daughter or no daughter. There lives not in England the man who can worst me, be he lord or highwayman! Now, march before me into the tower. I know the strong-room at the top, and there you shall lie till I am ready to move you. Man, give me one of those pistols, and remain to guard the house!"

He took one of his underling's pistols, and marched my lord into the tower. Durisdeer might have been the captor, and the pompous little sheriff the captive, so tall and dignified did the old peer look, despite his hurts.

Dick, seeing how matters were going, slipped away to the back, walked Black Satan into an open stall in the stable, and then returned to the turret. One of the sheriff's men was pacing up and down on sentry-go. Dick waited till his back was turned on the forward march, and slipped into the tower.

Walking softly on the old stone steps, he followed captor and captive up the stairway, and the sheriff's throaty voice drowned the sound of Dick's footsteps. Dick, having risen early that morning, had explored the old tower, and knew every part of it.

"You little thought to be made a prisoner in your own strong-room, my lord!" sneered the sheriff, as they came to the last storey of the tower. "Here is the door! Enter, without delay!"

"I beg your pardon, Master Sheriff!" said Dick.

The sheriff wheeled round with a startled oath on hearing the voice. Instantly he clapped the muzzle of his pistol to Dick's breast.

"Who are you?" he roared. "What do you do here? Speak, or I fire!"

Dick smiled blandly.

"My admiration and respect for you, Master Sheriff, you have drawn my otherwise unwilling feet up these stairs. I thought it my duty to inform you that you are about to put my Lord Durisdeer in a very unsafe prison."

"Od's death! What is that to you?" shouted the sheriff. "Do I not know this house as I know my own? Unsafe, quotha! Down the stairs with you, sirrah, or I shoot! This is some trick!"

"Your pardon!" said Dick. "My meaning was that Lord Durisdeer might escape, which would be a very lamentable thing. Nay, hear me! I do not mean that any man could get the better of the only and unequalled Sheriff of Hensleydale. But consider. There may be secret passages and traps in this old tower which my lord, having lived here all his life, should surely know. I speak as one who knows the house. I desire but to give your worship a hint that might be of service. How terrible would it be were my lord to escape!"

Lord Durisdeer and the sheriff stared at Dick in astonishment. So solemnly and warningly did he utter the words that the sheriff grew uneasy.

"Secret passages?" he snapped. "Bah! Then, if the strong-room be unsafe, where may one be certain? What other cell is there?"

"Through the small arch to the left, and up those stairs," said Dick, "one may come upon a much more desirable spot. May I have the honour of showing you?"

The sheriff reflected.

"Do you lead the way, then," he snarled, "and my lord next! Remember that I walk behind with my pistol!"

Dick bowed solemnly, and led the way up the narrow stair. My lord came next, and after him the sheriff. They found themselves, not in a room nor a cell, but on the platform

Next Week's Greyfriars Story Is Entitled: "Proof Positive!"

of the turret itself, forming the very summit of Tolleshunt Towers, with the battlements for a railing, a forty-mile view over Yorkshire on every side, and a sheer drop of ninety feet to the ground. The moment the sheriff saw this he stamped his foot.

"Fool!" he cried savagely. "What is this? We are on the turret!"

"Master Sheriff, you say truly," said Dick. The next instant the sheriff found the pistol knocked flying from his hand, his coat-collar seized in an iron grip, and himself hanging over the battlements by the scruff of his neck, with ninety feet between his boot-soles and the ground.

"And now," said Dick blandly, "by your worship's leave, we will discuss the situation."

HOW THE SHERIFF ATE HIS EVIDENCE!

THE sheriff gave a shriek that echoed all down the walls of the tower, and frightened the sparrows in the ivy.

"Help! Treason! Murder!" He struggled wildly for a moment, and then turned a round, terrified, white face up to Dick, who smiled down at him benevolently. The young highwayman was leaning easily across the battlements, holding his worship's collar with a firm grip, while the fat little man dangled helplessly over space.

"Pull me up!" cried the sheriff wildly. "Oh, excellent young man, pull me up! Would you slay me in cold blood?"

"Not for worlds!" replied Dick. "I hope, nevertheless, that your coat is of good, stout cloth. Listen! Did I not hear it tear a little?"

His worship shivered, and became still as a mouse.

"Pull me up!" he gasped. "We will talk of that presently," said Dick. "But first, let me call your attention to the view. There is not a finer in all Yorkshire. Observe the beauty of Hexwood Woods, shimmering in the morning sun. And the exquisite purple of the distant moorlands," continued Dick, with a wave of his left hand. "Few are privileged to see them as you see them now. Contemplate the ordered loveliness of my Lord Durisdeer's park and grounds, and the beautiful stretch of hard, rolled gravel eighty feet below you."

"Pull me up!" screamed the sheriff. "In all, you have said that three times," remarked Dick. "I pray you, think of something new."

"I shall be dashed into a thousand pieces!" wailed the sheriff. "How can I jest?"

"I did not ask you to jest," replied Dick. "The situation is most serious. What think you, Durisdeer?"

"I humbly conceive," said Lord Durisdeer, "that his worship is of that opinion."

"I am undone!" moaned the sheriff. "I trust your coat is not," said Dick, "or you will descend the tower more rapidly than you mounted it. 'Facile decensus Avernus,' as Virgil hath it. And now, Master Sheriff, we will come to business of State. In your breast-fob is a letter which, in my opinion, will harm Lord Durisdeer."

"I will never give it up!" cried the sheriff desperately. "You shall not have it from me!"

"There is nothing on earth I desire less," said Dick, swaying the sheriff gently to ease his arm. "I admire your zeal. The letter you won by great endeavours, and it shall be yours. Eat it!"

The sheriff gasped and squirmed. He stole a look at Dick's face, and did not like what he saw there.

"It is close upon noon-meat," said the young highwayman. "and you should be sharp set. Also, you weigh more than I thought, and I feel my grasp slipping. Ah, you have the letter! I wish you good appetite."

"I cannot!" panted the sheriff. "I can give you but twelve ticks of the clock for your luncheon," said Dick, "after which, if the letter is not eaten, I fear you will spoil my lord's gravel-walk."

"Pull me up! My lord shall go free!" wailed the sheriff.

"My fingers are weakening," said Dick; "and the twelve seconds are nearly up."

Frantically his worship took the fatal letter, tore at it with his teeth, and

swallowed it with gaspings and splutterings. In five seconds the whole of it was gone.

"There was no need to be so greedy," remarked Dick; "but no matter, you shall rest after the meal."

And, raising himself, he heaved the sheriff up and over the battlements again, and set him on his feet upon the turret's top. The fat man panted and wheezed, looking from Dick to Lord Durisdeer and back.

"Here come your men, Master Sheriff," said Dick pleasantly, as the sound of footsteps were heard on the stone stairs.

"Ay, and there are by now thirty more below!" cried his worship furiously. "And the pair of you will be safe in Hensleydale Gaol within the hour!"

Dick smiled serenely. "With all my heart!" he said. "Come, my Lord Durisdeer, let us go with Master Sheriff. We shall there relate the story how his worship, to stay his avaricious stomach, devoured the King's evidence. All Yorkshire shall revel in the merry tale!"

My Lord Durisdeer bowed to the sheriff, and laughed softly. He held out his hand to Dick, and they shook hands warmly. His worship paused, and stood thinking, with a dark face.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly, "I have no wish to be hard on you."

"Nay, we shall enjoy it," returned Dick, beaming. "Tis not every day one has such a tale to tell."

"The letter is gone—" began the sheriff.

"Ah," said Dick, "what letter? My Lord Durisdeer, have you heard of any letter?"

"Nay. Surely there was no letter," said my lord.

"I agree most cordially!" cried the sheriff, cheering up. "We were all mistaken. There could have been no letter!"

