

FREE REAL PHOTO AND GRAND NEW SERIAL IN THIS ISSUE!

Week Ending  
April 28th  
1923.

New  
Series.

No.  
223.

Twenty-eight  
Pages.

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

The Story Book for Boys.

Money Prizes  
Every  
Week!



## The Outlaw King!

The Breathless Adventures  
of ROBIN HOOD and his  
Merry Men of Sherwood!

GUY OF THE GREENWOOD TO THE RESCUE OF THE MYSTERY MINSTRELS!

(One of the many thrilling incidents from our POWERFUL NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL  
inside.)



Something New and Thrilling. Look at this!



**THE CRICKETING SEASON.**

It is a pleasure to be able to set down the fact that next Tuesday's "Popular" will be one of the finest we have had yet. The cricket season is in full swing. What more reasonable than for the record complete story paper to pay special attention to this big interest of the hour. You will find the Grand Cricket Competition is first rate. As for the fine array of yarns I have in readiness for next week—well, these magnificent stories can speak for themselves. None the less, it will be just as well to touch on some of the main features.

**"BOLSOVER'S IMPERSONATION."**

This is the title of the ripping Greyfriars tale. It is a question of keen rivalry, and a good deal besides. Bolsover has had his eye on Mauleverer's country cottage, and he and his associates try to carry things with a high hand by posing as Mauly & Co. In the result we see a very complicated state of affairs. Harry Wharton & Co. arrive at the cottage, to find the place taken.

**"NO SURRENDER!"**

Cedar Creek lingers in the throes of the grimmest conflict the Backwoods School has known in all its varied history. There are some big surprises in next week's yarn of Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and their chums, and the stern, galling tussle with Gunten and his adherents. The fight goes on from stage to stage with ever increasing bitterness on one side. The defenders of the good old school where Miss Meadows once reigned are not bitter, though they are inspired with a stern determination to see fair play. For the recital of the amazing events which happen, I recommend you to read next week's capital story.

**"BACK TO HIS OWN!"**

New captaincies have often caused bad blood. At the present time everything is in a condition of the most glorious uncertainty at Rookwood, all on account of the bother over the captaincy. There never was any question as to the popularity of Bulkeley, and when he was displaced from his high position of leadership the fat was in the fire. Bulkeley is idolised by a whole crowd of fellows, and it says much for a school captain when, as at Rookwood, the fags are accustomed to put the words "Good old" before his name. You will read of what the Head is doing in the coming story with much curiosity and speculation. "Is Dr. Chisholm's latest move right, or no?" That is the question. See the "Pop" on Tuesday.

**"A TRAITOR TO HIS SIDE!"**

Now what about Bob Kenrick? The new yarn of St. Jim's is a cricketing one, with the splendid spirit of the great summer game pervading it from start to finish. Mr. Martin Clifford can write about cricket in the really trenchant and convincing style which brings play and players well into view. But why in the world should Bob Kenrick—who has got his place to make in the school—why should he adopt the altogether impossible tactics which go to his discredit? That is what all St. Jim's wants to know, and small wonder at it! There is a bit of a crisis shown in the grand tale of D'Arcy's and Tom Merry's school, which the "Popular" will give next week. You want to know what's coming next. Perplexity is the prevailing note—for a season, and the upshot is worth waiting for.

**AN INTERVIEW NUMBER!**

You can picture Bunter being interviewed. All celebrities have to go through with it. There is no escape if you are famous. This is one of the reasons why some fellows refuse fame. They follow Shakespeare's advice and fling away ambition, just so as to avoid the interviewer. They may have got the wrong grunter by the aural appendage over this matter, but I am not going into that now.

The second instalment of our magnificent serial finds Guy FitzHugh well on his way through England, in quest of startling and romantic adventures. The author makes the whole thing simply ring with vivid reality. Never was such an appealing story of Robin Hood written as this.

Your Editor.

**BOYS, BIG CASH PRIZES FOR YOU!**

Find the solution to this simple Picture-Puzzle. You may win a handsome Prize!

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

**What You Have To Do.**

Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Leicester City 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 below, pin it to your solution, and post it to Leicester City Competition, POPULAR Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, MAY 3rd, 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 put all together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

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

I enter Leicester City Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name .....

Address .....

P .....



The POPULAR presents to the great Popular Public the opening chapters of the finest story of the FAMOUS OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD ever penned! Thrill and drama, breathless escapades and tremendous situations are cleverly interwoven by a masterly hand. The immortal ROBIN HOOD, the leader of men, man of mystery and amazing personality, to-day makes his bow before a world-wide audience! ROBIN HOOD—READERS of the POPULAR!



# The Outlaw King! By Morton Pike

## THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

### The Baron and the Boy, and How Guy fled into the Forest!

**I**N a grim stone room, with a vaulted ceiling, sat a man at a table. The floor was strewn with rushes, and a torch, fixed in a cresset on the wall, flared and fumed, throwing an angry light on the stone wine-jars and the silver-mounted drinking-horn at the man's elbow, and filling the chamber with smoke.

The man was grim of visage, like the room in which he sat; and, like the torch upon the wall, he, too, flared and fumed and drummed with his clenched fist against the cruel white teeth that showed beneath his grizzled moustache.

Sir Humphrey de Brionne, Lord of Bollingwood Castle, was in an evil temper. He was seldom in anything else; but on this particular night his mood was more savage than usual, and he shifted about in his chair and cast impatient glances at the door at the far end of the room.

Presently the door opened, and a handsome boy, with fearless blue eyes and a resolute chin, came through the semi-obscure of the apartment, and stood before the Norman baron.

"My lord has sent for me!" said the boy quietly, noting the smouldering anger in the baron's face.

"And having sent for you," said Sir Humphrey, "you have taken the fiend's own time in coming! Take care, Guy FitzHugh! You have tried my patience over-much of late; and now, since you know full well why I want you, we will not waste words. There is the parchment, there is the ink-horn, and the pen. For the seventh time of asking, will you write your name in yonder space?"

"For the seventh time, Sir Humphrey de Brionne," said the boy, drawing himself up, "I will not!"

"By the bones of the saints," thundered the baron, "you provoke me too far! For a whole year have I not given you food and shelter? Have I not taught thee all that belongs to a soldier to know, and more besides—to fly the hawk, to hunt the stag; in short, to comport thyself as it benefits a gentlemen before a common herd? And yet

you will not place your name upon that parchment in return?"

"No," said the boy, with a curl of his lip; "when the signing of it would hand the half of my inheritance over to you! I think you charge too high for your instruction, and for what you are pleased to term your hospitality, remembering that I am King Richard's ward, and placed by him under your care, to be taught all these things that you have mentioned!"

The baron's eyes glowed like two live coals, and he brought his huge fist down on the table with a crash.

"I have heard too much of late of this wardship!" he hissed. "The king is far away in Palestine, from whence he is never likely to return, and my patience is exhausted. Now, Master Guy FitzHugh, you had better lay my words to heart. I will give you until the morning to decide whether you will do my will or not, and then, if you are still obstinate, your back shall take the scourge! There are even such things as tongues cropped out by the roots, not to mention hot irons, and sundry little ways we have to make folks speak, or else to silence them for ever! Go now, and ponder over what I have said. We shall see who is master here!"

The boy's eyes flashed, and his mouth opened as if he were about to speak; but, checking himself, he made a slight inclination with his head, and left the chamber.

"Curse the young whelp!" growled Humphrey de Brionne, when the door had closed and he was alone. "I have been too gentle with him; but to-morrow the thing shall be done!"

And, filling the drinking-horn with red French wine, he drained it at one mighty draught.

The red rim of the rising sun peeped up over the flat fenland, and the white curtain of mist which had lain all night over the reed-fringed meres and weed-grown dykes began to curl upwards in fantastic shape, like weird, ghostly arms.

On the battlements of the Norman castle that stood rearing its new white walls on a high mound where the fenland gave on to a tract of wooded country, crouched a lad, with a coil of rope in one hand and a stout quarter-staff in the other.

Along the battlements echoed the heavy tread of a slow-pacing sentinel, moving with the careless stride of a man who sees the

dawn break, and knows that with its coming he may relax his watch. The footfalls grew fainter, and ceased altogether, as the soldier turned the angle of the eastern wall, and then the lad, rising from the corner in which he lurked, ran to the battlements, placed the loop at the end of his rope over an iron bar, but recently fixed in the masonry, and let the coil fall over into the mist.

Then, creeping through an embrasure, he grasped the rope and began to descend. The knees of his grey hose and the elbows of his short tunic were torn as he revolved in mid-air against the rough wall; but, with compressed lips and the agony of a hunted animal in his eyes, he clung to the rope, and descending hand-over-hand, felt the ground at length beneath his feet, and with his face to the rising sun, and grasping his staff, disappeared into the mist.

At the foot of the mound on which the castle stood, clustered the wooden village, where the cocks were already crowing. The fugitive stole softly past it, and when he judged himself out of earshot, sped like a hunted deer northward, across the commonland, and into the wood.

As he reached the shelter of the dense undergrowth, which harboured many a sturdy boar, he looked back, and saw the sun was above the horizon.

But it was not the sight of the great red disc that made Guy FitzHugh clench his fists and utter a groan.

From the castle on the hill came the blaring of horns and the distant clamour of voices, and with a sob in his throat, the lad rushed crashing through the brambles.

"So soon—so soon!" he cried to himself. "I had thought to have gotten me at least one short hour's start!"

But youth is full of hope, and the fearless blue eyes, which he had inherited from his Saxon mother, flashed with fierce determination.

The grove of twisted hornbeam through which he sped soon gave place to a denser forest of beech-trees, and when he had run half a mile he threw his head back and sniffed the air. It was quite light now, and a little way off, at the edge of the glade,



in short, to comport thyself as it benefits a gentlemen before a common herd? And yet



Guy FitzHugh's Flight from the Norman Traitor's Clutches!



# 4 BIG CASH PRIZES in a GRAND CRICKET COMPETITION next week!

## THE ESCAPE—1



Guy grasped the rope and, lowering himself over the wall, he began to descend. The knees of his hose were torn as he revolved in mid-air against the rough wall of the castle. But, with compressed lips, he descended hand over hand. (See page 3.)

he saw a rough, unkempt figure rise to its feet and peer under its hand in his direction.

"Wend—Wend!" cried the lad, as the figure stooped and lifted a bow, into whose strings he fitted an arrow.

At the sound of Guy's voice the man hesitated, and the next moment the fugitive was beside him.

"Ho, Master Guy!" said the man, in the rough Saxon tongue. "You are early afoot, and your business must be pressing, from the pace you make."

"Listen, good Wend!" panted the lad. "I have escaped from the thralldom of yonder man, and I am even now pursued. Remember that I have ever shown you what kindness I might, and now, in your turn, befriend me if they should question you."

He did not wait for the man's reply; and the swineherd stood looking after him as he plunged into the rough track, called by courtesy a road, that traversed the forest at that place.

"'Tis a brave lad!" muttered the swineherd, who was clad in a wolf-skin jacket, bound at the waist by a leathern belt, in which was thrust a broad-bladed knife. "Is it for me to give him into the hands of this Norman tyrant, who tramples us poor folk under his spurred heel? If they come, I have seen nobody!"

And, crouching down again by the little fire he had built under the spread of the beech-trees, he glared fiercely at the herd of swine over which it was his duty to keep watch.

In the meantime the gate of the castle had opened and down the hill had poured

three score men, eight or ten of them mounted, and, with loud shouts and great sounding of horns, they scattered right and left in pursuit of the fugitive.

Foremost among them rode one whose whole bearing was that of a man bred to arms. He was clad in chain-mail, over which he wore a long surcoat. Upon his head was an iron cap, with a projection that came down nearly to the end of his nose to protect his face from the slash of a sword. His beard was pointed, and beginning to grizzle, and he rode a powerful black horse.

Winding ever and anon the horn he carried, he sent his men hither and thither to beat up every clump of brushwood that would afford concealment, urging them on like a huntsman with his hounds, his brown, fearless eye scanning every moist patch of ground that might betray the passage of the runaway.

The wooden shutters of the village were open now, and the curtains of cloth that concealed the thurle-holes, or unglazed windows, had been drawn aside, and anxious faces looked forth as Robert of Rouen galloped up the single street.

Scarcely checking the speed of his charger, he demanded of the village-folk whether anyone had been by that morning, and, meeting with a chorus of frightened negatives, he rode through the village, and took the way that led up into the forest-land. He kept far away to the left, soon outstripping his companions, and when he was out of sight, he spurred his horse and rode deeper and deeper among the trees, taking the selfsame way that the fugitive had done, until he reached the swineherd.

Wend, hearing the clamour in the distance and knowing too well that the Norman knights and their retainers spared naught, had begun to drive his porcine charge to safer quarters.

He had got them on the move, by the aid of two dogs, as gaunt and hungry-looking as Wend himself, when the sound of a horseman riding quickly made the swineherd turn and, drawing up by the roadside, he doffed his cap, which had a broken heron's feather in it, and stood respectfully until the new-comer should speak.

"Get not between my nostrils and the wind, churl!" said the horseman sternly. "You smell ever like a pigsty! Hast seen aught of the boy FitzHugh? I warrant me he fled this way!"

"No one has come by me, Robert of Rouen," said Wend, "and I have been awake this four hours."

The Norman soldier bent a searching glance upon the man and said in a low tone: "You lie! Come, out with it, you swineherd! You know full well that you have seen the boy, and that I am his friend!"

Wend stroked his shaggy beard, looked down at the ground, and then up at the sky.

"The man that keeps his eyes shut nowadays has less temptation to open his mouth, which is ever a dangerous thing since my master came to live at the castle. Still, I know, as thou sayest, thou art the lad's friend, and he ran by me but a few minutes since."

"Say naught of this to any who may question you," said the Norman, raising a warning finger. "Took he the path northward?"

"That did he; and from the rate he ran he will now be a good mile off."

Robert of Rouen touched his horse with the spur, and, without another word, he galloped along the track out of sight.

Riding furiously, scanning the wood on either hand with his keen eyes, he suddenly reined in. He had detected an unusual movement among the thick leaves of an oak-tree some thirty yards from the road, and, pulling his horse aside, he again reined up underneath its spreading arms, and looked up among the branches.

"Come down, boy Guy!" he said, glancing cautiously round. "'Tis no use attempting to conceal yourself from me!"

The lad dropped from among the leaves overhead like a ripe acorn, causing the Norman's horse to rear.

"For the love of Heaven, Robert of Rouen," cried the fugitive, "do not take me back, unless you would see me boiled alive in oil, as he did the poor old Jew last winter!"

"Soft, lad!" said the soldier, bending from his saddle. "You know too well that I am the last man in the world to do thee a

hurt. Yet I must not tarry, lest the others catch sight of thee. Here is money for the journey, and the longer you can make it the more secure will you be from Sir Humphrey's vengeance."

He drew a little leather bag, tied at the mouth with a cord, from within his surcoat, and placed it in the hands of the lad who clung to his stirrup-leather.

"'Tis all I can do for you, boy, and 'tis not much. Already, I fear, Sir Humphrey has suspicions that I would befriend thee if I could. Hark! I hear the horns winding yonder. You must away! Do not trust your head under a roof-tree for full three days' march. When I shall see thee again, Heaven knows. But I love thee, lad, and would, for thy sake and for England's sake, soo, that King Richard the Lion Heart were back again. Now, away with you! And one last word of warning—trust Abbot Anselm no more than you trust Sir Humphrey, his brother. And may the saints watch over thee!"

The soldier turned his horse and rode back at a swift pace, making pretence to look still to the right and left of him, until he came suddenly in sight of three men, riding abreast and beating the bushes with their long swords.

"Back—back!" shouted Robert of Rouen, in a tone of authority. "I have myself ridden nigh a mile along the road, and the young dog has not yet passed this way! By my halidome, I fear me he has taken the way to London, and so gained good start upon us! They are astir early at the mill, and there we may gain tidings of him."

Of a surety, Sir Humphrey must have had good reason for wishing to recapture the runaway, for not long after Robert of Rouen rode under the clanging gateway, and sought his master's chamber in the stone keep, four mounted messengers galloped forth, and went on the spur in four different directions.