His round, fat face cleared. After all, none from the courtyard could have seen him when he was dangling from the battlements. A sheriff lives upon his dignity. It must be preserved at all costs. What a tale to go the round of the Ridings!

"My Lord Durisdeer," he said, coughing,

"I take my leave. I—hem—I trust I may have no future occasion to thrust myself upon you for disloyalty."

"You overwhelm me," said my lord, bowing low.

So the sheriff gathered his men together, and rode forth. The sturdy serving-men of Tolleshunt, who had armed themselves for a fight, saw them go in amazement. Lord Durisdeer turned to Dick.

"I am your servant to the death, sir!" he said. "Your ready wit and quick courage have saved my life, my daughter, my title, and fortune. I saw no way out of it when yonder sheriff had the fatal letter."

"He has it still," said Dick. "I wonder where it lies heaviest—on his conscience or in his stomach? Well, the matter is ended, and I rejoice to have been able to pay some part of my debt to you. And now, by your leave, I will make my most cordial farewells, and ride forth from Tolleshunt."

"Ride forth?" cried Durisdeer, as they descended the stairs. "No; by Heaven, you shall not! My house is yours, sir; and unless you scorn my hospitality, I beg you to stay!"

"I must go onward," said Dick, "though I would give much to remain. It is rather you who would scorn me, did you know who I am."

"Can you think me so base?" cried Durisdeer hotly, as they reached the gravel. "Were you a forfeited felon, I would welcome you the more!"

"You are not so far out," said Dick, whistling for Satan, who came trotting towards him from the stables. "Do you not call to mind hearing of this horse? He is called Black Satan."

"Black Satan?" cried Phyllis, my lord's daughter, who had just joined them. "Then you—"

"I am Richard Neville, of Faulkbourne, known to wayfarers as Dick o' the Roads! A highwayman and an outlaw—no more!"

"Ay, something more!" cried the girl, her eyes flashing. "A gallant gentleman, to whom we owe our lives! Father, do not let him go like this!"

THE CAPTURE OF THE JACOBITE!

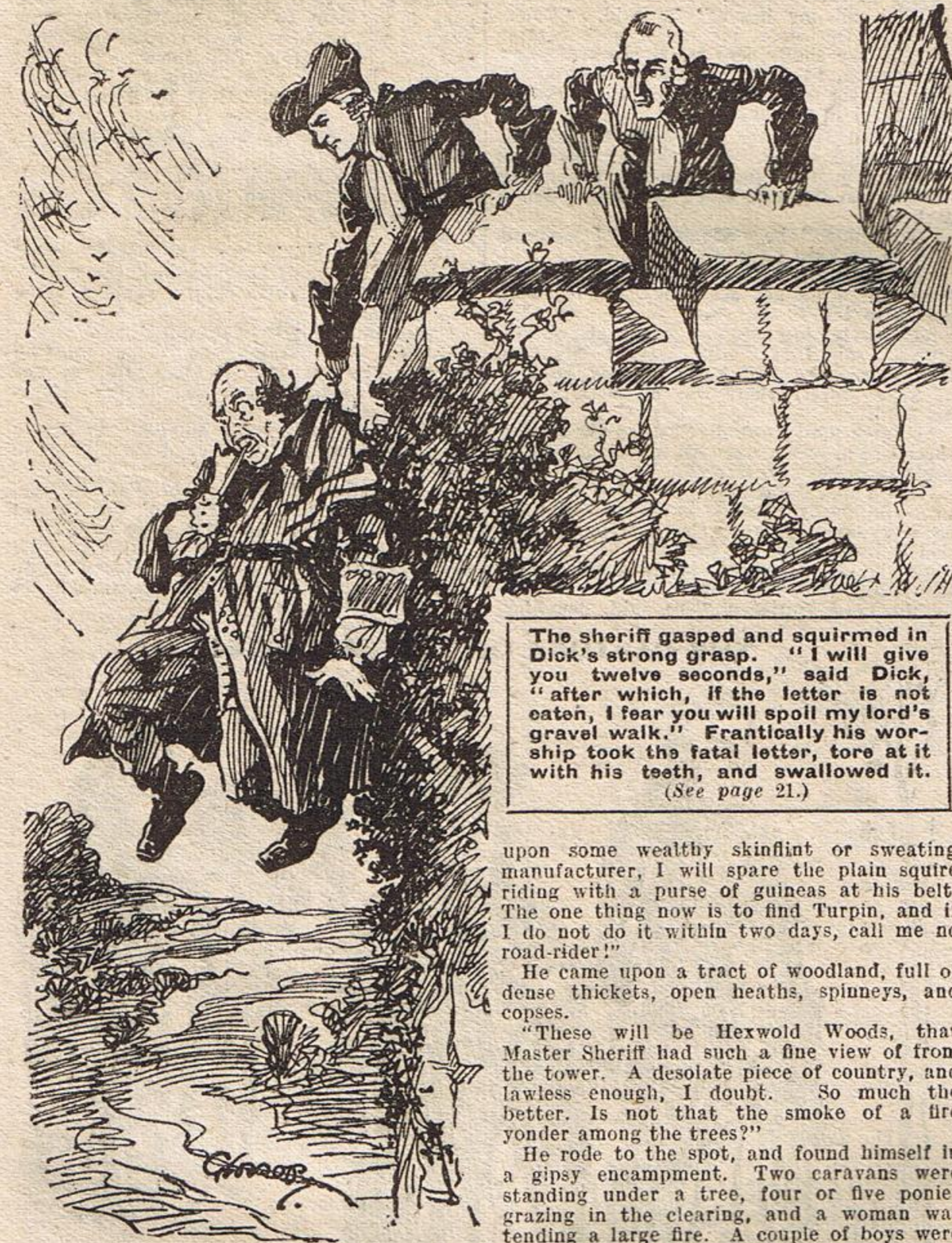


"I know a strong room at the top of the tower, and there you shall lie until I am ready to move you," said the sheriff, taking one of his underling's pistols. "Now march before me!" And pointing the pistol at the back of my lord, he marched the Jacobite into the tower. (See page 20.)

"Nay, he shall not go," vowed Durisdeer—"were he Dick Turpin himself! Shall I lose my preserver, and King James a good sword?"

"As to King James," said Dick, "when there is something better to do than drink his health, I am his man. I promise you, Durisdeer, that the day he lands to march on London, and poke German George off his throne, I will join you for the venture. I am fain to own to you that I care not a rap whether Stuart or Hanover reigns at St. James'; but I will ride with the King who will show the best sport, and has the longest odds against him.

THE SHERIFF DEVOURS THE FATAL LETTER!



wind on the heath, and the hazard of the roads. Heaven forgive me, but they're meat and drink to me now!"

He rode to the outskirts of Ulchester, as carelessly as though his name and appearance were not placarded throughout the borough, towards the wild and little-inhabited district beyond Hexwold.

"Since man has turned me out of my own by process of law, I'll take my vengeance on man," said Dick, "but that vow shall not press upon the poor, who shall be given freely of all that my pistols wring from the pockets of the rich. I have still sufficient money for a few days, and unless I chance

The old gipsy raised his hand as if to stroke his chin, and at the same instant, as it seemed, a noose of horsehair rope shot out from among the trees behind him, and Dick found himself jerked to the ground, with his arms pinned to his sides. Before he could make a sound half a dozen gipsies sprang out from the wood and pounced on him.

Dick struggled furiously, but his arms were bound and the men were strong. In a few seconds he was tied hand and foot. They stood him up against a pine-trunk, and lashed him to it.

"You dogs! You vermin!" cried Dick hotly. "You shame of your race! Since when have the Romany become spies and agents for the law? You are no true gipsies, but half-bred gorgios and footpads, cast in the woods!"