One of them took the North Road. "Now, by the bones of King Alfred," said Wend, the swineherd, as the messenger dashed by, "if Guy FitzHugh turns not off into the woods, nothing can save him!"

### How Guy FitzHugh Got Him a Good Horse and a Long Sword, and Set Out at His Ease to Face His Fortune.

**B**ETWEEN the time of his meeting with Robert of Rouen and the departure of that northern-bound messenger more than two hours had elapsed, and in that time Guy had covered nigh upon three leagues. He was sixteen years old, lithe and sinewy, every muscle hardened by continuous exercise in the tilt-yard and all the manly sports which were the day's work of our ancestors in those early Plantagenet times. Surely never before did so handsome a fugitive fly along that woodland road from the stern wrath of the Norman baron in the white stone keep on the hill.

Thick, auburn curls clustered about his forehead. His face, in spite of the hunted expression, which was gradually leaving it with every mile he accomplished, was singularly winning.

After the first two miles he slackened his pace, and proceeded at a steady jog-trot, breathing himself on the hills, and, with the practised eye of a woodman, taking short



ROBIN HOOD—The Outlaw King!

Please Tell All Your Chums About This New Serial!



cuts where the road made a wide loop. Now and then the forest fell away altogether, and his way led him across broad tracks of open country, dotted here and there with the roofs of a little hamlet or the stone tower of a church, and these he carefully avoided.

Not a soul did he meet, for in those days England was a wild and dangerous country for the traveller. The village folk seldom strayed far afield. There were wolves in the forest, and one might meet what was even a worse enemy than the grey wolf—some Norman baron, riding in all his pomp and pride, with a retinue of insolent retainers.

Once the jingle of bells made him turn aside and seek concealment in a coppice, and a long string of laden mules, attended by packmen, went steadily on their way towards London City.

About the time of tierce—which answered to nine of the clock—he sat down on the edge of a strip of forest that pushed its way over the moorland country, and, plunging his face in a brawling rivulet, drank greedily, and, drawing from the leathern scrip that hung from his girdle a manchet of bread, he ate ravenously.

The bread was a round, fat cake of dough, baked in the embers, bearing upon its upper surface a rough cross and the stamp of a flower, and though his hunger was not yet stayed, he checked himself when he had eaten half of it, and, with a regretful sigh, replaced the remainder in the scrip again.

"Heaven only knows where I may take my next meal in safety!" he said, half aloud. "I must husband the supply."

He was a little footsore by this time, and, drawing off his shoes, lay with his feet in the running water, and, lying upon his back, with his hands beneath his head, looked up through the branches above him at the bright May sky, flecked with floating clouds, that drifted lazily before the south wind.

"Free at last!" he said, in a joyful tone. "Free from the clutches of the vilest monster in all England!"

The south wind brought a distant sound to his ear, and he sat up, grasping his quarter-staff.

"You horseman gallops fast!" muttered the lad.

And, drawing his shoes on hastily, he stole away on hands and knees until the bushes hid him, and from the shelter of a stout holly he looked back along the road by which he had come. A tiny speck upon the horizon, on which the sun glinted, told him that the rider was an armed man, and Guy smiled—a bitter smile.

"I warrant me 'tis a messenger sent to tell Abbot Anselm of my escape; but after good Robert's warning, I will not trust myself within the walls of Merly Abbey."

He ran swiftly along the edge of the road, keeping a sharp ear for the approach of the mounted man; but when he had gone some distance the road crossed a wide, open space, in the centre of which grew a broad-topped oak-tree, with long arms stretching over the road itself. Beyond the tree, perhaps fifty yards away, the forest began again; but, to his dismay, when he was about the middle of the clearing, he saw a figure ahead of him, riding out into the glade.

With the messenger behind, and unknown strangers in front, he had time to retrace his steps, but sped like a deer for the huge oak. Its gnarled trunk and spreading

branches offered the only concealment within his reach, and climbing up, he seated himself astride the giant arm, and, crouching along it, waited, looking down at the track beneath.

Three travellers, with a band of servants, rode by, talking gaily, and were soon out of sight; but as the galloping man might sweep into the clearing at any moment, the lad remained where he was, clasping the branch with both arms.

He had not long to wait. There was a flash of steel at the edge of the wood, and, with his horse all a-lather, he recognised one of the baron's soldiers, whose name was Baldwin. He was a fierce, hard-featured man, for whom Guy had no liking.

In another moment he would have passed beneath the bough and been gone upon his errand; but, unfortunately, as the lad shifted his position for better concealment, the quarter-staff fell from his hand and struck the road with a thud.

With a Norman oath, Baldwin reined in and looked about him.

"This oak bears strange acorns!" he said aloud. "How now, varlet? Who art thou up there?"

And riding under the bough, he peered up among the green leaves.

"Now, gramercy," cried Baldwin, "this will save me ten miles of my ride! Come down, Master FitzHugh, for you shall go back with me."

"That will I not!" said the boy stoutly, drawing a dagger from his leathern girdle. "An' you want me you must come and fetch me, but I warrant you 'twill be no easy matter!"

"Say you so, young cockerel?" said the man.

He leapt to the ground, and drawing his long sword, made a cut at the boy's leg; but Guy drew it up out of reach and laughed.

"Try again, Baldwin—try again! You were ever a clumsy fool in a passage of arms!"

Baldwin made no reply, but began to climb the oak slowly, as he was encumbered with his drawn sword and a coat of chain-mail over his long tunic. His horse strayed to the roadside and began to browse, and Guy, clutching his dagger, awaited the man's coming. He shifted his position, and crawled farther out along the branch, which swayed up and down like a see-saw.

The quarter-staff lay in the dust beneath him, and as he looked at it with longing eyes, an idea seized him, and he sidled backwards inch by inch as Baldwin reached the bough and climbed upon it.

"Now, you young imp, I have ye!" he said, jerking his way along, sitting astride the bough, with his sword in front of him.

Guy looked furtively under his elbow, and saw that he was approaching the end of the branch. He knew perfectly well that he could do nothing against the long sword that was creeping nearer and nearer to him; but as Baldwin's weight made the stout bough creak and sway, Guy resolved upon a desperate bid for freedom and escape. He replaced the weapon in his belt, and seizing the bough with both hands, swung himself down, and hung at the full extent of his arms.

"Hold, you young fool!" shouted the soldier. "Would you break your back?"

"Better that," said the boy, "than return to the castle across your saddle-bow!"

And letting go his hold, he dropped through space, and landed on all fours in the dust. It was a long fall—fully fifteen feet; but as he looked up, severely shaken, though fortunately uninjured, Guy FitzHugh laughed aloud.

The bough had rebounded and the man Baldwin, with a face of terror, had clasped it firmly in both arms, and swayed up and down, at immense risk of being flung off in his turn, and down through the leaves whirled his long sword, burying its point in the ground, and quivering in the sunshine.

"By our lady," laughed Guy, "did I not say thou wert ever a clumsy fool?"

And springing to his feet, he seized the sword and his own staff, and whistled shrilly to the startled horse. Every animal in the castle was Guy's friend—hawk, horse, or hound—and Baldwin's charger, with a whinny of recognition, trotted up to the boy, trailing his reins about his forefeet.

Guy was mounted in an instant, and rode underneath the bough where the soldier still

—AND THE CAPTURE!



The Norman knight rode under the bough and peered up among the green leaves. "Now, gramercy," he cried, "you shall go back with me!" "Never!" said Guy grimly, and he drew a small dagger from his girdle. (See this page.)

clung, to all appearances paralysed at the turn things had taken.

"If you are scourged for the loss of your sword, 'tis your own fault," said Guy. "Make my excuses to Sir Humphrey, and tell him I have gone a-riding into the forest. Now am I equipped with charger and sword, and ready for any adventure!"

And with a joyous laugh, he rode away, followed by the furious maledictions of the unfortunate Baldwin.

How Guy Met with an Adventure.

FOR ten miles Guy rode at an easy gallop, laughing joyously.

Never had the trees seemed so green; never had the birds carolled so sweetly from the brake by the roadside. He sang as he went for the first time for a good month past, and into his heart came the sudden wish that he might meet with adventures by the way. Adventures were to come to him sooner than he anticipated.

Pulling his horse into a walk, he entered upon a sandy track, full of dips and hollows, where the road wound among gorse-bushes and great patches of purple leather. He had not gone far when a piercing scream came to his ears, and standing in the stirrups, he looked round about him.

The cry was repeated, and judging it to be some little distance ahead, he put his horse into a gallop again, and soon saw the cause of the outcry.

A very old man, whose long white beard fell almost to his middle, was struggling in the hands of four ill-looking ruffians, and a young girl, of about Guy's own age, ran

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.



GUY FITZHUGH.

The Strange Meeting of Robin Hood and Guy FitzHugh!



## 6 There is always a TERRIFIC RUSH for the "Popular" every Tuesday!

towards him, followed by a burly knave, who had withdrawn his knife.

At the sight of the lad, the girl redoubled her cries, and the ruffian shouted to his companions. They looked up and saw the approach of the rescuer. Disdaining to use a sword on such a ruffianly crew, Guy grasped his quarter-staff, and squeezing the horse with a pressure of his knees, galloped into the midst of them, whirling the iron staff above his head.

Seeing but one horseman, and that a lad, the rogues grew bold, and advanced to meet him; but they had to reckon with Guy FitzHugh, whose fame was great in the country he had just left—he hoped for good and all.

Crash!

The tallest rogue, who wore a rusty steel

"Nay, nay, fair damsel!" said Guy, smiling. "Any good man and true, who had come at your call, would have protected you as I have done."

"There are not many arms in England, young sir, that can strike so fair a blow!" said the old man, a red flush coming into his hollow cheeks, and his eyes sparkling. "There was a time when, I, too, had scorned those ruffians; but that was long ago."

"Ah, sirrah!" cried Guy, as the man with the broken jaw rose to his feet and slunk away, holding his face with both hands.

"Let them go, sir—let them go!" said the old man, at whose feet lay a broken harp. "If it were not asking too much of one to whom we are under so deep an obligation, I would crave your escort to yonder village—

I had thought you the son of some noble house."

"And you would have thought right?" said Guy. "But the head of the noblest house must pass away, and sometimes those who are left behind fall into bad hands."

The old man cast a searching look at the girl, and into his face there came an expression which Guy was destined to remember later on.

While they were thus talking another of the robbers recovered consciousness, and crawled away into the bushes; but the first man that Guy had smitten so sorely lay quite still upon his face, and, striding up to him, Guy looked down gravely.

"Ah," he said, "upon a field vert, a rogue in saltier proper—and a very proper rogue, too. He hath all the bearing of a broken soldier."

"You read your heraldry aright, young sir," said the old minstrel. "But I see the man is dead."

"Say you so?" said Guy, in a low voice. "'Tis the first time that I have killed a man; but the fault was his—not mine."

As he stood looking down, his eye caught the glitter of something in the grass a pace away, and, stooping, he picked up a large jewel that had fallen in the struggle. It was a gold cross as large as a man's hand, set with a ruby of great prince in the centre, from which radiated rays cunningly chased by the tool of the goldsmith. It was evidently of great value, and as he turned it over he saw on the back an enamelled coat-of-arms. But before he could examine it more closely the old man's lean hand closed upon it, and took it from his own, and a look almost of terror passed over the minstrel's face.

"Had I lost that," he said, "I had lost everything! This jewel has a history which must remain locked in my breast."

And producing a little bag of red silk, which was suspended round his neck by a chain of silver links, the old man placed the cross within it, and hid the bag in his bosom again.

Guy's curiosity had been aroused by the sight of the jewel and the old man's haste to conceal it; but a low signal whistle from the dell in which the robbers had taken shelter dismissed it from his mind.

"Let us seek the village," he said. "I, for one, have no wish that my back should make acquaintance with an arrow."

And, taking his horse by the bridle, as the girl picked up the broken harp, they made their way to the cluster of wooden houses little more than a bow-shot off.

They were soon seated in the little garden at the back of the inn, in a pleasant arbour of green leaves, and the red-faced, buxom hostess spread the board with simple fare.

The girl Isobel—Guy noticed how small and delicate her hand was—was dressed in a tight-fitting garment of green, with a scarlet wimple upon her head. But though he pressed her to food, she ate little, and seemed wishful to escape his notice, though ever and anon she stole a glance at him that was full of gratitude.

"I fear me," said the old man, "that my poor harp is almost past repair. Try, Isobel, what your nimble fingers can do. And then you shall shame yonder thrush with your voice."

As the girl took the harp from his hands, and busied herself with the broken strings, the old man turned himself to Guy; and little did the boy reek what an influence the minstrel was going to have upon his future and his fortunes.

"So," said the old man, after he had wormed something of the lad's story out of him, "you fear but one thing in the world, and that is the grip of your guardian, Sir Humphrey? I know him only by report, and rumour hath it that he is John's man."

"That is difficult to say," said Guy, "for he is cunning as a fox. Nor do I know whether I should speak thus openly to you till I know whether you are loyal to our absent monarch or not."

The old man smiled, and, drawing back the sleeve of his robe, showed upon his shrunken forearm a deep, white weal.

"That," he said, pointing to it, "was a present from Prince John. Is it marvellous that I bear him little love? If King Richard should ever return from his captivity, Plantagenet though he be, Sweyne the Harper will be one of the first to kneel at his feet. But enough of my complainings. It is of you I would speak—you, so young and valiant."

(Continued on page 27.)



With a sudden bound, Friar Tuck came at Guy. Up went the huge quarter-staff to its full extent. Guy dropped on one knee and received it full on his own staff. There was a crash, and Tuck's weapon broke in twain. (A powerful incident from next week's instalment.)

cap, sank grovelling on his face. The second man received the iron shoe on the point of his chin, the blow splintering his jaw and spoiling a magnificent set of teeth for ever.

"Beware—beware, sir!" cried the old man, who had fallen upon his knees. "There is a knave behind you!"

Guy had only time to twist his horse round before the ruffian who had been pursuing the girl, sprang at him with a glittering knife in his hand. Another moment, and the blade would have glittered in the lad's back; but thanks to the old man's warning, the man reeled back with a broken collar-bone, and a left arm that had never again much use in it as long as he lived.

And seeing so doughty a champion in their midst, and their three companions stretched upon the ground, the two remaining robbers turned and fled, pursued for some distance by FitzHugh, until they plunged into a dell overgrown with brambles. Here he deemed it wise to leave them and return to the scene of the fray.

He found the girl with her arm about the old man's neck, and as he approached, she rose and made him a low curtesy.

"Oh, sir," she said, "how can I thank you? But for your timely aid, my father had certainly been slain!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

more, indeed, for my poor Isobel's sake than for my own."

Guy saw what he had not noticed before—the roofs of some houses at a little distance; and, disdaining further notice of the robbers, he dismounted, picked up the steel cap of the man he had first overthrown, and, filling it at a pool, returned to the old man's side.

"You are faint, sir," said he. "These are wild times for you to travel alone. I judge by the broken instrument that you are minstrels."

"Willingly will I go with you," said the lad. "And as for taking me out of my way, marry, I have no way of my own, and care not whither my steps wend!"

"Surely you have a home, and some folk to whom you are dear?" said the girl timidly. "We are wanderers, and the fire-side at which we sit is never our own, but must be paid for with a song."

The smile faded out of Guy's face, and his mouth grew stern, even to bitterness.

"I, too, am a wanderer," he said, "and but yesterday was almost a captive. Now I am free, but I know not whither to turn my steps, save only that it must not be in the direction from whence I came."

The old man had fixed his glance on the lad, and was regarding him thoughtfully.

"'Tis not for me to pry into your business, gallant, sir," he said, "but for your dress

You Must Read How Guy Fitzhugh Meets the Outlaws—Next Week!



**THE WONDERFUL BOY CRICKETER!**

Bob Kenrick, the marvellous boy cricketer, makes his appearance at St. Jim's, and causes a great deal of excitement.

**A CRICKET AND MYSTERY TALE!**



# THE SCHOOLBOY MARVEL!

A Fine, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's. By

**MARTIN CLIFFORD**

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Gathering of the Clans!