"A civil tongue will serve you best," said the old gipsy calmly, "or you may earn something to keep you quiet. Peace, now! Your reckoning is soon to come!"

"Here he is, father!" cried one of the boys. "He rides through the wood."

"Then," said the gipsy to Dick, "you had best begin to say your prayers, gorgio!"

(Another long instalment of our powerful Dick Turpin serial will be included in next week's programme.)

The sheriff gasped and squirmed in Dick's strong grasp. "I will give you twelve seconds," said Dick, "after which, if the letter is not eaten, I fear you will spoil my lord's gravel walk." Frantically his worship took the fatal letter, tore at it with his teeth, and swallowed it. (See page 21.)

upon some wealthy skinflint or sweating manufacturer, I will spare the plain squire riding with a purse of guineas at his belt. The one thing now is to find Turpin, and if I do not do it within two days, call me no road-rider!"

He came upon a tract of woodland, full of dense thickets, open heaths, spinneys, and copses.

"These will be Hexwold Woods, that Master Sheriff had such a fine view of from the tower. A desolate piece of country, and lawless enough, I doubt. So much the better. Is not that the smoke of a fire yonder among the trees?"

He rode to the spot, and found himself in a gipsy encampment. Two caravans were standing under a tree, four or five ponies grazing in the clearing, and a woman was tending a large fire. A couple of boys were skinning some animal, and a swarthy-looking Romany man was reeving wire snares.

"Good-morrow!" said the young highwayman, reining up. "What news of the woods? Tell me, has Dick Turpin passed you lately?"

A sudden silence fell on the gipsies, and the young man looked at Dick darkly.

"Are you seeking Turpin, gorgio?" he said.

"Pest, yes!" retorted Dick. "I have been riding on his heels this week and more. Where is he?"

Dick dismounted, letting Satan graze among the trees, and walked forward.

The caravan door opened, and a grim-looking, elderly gipsy, with eyes black as coal, came slowly down the steps.

"We might tell you something of Turpin, gorgio," he said in a smooth voice. "What do you want of him? The Romany do not answer every stranger for no reason."

"Reason?" said Dick. "Here are five good guineas to any who can take me to Turpin, or ten if you can bring him here to me!"

"With regard to the name you mentioned, Turpin is my comrade, and I go to seek him now. I have too much regard for you to remain and bring trouble on your house, for did the fat sheriff know who I was he would soon be down on you again. So farewell, my Lord Durisdeer and Mistress Phyllis. Should you ever need a good sword or a pair of ready pistols against your enemies, tell it to the gipsy folk of the woodlands, and Dick Neville will be beside you before the need is past."

And, despite all they could do to detain him, Dick swept off his hat, and galloped away down the park, leaving them to regret the loss of an outlawed highwayman.

"Faith," said Dick, as he gained the high-road and set his face to the eastward, "very kindly folk were those, and a right good house; forbye, the girl's eyes are like sun-dewed diamonds. Yet, 'tis no life for me to be too long under a roof, nor can I brook to stay many days in one place. There's the

RESULT OF "PLYMOUTH ARGYLE COMPETITION!"

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

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

- A. Adams, 1, Herbert Rd., South Willesbro, Ashford, Kent.
- Frances Morton, 7, Ayre St., Pallion, Sunderland.
- H. Knighton, 46, Wellingboro' Rd., Northampton.
- F. Howarth, 17, Churnet St., Collyhurst, Manchester.
- E. Marshall, Sunnyside, Elm Grove, Thorpe Bay, Essex.
- L. Bachelor, 19, Kettering Rd., Levenshulme, Manchester.

Twenty-one competitors, with two errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each:

- Charles H. Morton, 7, Ayre St., Pallion, Sunderland; Cyril Darbyshire, 8, Bennett St., Higher Broughton, Manchester; R. A. Camp, Baddow Park, nr. Chelmsford; R. Cole, 103, Sheen Lane, Mortlake, S.W. 14; R. B. Curtis, Hillside, Taplow, Bucks; Richard Wimberley, 15, Wheatfield St., Edinburgh; Annie Ringham, 45, Petersburg Rd., Stockport; John Campbell, 148, Kensington St., Keighley Yorks; E. Shooter, 15, Manor Rd., New Village, Askern, nr. Doncaster; Alex. Welland, 237, Winchester Rd., Highams Park, E. 4; William Ramsdale, 3, Foundry St., Stourport, Worcs; Donald Rains, 15, North Evesham Rd., Reigate; Ted S. Newton, Littleover Lane, Normanton, Derby; Mrs. Phillips, 27, Strelly St., Bulwell, Notts; W. Edgington 45, Playford Rd., Finsbury Park, N. 4; Albert E. Jeffrey, 14, Park St., Southend-on-Sea; E. McHugh, 6, Perth St., Belfast; J. B. Hughes, 6, Perth St., Belfast; Alfred Carr, 70, Bargate, Boston, Lincs; William Mitchell, 5, North Shore St., Campbelltown, N.B.; Dorothy Moore, 148, Vine Place, Rochdale.

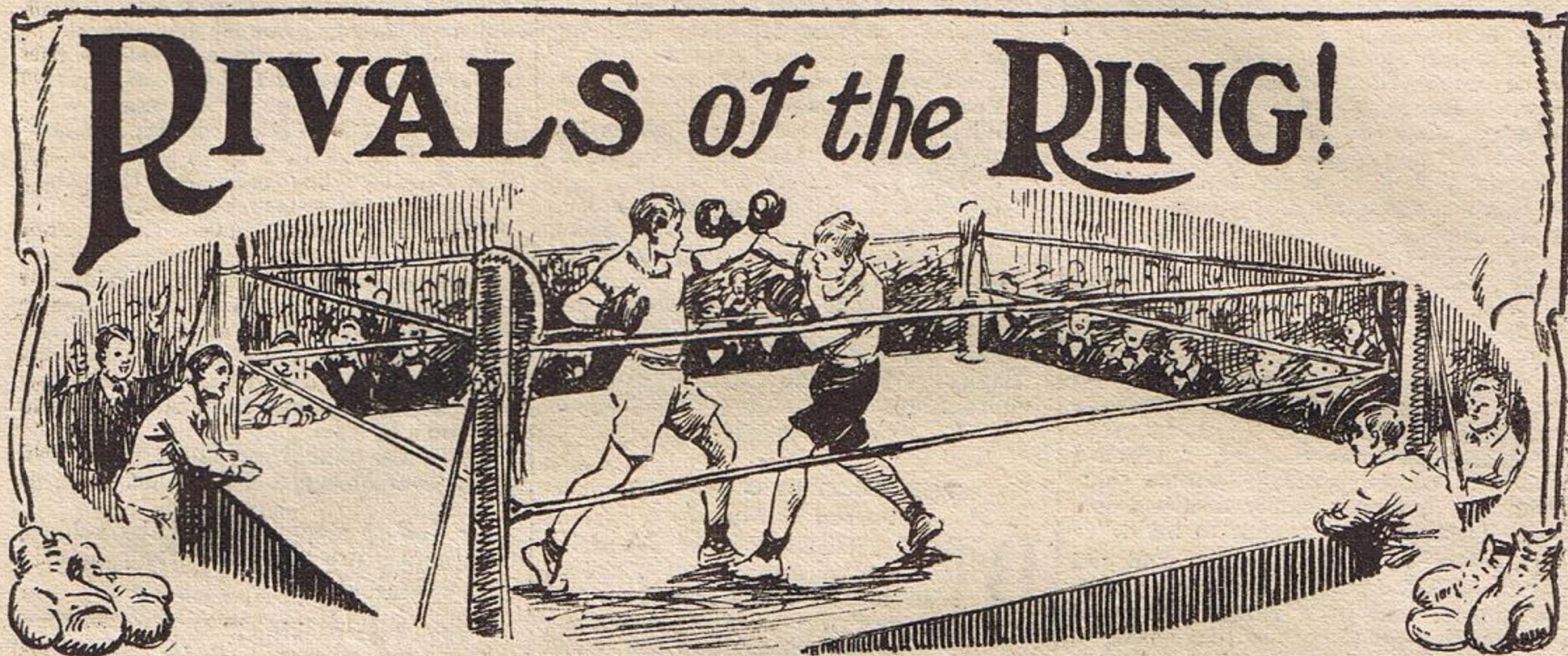
SOLUTION.

Plymouth Argyle's ground is almost ideal. Few teams in this country can boast more delightful headquarters. The Argyle's success was mainly due to Mr. Brettell, its first manager. Although Plymouth has not yet been in the Final for the Cup, it may come their way in the near future.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS!

Dealing with the great boxing tournament which takes place at St. Jim's, and the unpleasant surprise which Baggy Trimble receives later!

THE ST. JIM'S BOXING TOURNAMENT!



Baggy Trimble's cowardice in the ring, before Sir Jeffery Manning, brings about his downfall, and the end of his amazing deception. You must not miss this sensational story of the Chums of St. Jim's.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

(Author of the tales of Tom Merry & Co. appearing in the "Gem.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Bombshell for Baggy!

BAGGY TRIMBLE, mounted on Mellish's machine, cycled down to the school gates. The bicycle groaned and creaked beneath Baggy's huge bulk.

Tom Merry was standing in the school gateway, with seven other juniors. They were clad in shorts and vests, with rain-coats over this scanty attire as a protection from the east wind. They were stamping their feet and clapping their hands in order to keep their circulations active.

"Whither bound, Baggy?" inquired Jack Blake.

"I'm going over to Wayland to fetch my team."

"Well, buck up!" said Tom Merry. "If you meet 'em on the road, tell 'em to hurry. Everything's ready for the boxing tournament."

Baggy Trimble nodded, and pedalled laboriously through the school gateway.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and there was great excitement at St. Jim's.

Baggy Trimble had challenged the school to a series of sporting contests. He had been fortunate enough to obtain the services of seven young athletes from the school of physical training at Wayland.

Jack Raymond & Co.—who had been christened the Sporting Seven—because they were invincible sportsmen who never knew when they were beaten, had supported Baggy Trimble in splendid style. They realised what a worthless fellow Baggy was, but they were so fond of sport that they had jumped at the chance of competing against the eight selected champions of St. Jim's.

All the events had now taken place, save the boxing tournament. This was the last event of all, and would decide the issue. Hence the feverish excitement at St. Jim's.

Baggy Trimble pedalled on his way. He was half-way to Wayland when seven

sprightly, athletic fellows came striding into view. Like Tom Merry & Co., they were attired in shorts and vests and white shoes, and they also wore rain-coats, which flapped in the breeze as they strode along.

"Oh, here you are!" said Baggy Trimble, rolling off his machine. "I came along to meet you."

"Very thoughtful of you, my tubby friend," said Jack Raymond, "but you needn't have bothered."

"It was my duty to bother," said Baggy. "You're under my leadership, you know."

The fat junior reversed his bicycle, and walked back towards St. Jim's, striving vainly to keep in step with Raymond & Co. His fat little legs could not accommodate themselves to the giant strides of his team.

"I say, you fellows, ease up a bit! You'll use up all your energy before the boxing begins. And we've got to win this tournament, you know. I vowed I'd get together a team that would make Tom Merry & Co. sing small; and if we win the boxing, we win the sports tournament."

"Are you going to box, Trimble?" inquired Jack Raymond.

"Certainly!"

"My hat! I hope you're not paired with Tom Merry, or you'll be badly punctured!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy smiled in a superior fashion.

"Bah! I could easily lick Tom Merry," he said boastfully.

"With your tongue, perhaps, but not with your fists!" chuckled Carr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy Trimble was about to check the merriment of the Sporting Seven, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a tall, aristocratic-looking individual, who was approaching at a leisurely pace, swinging a silver-mounted walking-stick.

"Why, here's my old pal, Sir Jeffery Manning!" exclaimed Baggy.

Jack Raymond & Co. chuckled. They were tickled by Baggy's allusion to the well-known baronet as his "old pal."

The Sporting Seven knew Sir Jeffery by sight, and they lifted their caps to him. He bade them good-afternoon, and then, to their surprise, walked towards Baggy Trimble with outstretched hand.

"I am delighted to meet you, my dear boy!" said the baronet. "How does the world wag with you? Happily, I trust?"

"Yes, rather, Sir Jeffery."

"I shall always be grateful to you for having saved my life," Sir Jeffery went on.

Then, noting the looks of utter astonishment on the faces of Jack Raymond & Co., he hastened to explain.

"Trimble is a very gallant boy, and he rendered me a great service," he said. "No doubt his modesty has prevented him from telling you about it. But I will tell you."

"Don't bother, sir," said Baggy Trimble hastily.

He had very good reasons for not wishing the Sporting Seven to know anything about the matter.

But Sir Jeffery Manning was already plunging into the details.

"I was attacked one dark night in Rylcombe Wood by a footpad," he said. "The scoundrel rendered me unconscious, and would undoubtedly have robbed me had not Trimble come opportunely to the rescue."

"Great Scott!" gasped Jack Raymond.

"I understand that Trimble grappled with the ruffian, and eventually drove him off," said Sir Jeffery. "A wonderful piece of heroism, as you will all agree. But for Trimble's timely intervention, I should have been robbed, and left insensible on the ground. It is not too much to assert that this boy saved my life."

"Oh, really, Sir Jeffery, I wish you wouldn't make a song about it!" said Trimble.

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The Day of Reckoning Has Arrived at Last—Baggy Trimble's Deception Has Been Revealed!

The fat junior was looking decidedly uncomfortable. He had not played a hero's part at all, and he was desperately afraid that the true facts concerning the affair might come to light.

The Sporting Seven were thunder-struck when they heard Sir Jeffery's story. Baggy Trimble did not strike them as being the sort of fellow to go around saving people's lives.

Baggy looked at them appealingly. "Don't say anything about this affair at St. Jim's, you fellows," he pleaded. "I—I want to hide my light under a bushel, you know."

"Well, we'll keep our mouths shut if you'd rather," said Jack Raymond. "But it—it's jolly queer."

"A rummy business altogether," said Teddy Clifton. "You—you're quite sure there's no mistake, Sir Jeffery?"

"Quite," said the baronet. "When I regained consciousness, Trimble was bending over me, and my assailant had fled. Trimble had put him to flight."

This was true. But Baggy had not put the fellow to flight by fighting him. He himself had been running away at the time from a party of village roughs, and in jumping a hedge he had accidentally alighted upon the footpad's back. The man, doubtless fearing that the police were after him, had promptly taken to his heels. So it was due to a lucky accident, and not to personal bravery on Baggy Trimble's part, that Sir Jeffery Manning had been saved.

But Baggy had made capital out of the affair. He had assured Sir Jeffery that he had driven the footpad away after a fierce hand-to-hand encounter. And the baronet, believing this, had made his "gallant rescuer" an award of fifty pounds.

In accepting this money, Baggy had acted downright dishonestly. In the eyes of all decent people he was guilty of a base offence. But in his own eyes his conduct did not appear to be very dreadful. The fat junior was too obtuse to have a keen perception of right and wrong.

All the same, Baggy didn't want the affair to get to the ears of his school-fellows. They knew what a funk he really was, and they would soon have been able to prove to Sir Jeffery that such an arrant coward could not possibly have fought and overcome a footpad. And what would happen then? Baggy shuddered to think.

Sir Jeffery's voice disturbed the fat junior's uneasy train of thought.