"COMIN' to the meetin'?" Cardew of the Fourth grinned as he looked in on his two study-mates, Clive and Levison. Cardew's grin seemed to suggest that there was going to be fun at the meeting. "Might as well toddle along," said Clive, rising to his feet. "Tom Merry will want all the votes he can get. Fancy old Figgins putting up as captain of cricket!" "Figgy will get crowds of votes from his pals over in the New House," said Levison. "Tom Merry will find him a dangerous rival." "We'll do our level best to get Tom Merry re-elected, anyway!" said Cardew. "Come along, dear boys!"

The trio proceeded arm-in-arm to the junior Common-room. The corridor was crowded with fellows, all flocking to the same destination.

The annual cricket meeting of the St. Jim's juniors was a very important function. It was also a very noisy one. Sometimes it resulted in bloodshed on a minor scale. A free fight was the natural upshot of a cricket meeting. Hasty words led to hasty blows.

The junior Common-room was soon packed to overflowing.

The Terrible Three of the Shell were there, Tom Merry looking a trifle flushed and excited.

Jack Blake & Co. of the Fourth were present. They had bagged seats in the dress-circle, so to speak. In other words, they had commandeered the front row.

The New House fellows were present in a body. And Fatty Wynn displayed a large placard, bearing the inscription:

**"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW!  
OUT WITH TOM MERRY!  
VOTE FOR FIGGINS!"**

The New House fellows had no particular grudge against Tom Merry. They recognised him as a sterling sportsman and a jolly good fellow. But they considered that it was time to ring the changes.

Tom Merry was already captain of this, and captain of that, and president of the other. And the New House fellows considered that he ought to make way for George Figgins, so far as the cricket captaincy was concerned. Figgins was a fine cricketer and a born leader. And his House-mates meant to move heaven and earth to get him elected.

Tom Merry had convened the meeting. But he did not preside. Being one of the candidates for election, he was compelled to take a back seat.

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy who acted as chairman.

The swell of St. Jim's mounted the table at the end of the room. He polished his monocle, and screwed it into his eye, and took stock of the assembly.

"Are we all heah, deah boys?"

"No," said Monty Lowther. "The kitchen cat has sent a telegram, regretting its inability to attend. At the present moment it's taking charge of your minor's white mice, Gussy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Arthur Augustus glared at the humourist of the Shell.

"Doubtless you wegard that as funnay, Lowthah?" he said.

"Not nearly so funny as your face, old top!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus, wrathful and empurpled, disdained to take any further notice of Lowther. In response to shouts of "Get on with the washing!" he proceeded with the business of the meeting.

"We are heah this evenin', deah boys, for the purpose of electing a cwicket captain. I twust there will be no unseemly disputes or disturbances. The mattah is a vevy simple one, an' a fellah of tact an' judgment, like myself, can settle the whole business in a couple of minutes."

"Good old Gussy!"

"Go ahead, then!"

Arthur Augustus went ahead with lightning rapidity.

The swell of St. Jim's jumped down from the table, and started to distribute the voting-papers.

Everybody was to have a vote except the two candidates—Tom Merry and Figgins.

Tom Merry was looking a trifle anxious. He was very keen on becoming captain of cricket once again. But he knew that his rival had a large following, and doubts crept into his mind. Tom was an ambitious fellow, and he didn't feel like playing second fiddle to Figgins.

The votes were quickly recorded, for most of the fellows had made up their minds in advance whom they were going to vote for.

D'Arcy collected the papers, and proceeded to reckon up the votes. One School House fellow and one New House fellow were selected as scrutineers.

The uproar had died down now. There was a breathless hush whilst the checking was in progress.

Had Tom Merry been re-elected, or was Figgins to step into his shoes?

At last, Arthur Augustus looked up from his task. He tried to keep his face inscrutable, so that nobody would know the result from his expression.

But Gussy was no expert at masking his

emotions. There was a gleam of satisfaction in his eye. And Monty Lowther saw it.

Monty nudged Tom Merry in the ribs.

"You're in, Tommy!" he muttered.

But Tom Merry was not going to count his chickens before they were hatched. He waited for Arthur Augustus to announce the result.

"Buck up, Gussy!"

"Don't keep us in suspense!"

"Who's won?"

Arthur Augustus cleared his throat.

"I have weckoned up the votes," he announced, "an' I find Tom Mewwy has polled thirty votes, an' George Figgins twenty-seven. Tom Merry is, therefoah, re-elected captain of cwicket."

Loud cheers from both parties.

Tom Merry drew a quick breath of relief.

"A close thing, by Jove!" he muttered.

"Only three votes between us."

The captain of the Shell crossed over to Figgins, and held out his hand.

"Hard luck, Figgy!" he said. "You made a good fight!"

Figgins grasped the proffered hand, and grinned.

"Congrats!" he said.

And for once in a way the cricket meeting came to an end without having degenerated into a free fight.

Tom Merry had once again been selected to lead his team to victory on the cricket field.

And most of the fellows agreed that the cricket captaincy could not be in better hands.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### New Talent!

TOM MERRY & CO. were at tea in their study the following afternoon, when Baggy Trimble burst in upon them like a human whirlwind.

"I say, you fellows—"

Monty Lowther waved his hand towards the door.

"Tarts can be obtained at the tuckshop at twopence each!" he said.

"Oh, really, Lowther! I didn't come here for tarts!"

"Well, we're out of cream-buns! And the doughnuts are stale ones, left over from last Saturday! They've grown beards, almost!"

"I don't want cream-buns, and I don't want doughnuts," said Trimble.

Monty Lowther sank back limply in his chair, and called feebly for water.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured faintly.

"Our fat friend is actually turning up his nose at tuck!"

Baggy Trimble gave a snort.

"When you've finished being funny, Lowther," he said, "I'll tell you the news."

"What news?" asked Tom Merry.

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

**Trouble for the Marvellous Boy Cricketer of St. Jim's Next Week!**



Baggy Trimble had in his hand a copy of a well-known pictorial newspaper.

"Did you fellows see this picture of the best boy cricketer in Britain?" he asked.

The Terrible Three nodded.

"Youthful prodigy of fourteen," said Lowther. "We know all about him. Played in a team of grown men the other day, and made a century. Supposed to be a budding W. G. Grace, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Trimble. "He's the finest cricketer that ever donned a jersey!"

"Cricketers don't wear jerseys, you chump!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "You'll be saying next that he's the finest golfer that ever donned boxing-gloves!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, anyway, this fellow Bob Kenrick is a perfect marvel!" said Baggy. "They say he'll be playing for his county when he's a few years older, and for England a few years after that. This photo shows him at the wicket, and he looks every inch a cricketer. Why, I believe he'd even stand up to my bowling!"

"Go on!" said Manners.

"There's nothing new in what you've told us, Trimble," said Tom Merry. "We read all about Bob Kenrick this morning. The papers say he's the most promising young

me feel quite bucked—if it happens to be true!"

"Of course it's true!" growled Baggy Trimble. "You don't think I'd invent a yarn like that, do you? There wouldn't be any sense in it. I distinctly heard the Head telling old Railton. He said, 'There's a new kid rolling up this afternoon, old nut'—or words to that effect."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Terrible Three were not fools enough to believe that the staid and dignified Head had lapsed into the vernacular. But they began to believe that Baggy Trimble's story was true in the main—that Bob Kenrick, the marvellous boy cricketer, was coming to St. Jim's, either on a scholarship or on the station hack, or both.

Having imparted his information, Baggy Trimble hurried away to impart it to others.

Tom Merry & Co. were quite elated.

"This fellow Kenrick will be a rod in pickle for us," said the captain of the Shell. "We've a pretty strong team as it is, but Kenrick will make it stronger still. We'll play him in our first match of the season against Greyfriars. How ripping if he helps himself to a century off their bowling!"

"Yes, rather!" said Manners.

"If he's coming this afternoon," said

A sprinkling of other passengers stepped down on to the platform. But there was nobody who answered to the description of Bob Kenrick.

The St. Jim's juniors exchanged glances of dismay.

"Nothing doing!" said Tom Merry.

"We've drawn blank," said Manners. "I expect Kenrick will be on the next train."

"Which won't be in for a couple of hours," said Monty Lowther. "We'll come down again then."

The Terrible Three retraced their steps to St. Jim's. And when the next train was due they paid a further visit to the station. But once again they drew blank.

"Looks as if Trimble was spoofing us after all," said Tom Merry. "My hat! If that turns out to be the case, we'll give the fat bouncer the bumping of his life!"

"We'll smash him and bash him and scrag him and spiccate him!" said Lowther, with a warlike frown.

For the second time that afternoon the Terrible Three were obliged to retrace their steps.

It seemed that Bob Kenrick was not coming to St. Jim's after all. Either this was Baggy Trimble's idea of a hoax or he had not correctly interpreted the conversation between the Head and Mr. Railton.

Cardew and Clive and Levison were standing in the school gateway when the Terrible Three came in.

"Has this wonderful infant prodigy turned up yet?" drawled Cardew.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"I believe it's all moonshine!" he said. "Trimble's been having us on toast!"

The juniors remained chatting for some moments, when their attention was suddenly arrested by a solitary figure coming along the dusty road.

There was something very curious about the approaching figure. As it drew nearer the juniors saw that it was the figure of a youth in Etons. In each hand he carried a bag. One was a long bag—which on closer inspection proved to be a cricket-bag—and the other was a gladstone.

The boy who carried the bags was evidently in a state of exhaustion. It was as much as he could do to drag one leg after the other. He came stumbling along wearily—ever so wearily—with drooping shoulders and bended head.

"Great Scott!" gasped Clive, in amazement. "That fellow's whacked!"

"Whacked to the wide!" said Levison.

The newcomer tottered towards the school gates. He would have collapsed, had not Tom Merry and Manners hurried forward to support him.

"Is—is this St. Jim's?" panted the youth.

"Yes," said Tom Merry. "But what the thump—"

"I'm Kenrick," came the reply, in a tired, listless tone.

"The new kid!" ejaculated Manners.

"My hat!"

Tom Merry relieved Kenrick of the cricket-bag, and Monty Lowther took the other. Then Cardew and Clive assisted the new boy through the quadrangle.

"You seem absolutely fagged out, dear man!" said Cardew.

"I am!"

"But why? How did you come here?"

"On foot."

"Where from?"

"Winchester."

"What!" shouted Tom Merry. "You've walked all the way from Winchester?"

The new boy nodded.

"I've been on the road since eight o'clock this morning," he said.

"Great pip!"

Bob Kenrick's appearance bore out his assertion. His Etons were enveloped in dust which had been churned up by passing motors. And his shoes were dusty beyond description. His face was dirty, but it was a handsome face. And it was undoubtedly the face that had been portrayed in the papers that very morning.

The St. Jim's juniors regarded the new boy in blank amazement.

"Do you seriously mean to say," said Tom Merry, "that you've carted these heavy bags all the way from Winchester, on foot?"

"More or less," was the reply. "I managed to get a lift now and again over a short distance. But I hoofed it most of the way."

"Is your home at Winchester?"

"Yes."

The juniors were dumbfounded. They had



**THE MIGHTY SLOGGER!** Bob Kenrick jumped out at the third ball and slammed it clean out of the ground. "There goes Taggy's window!" exclaimed Monty Lowther. "Ye gods, what a hit!"

cricketer that has been discovered for donkey's years. But I don't see why you should get excited over it, Baggy."

It was at this moment that Baggy Trimble exploded his bombshell.

"Bob Kenrick," he said, "is coming to St. Jim's!"

The Terrible Three gasped, and stared.

"Gammon!" said Tom Merry.

"Coming here?" ejaculated Manners, in amazement. "Impossible!"

"It's a fact!" persisted Trimble. "I happened to hear the Head jawing to Railton about it. This fellow Kenrick's arriving this afternoon. He's coming to St. Jim's on a scholarship."

"Why doesn't he come on the station hack, in the conventional manner?" asked Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's coming, anyway!" said Trimble. "The finest boy cricketer in Britain coming to St. Jim's! That makes you quake in your shoes, doesn't it, Tom Merry?"

"On the contrary," said Tom, "it makes

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

Monty Lowther, "I expect he'll arrive on the three-thirty. Supposing we toddle down to the station and meet him?"

"All serene!" said Tom Merry.

The Terrible Three donned their caps, and hurried off on their mission. They were very curious to meet this youthful prodigy, Bob Kenrick, in the flesh. That he was a wonderful cricketer went without saying. The papers would not have lauded him to the skies if he had been just an average player. "The best boy cricketer in Britain"—that was the phrase which had been used to describe him. And as there happened to be hundreds of brilliant boy cricketers up and down the country, it was high praise indeed.

The juniors made their way with rapid strides to the railway-station. They arrived just in time to meet the train. And they eagerly scanned the passengers who alighted.

An ancient farmer hobbled out of a third-class carriage with the aid of a stick. He, obviously, was not the brilliant boy cricketer.

Then an aged dame alighted, and called in a shrill falsetto for a porter. Equally obviously, she was not the youthful prodigy.



known new boys to arrive at the school in queer ways. One fellow had turned up on a wheelbarrow; another on the back of a donkey. And at Rookwood, one of the rival schools, a fellow had once arrived on an elephant! But this was the very first instance of a new boy tramping all the way from his home to the school.

Tom Merry & Co. naturally wondered why Kenrick had done it. And as soon as they had got over their first surprise, they asked him.

"Why did I do it?" said Kenrick. "Why, to save my railway-fare."

"My hat!"  
"You might have saved your fare, but you haven't saved your shoe-leather!" said Manners. "But why on earth were you so anxious to save your fare?"

"I'd prefer not to go into details," was the quiet reply.

And the juniors could get no further explanation from Bob Kenrick.

Either the fellow was very poor or he was very mean.

There were some fellows at St. Jim's—only one or two, it is true—who would have walked miles in order to save the expense of a train-fare; not because they could not have afforded the fare, but because they were inherently mean. Percy Mellish belonged to this class. And the juniors could not help thinking that Bob Kenrick was another of the type.

All the same, they felt very sorry for him. His condition was pitiable in the extreme. He seemed faint for want of food, and he admitted, when pressed, that he had had nothing to eat since breakfast that morning.

"What you want," said Tom Merry, "is a good, square meal and a long rest. Why, you are ill!"

The new boy smiled faintly.

"I shall be as right as ninepence tomorrow," he said. "I'm a bit groggy at the moment, that's all."

The juniors escorted Bob Kenrick to Study No. 10, where he sank down on to the couch.

Manners and Lowther laid the table, and produced supplies from the study cupboard. The new boy was then invited to "pile in."

Bob Kenrick ate ravenously. But he did not forget to thank his benefactors.

"This is awfully decent of you fellows!" he said.

"Rats!" said Tom Merry. "Dash it all, when a fellow comes staggering in at the school gates, and he can hardly stand from exhaustion, it's up to us to pull him round again!"

"Some fellows wouldn't be bothered," said Kenrick. "I repeat, it's awfully decent of you!"

He continued to eat with a ravenous appetite, and each moment he grew fitter and brighter. When he had finished he rose to his feet.

"I must go along and see the Housemaster now," he said.

"Not yet," said Tom Merry. "Better take a nap on the sofa first."

Bob Kenrick made himself comfortable on the sofa, with cushions under his head. And he was soon fast asleep. A healthy flush had returned to his cheeks, but the dark rings under his eyes told their tale of weariness and exhaustion.

The juniors watched him curiously.

"Fancy tramping all the way from Hampshire to save his railway-fare!" gasped Monty Lowther. "I can't get over it!"

"It's certainly one of the queerest things I've ever struck," said Tom Merry.

The new boy slept for a couple of hours without interruption. Then Tom Merry aroused him, and he went along to interview Mr. Railton.

The upshot of this interview was that Bob Kenrick was allotted to the Shell, and put into Study No. 9 with Talbot, Gore, and Skimpole.

Talbot didn't mind. Gore did. And Skimpole was indifferent.

Talbot rather liked the look of the new boy. Gore said that four in one study would be a crowd. And Skimpole was too engrossed in the works of Professor Balmy-crumpet to trouble about the best boy cricketer in Britain.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**A Shock for Tom Merry!**

**B**OB KENRICK arose next morning like a giant refreshed. He had quite recovered from his terrible ordeal of the previous day, and he was brimful of energy.

"Have you fellows started cricket practice yet?" he asked, as he was dressing.

"Not yet," said Tom Merry. "But we shall have to make a start soon, because we're playing our first match of the season on Saturday against Greyfriars."

The juniors hurriedly performed their ablutions, and went down into the brilliant sunshine.

Tom Merry fetched his cricket bat, and Talbot came on the scene with a couple of new red cricket balls.

Bob Kenrick joined the party, and the juniors were very curious to see how he would shape. For this was the fellow whose name had been shouted from the housetops—whose photograph had appeared in every pictorial newspaper—whose fame as a cricketer had spread through the land like wildfire. Surely, he must be a super-cricketer—a sort of miniature edition of Jack Hobbs.

Tom Merry, having set up the wickets on the cricket-field, offered the new boy his bat.

"You take first knock, Kenrick," he said.

"Just half a tick," was the reply. "I'll fetch my own bat."



There was the sound of shattering glass. The ball had sailed through the air and had gone right through the window of the porter's lodge. (See Chapter 3.)

Kenrick hurried away, and he was back soon after with his bat. A curious bat, this. It had been pegged in several places, and it was far from new. But Bob Kenrick handled it almost affectionately.

"Time you pensioned that bat off, and got a new one," remarked Monty Lowther.

Kenrick smiled.

"I wouldn't part with this bat for all the wealth of the Indies," he said. "I regard it as an old friend."

Talbot fingered the ball in readiness to bowl.

"Play!" he called out.

Bob Kenrick peeled off his jacket and took up his stand in front of the wicket. And Talbot, from the correct range of twenty-two yards, delivered the ball.

It was the first ball Talbot had bowled. Consequently, it was a bit erratic. It pitched short, and Bob Kenrick stepped out to it with a smile.

Crack!

There was a sound of leather meeting wood. Then Tom Merry & Co. gazed around like fellows in a dream.

Only one fellow had marked the flight of the ball. That was Harry Noble.

"It went over the school wall, as clean as a whistle!" he said, in tones of awe.

Manners darted away to retrieve the ball, which was now rolling across the roadway.

It had been a most mighty hit—a Jessopian swipe of which few schoolboys could have been capable.

There was another ball available, and Talbot tossed it to Fatty Wynn, who had come on the scene.

Fatty was a bowler of repute. He could make the ball swerve and spin, and perform all manner of weird antics. As a rule, the batsman, unable to tell when or where the ball was going to break, swiped blindly at it, and was bowled. As for taking liberties with Fatty's bowling, why, no fellow at St. Jim's would have dreamed of it.

But to Bob Kenrick, poised gracefully in

front of the wicket, Fatty Wynn's bowling seemed to have no terrors.

Kenrick did not repeat his performance of hitting the ball of the school premises. For Fatty Wynn kept an immaculate length. But the batsman was never in difficulties. He played the ball beautifully along the ground. Never a chance of a catch did he give, although a dozen fellows were crouching with cup-shaped hands.

Tom Merry gazed at the new boy with admiring eyes.

"The papers didn't exaggerate," he said. "This fellow's a born cricketer!"

"Yes, rather!"

Fatty Wynn continued to bowl for five minutes. Then he gave it up.

Tom Merry himself took a turn with the ball. Tom was regarded as a useful change bowler. But Bob Kenrick made him look a clumsy novice.

Tom's first ball was hit to leg for a terrific distance. His second was returned to him with stinging force along the ground. His third, Bob Kenrick jumped out to. There was another mighty hit, followed by the sound of shattering glass.

"There's goes Taggy's window!" exclaimed Monty Lowther. "Ye gods, what a hit!"

The ball had sailed through the air in the direction of the porter's lodge. And it had gone clean through the parlour window.

The red and wrathful face of Ephraim Taggles appeared a moment later at the gaping hole.

"Who done this 'ere damage?" demanded Taggles.

"A little leather ball," said Monty Lowther. "Better pick it up and spank it, Taggy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Taggles frowned.

"Wot I wants to know is this 'ere—who smit the ball at my winder?" he growled.

"Guilty, m'lord!" said Bob Kenrick, hurrying towards the spot. "Awfully sorry, you know."

"Which you'll 'ave to pay for a noo pane of glass," said Taggles.

Kenrick looked worried.

"It was an accident," he said.

Tom Merry & Co. exchanged glances. Could this be another proof of the new boy's meanness, they reflected. Any other fellow would have paid up on the spot. But Bob Kenrick made no offer to do so.

"He's trying to back out of paying for the giddy damage," said Manners.

Tom Merry nodded, and frowned.

"I don't like it at all," he said. "Still, it's his own affair. We can't force him to pay. But it's jolly rough on Taggles."

Taggles, unable to extract any money from the new boy shuffled back into his lodge, grumbling and growling.

The cricket practice was then brought to an end by the sound of the breakfast gong.

Whatever Tom Merry & Co.'s private opinion of Bob Kenrick as a fellow, they had nothing but admiration for him as a cricketer. The term "marvel" did not flatter him; it did him the barest justice.

"With Kenrick's help, we shall lick Greyfriars to a frazzle!" said Tom Merry.

"Absolutely!"

"As you know, we're playing Greyfriars on Saturday," he said. "I'll put you down on the list."

Kenrick looked startled.

"Please don't," he said.

"Eh?"

"I—I can't play."

Tom Merry looked sharply at the speaker.

"It's all rot to say you can't play, Kenrick. We've just seen what you can do with the bat. What you mean is, you won't play?"

Bob Kenrick shrugged his shoulders.

"Put it that way if you like," he said. "But I can't turn out for St. Jim's."

Tom Merry was thunderstruck. So were the others, when they knew.

Everybody had counted on Bob Kenrick playing for his school. His refusal puzzled and irritated the fellows. And they were all the more puzzled and irritated because the new boy refused to give a reason for his decision.

A good many hostile glances were turned in Bob Kenrick's direction that day. And there were undoubtedly breakers ahead for the best boy cricketer in Britain.

(Next week's tale of St. Jim's is simply GREAT. Order next week's POPULAR well in advance to avoid disappointment.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 225.

"A Traitor to His Side!" More About Kenrick at St. Jim's Next Week!



**BUNTER'S BRAIN-WAVE!**

Billy Bunter, the fat Remove, overhears the chums of Greyfriars planning a week-end party. That's how all the trouble starts!

**THE UNINVITED GUESTS!**

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**Under Cover!**

"O H, crumbs! They're coming!" Billy Bunter uttered the exclamation in tones of dismay. He was standing before the open cupboard in Study No. 1, in the Remove passage at Greyfriars. In his fat left hand he held a jam-pot, in his fat right hand a tablespoon. There were smears of jam on his fat face.

Billy Bunter had been enjoying himself. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, to whom the study belonged, were on the cricket-field at practice. Bunter had watched them there before he ventured into their quarters. Billy Bunter liked jam, and he was not particular whose jam it was so long as there was plenty of it. He had almost travelled through the jar, growing happier and stickier with every spoonful, when he heard footsteps and voices in the passage outside.

Then dismay fell upon him. He paused, with a jam-laden spoon half-way to his mouth.

However enjoyable it was to purloin Study No. 1's jam, it would not be at all enjoyable to be caught in the act by the chums of the Remove. Billy Bunter knew that only too well.

He glanced wildly round the study, as if in search of an avenue of escape. But he had only the door and the window to choose from. The window was out of the question, and outside the door sounded the heavy footsteps and cheery voice of Bob Cherry of the Remove.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Bunter. "The beasts! What do they want to come in now for, and I haven't finished the jam!"

But there was no time to lose. Bunter made a sloop for the table, and plunged underneath it, the jam-jar and the spoon still in his fat hands.

There was a cover on the table which reached within a few inches of the floor, a large and handsome table-cover, which was a present from Harry Wharton's affectionate aunt. It was adorned with many traces of jam, tea, toffee, and ink, and its state would probably have shocked Miss Wharton if she could have seen it. But it answered Bunter's purpose very well. The fat junior, crouched under the table, was hidden from sight, unless someone should stoop and look under the table, which was not likely to happen. Bunter squeezed himself there, gasping, and fervently hoping that the fellows would not stay long in the study.

Thump!  
It was Bob Cherry's knock at the door, just

as Bunter slithered out of sight. But the cloth had fallen into its place, and Bunter was quite concealed, when the door was thrown open, and Bob Cherry looked in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Not here yet."  
"Here we are!" called out Harry Wharton's voice from the passage. And Wharton and Nugent followed Bob Cherry into the study.

Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the other two members of the "Co." came in after them.

Bunter groaned under his breath. They were all there now. He could have touched some of their feet by stretching out a fat hand. How long would it be before they discovered that a marauder had been in the study?

It was not long.  
"Mauly's not here yet," said Bob Cherry, seating himself on the table, and swinging his long legs. And Bunter jerked his head out of the way just in time.

"Hallo, somebody's been here!" said Harry Wharton, catching sight of the open cupboard door. "Somebody's been boning the jam! Where's that jar?"

"Gone!" growled Nugent.

"That fat rotter Bunter again! He must have seen us bringing in the jam!" exclaimed Wharton. "He's scooped it, the whole jar!"

"I wish we'd caught him here," said Nugent, with a snort. "Now, there won't be any jam for tea. The fat rotter will have scooped the lot. I wish we'd caught him!"

Bunter shivered. Nugent's tone told only too plainly what would have happened to him if he had been caught. The fat junior hardly breathed.

"Where's the ass Mauleverer?" said Johnny Bull. "He said he had something to say to us, something special."

"Well, we're all here," said Nugent.

"But Mauly isn't here, the blessed slacker!"

Johnny Bull stepped to the doorway, put his head out into the passage, and bawled:

"Mauly! Mauleverer! Where are you, you ass? We're waiting for you, you fathead!"

"Comin', my dear fellow!"

"Buck up, then," growled Johnny Bull.

Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, came down the passage in a leisurely manner. Lord Mauleverer's movements were always leisurely. If the house had been on fire it was not really likely that Lord Mauleverer would have hurried himself. He firmly believed in taking things easy.

The schoolboy earl smiled genially as he looked in.

"All here, my dear fellows?" he asked lazily.

"Yes, ass!"

"Good! You don't mind if I take the arm-chair, do you?" asked his lordship. "I'm rather fagged."

He sat down with a sigh.

"What's fagged you?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically. "Been breathing too hard?"

"Well, I was watching the cricket, you know," said Lord Mauleverer innocently. "I stood there for nearly ten minutes. I did, begad!"

"Then you must be exhausted," said Wharton, with deep sympathy. "Don't speak in a hurry. Take a little rest first. Go easy!"

"Thanks!"

"You told me you'd got something to say to all of us?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Yaas."

"Well, we're here, waiting!"

"Yaas."

"Go ahead, then!" roared Bull.

"You see, I've been feeling run down lately," explained Lord Mauleverer. "Over-exertion, I suppose; tired right out!"

"Yes, you suffer a lot from over-exertion," said Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"What you want is a rest cure!"

"That's just it," said Mauleverer. "I've thought it out, and I've had a very kind offer from a relation of mine. He's a decent chap, you know, and he's got a country cottage, you know. It's about fifty miles from here, near a place called something-or-other."

"I've never seen that on the map."

"Well, that isn't the name of the place, you know. I always forget names," said Lord Mauleverer, in a tired voice. "But I've got his letter here. I'll look at it again. Here we are! Live Oaks—Gunthorne."

"What has the place got to do with us?"

"Why, you see, he's away, and he's offered me the use of the place and his servants and dogs and things for a week-end."

"Well?"

"Well, I jumped at the idea, you know. A week-end in a bracing air is just what I want to set me up. Nobody at the place, you know. We shall have it all to ourselves, if you fellows will come with me."

"My hat!"

Satisfied expressions came over the faces of the Famous Five.

"Well, that's a jolly good wheeze!" said Harry Wharton heartily. "I don't know



that we need a change, or bucking-up, but it would be ripping to have a week-end away, if we can get leave!"

"Yaas. I'll ask the Head, and I dare say he'll give us leave. We clear off after lessons on Saturday, you know, and come back early on Monday, so it won't interfere with the work. I wish it did. Of course, I don't want to go down there alone. I'd like you fellows to come. There's boatin', motorin', shootin', and fishin', and things. How do you like the idea?"

Five voices answered as one:

"Ripping!"

And Hurree Jamset Singh added enthusiastically that the rippingfulness of the esteemed wheeze was terrific.

Lord Mauleverer nodded with satisfaction.

"Glad you like it. Then you'll come?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Then I'll speak to the Head. He's bound to see that I need a change—I'm so awfully run down, you know!"

"And we'll see that you get bucked-up during the week-end!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "We'll look after you, and keep you hard at it!"

"Oh, begad!"

"We'll see that you don't slack, and that you have incessant exercise—"

"Oh, I say—"

"We'll make you feel a new man by the time we've done with you," promised Bob Cherry.

"Oh!"

"It will be topping, if we can get off!" said Frank Nugent. "Mauly, you're a giddy genius! We have been entertaining an angel unawares!"

"What-ho!" said Bob Cherry. "I say—hallo, hallo, hallo!—what on earth's that? There's some animal under the table!"

In his enthusiasm, Bob Cherry had been swinging his long legs with more energy than ever, as he sat on the table. Under the table, Bunter had been dodging his boots with frantic alarm. But the catastrophe came—Bob's heavy heel crashed on a fat chin, and there was a wild yell from under the table:

"Ow-w-w-w-w!"

Harry Wharton & Co. jumped.

They had believed themselves alone in the study, but the yell under the table was sufficient evidence that there was someone else there.

Bob Cherry jumped off the table, and dragged up the cover. Then there was a general exclamation:

"Bunter!"

The fat junior was revealed, crouching with the jam-spoon in his hand, one sticky paw caressing his injured chin.

"That's where the jam's gone!" shouted Nugent. "He's got it there!"

"You fat burglar!"

"Yank him out!"

Bob Cherry thrust a big boot under the table, and, thus encouraged, Billy Bunter rolled out and scrambled to his feet, still clutching the jam-jar. He blinked furiously at the Removites through his big spectacles.

"Grooh! Oh that silly idiot's broken my jaw! Ow!"

"You're using it pretty well for a broken jaw!" grinned Bob Cherry. "So you've been spying, as usual, you fat beast!"

"Ow!"

"And scoffing our jam!" said Nugent wrathfully.

"I'll pay for the jam, if you're so jolly mean about it!" said Bunter, with dignity. "I'm expecting a postal-order this evening, and as soon as it comes I'll settle."

"We'll settle now!" said Bob jerking the jar away. "Let him have the rest of it down his fat neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter dodged frantically round the table. "Keep off!" he roared. "Yow, you beast, keep away! Yaroop!"

Bob Cherry pursued him, jar in hand. The other fellows roared with laughter.

Billy Bunter dodged to the door, and ran out of the study, yelling. He just missed Bob Cherry's boot as he disappeared.

In the corridor he met Bolsover, and in a very few minutes Bolsover was made aware of the party Mauleverer was getting up. That set Bolsover thinking.

He thought so hard that, when he found that Harry Wharton & Co., in an effort to get on the right side of Mr. Quelch—doubtless with a view to asking his permission to

be absent from Greyfriars for the week-end—intended to attend the Form Master's lecture that evening, not only went himself, but took Billy Bunter with him.

Bunter was grinning as the master started. Bolsover was chuckling.

"Go it!" he said, in an undertone.

Billy Bunter nodded, and "went it."

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### One Too Often!

"BOB, what's the time?"

It was Harry Wharton's voice—or ought to have been. It spoke out loudly and clearly, interrupting Mr. Quelch in the middle of one of his periods. Bob Cherry looked at his chum in amazement and dismay. Mr. Quelch broke off his discourse, and stared grimly at Wharton, thunder gathering on his brow.

"Wharton!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir," said Harry. Wharton had heard the voice, of course, but had not recognised it as an imitation of his own, and supposed that someone else had spoken. One's own voice is the hardest thing to recognise when reproduced.

"How dare you!"

"Wh-a-at?"

"How dare you interrupt me?"

"I, sir!" exclaimed Wharton, in dismay.

"Yes, you, sir! If you are anxious to know what the time is, you may look at your watch, Wharton. If you are anxious for the close of the lecture, I may remind you that you are not compelled to attend it."