"Come, cheer up, my boy! Why are you looking so serious?"

"Ahem! There's a big boxing tournament at St. Jim's this afternoon, Sir Jeffery, and I'm jolly anxious for my team"—Baggy indicated Jack Raymond with a wave of his hand—"to carry off the honours."

"Are you taking part in the tournament yourself?" asked Sir Jeffery.

Baggy nodded. "Then I will come along and see it. I have to go to Wayland now, to keep an appointment. But it will not take me long, and I will charter a taxicab and come straight on to the school."

Baggy Trimble turned pale. This was the very last thing in the world he wanted to happen.

Sir Jeffery Manning was coming to the school! He would see Baggy perform in the boxing-ring, and he would realise at once that the fat junior was no fighting man, and could not possibly have tackled the footpad.

"I—I should keep away, sir, if I were you!" said Baggy desperately.

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"Why?" asked Sir Jeffery in astonishment.

"Because it's bound to be a wash-out, sir. None of these fellows can box."

There was a roar from the Sporting Seven.

"Can't we, by Jove!"

"You wait and see!"

"What did you want to engage us for, if we can't box?" said Jack Raymond.

Sir Jeffery Manning smiled.

"Whether these boys are good boxers or not," he said, "I shall come along for the pleasure of seeing you, Trimble."

"Oh crumbs!"

"You need not look so distressed, my boy. I shall be keenly anxious to see you win your encounter."

Baggy gave a hollow groan. And Sir Jeffery Manning, nodding cheerfully to the party, went on his way.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Forced to Fight!

BAGGY TRIMBLE wore a worried look. His companions spoke to him, but he made no answer.

Baggy was in a tight corner, and he was wondering how he could possibly manage to wriggle out of it.

The proposed visit of Sir Jeffery Manning to St. Jim's was a calamity. The baronet, having seen that Baggy was utterly useless with his fists, would denounce him as an impostor, and accuse him of obtaining a reward of fifty pounds by false pretences.

Obtuse though Baggy was, he had sense enough to see that this would be a serious matter for him.

By hook or by crook, Sir Jeffery must be prevented from witnessing the boxing tournament.

But how?

Presently a brilliant brain-wave occurred to Baggy. He jumped on his bicycle and rode on ahead.

"What's the hurry?" called Jack Raymond.

"I'm just going to tell Tom Merry & Co. that you're on the way," said Trimble, looking round. "They're waiting in the school gateway for you, and they'll be getting impatient."

Baggy rode on, and five minutes' hard pedalling brought him to the gates of St. Jim's.

"Hallo! The porpoise has returned!" said Jack Blake. "Where's your team, Baggy?"

"Coming along behind," panted the fat junior, as he dismounted. "I say, you fellows, I've got something jolly important to tell you!"

"Go ahead!" said Tom Merry cheerfully.

Baggy Trimble lowered his voice confidentially.

"A well-dressed merchant will arrive at the school in a taxi very shortly," he said. "He'll call himself Sir Jeffery Manning. But it won't be Sir Jeffery at all."

"Then who—what—" began Figgins, in amazement.

"It's a Grammar School jape," Baggy went on. "I overheard Gordon Gay and his pals plotting it. You know what a wonderful impersonator Gordon Gay is. Well, he's going to tog up like a giddy aristocrat, and try to pass himself off as Sir Jeffery Manning. See?"

"Great Scott!"

"He'll come along in a taxi, and try to get in to see the boxing tournament."

"Will he, by Jove?" said Tom Merry warmly. "I'm fed-up with Gordon Gay's impersonations. We'll pitch him out on his neck when he comes!"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The St. Jim's juniors, believing Baggy's story, were furious to think that Gordon Gay was about to try to "spoo" them. And they meant to give him a warm reception on his arrival.

"I shouldn't say anything about this to Jack Raymond & Co. if I were you," said Baggy Trimble. "We don't want to make a scene in front of them. Somebody had better take them along to the gym directly they come, so that they won't see Gordon Gay kicked out."

"That's a good idea," said Tom Merry.

Unfortunately for Baggy Trimble's deep-laid scheme, however, the Sporting Seven and Sir Jeffery Manning arrived at the same time. The baronet's appointment in Wayland had only lasted a few moments, and he had come straight on to St. Jim's by taxi.

When the taxi drew up at the school gates Tom Merry & Co. rushed towards it.

Sir Jeffery stepped out of the vehicle, and there was a howl from the juniors.

"Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

"Send him packing!"

The baronet drew back in alarm. He wondered if the St. Jim's juniors, who surged around him in a hostile crowd, had suddenly taken leave of their senses.

Jack Raymond & Co. were coming up behind, and just as the juniors were about to commit assault and battery upon Sir Jeffery, they intervened.

"Drop that, you silly chumps!" shouted Jack Raymond. "You can't lay hands on a baronet, you know!"

"Baronet be blowed!" growled Jack Blake. "He's a spoofer! It's Gordon Gay, from the Grammar School!"

"Good gracious!" gasped Sir Jeffery.

"My—my dear boys, I assure you I am indeed Sir Jeffery Manning!"

"We can soon tell," said Cardew. "If he's an impostor that iron-grey hair of his will be false."

Sir Jeffery removed his silk hat and allowed Tom Merry to examine his hair.

Tom saw at once that it was genuine. He fell back with a gasp of dismay.

"I say, we're awfully sorry, sir!" he stammered. "We—we thought—"

"That I was an impostor?" said Sir Jeffery, with a smile. "What nonsense!"

"But Twimble told us that the Gwammawians were plannin' a jape!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "He said that if a well-dressed person dwove up in a taxi, it would be Gordon Gay!"

"The fat spoofer!" roared Figgins.

"Where is he?"

Everybody looked round for Baggy Trimble. But the fat junior had vanished as suddenly and completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Baggy saw that his ruse had failed, and he had made himself scarce.

A search-party was formed at once, and eventually the fat junior was run to earth in the box-room of the School House.

"You fat fibber!" shouted Tom Merry. "What did you mean by pitching us that cock-and-bull yarn about a Grammar School jape? It's the genuine Sir Jeffery Manning who's here—not Gordon Gay!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Bump the worm!" growled Jack Blake.

"Not too hard, or he won't be fit to take part in the boxing tournament," said Dick Redfern, with a chuckle.

Baggy Trimble was bumped on the floor of the box-room, and he yelled and squirmed with anguish.

"Now bring him along to the gym," said Talbot.

Baggy protested volubly.

"I—I say, you fellows! I don't think I'll take part in the boxing tournament. I've just come over queer. I've got horrible shooting pains—"

"Due to the bumping you've just had," said Tom Merry. "They'll soon pass off."

Baggy Trimble invented a dozen excuses as he was hustled along to the gym. He explained that he had ricked his ankle, fractured his thigh, sprained his wrist, and even broken his back. But his schoolfellows turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and he was compelled to take part in the tournament. There was no escape for him. Under the watchful eyes of Sir Jeffery Manning he would have to fight.

The gym was packed to overflowing.

Sir Jeffery Manning was already there. He sat in a special chair at the ringside, and chatted with Mr. Railton.

Kildare was in charge of the proceedings, and there was a tense silence when he prepared to announce the draw for the first heat.

"Jack Blake versus Jack Raymond," he began, "Noble versus Carr, Figgins versus Riley, Cardew versus Conway, Tom Merry versus Teddy Clifton—"

At this there was a buzz of excitement. Tom Merry was probably the best boxer of the St. Jim's batch, and Teddy Clifton was the finest fighting-man of the Sporting Seven.

Kildare went on with his recital.

"Talbot versus Johnny Brown, Dick Redfern versus Jimmy Brown, and"—Kildare smiled as he said this—"Arthur Augustus D'Arcy versus Bagley Trimble."

There was a roar of laughter.