"I—I—"

Mr. Quelch pointed majestically to the door.

"You had better go, Wharton!"

"But, sir—"

"Kindly go at once, and don't argue with me, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch, with asperity.

And Wharton, utterly dismayed and confounded, rose from his place, and with a hopeless glance at his chums, quitted the lecture-room. Wharton, at all events, had not succeeded in making the desired good impression upon Mr. Quelch.

"The awful ass!" murmured Bob. "What did he want to speak for! He's spoiled his giddy chance."

Mr. Quelch, with an accession of dignity, resumed his lecture. There was an almost painful silence in the lecture-room. Bolsover major dug Bunter ecstatically in his fat ribs.

"Pile in!" he murmured. "It's over in half an hour."

Bunter nodded.

"Pass me the toffee, will you?"

It was Bob Cherry's voice this time. And again Mr. Quelch halted in his discourse. His eyes simply glittered at Bob.

"Cherry, leave the room instantly!"

"I, sir!" said Bob in dismay. "What have I done, sir?"

"Go!"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bob. And he went.

"Rotten shame!" said a voice, that was apparently Frank Nugent's. And Mr. Quelch jumped as he heard it.

"Nugent, you impertinent young rascal!"

"I didn't speak, sir!"

"What! You dare to say that you did not speak, when I heard you distinctly!" exclaimed the angry master. "Take a hundred lines, Nugent, and go immediately to your study, and write them out."

"But, sir—"

"One word more, and I will cane you!"

Nugent passed out of the lecture-room, casting a furlous look at Billy Bunter as he went. He had guessed now that the Remove ventriloquist was at work. Bunter closed one eye at him in return. He allowed ten minutes to pass before he resumed operations. The room had settled down to silent attention, when a loud yawn was heard proceeding from the direction of Lord Mauleverer.

"Yaw-aw-aw-aw!"

The room was electrified. The seniors turned in their seats to stare at the junior who had dared to yawn loudly—a thing they would have liked to do, for the most part, themselves.

Lord Mauleverer, who had been suppressing a yawn with difficulty, started upright in his seat.

Mr. Quelch's burning eyes were fastened on him.

"Mauleverer, you seem to be sleepy."

"Yaas—no, sir!" stammered Mauleverer.

"The lecture-room is not the place to go to sleep, Mauleverer."

"Yaas, sir. I—"

"Kindly go to your study, and write out a hundred lines of Virgil!"

"Oh, begad!"

Lord Mauleverer departed dismayed. Coker of the Fifth looked round curiously at Bunter and grinned. He knew Bunter's tricks of old, and he had guessed the truth. He whispered to Potter and Greene, and they grinned, too.

"This is no laughing matter, Coker!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

Coker's face became solemn as an owl's immediately.

"Yes, sir!"

"Silence!"

Mr. Quelch resumed. He was in a sharp temper by this time, and his glance rested several times upon the juniors who remained. Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were looking daggers at Bunter. They, too, guessed that the Remove ventriloquist was at work, but they could not give him away to the Form master. Sneaking was forbidden; but they promised themselves to simply smash him when the lecture was over.

"Rot, I call this!"

"The rotfulness is terrific!"

Those remarks seemed to cut the air. There was a gasp from all who heard them, and Mr. Quelch's look became absolutely terrifying.

"Bull! Hurree Singh! Stand out here!"

He stepped down from the dais, taking up a cane from a desk. The two juniors came out unwillingly.

"If you please, sir—" began Bull.

"Honoured sahb—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Silence! Hold out your hands!"

"But, sir—"

"Not a word!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Hold out your hands! You shall learn whether you are permitted to make unseemly interruptions in the course of a lecture. I am shocked—disgusted!"

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

"Now go!" said Mr. Quelch, pointing to the door.

They went.

Mr. Quelch, very much ruffled, resumed his lecture, and silence was restored. Bolsover major was grinning with delight, and Bunter could hardly restrain his chuckles. The six juniors were in disgrace with their Form master now, and certainly not likely to get permission for that week-end trip. Billy Bunter was so satisfied with his success that he found it impossible to let well alone. He had old grudges against Coker, on account of Coker's objection to having his study cupboard raided. Coker's objection on that subject were always forcible. Bunter proceeded to make Coker of the Fifth his next victim.

"Heigh-ho!" came from Coker—or seemed to come from him. "I'm getting fed up, Potter!"

"Shut up, you ass!" whispered Potter, in terror.

"Eh? I didn't speak!" said Coker.

"You did, you chump—you—"

"Coker!"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"You seem to have taken it upon yourself to imitate the impertinence of the juniors I have punished. Perhaps you imagine that I shall dismiss you from the room. I shall do nothing of the sort, Coker. I shall report you to your Form-master for insolence!"

Coker looked dazed.

"Wha-at have I done, sir?" he gasped. "I didn't speak!"

"Don't tell falsehoods, Coker!"

"I didn't speak!" roared Coker, understanding now. "It was that fat villain, Bunter!"

"What!"

"He's a rotten ventriloquist, sir, and he's been playing tricks!" howled Coker.

Mr. Quelch's expression changed. It was some time since he had heard any of Bunter's ventriloquial efforts; but he remembered now a certain performance of Bunter's in the Remove Form-room. His eyes fixed upon Bunter.

"Oh," he said, "I think I understand! Come here, Bunter!"

Bunter's jaw dropped.

"If—if you p-pip-please, sir—"

"Come here!"

"You've done it now!" murmured Bolsover



major. "Why couldn't you let well alone, you silly owl? Not a word about me, mind, or—"

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

Bunter groaned and came out into the room. Mr. Quelch was gripping his cane very hard.

"I remember now, Bunter, that you played some trick of this kind in the Form-room. Have you been playing tricks of a ventriloquial nature here?"

"No, sir!" said Bunter promptly.

"He has!" roared Coker.

"Silence, Coker! Bunter, did you imitate Coker's voice?"

"Certainly not, sir! I couldn't imitate his voice, sir—never thought of such a thing. Coker must have spoken without noticing it, sir," murmured Bunter feebly.

"Did you imitate the voices of the juniors whom I have dismissed from the room?" asked Mr. Quelch, with ominous quietness.

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Are you sure, Bunter?"

"Quite sure, sir! I couldn't possibly do it. I told Bolsover so when he asked me to come here to do it, didn't I, Bolsover?" And Bunter turned to the bully of the Remove for confirmation.

There was a chuckle through the lecture-room. Bunter was always ready with the most tremendous whoppers; he could easily have beaten Ananias and Sapphira in their own peculiar line. But his falsehoods, though plentiful, had one weakness—they could never possibly be believed. The chuckle died away as Mr. Quelch glanced round. The Remove-master's face hinted that it was not a moment for laughing.

"Bolsover, did you ask Bunter to come here and play ventriloquial tricks?"

"No, sir!" said Bolsover sullenly.

"Bunter says you did!"

"I—I didn't exactly say that, sir," said Bunter, terrified between Mr. Quelch's wrath at present, and Bolsover major's afterwards.

"I—I said I told him I couldn't—"

"Then why did you come here, Bunter?"

"Because Bolsover said—I—I mean, it was to hear the lecture, sir. I'm so interested in—in Virgil, sir, especially the Georgics, and—"

"Don't tell falsehoods, Bunter."

"Ahem! Certainly not, sir. I'm a very truthful chap. I've never told a lie in my life, sir," said Bunter. "When I first came to school, sir, my grandfather took my hand in his and made me promise—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Bunter, you are speaking falsely. You have been playing tricks, and you did it at the request of Bolsover!"

Bunter groaned.

"You see he knows all about it, Bolsover," he stammered. "I can't help it—I didn't let it out, and if you go for me, I'll tell Mr. Quelch, so there!"

"Step over here, Bolsover!"

Bolsover major stepped out. Bunter's peculiar methods of concealing the truth had made it quite clear to Mr. Quelch, and there was no more to be said.

"Hold out your hands!" said the Remove-master. "You have caused me to punish innocent boys by this abominable deception. I shall cane you, Bunter, for playing foolish tricks—and I shall cane you still more severely, Bolsover, as you are evidently the person most to blame."

There were two for Bunter, and four for Bolsover major. Then Mr. Quelch pointed to the door, and the two young rascals, wringing their hands, were only too glad to go. Mr. Quelch's lecture was finished without any further interruption.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Bunter is Quite Brilliant!**

**H**ARRY WHARTON & Co. looked particularly cheerful the following morning. It was a bright and sunny spring morning, promising fine weather for the week-end. The chums had obtained Mr. Quelch's permission without much difficulty. That morning Lord Mauleverer was the recipient of many kindly attentions from the fellows in the Remove and the Fourth Form. Never had he seemed to have had so many admiring friends; but fishers for invitations found themselves disappointed. Lord Mauleverer did not seem to understand. The plainest hints were lost upon his obtuseness. Harry Wharton clapped him on the shoulder when the Remove came out after morning lessons.

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

"Have you sent that telegram to Live Oaks?" he asked.

"Begad!" said his lordship.

"Forgotten it, you ass?"

"Well, I haven't sent it yet."

"Then trot down to the post-office and send it at once," said Harry. "You don't want to take Trooper by surprise, fathead!"

"No, begad!"

"We're going to put in some cricket practice before dinner. If you haven't sent the wire by dinner-time we'll bump you!"

"Yaas!"

And the Famous Five went down to the cricket-ground. Lord Mauleverer groaned in anguish of spirit. He had been about to stretch himself on the grass and drowse over a book, and a walk to the village post-office was an unwelcome exertion. He was nerving himself for the effort, when Billy Bunter rolled up. The sight of Bunter gave the schoolboy earl energy. He made a rush to escape, but Bunter caught him by his jacket.

"It's all right, Mauly—"

"Excuse me, I've got to go to the post-office," said Lord Mauleverer dismally.

"I'll go for you."

Lord Mauleverer brightened up.

"Begad, that's very decent of you, Bunter! Come into the tuckshop afterwards, and I'll stand you some tarts."

"Leave it to me," said Bunter. "Write it out, and I'll take it."

"Thanks awfully!"

Lord Mauleverer fumbled for a pencil, and wrote on a leaf of his pocket-book. He handed the result to Billy Bunter.

"It's really awfully good of you, Bunter. Buzz off!"

"I shall have to pay for this, Mauly."

"Begad! So you will!"

Lord Mauleverer extracted a ten shilling note from his pocket, and handed it to Bunter. Bunter looked at the telegram. It ran:

"Trooper, Live Oaks, Gunthorpe.—Arriving by afternoon train with some friends for the week-end.—MAULEVERER, Greyfriars."

"That's all right," said Bunter. "I suppose if they didn't get this they wouldn't expect you?"

"Begad, no!"

"Trooper a friend of yours?" asked Bunter inquisitively.

"Begad, he's a butler or something!"

"Jolly place, isn't it?" went on Bunter.

"I really don't know. I suppose so."

"You suppose so? Haven't you been there?"

"Never."

"Then you're not known there—what?" asked Bunter, a peculiar gleam coming into his little round eyes.

"Not from Adam!" said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully.

"They don't know you by sight?"

"How could they, dear boy, when they've never seen me?"

"No, of course, they couldn't," said Bunter. "I suppose you haven't changed your mind about taking me with you, Mauly?"

"You make me tired," said Lord Mauleverer plaintively. "I'll stand you a couple of dozen tarts, and as much ginger-beer as you can drink, if you'll buzz off with that telegram."

"That's good enough," said Bunter. "I'll help you pack your bag when I come back, Mauly. I suppose you're taking a bag?"

"Yaas."

"Well, I'm off," said Bunter, as Lord Mauleverer yawned portentously.

"Thanks, my dear fellow."

Lord Mauleverer sauntered away, and Bunter blinked after him. He watched him out of sight, and then moved off himself, but he did not go in the direction of the gates. He bore down on Bolsover major and Skinner, who were chatting in the Close, in no very good humour. They were distinctly annoyed at not being asked to share in the week-end excursion, and Bolsover especially was annoyed by the failure of his little scheme for stopping it, and the caning that had been the result of his scheming. He scowled at Bunter as the latter came up.

"Do you want another thick ear, you fat brute?" was his genial greeting.

Bunter backed away a little.

"I say, you fellows, I've got a jolly good idea—"

"Bury it!"

"It's about that week-end party—"

"You don't mean to say you're going?" demanded Skinner.

"They don't seem to want me," said Bunter, with dignity. "I should refuse to join them now if they asked me."

"Yes, I can see you doing it—I don't think."

"But I've got an idea—if you fellows will help," said Bunter eagerly. "Mauly's just given me a telegram to take to the post-office for him. It's to let the servants at the place know he's coming."

"Well, take it, and be hanged."

"They don't know him by sight," said Bunter, unheeding. "His friend isn't there—the man the place belongs to, you know. He's lending it to Mauly while he's away. Mauly's never been there before, and they don't know him from Adam."

"Well, what—"

"Don't you see," said Bunter, his eyes glistening behind his spectacles. "Read that telegram."

Bolsover major and Skinner read it. "Blessed if I see what you're getting at," said the bully of the Remove testily.

"Can't you explain, you fat duffer?"

"Well, suppose they could be prevented from catching their train somehow—"

"Oh, good!"

"There's only one train in the afternoon to that place. I heard Mauly say so. If they could be prevented from catching it, they couldn't get down there to-day."

"And serve 'em right!" growled Bolsover.

"But that isn't all," said Bunter eagerly. "We could go instead."

"What!"

"You know, I was taken for Lord Mauleverer once," said Bunter, drawing himself up to his full height, which was not stately—in his pride at the remembrance.

Bolsover major snorted.

"Taken for Mauleverer! That was because you called yourself by his name, and the fellow who took you for him had never seen him."

"Yes, but it's the same now. They've never seen him at Live Oaks and I shall call myself by his name."

"What!" ejaculated Bolsover and Skinner simultaneously.

"Don't you see? If we can make those rotters lose the train somehow, we can go there anyway, and have a high old time. They'll come along some time to-morrow!"

"My hat!"

"And we shall have done them right in the eye!" chuckled Bunter. "There's nothing to stop us, and it would be a first-class jape."

Bolsover major caught his breath. Skinner exchanged glances of keen satisfaction just appealed to them. They were always on the look-out for chances of giving the Famous Five a fall.

"Well, that beats the band!" said Bolsover major. "Bunter, you're a fat genius."

Bunter chuckled with self-satisfaction.

"Well, I do think of things," he said modestly, "and I can pass myself off as a lord quite easily, you know. I've got some titled relations, and I have a certain air that—that suggests noble blood. Don't you think so?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. My ancestors came over with William the Conqueror—Sir Bunter de Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "Cheese it, you fat ass! But it's a good idea, although you thought of it. After that wire a bit. Put in that you're arriving with two friends?"

"Yes, that's a good wheeze."

Bunter made the alteration. Bolsover chuckled gleefully. If the scheme came off, it would be the biggest "jape" he had ever succeeded in working off on the famous Co.

"We've got to prevent them from catching their train," Skinner remarked. "You buzz off with that wire, Bunter, while we think it out."

"Oh, certainly! I'll leave that to you."

And Bunter rolled away grinning, and took the road for Friardale. Bolsover major and Skinner exchanged glances of keen satisfaction.

"It won't be so jolly easy," Bolsover said, after a pause. "We've got to prevent them from catching the train, and catch it ourselves, you know."

Skinner nodded.

"We'll find a way to do that. But that isn't all. I've been thinking. Why shouldn't we make a week-end of it?"

(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.

Supplement No. 120.

Week Ending April 28th, 1923.

### IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By Billy Bunter.

My Dear Readers,—There is something very sinister about the word police-court. I have never been in one myself, eggsept as a witness, and I don't suppose any of you have, either.

That is to say, I have never been inside a real police-court. But at Greyfriars we have a special police-court of our own, and I have often figgered in the dock as a defendant. Harry Wharton is the Lord Cheef Justiss; Bob Cherry and Mark Linley are K.C.'s, which means Kompleat Chumps; Johnny Bull is the constable; and there are lots of other barristers and officers of the law. Fellows are tried for miner offences, and, if found guilty, they get it in the neck. If found not guilty, they leave the court without a stain on their shirt-cuffs.