"Poor old Baggy!"

"Gussy will wipe up the floor with him!"

Baggy Trimble's knees were almost knocking together. Although he had posed to the Sporting Seven as a fine fighting-man, Trimble knew that he would not stand an "earthly" against the swell of St. Jim's. For Arthur Augustus, in spite of his elegant ways and aristocratic airs and graces, was a boxer of no mean reputation.

"Thank goodness my fight's the last on the list!" murmured Baggy under his breath. "By the time it comes off, Sir Jeffery may have got fed up and gone home."

But Sir Jeffery showed no sign of becoming bored with the boxing tournament. And, indeed, there was no reason why he should, for the bouts were thrilling in the extreme.

Jack Blake and Jack Raymond were the first pair, and there was not a pin to choose between them. They were a perfect match. For six rounds they fought, and neither could claim an advantage. In the seventh round, however, the St. Jim's fellow was hard pressed by his opponent, who applied heavy pressure and knocked his man across the ropes. Jack Blake recovered, but that brief lapse lost him the day. When the full number of rounds had been fought Jack Raymond was awarded the verdict on points.

Three thrilling bouts followed, all ending in favour of St. Jim's. Harry Noble defeated Carr, Figgins knocked out Riley, and Cardew just managed to get the better of Conway.

Then came the duel between Tom Merry and Teddy Clifton, and it was worth going a hundred miles to watch, as Monty Lowther said afterwards.

Teddy Clifton was a wonderful fellow with his fists. It was his ambition to become the light-weight champion of his county, and judging by the way he shaped now, it was quite on the cards that he would achieve this ambition. His footwork was fast and bewildering, his blows were powerful and well-timed.

Tom Merry boxed in his usual brilliant style, but he was made to look almost clumsy by his opponent, who dodged and dived and ducked in a manner which brought smiles to the faces of the on-lookers, and a look of perplexity to the face of Tom Merry.

Teddy Clifton was full of energy. He seemed to be on springs. He cleverly dodged the majority of the blows that his opponent aimed at him, and every now and then he sailed in himself and sent Tom Merry staggering under a shower of body-blows.

The captain of the Shell took any amount of punishment, but he refused to take the knock-out. He went the full number of rounds, but he was not in the least surprised when Kildare announced:

"Clifton wins on points."

Tom hurried across to the victor and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Well done!" he said cordially. "I reckon you'll win this tournament!"

"No hopes!" said Teddy Clifton breathlessly. "You appear to forget that there's Baggy Trimble to be reckoned with. He says he can beat anything on two legs."

"Yes, if it happens to be a lame duck!" said Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The boxing tournament proceeded merrily. The next two bouts were keenly contested, and there was a sensation

when Talbot was knocked out by Johnny Brown. Talbot had been expected to win, but this was one of his off-days. After leading his opponent a rare dance for three rounds he seemed to crack up, and Johnny Brown laid him low with a powerful straight left.

Johnny Brown having won, it was predicted that his twin-brother, Jimmy, would do likewise. But Jimmy was up against Dick Redfern, a mighty man of valour, who put up a gallant show and won handsomely.

And now came the last bout of the opening heat.

"Arthur Augustus D'Arcy versus Bagley Trimble!" announced Kildare.

The swell of St. Jim's stepped briskly into the ring, amid mingled cheers and laughter.

Then Baggy Trimble rolled into the ring with a sickly smile on his face.

Sir Jeffery Manning craned forward eagerly. He was very eager to see how this gallant youth, who had overpowered a footpad, would deal with D'Arcy.

"Trimble is a splendid boxer, I believe?" remarked the baronet to Mr. Railton. "He will doubtless dispose of his opponent in the first round."

"I rather fancy, Sir Jeffery," he said quietly, "that the boot will be on the other foot."

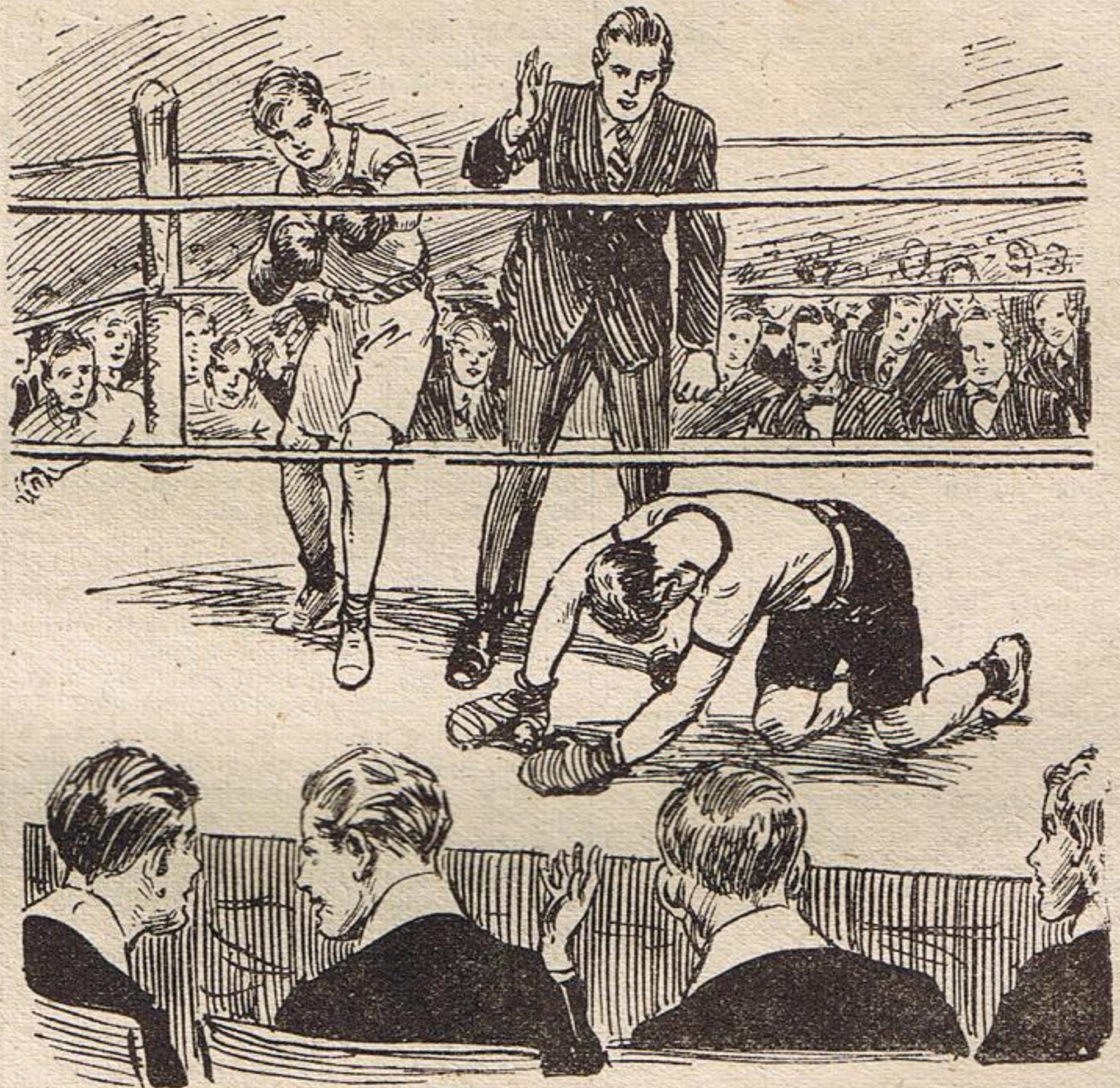
And then Kildare called "Time!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Thrilling Finish!

SHUTTING his eyes tightly, Baggy Trimble rushed in bull-like fashion at his elegant opponent.