The idear of a schoolboy police-court has spread to St. Jim's, and also Rookwood. Reports of the proceedings have sometimes appeared in this paper, and also in "The Holiday Annual." And I thought it would be an eggcellent wheeze to publish a special number of my "Weekly," kontaining the police-court news from the three schools.

Mind you, I'm not in faver of schoolboy police-courts. Bob Cherry says they are a nessessary evil; but I think we get quite enuff punnishment, in the shape of birchings, canings, impotts, and gatings without having to appear in a police-court to be bumped or biffed according to the whims of a schoolboy magistrate.

However, we must take things as we find them, as the tramp said when he picked up a bundle of bank-notes. We must bough our nex to the inevitable.

I've just had a summons served on me to appear in the dock at the Boxroom Quarter Sessions. I don't know what the charge is, but I eggsept I shall go through the hoop.

Ah, well! The path of an editor was ever bestroom with thorns.

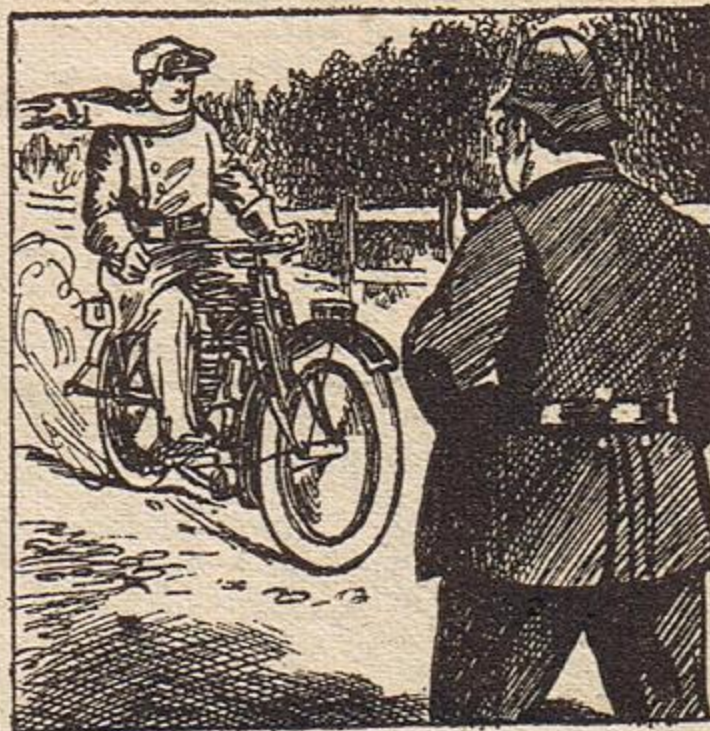
Your gloomy pal,

THE EDITOR.

### The Pride of the Police Force.

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

(Sub-Editor.)



When I grow up, I mean to become a police-constable.

You mustn't take this too litterally. I resserve the right to change my mind at a minnit's notiss. Last week I decided to be a soldier. The week before that I wanted to be a sailer. And before that it was my ambition to become a night in shining armer.

But what a fine bobby I should make, to be sure! I've got all the nessessary kwallifications—a plump figger, an imposing manna, and an arresting countenance.

I should enjoy the life of a policeman, bekwase there's nothing to do eggsept eat and sleep, and stand outside a sweet-shop trying to catch kids buying chocklits after eight o'clock. That would appeal to me no end. I should confiscate the chocklits, and eat them myself!

Another good thing about being a policeman is that you can always make friends with a fat cook, and have rabbit pies handed out to you through the kitchen window. I should get to know all the fat cooks in the neighbourhood, and have as many free feeds as I wanted.

Of course, I should not dreem of neglecting my duties. I should be all out to gain promotion.

Whenever I saw a mad motor-cyclist eggseeding the speed-limit, I should plant

myself in his path, with arms and legs akimbo, and shout, "Halt! I arrest you in the name of the lore!" If he halted, all well and good. If he didn't, you would find my remains in the local semmetyry.

If I caught a boy pinching apples, I should ask him to give me a bunk-up on his sholders, so that I could pinch some myself. He'd probably kollapse under my terrifiek weight; but then, life is full of little traggedies!

What a gallant figger I should make, plonking with ponderous steps up and down the High Street! All the urchins would scuttle away when they saw me coming; and all the young ladies in the plaice would turn their heads to look at me. And they would wisper one to the other: "Isn't P.-c. Trimble a fine fello?"

I should, of corse, perform many gallant deeds in the corse of my service. Stopping runaway hoorses, dragging people out of blazing buildings, and fishing drowning folk out of the water—these would be everyday insidents. And the magistrates and others who dwell in the seats of the mity would shower their kongratulations upon me. I shouldn't be Constable Trimble very long. I should become Detective-Inspecker Trimble—the Pride of the Police Force!

Then again, there are drorbacks to being a detective. There might be some villans who would dessend to rough play in order to avoid meeting a judge. But of all the objecshuns to being a detective, I think the worst is that detecting is really spying. I don't think I could bring myself to do that. It's solo—a game I don't like. Other peoples business is other people's business. There is no excuse for prying—none at all. However, in the execution of my dooty, I suppose I should have to forget such things as repugnance.

I think, after all, I'll be Cheef Commissionaire of the Force!

Some of you may larf. But wait till a few more years have rolled by!

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

Supplement 1.]

A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away! Try "Billy Bunter's Weekly"!



## AN OLD OFFENDER!

By Sammy Bunter.  
(Sub-Editor.)

I believe I hold the record for the number of convictions against me at the Greyfriars Police Court.

I have stood in the dock at least fifty times this term. My brother Billy has only stood in it once. Then it kollopsed, and they had to erect a new one!

The first charge against me was that of "loitering in the Close without visible means of sport!" It's a rotten shame to charge a fellow with that. If I had had a cricket-bat handy, or a draft-board, all would have been well. But bekwase I had no visible means of sport I was run in!

The sentence was one hour's imprizzonment in the coal-seller. I didn't like it at all. I was as black as the ace of spades when I came out of my plaice of captivity, whereas when I went down I was as white as the driven snow, having washed my neck only that morning.

A few days later, I had to come up for trial at the Woodshed Assizes on a charge of having no rear-light on my hoop after sunset. A riddiculus charge, I call it.

Mr. Justiss Wharton glared at me sternly.

"You know the law about rear-lights?" said he.

"Nunno, Your Washup," said I. "Then the sooner you learn it, the better!" And he find me five bob.

"Can't pay, Your Washup," says I. "Very well. The alternatiff is six strokes with the map-pole."

I appealed to Billy to pay my fine for me, but he said he was broke. So I had to get over the desk and be belabered with the map-pole. Fortunately, Tom Brown was the executioner, and he happened to be in a good mood. He simply tickled me with the map-pole, and I got up larfin.

I then had to appear at the Boxroom Sessions on a charge of perloining a tin of sardeens, the property of Rake of the Remove. As luck would have it, the Counsel for the Defence was able to prove what they call an halibut, to show that I wasn't in the plaice at the time the theft was kommitted. "You are discharged," said the Judge, "but I shall kipper sharp eye on you in future." Natcherally, I didn't carp at my good luck, and I started to skate out of court. "You won't find me herring on the side of mersy next time!" the Judge shouted after me.

I have been konvicted scores of times since then, but space will not permit me to tell you all about it. Konsult the Court Kallender!

He sertainly wasn't mersiful the next time I was taken before him! It was a small case, but a big sentence!

I had happened to see a small case of tuck delivered to Skinner, of the Remove, and I felt at the time that it was ment for me. So I just had to look at it. Unforchunately, I looked inside first, and didn't think of looking at the address until all the tuck was gone.

Skinner kicked up a row, and I was lugged before the court. I got a wallop- ing then which Brown won't forget in a hurry! It must have tyred him out!

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

## THE TRIAL OF TUBBY!

\*\*\*



By Fatty Wynn.  
(Sub-Editor.)

The Rookwood Court assembled  
In majesty and state;  
And Tubby Muffin trembled,  
And mourned his cruel fate.

The Judge's brow was stormy.  
He said, "What hast thou done  
To thus appear before me,  
Thou plump and podgy one?"

Then up spake Tommy Rawson,  
Alert and wide-awake:  
"It was against the law, son,  
To burgle my plum cake!"

The Judge looked simply furious—  
He gave a wrathful yell.  
"I say! That's jolly curious—  
He burgled mine, as well!"

"Oh, really, sir," said Muffin,  
With countenance of woe;  
"I really ain't done nuffin,  
So kindly let me go!"

The Judge, in tones of fury,  
Said, "Bah! You make me sick."  
Then, turning to the jury,  
"Pronounce your verdict—quick!"

"He's guilty!" cried the foreman,  
"And I sincerely hope  
His punishment's a warm 'un—  
Six dozen with a rope!"

The Judge said, "Down with stealing,  
The prisoner, pale and plump,  
Who's now before me kneeling,  
I'll wallop with a stump!"

A dozen times or more did  
The stump come whizzing down;  
Thus Tubby was rewarded:  
It served him right, the clown!

(Continued from col. 3.)

"Guilty, sir, but not insane!"  
Judge pronounces sentence grim:  
"Take the prisoner to the gym,  
Belay him with an Indian club,  
Until the porpoise starts to blub!"  
The prisoner then is carried out,  
The sentence, too, without a doubt!

## LATEST ROOKWOOD CONVICTIONS!

By Tommy Dodd.  
(Clerk of the Court.)

**T**EDDY GRACE was charged with making a scene in his study. He explained to the magistrate that he was stage-manager of the Fourth Form Theatrical Society, and he was making a scene for the next production. This explanation was accepted by the "beak," and Teddy Grace was acquitted, amid loud applause from the gallery.

Cyril Peele was charged with being a funk—in other words, "getting the wind up." When he explained to the magistrate that he was merely pumping wind into a cycle tyre, he was set free.

Reginald Muffin was charged with stealing one of his namesakes from the fender in one of the Classical studies. The magistrate remarked, "You muffin do it agoin!" and administered a severe cuff on the crumpet.

Mark Lattrey, a notorious sneak, was charged with "giving the game away." When he explained to the magistrate that it was a game of ludo, he was complimented upon his generosity, and discharged.

Valentine Mornington was charged with taking forty winks. He was ordered to put them back again at once!

Tommy Doyle was brought up on a charge of stealing. But as he merely stole a glance at the magistrate, the charge was not proceeded with.

Algy Silver was charged with making a foolish mistake, so the magistrate decided that a little "correction" was necessary! Twelve strokes with a cricket-stump was ordered.

## THE GREYFRIARS POLICE-COURT.

By Dick Penfold.  
(The Bard of Greyfriars.)

Court proceedings have begun,  
Fast and furious is the fun.  
Justice Wharton takes his seat,  
"Silence!" he begins to bleat.  
Very set and stern his face is  
As the jury take their places.  
Messrs. Bulstrode, Bull, and Brown,  
Barristers in wig and gown,  
Squat upon the Form-room table,  
Look as grim as they are able.  
"Where's the prisoner at the bar?"  
Wharton cries. "Oh, there they are!"  
It is Bunter, W. G.,  
Charged once more with larceny.  
Stole, in hall, a plate of soup,  
The property of Sidney Snoop.  
Counsel for the prosecution,  
Quite a dab at elocution,  
Makes a speech for half an hour,  
Prisoner starts to quake and cower!  
Skinner, counsel for defence,  
Pleads that Bunter has no sense.  
"He was hungry, too," says Skinner,  
"And wanted extra soup for dinner.  
Jurymen, your course is plain—  
Find him guilty, but insane!"  
Wharton then sums up the case,  
With a dark and frowning face.  
"Yonder prisoner, far from slender,  
Is a very old offender.  
Ninety-ninth offence this term,  
So I vote we make him squirm.  
Jury, make your verdict plain!"

[Supplement II.]





By DICK RUSSELL.  
(Of the Remove, Greyfriars.)

**B**RING hither the next prisoner!" The voice of Mr. Justice Wharton, alias Wharton of the Remove, boomed through the crowded court.

A couple of sturdy members of the Remove Special Constabulary came into view, dragging a shrieking and wildly-protesting junior. Skinner was the victim.

"Dump him into the dock!" ordered the judge.

The "dock" consisted of a chair, into which the unfortunate Skinner was duly dumped.

"What is the charge against this hatchet-faced youth?" demanded the judge.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., was on his feet in a twinkling. He appeared for the prosecution. In a loud voice he proceeded to read from the charge-sheet.

"Prisoner is charged with a most serious offence, in that he, on the umpteenth instant, did wilfully, deliberately, and with malice aforethought, erect, construct, and rig up a booby-trap on the door of Study No. 7, to the annoyance and inconvenience of Mr. Peter Todd, a well-known and highly-respected member of the Remove Form."

The judge smiled. "So Toddy got it in the neck, what?" he said.

"Yes, your worship. When he pushed open the door of his study, a concoction of glue, ink, treacle, and soot descended upon his noble napper, and streamed down his face and neck."

"And you arrested Skinner for the offence?"

"I arrested him, your worship," chimed in Detective-Inspector Penfold.

"Have you any evidence against him?"

"Well, I shouldn't have arrested him if I hadn't."

Mr. Justice Wharton frowned. "No cheek!" he said sternly. "Trot out the evidence!"

"Armed with a search-warrant, I visited prisoner's study, and carried out investigations," said Detective-Inspector Penfold. "I found the remains of a tin of treacle—"

"Yes?"

"Also the remains of a pot of glue, and a bottle of ink. I also found traces of soot on prisoner's hands. I cautioned him, and told him he would be charged with working the booby-trap stunt on Mr. Todd."

"And what did he say?"

"He replied, 'I never done it,' or words to that effect." (Laughter.)

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Justice Wharton. "Is anybody appearing for the defence?"

"I'm conducting my own, your worship," said Skinner.

"Well, what have you got to say?"

"I'm not guilty. It's true that Penfold

found treacle and glue and ink in my study; but then, he'd find the same commodities in most junior studies."

"But the soot on your hands—how do you explain that?"

"I had been spring-cleaning in my study, and, among other things, I swept the chimney."

Mr. Cherry jumped up to cross-examine.

"Are you a friend of Mr. Todd's?"

"No."

"I suggest that you dislike him?"

"So I do."

"Then," said Mr. Cherry triumphantly, turning to the jury, "you can soon put two and two together. Prisoner had a grudge against Mr. Todd, and conceived the idea of rigging up a booby-trap for



A couple of sturdy members of the Remove Special Constabulary came into view, dragging a shrieking junior. Skinner was the victim. "Dump him into the dock!" ordered the judge.

his benefit. The evidence is absolutely conclusive, and any fellow who says otherwise is a blithering idiot."

Mr. Justice Wharton raised his hands in horror.

"Such language does not become a learned counsel," he said.

"Sorry, your worship. But if ever there was a clear, conclusive, crushing case of guilt, this is it."

"Any more witnesses?"

Mr. Peter Todd staggered into the witness-box. He still bore ominous traces of the booby-trap. His hair was sticky and matted, and there were black streaks on his face. His collar was like a limp rag.

"Skinner did this, and he's going to suffer for it!" hooted Mr. Todd.

"Pray, calm yourself, sir," said the judge. "Did you actually see Skinner erect the booby-trap?"

"Nunno."

"Then how do you know it was he?"

Mr. Todd gave a snort. "You've heard the evidence, haven't

you?" he growled. "It's absolutely overwhelming. I can see by the jury-men's faces that they've already made up their minds that prisoner is guilty. Buck up and sentence the rotter."

Mr. Cherry then rose, and made a final speech to the jury.

"It is obvious, even to a person of the meanest intelligence," he said, with a glare at the judge, "that Skinner is guilty. Not mildly or moderately guilty, but appallingly and overwhelmingly guilty. It will not take you two ticks, gentlemen, to consider your verdict. And I hope prisoner gets it in the neck good and proper!"

The judge beckoned to the jury. "Consider your verdict," he said.

"We've already considered it, your worship," said the foreman of the jury—Mr. H. Vernon-Smith.

"And what do you find?"

"That prisoner is abominably and deplorably guilty."

A grin spread over the features of the judge. He turned to the prisoner at the bar—or, rather, in the chair.