Baggy didn't want to fight, but, since he had been forced to do so, he determined to put up as brave a show as possible, for the sake of saving his



THE LAST ROUND! Teddy Clifton withstood the heavy punishment for a little while, then he retreated. Redfern followed up quickly, and a straight left to the jaw lifted Teddy clean off his feet. Kildare started to count him out, but Teddy, game to the last, struggled defiantly to his knees.

(See Chapter 3.)

skin. If he showed the white feather in the presence of Sir Jeffery Manning it would be all up with him.

Baggy lashed out wildly with his fists, and it would have gone hard with Arthur Augustus had he stopped any of those hurricane blows. But the swell of St. Jim's was nimble-footed enough to dodge them with ease, and Baggy's fists smote the empty air.

The onlookers—with the exception of Sir Jeffery Manning—were almost in hysterics. As for Sir Jeffery, he looked on in blank amazement, wondering what sort of game Baggy Trimble was playing. Surely he could not have tackled the footpad in this wild and aimless fashion?

Arthur Augustus allowed Baggy Trimble to expend his energy for a couple of moments, without attempting to strike his fat opponent. He contented himself with dodging and ducking. But presently he considered it was time to administer the knock-out, and he made a bee-line for Baggy.

Trimble saw him coming, and he noted with alarm the grim and business-like expression on Gussy's face.

Baggy shrank back against the ropes. His Dutch courage had gone now, and he was as big a funk as ever.

"I—I say, D'Arcy!" he panted. "Don't hit me too hard!"

There was a roar of laughter from the onlookers.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Polish him off, Gussy!"

The polishing-off process didn't take long. Arthur Augustus beat a merry tattoo on his opponent's ribs, and Baggy's yells floated through the gym. It was as if he was receiving a public flogging. He squealed every time he was hit.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Sir Jeffery Manning. "What is wrong with the boy? I thought he was as brave as a lion, yet he squeals on the slightest provocation."

"That is Trimble all over," said Mr. Railton.

"But—but I thought—I was under the impression—"

Sir Jeffery's voice trailed off in a gasp of surprise.

Arthur Augustus shot out his left, straight from the shoulder, and Baggy Trimble, with a roar like that of a wounded lion, toppled to the boards with a crash. Kildare counted him out amid peals of laughter.

The fat junior lay where he had fallen, moaning and whimpering. It was a most unedifying spectacle, and Sir Jeffery Manning could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes.

Gradually the truth dawned upon the baronet—that Baggy Trimble must have bluffed and deceived him as to his alleged gallantry on the occasion when Sir Jeffery was attacked by a footpad. It was not feasible to suppose that the fat junior who now lay squirming on his back had played a hero's part.

As for Baggy Trimble, he was in a state of panic. He realised what a sorry exhibition he had made of himself in the eyes of Sir Jeffery Manning, and at any moment he expected the baronet to denounce him in public.

Baggy tottered to his feet at length, and retired to the back of the gym, making himself as inconspicuous as possible.

The draw for the second heat then took place.

There were five St. Jim's fellows left in, and three members of the Sporting Seven.

The draw resulted as follows:

THE POPULAR.—No. 217.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy

v.

Jack Raymond.

Ralph Reckness Cardew

v.

Dick Redfern.

George Figgins

v.

Teddy Clifton.

Harry Noble

v.

Johnny Brown.

These four tussles proved rather one-sided. Jack Raymond accounted for Arthur Augustus with comparative ease. It was Dick Redfern's painful duty to administer the knock-out to his school-fellow, Cardew. Teddy Clifton easily disposed of Figgins. And Harry Noble got the better of Johnny Brown, despite the fact that Johnny had beaten Talbot in the first heat.

When the time came for the semi-finals to be staged, the gym fairly buzzed with excited chatter.

Dick Redfern was drawn against Jack Raymond, while Harry Noble had to face the redoubtable Teddy Clifton.

Reddy defeated the leader of the Sporting Seven, knocking him out in the seventh round. Harry Noble put up a game fight against a vastly superior opponent, and Teddy Clifton put the Australian junior on his back in the fourth round.

"Reddy and Teddy in the final!" chortled Monty Lowther. "Now we shall see some fireworks!"

But the final was postponed until after tea. The crowd in the gym dispersed, and Baggy Trimble faded away with the rest.

Baggy had no intention of returning to the gym. He dreaded the thought of facing Sir Jeffery Manning.

The baronet now knew that Baggy could not possibly have saved his life under the gallant circumstances which Baggy himself had described.

Sir Jeffery would now report the matter to the school authorities. Perhaps he had already mentioned it to Mr. Railton. Baggy's blood ran cold at the thought.

The game was up now. St. Jim's would learn the truth concerning Baggy Trimble's recent wealth. They would learn that Uncle Solomon, the gold-mining gentleman who was supposed to have sent Baggy large sums of money, was merely a myth. It would all come out that Trimble had obtained a reward of fifty pounds from Sir Jeffery Manning—a reward to which he was not entitled.

And what would be the sequel?

Dense and stupid though he was, Baggy Trimble realised that he was "in for it." He was pretty certain to get a public flogging, at all events, and the prospect of it sent cold shivers down his spine.

For once in a way, Baggy had no appetite for tea. He explained to Mellish and Kit Wildrake, his two study-mates, that he had not yet recovered from D'Arcy's knock-out blow. This explanation was plausible enough, and it was accepted.

"Coming to see the final, Baggy?" asked Mellish, when the meal was over.

"No!"

"What! Teddy Clifton's a member of your team. Aren't you going to see him fight?"

"I'm fed up with the whole business!" was the sullen reply.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Kit Wildrake.

"You challenge the school to a series of

sporting contests, and when the deciding event comes off you don't want to see it. You're a queer beggar, and no mistake!"

Baggy settled himself in the armchair, and made no answer. And his study-mates went along to the gym without him.

When the two finalists stepped into the ring there was a roar which might have been heard a mile away.

Dick Redfern and Teddy Clifton were pretty evenly matched, so far as weight and build went. But the boy from the school of physical training was, on his previous showing, the better boxer.

"Time!" called Kildare.

The couple shook hands, and Dick Redfern set up a fierce attack right away. His idea was to wear his opponent down, and bustle him out of his usual cool and clever tactics.

Reddy's plan was a good one. All through the first round Teddy Clifton was kept on the defensive. Reddy didn't give him a second's peace. He was putting his whole heart and soul into the fight, and his right and left shot out with dazzling rapidity.

"The fellow's a human cyclone!" panted Teddy Clifton, when he went to his corner after the first round.

"He'll wear himself out," said Jack Raymond sagely.

"Unless he wears me out first!"

"Great Scott, Teddy! You don't think he's going to lick you?"

"Not if I can help it. But he's moving heaven and earth to do it, and I honestly can't keep pace with him at present. I must wait till he eases up a bit, and then sail in and smash him."

But Dick Redfern showed no sign of easing up. If he had been a cyclone in the first round, he was a cyclone, whirlwind, and hurricane combined in the second. He knew that he could only hope to beat Teddy Clifton by forcing the pace, and he forced it for all he was worth.

St. Jim's cheered lustily.

"Good old Reddy!"

"Keep on hammering him!"

"He's bound to crack up presently!"

Teddy Clifton deferred the "cracking up" part of the business until the fifth round. He withstood heavy punishment, and had shown great gameness. But it could not go on for ever. Reddy's persistence met with its reward at last. A straight left to the jaw, followed by a deadly uppercut, and Teddy Clifton was down.

Kildare started to count him out, and Teddy, game to the last, was on his feet again when the captain of St. Jim's got to "seven." But a punch in the chest put him back on the floor, and this time he stayed down.

Then, what cheering and stamping and shouting and pandemonium! What a mighty roar reverberated through the historic gym.