"Harold Skinner," he said, "you are acquitted. You will leave this court without a stain on your character."

At this, a perfect pandemonium broke loose.

"Hold on, Wharton!"

"What do you mean by acquitting the cad?"

"He's been found guilty!"

The judge took no heed of the clamour. He waved Skinner towards the door.

"Help yourself to a penny from the Poor-box as you go out," he said.

There was a further howl of wrath as Skinner smilingly left the court.

"What do you mean, Wharton?"

"You're making justice a mockery."

"You're going right in the face of the jury's verdict."

"Bring Skinner back, and sentence him!" hooted Bob Cherry.

Mr. Justice Wharton addressed the dissentients.

"You're a set of silly chumps!" he said scornfully. "I'm quite satisfied that Skinner is innocent. I'm sure of it, in fact."

"But we've proved that it was Skinner who rigged up that booby-trap—"

"It couldn't have been."

"Why couldn't it?"

"For the simple reason that I did it myself."

Having made that astounding confession, Mr. Justice Wharton promptly leapt down from the bench and fled from the court, with the infuriated Peter Todd hard at his heels.

Whether Peter succeeded in catching his worship or not I cannot say. But the affair caused much merriment in the Remove, and we roared about it for a long time afterwards.

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.





## "The Holiday Spoilers!"

(Continued from page 12.)



Bolsover stared at him.  
"They'll follow us down there to-morrow, and bowl us out," he said. "We shall have to get out when the real party arrives."  
"No fear; we'll denounce them as impostors."

"Wha-a-at!"  
"The telegram says Lord Mauleverer with two friends. Well, when they arrive, there'll be six of them. That won't bear out what the telegram said."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"And we'll talk to the servants about them—explain that a gang of fellows have got a joke on, and intend to follow us down there and bother us," said Skinner coolly. "Then Trooper and the rest will be ready for them."

Bolsover major gurgled.  
"Oh crumbs! Skinner, you're a giddy genius, and no mistake—if we can pull it off."

"It only requires nerve—and we've got plenty of that," said Skinner. "Bunter's thought of the wheeze; I've improved upon it, and you'll find the money for the fares down—that's fair all round."

"Oh, shall I?" said Bolsover major, becoming quite grave.

"Yes, you will; no good being mean!" said Skinner. "Bunter's got no money, and I'm nearly stoney. Dash it all, you've got plenty of dibs, and it's worth a few bob. Why, the feed alone that we shall get will be worth more than that!"

"Well, all right."  
"And think of their faces when they arrive, and the servants turn them out of doors!" grinned Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover. "But hold on," he added. "We haven't got leave for the week-end yet, Skinner, and it's not much good asking Quelch, after what happened in the lecture-room yesterday."

"We sha'n't ask. We'll wire from Gunthorpe this afternoon, saying that you've met with a slight accident, and asking leave to remain with Lord Mauleverer over Sunday. Quelch couldn't refuse that."

"He'd know it was a whopper," said Bolsover major.

"No, he wouldn't—if a letter followed from the local doctor testifying that we were all badly shaken in a motor accident—"

"But—but—"  
"My dear chap, the local medical johnny would testify to anything to please a lord, and we can work up an accident to take him in."

"Skinner, old man, you ought to be in the House of Commons, or in goal, or something of that sort," said Bolsover major admiringly. "Blessed if I don't think you'll turn out to be a famous criminal when you grow up."

"Oh, rats!" said Skinner crossly. "Look here! What we've got to do now is to make those rotters lose the train—"

"Hold on! When they arrive they'll have things about them to prove their identity," said Bolsover. "I mean Mauleverer will have his dressing-case with his giddy crest on the silver tops, and things like that. We sha'n't have anything."

"I've thought of that."  
"Well, what are we going to do about that?" demanded Bolsover. "Looks to me as if that knocks it on the head, for the week-end, anyway."

"Rot! We're not only going to make them lose the train—we're going to collar their bags!"

"Oh, jumping Moses!" ejaculated Bolsover. "Then we shall have all the proofs on our side, you see," said Skinner calmly.

"Ha, ha, ha! But how—"  
"That's what we've got to think out. They're not on their guard—they haven't the slightest suspicion, of course—and we can work it all right. The train goes from Courtfield Station. I'll get a time-table and look out the exact time. They'll be packing their bags immediately after dinner. I expect we've got to get hold of Mauleverer's bag, at least—some of the others if we can."

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

"Good egg!"  
And the two young rascals discussed the scheme in low voices and with deep earnestness; while Harry Wharton & Co., unconscious of the plot, were knocking the ball about on the cricket-field.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The Scheme That Worked!

**A**FTER dinner, the week-enders were busy. Lord Mauleverer was rushed away with Bob Cherry's grip on his arm, to pack his bag.

Lord Mauleverer had a magnificent travelling-bag, fitted with everything that the most fastidious dandy could require, with an endless array of bottles, with wonderful silver tops engraved with the Mauleverer crest. Lord Mauleverer lazily watched Bob cramming into the bag the articles he would want for the week-end.

"How are we going to get to the station, my dear fellow?" asked his lordship, as if that difficulty had only just occurred to him.

"Walk!" said Bob tersely.

"But the bags—"

"Carry 'em!"

"Begad!" said his lordship, in dismay. "I can't carry that bag! It weighs a fearful lot when it's packed!"

Bob Cherry surveyed the bag rather doubtfully. It was a bag, certainly, but it was almost as large as a small trunk. The Famous Five had agreed to take only two bags among them, to save luggage. Their bags could be carried easily enough by sturdy fellows, but Lord Mauleverer's bag was quite a different matter.

"And I shall have to carry my coat, too," said Mauleverer, as a clincher.

"Better take a smaller bag, then."

"Imposs, my dear fellow; I haven't one. But I'll tell you what—I'll give Gosling a tip to drive us to the station."

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry. "Gosling will want a quid, though."

"Yaas, that's all right."

"Go and tell him, then, while I fasten up your bag."

"Yaas!"

Lord Mauleverer ambled away. He returned in about ten minutes to say that it was all right about Gosling. The school-porter had been able to discover that he had some business in Courtfield, and a pound note from Lord Mauleverer made him only too willing to take the trap out—with the six juniors in it.

"Gosling says the train goes at half-past two," said Lord Mauleverer. "He's going to have the trap in the road at five-past two, all ready."

"Good!" said Bob.

And the bags, packed and fastened, were left in the Remove dormitory ready for Gosling to come and fetch them away. It was barely half-past one yet, and the chums of the Remove had plenty of time before them. They were sunning themselves on the steps of the School House, when Skinner joined them.

Skinner was geniality itself.

"You fellows just off?" he asked.

"In half an hour," said Harry.

"Come and have a ginger-pop before you go," said Skinner. "We'll drink to a happy week-end."

That invitation from Skinner was a little surprising; he was not given to standing treat recklessly to half a dozen fellows at once. But the Famous Five assented, and the week-enders followed Skinner in a party to the little tuckshop in the corner of the Close. Skinner stood the ginger-beer handsomely, and talked agreeably, showing an amiable and genial side of his nature that the Co. had never observed before.

While Skinner was being so genial in the tuckshop, Bolsover major was not idle.

Once the chums of the Remove were safe inside Mrs. Mible's little establishment, Bolsover major hurried up to the dormitory.

He caught up Lord Mauleverer's bag—the weight of it was little to the burly Bolsover—and hurried away with it. He deposited it in the box-room at the back of the house, and then fetched the other two bags, which the Famous Five were sharing among them. He closed the door of the box-room grinning, and opened the window. Below stood Billy Bunter, blinking up through his spectacles. They were not likely to be observed at the back of the house.

"Stand ready!" called out Bolsover.

"Right-ho!"

Bolsover uncoiled a rope he had placed ready in the box-room, attached the end to Lord Mauleverer's bag, swung it from the window, and lowered it to the ground. Bunter grinned and unfastened the rope, and Bolsover drew it up again. In a few minutes the other two bags were lowered.

Then Bolsover threw the rope into a corner, and clambered down from the window and joined Bunter.

"Got 'em!" chuckled Bunter.

"Yes. You take the two small bags—I'll take the big one," said Bolsover. "Buck up!"

"I say, I can't carry—"

"Buck up, I tell you!"

Bolsover major picked up Lord Mauleverer's bag, and Bunter, groaning, picked up the other two. He staggered under the weight of them; he was not an athlete. But he did not venture to dispute the burly Removite's orders.

"Which way?" asked Bunter.

"The tradesmen's entrance, fathead!"

"Oh, good!"

In a few minutes the two young rascals had passed out of the tradesmen's gate with the bags. They reached the high-road, and Bunter set down his burden with a gasp. The village hack from Friardale was waiting there. The driver touched his hat to Bolsover. Bolsover had cycled down to Friardale before dinner to fetch the hack, and it had been waiting for him for half an hour.

"Here's our luggage, Jenkins," said Bolsover major calmly. "Shove it in the cab."

"Yessir."

The bags were put into the hack.

"We've got to catch the two-thirty at Courtfield," said Bolsover. "Plenty of time—eh?"

"Eaps, sir," said Jenkins.

"Then you can take it easy. Come on, Bunter."

"What about Skinner?" asked Bunter.

"He's following on his bike, ass!"

"But—but the other chaps—they—"

"Shut up!"

"Look here, Bolsover, it was my idea, and I—"

"Get in, if you're coming."

Bunter grunted and got in. It was his own brilliant idea, and he did not like having the management of it taken out of his hands in this way. Bolsover major and Skinner had not even troubled to acquaint him with the details of the scheme. The burly Removite followed him into the hack, and Jenkins drove away for Courtfield. Bolsover major chuckled gleefully as they started.

"Clean done!" he murmured.

"But those chaps will follow!"

"Ass!"

"And they'll claim their bags if they get to the station."

"They won't see their bags, even if they come!" grinned Bolsover.

"Why won't they?"

"You'll see."

"Look here, Bolsover, it was my idea from the start, and—"

"Oh, ring off!"

The hack ambled on, and stopped at last outside Courtfield Station. A porter carried the bags in, and Bolsover coolly registered them for Gunthorpe. The bags were taken away.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bunter, understanding at last.

The bags were safely out of sight now. Even if anything should go wrong with the rest of the scheme, and the Famous Five should arrive at the station, there was nothing to indicate that their bags were there, or that Bolsover had had anything to do with them. Bolsover major chuckled with satisfaction and waited cheerfully for the train and Skinner.



**THE FIFTH CHAPTER**  
Left Behind.

"TIME we were moving," said Bob Cherry, looking at his watch. It was ten minutes to two. Skinner nodded pleasantly to the party in the tuckshop, wished them a good journey, and strolled out.

"Plenty of time," said Lord Mauleverer, who was comfortably seated and not very anxious to move. "Gosling hasn't brought the bags down yet."

"Time he did then," said Harry Wharton. "We don't want to risk losing the train, as there isn't another one this afternoon. If we lose this we shall have to get slow trains, and change three or four times, and not get to Gunthorpe till evening."

"We're not going to lose it," said Bob. "Get a move on. Hallo, hallo, hallo, here's Gossy! Got the bags down, Gosling?"

Gosling, the porter, looked into the tuckshop evidently in search of them.

"No, I ain't, Master Cherry," he said.

"Well, buck up! I'll lend you a hand if you like."

"Didn't you tell me as the bags was in the dormitory, Master Cherry?"

"Yes, they're there—three of them."

"Well, wot I says is this 'ere, they ain't there," said Gosling. "I been up to the dormitory, Master Cherry, and there ain't no bags there."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob. "I left them there."

"Well, they ain't there now."

"Some ass has shoved them under the beds for a lark, perhaps," said Harry Wharton, frowning. "Let's go and see. There's no time to lose now."

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Come on, Gossy; no time to jaw!"

Gosling followed the juniors into the School House. They hurried up to the Remove dormitory, and ascertained that Gosling's statement was quite correct. The three bags certainly had vanished.

"Some silly chump joking, I suppose!" growled Johnny Bull. "Look under the beds."

They looked under the beds, but there was no sign of the bags. Two o'clock struck from the clock-tower, and the juniors began to be exasperated.

"There ain't much time," said Gosling. "We orter start in five minutes, young gentlemen, if you're goin' to catch that there train."

"We can't go without the bags, bedad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Well, there ain't much time, my lord!"

"They can't be far off!" exclaimed Wharton. "Look for them. Ask the fellows. It's only some idiotic jape!"

They hurried from the dormitory.

"I'll go and get the trap ready, young gentlemen," said Gosling. And he went downstairs.

The exasperated juniors searched high and low for the bags. They asked everybody they met, but nobody seemed to have seen them. And the time was getting very close now. Gosling came back to inform them that the trap was ready, and that it was high time to start.

"We shall have to go without the blessed bags or miss the train!" Harry Wharton was exclaiming angrily.

"Hallo!" said Skinner. "Lost your bags?"

"Some silly idiot has hidden them!" snorted Bob Cherry. "I wish I knew which particular idiot it was. I suppose you've not seen them?"

"Three bags?" asked Skinner thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes; have you seen them?"

"Have you looked in the top box-room?"

"The top box-room. How on earth could they get there?"

Skinner laughed.

"Well, if you look there, I fancy you'll find something. I thought there was a jape on when I saw them there, but—"

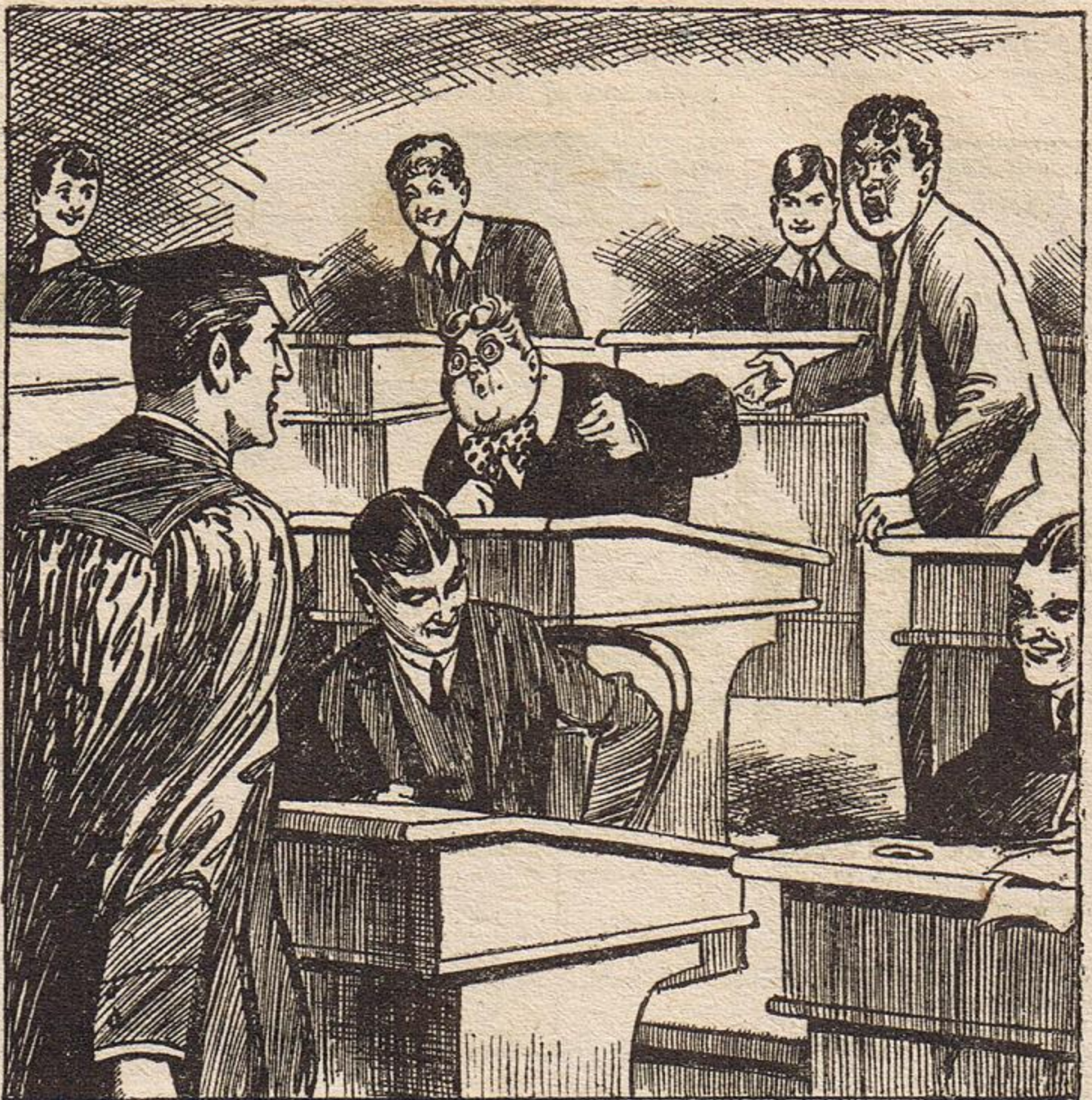
The chums of the Remove did not wait for him to finish. They dashed up the upper stairs in hot haste. Skinner followed them as fast.