Sir Jeffery Manning and Mr. Railton were obliged to stop their ears.

Having shouted themselves hoarse, Tom Merry & Co., who had defeated the Sporting Seven in that thrilling sports tournament, seized Dick Redfern and carried him shoulder-high from the gym.

Thus were Baggy Trimble's men conquered. And Baggy himself sat shaking and quaking in his study, like a condemned felon awaiting his doom.

Trimble had deceived Sir Jeffery Manning, and he had deceived St. Jim's. But the deception was at an end now. And the day of reckoning was at hand!

THE END.

(You will all enjoy reading next week's rollicking story of St. Jim's.)

You Will ALL Enjoy Reading Next Week's Magnificent Yarn of the St. Jim's Chums!

LOOKING AFTER WINGATE!

(Continued from page 18.)

"You say the same, do you not?" exclaimed Mr. Prout.
"I hope so, sir," said Dutton. "I always try to play the game, sir."

"What! What! What do you mean, Dutton? I asked you if you say the same as your companions?" exclaimed Mr. Prout, raising his voice.

"Well, that's according, sir," said Dutton, puzzled. "I like pickled onions, but—"

"What! Who is speaking about pickled onions?" shrieked Mr. Prout.

"Didn't you ask me if I liked pickled onions, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Silence!" said the Head, though his own lips twitched for a moment. "I think we may—er—dispense with Dutton's evidence, Mr. Prout, as the matter seems to be so well established. Wingate, you have heard what has been said. Have you anything to say in extenuation of your conduct?"

Wingate smiled slightly.
"I have only to say that Mr. Prout was mistaken, sir, and I was not in Pegg at all this afternoon," he replied.

And the juniors stared at Wingate blankly. They had certainly not expected him to take that line of defence.

"It is a very natural mistake to make, as they have seen somebody like me," said Wingate calmly. "At what time was this meeting in Pegg, Mr. Prout?"

"At about four o'clock," said the Fifth Form master.

"Very good. At four o'clock I was playing football, here in Greyfriars," said Wingate composedly.

"What!" yelled Peter Todd.
There was a dead silence in the study. Wingate's statement was true on the face of it; he could not have made such a statement unless it were true.

"Then—then," gasped Mr. Prout. "You—you have a double, Wingate?"

"There is a fellow very like me, sir, staying in Pegg—at the Anchor," said Wingate. "He has been mistaken for me by some others. That is the fellow you have seen with Dicky Scrawe, sir."

"How—how extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "I—I am very relieved to hear this, Wingate. I trust you will forgive me—but—but I could not possibly guess that such was the case."

"It is all right, sir."

"My only hat!" gasped Peter Todd. "Then—then the fellow wasn't you at all, Wingate!"

Wingate smiled genially.

"Not at all, Todd. Not a little bit."

"Well, that beats the giddy band!"

"Shall I call in the eleven, sir, to give evidence that I was here in Greyfriars all the afternoon?" asked Wingate, with a humorous gleam in his eyes. "Half the school can tell you the same thing—a good half of Greyfriars were watching the match. It was just about four o'clock when I kicked the second goal. Shall I send them in, sir?"

"It is not necessary," said the Head, with a smile. "You are completely cleared, Wingate. Mr. Prout has only done his duty—a painful duty—but I am glad that you have been able to explain. The matter is ended now."

"Thank you, sir!"

And Wingate left the Head's study, and Peter Todd & Co. followed, in amazement. George Wingate returned thoughtfully to his own study, and started a little as he found Harry Wharton there.

"Hallo! What do you want?" he asked, with a curious look at the junior. Wharton's face was pale with anxiety.

"Is it the sack?" Harry asked, in a low voice.

"No; it's all right. It was a mistake," said Wingate. "Look here, Wharton, as you seem to be really concerned about this, I'll explain—only it's a dead secret, mind. I don't want my family skeletons made the talk of the school. There is a chap in Pegg who is just like me—to look at—"

"Wingate!"

"And it's not at all surprising, as he's my cousin—my first cousin," said Wingate. "But he wouldn't clear out. I went to see him, and asked him. He laughed at me. He's a hard case. He was only amused at the idea of his being mistaken for me, and my getting a bad reputation over it. But I've written to my uncle, his father, and put it to him—and I've had a letter to-day saying that he's ordered Philip to clear out of Pegg, and go somewhere else for his rotten holiday. So that's all right. Prout saw Philip in Pegg to-day with Dicky Scrawe, and came back full of it—and if it hadn't been that all the school knew I was playing footer at the time, I should have had to bring the whole story out in public. You can guess I'm not anxious to let all Greyfriars know that I've got a close relation who spends all his time pub-haunting, and going about with gamblers and bookmakers and all sorts of rotters."

"I understand!" said Harry.

"I've explained it to you, because you seem to take it to heart," said Wingate kindly. "You're a good kid—give me your fist, and clear out!"

And Wingate shook hands with Harry Wharton; and Harry "cleared out," with a very light heart. Old Wingate was true blue after all—and it certainly wasn't his fault if he had a cousin who was a "rotter," though it was just as well not to tell everybody that latter fact. Wingate was the Wingate they had always known—straight as a die, and honest as the day—and not in the least in need of Peter Todd's protection.

THE END.

(Next week's tale of Greyfriars is entitled: "Proof Positive!" and it is a real ripper!)

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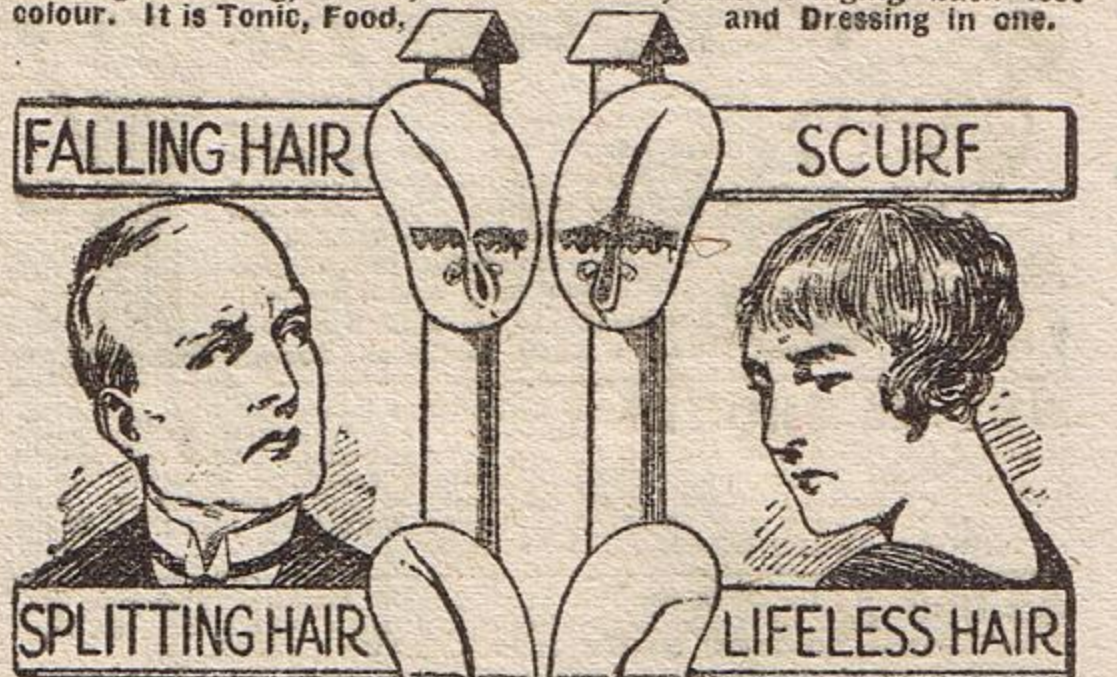
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