The top box-room was very little used, being high up in the building and out of the way. It was mostly occupied with lumber. Harry Wharton threw the door open hurriedly, and the juniors ran in. In their haste they were not likely to notice that the key was on the outside of the door, but it was. Skinner had seen to that.

"They're not here!" exclaimed Wharton.

"I can't see them!"

"Where the dickens—"



**THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VICTIM!** "Coker, you seem to have taken upon yourself to imitate the impertinence of the juniors I have punished," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall report you to your Form-master!" Horace Coker looked dazed. "What-a-at have I done?" he gasped. "I didn't speak, sir! It was Bunter. He's a rotten ventriloquist, and he's been playing tricks!" (See Chapter 4.)

"Look here, Skinner!"

Slam!

The sudden slam of the door interrupted the excited and impatient exclamations of the juniors. Skinner had suddenly drawn it shut from outside. As they swung round, staring in stupefaction at the closed door, the key turned in the lock outside. Then they heard it withdrawn from the keyhole.

Wharton made a rush to the door, caught the handle, and dragged at it. The door, of course, did not open. Wharton rattled the handle furiously.

"Skinner!"

"Skinner, you ass!"

"You idiot, Skinner!"

"Open this door!" roared Wharton. "This isn't a time for jokes, you silly fathead! We've got to catch a train."

"Open the door, Skinner!"

"We shall lose our train, you ass!"

"You silly chump!"

There was no reply from Harold Skinner. The juniors heard a chuckle, and the sound of footsteps dying away on the stairs. That was all!

Skinner was gone; and they were locked in the top box-room—prisoners!

Skinner, cycling to the station to meet Bolsover and Billy Bunter, chuckled with glee. His plot had gone off better than he dared hope for. He knew that it would be some time before Harry Wharton & Co. were rescued, and by that time they would have missed the last train.

By the time, too, that Lord Mauleverer and his holiday-making chums arrived at Live Oaks, the second part of the plot would be in full operation.

It was with very cheerful spirits that the holiday-spoilers set out for a merry week-end—in Mauleverer's name!

**THE END.**

(There will be another topping, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "Bolsover's Impersonation!" next week. You simply must not miss this tale—it's full of thrill and fun.)

**CASH PRIZES TO £10**  
**THE EXTENT OF £10**  
**Result of Fulham Picture-Puzzle Competition.**

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the picture. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to the following competitor, whose solution contained one error:

**ALFRED CARR,**  
70, Bargate,  
Boston, Lincs.

The Second Prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following three competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

Wilfred Barnes, 5, Grange Street South, Grangetown, Sunderland.  
John Kennedy, 4, Fleshers Vennel, Perth.  
Mrs. A. Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan.

Twenty-eight competitors, with three errors each, divide the Ten Prizes of 5/- each. The names and addresses of these prize-winners can be seen on application at this office.

**SOLUTION:**

Fulham had its beginning like many other renowned football teams, in a Sunday-school. It was commenced in 1880 by a band of young fellows from St. Andrew's Church, West Kensington. Their ground at Craven Cottage has been a source of much cash to them.

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

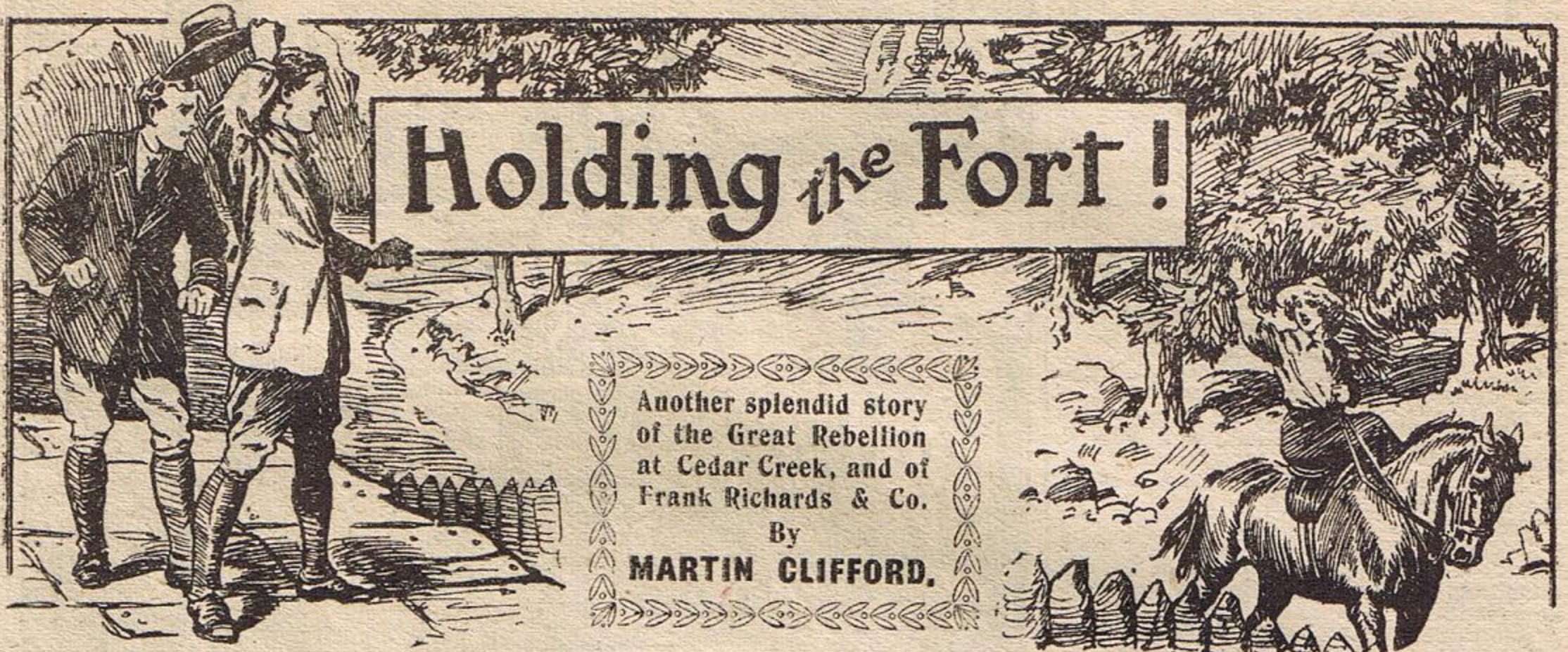
**Stirring Scenes at Live Oaks Next Week!**



**FACING THE FOW!**

This week "Old Man Gunten" enlists the aid of the "Bad Men" of the Thompson Valley to fight the dauntless defenders of the Cedar Creek Lumber School!

**COWBOYS TO THE RESCUE!**



# Holding the Fort!

Another splendid story  
of the Great Rebellion  
at Cedar Creek, and of  
Frank Richards & Co.

By  
**MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**The Rebels.**

"**W**E'RE in for it!" Frank Richards made that remark. And Bob Lawless nodded, and rejoined emphatically:

"I guess we are, Franky!" "Who cares?" grinned Chunky Todgers. "We're winners so far," remarked Vere Beauclerc, smiling. "And we're not going to give in."

And there was a chorus of: "Never!" There was no doubt that Frank Richards & Co. were "in for it."

Cedar Creek School was in a ferment. In the big school-room, where classes were usually held by Miss Meadows, Mr. Slimmey, and Mr. Shepherd, there was an excited crowd, most of them talking at once.

The dismissal of Miss Meadows had been followed by the resignation and departure of her two assistant masters, and Cedar Creek were left without any masters at all.

Certainly there was the new head-master Mr. Ephraim Peckover, who had taken Miss Meadows' place, but that gentleman the school refused to receive.

Doors and windows were barricaded, and the schoolboy strikers were holding the fort, and so far they had held it successfully.

Outside, in the playground, Mr. Peckover was looking very angry and very blue, and Mr. Gunten, the chairman of the Board of Trustees, was stamping with fury.

"Old Man Gunten," was in a quandary, as Bob Lawless called it, and he was beginning to realise the fact.

He had "worked" it with the Board to dismiss Miss Meadows for sending his son away from the school, and he had supposed that it would be all plane sailing after that.

The revolt of Cedar Creek had taken him quite by surprise.

To add to his discomfort, he had quarrelled with the sheriff, whom he had brought in to restore order, and Mr. Henderson had departed with his men in a huff.

Old Man Gunten shook a fat fist at the schoolhouse which sheltered the rebels, and from which derisive shouts and cat-calls came.

"They're going!" called out Tom Lawrence, who had his eye to a crack in a window shutter.

There was a rush to look. Old Man Gunten and Mr. Peckover were going out at the gates evidently giving the matter up as a bad job, for the present at least.

There was a cheer in the lumber school-house. "Beaten to the wide!" chuckled Chunky Todgers. "I say, you chaps, no lessons today! Hurrah!"

"Old Man Gunten will have to come round," said Bob Lawless. "One thing's a  
**THE POPULAR.—No. 223.**

dead cert—we keep on strike till Miss Meadows comes back!"

"Hear, hear!" "Velly good!" grinned Yen Chin the Chinese. "Nicey idea, ole Bob! No lesson, no wolkee, what you tinkee! Playee pooker passee timee."

"Let me catch you playing poker, you blessed heathen!" growled Bob Lawless. "Now, you fellows, we're in for it! No getting out of that. Old Man Gunten's gone, with his precious new headmaster, but he'll come back, I reckon."

"They can't handle us!" said Eben Hacke disdainfully. "I guess we can lay over anything they can do!"

"What are you scowling about, Franky?" asked Bob, glancing at Frank Richards, whose brows were knitted in thought.

Frank smiled. "I was thinking," he said, "Old Man Gunten is pretty certain to call in our people to deal with us, Bob. What will you say if your father comes along?"

"Blest if I know!" confessed Bob. "But we're not going to give in. Popper was against sacking Miss Meadows, anyway, but he was outvoted on the Board."

"I guess everybody was against it," said Lawrence. "Miss Meadows was popular, and nobody's even seen this man Peckover in the section before. My people are down on Old Man Gunten, I can tell you."

"If your people chip in, we shall have to put it to them as nicely as we can; but we're not giving in," said Bob Lawless decidedly. "We can hold out in the school-house for a week, if we choose; and we'll do it!"

"A regular siege," said Chunky Todgers. "Good! What about grub, though?"

"Bother grub!" "Oh, don't be a jay, Bob Lawless!" said Chunky warmly. "I suppose we can't hold out without grub. I think I'd better see to the state of the larder at once."

"And somebody had better see to you while you're doing it, or there won't be anything left."

It was near the usual dinner-hour, and the Cedar Creek fellows were ready for a meal.

Chunky Todgers had led the way to the kitchen, from which Black Sally had been gently, but firmly, persuaded to depart.

The whole building was in the possession of the rebels. Fortunately, a good supply of provisions was kept at the school, the backwoods school being a good distance from the settlements, and communications sometimes being interrupted by accident.

As most of the Cedar Creek crowd had their midday meal at the school, it was necessary for a good supply to be kept on hand, and Miss Meadows had been very careful in that respect.

Chunky Todgers' podgy face beamed as he examined the stores, and found that there was no danger of famine.

"Topping!" said Chunky. "You see, there

was grub for the whole school—and there's only twenty or so of us—so it will last. No need for anybody to go short."

"We're going to be careful, all the same," said Bob Lawless. "You're not going to burst your crop, Chunky. I'm going to stop you when you've eaten enough for two."

"Look here, you jay—" began Chunky indignantly.

"Who's going to cook?" asked Dawson. "Me cookee," said Yen Chin. "Me good cookee, oh, yes; toposide gleet cookee!"

"Go it, heathen!" The log fire was soon roaring, and Yen Chin was at work.

Ere long the rebels of Cedar Creek were seated round the table, enjoying themselves. They were getting used, by this time, to the peculiar state of affairs; but probably there was uneasiness in some minds as to the view their parents might take of the strike in the school.

The grown-up view was likely to be quite different from the schoolboy view; though the dismissal of the popular schoolmistress had caused indignation in the whole section.

Dinner was over, when there was a sound of knocking at the schoolhouse door. "Here they come!" squeaked Chunky Todgers.

There was a rush from the dining-room at once.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Not a Success.**

**F**RANK RICHARDS opened the shutter of the window nearest the door, and looked out.

The big door itself could not be approached, being barricaded with a stack of forms and desks.

It was not the enemy who had arrived. "Molly!" exclaimed Frank, as he saw the newcomer.

It was Molly Lawrence, and she ran at once towards the window, her face flushed from hurrying.

"They're coming, Frank!" she exclaimed. "Who are coming, Molly?" asked Frank. "Jolly good of you to come and tell us, kid!"

"Old Man Gunten—and father—and Mr. Lawless—and some more," she said. "Mr. Gunten has been riding round to the homesteads to get help. He wants all the boys' fathers to come here and order them to come out."

"Just like him!" grunted Bob Lawless. "Some of them are not coming, though," said Molly. "I heard Mr. Gunten talking to them at our house. He hasn't got many to come. Mr. Todgers said he had no time to bother."

"Good old Todgers!" grinned Bob. "He said it was a relief not to have Chunky home if he stayed here," said Molly, laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "And Mr. Hacke told him he could manage the school without his assistance," said Molly.



"Good old popper!" said Eben Hacke.  
 "And I think most of them are too busy on the farms to bother about it," said Molly. "But Mr. Gunten has got some of them together, and they stopped at our house for dinner. They were laughing about it, but Old Man Gunten is very mad. I thought I'd ride over and warn you."  
 "Good old Molly!" said Frank Richards. "And my uncle's with them?"  
 "Yes. They're riding up the trail now," said Molly. "I had better go. Perhaps father wouldn't be pleased if he knew I'd come."  
 And Molly Lawrence ran back to her pony, and waved her hand to the schoolboy rebels, and rode away.  
 "Now for it!" said Bob Lawless, rather grimly.  
 A few minutes later there was a clatter of hoofs in the playground of the backwoods school.  
 Old Man Gunten rode in with his party. The schoolboys, crowding at the window, looked at them.  
 There were six in the party, including Mr. Lawless, Mr. Lawrence, and Old Man Gunten. The other three were the fathers of Dawson, Hopkins, and Mayhew.  
 Rancher Lawless rode up to the window. Bob saluted his father politely.  
 "So glad to see you, dad!" he remarked.  
 "Nice morning, isn't it, uncle?" ventured Frank Richards.  
 Mr. Lawless looked at them.  
 "Now what does this shindy mean?" he demanded.  
 "Hasn't Old Man Gunten told you, popper?"  
 "I'm asking you!" said the rancher gruffly.  
 "Well, to put it in a nutshell, we're on strike, dad," said Bob. "We're standing up for Miss Meadows. She's been dismissed because she turned Kern Gunten out of the school for being a blackguard. We want her back. We won't let in the new headmaster at any price. He's a low-down coyote, anyhow. We're holding the fort until Miss Meadows comes back."  
 The rancher gnawed his moustache.  
 It was not difficult to see that his sympathies were with Miss Meadows' pupils.  
 As a member of the Board of Trustees for the section, he had opposed the dismissal of the schoolmistress, but had been outvoted.  
 "But this won't do, Bob!" he said at last.  
 "It's all right, popper! Old Man Gunten will have to toe the line," said Bob confidently. "You leave us to it, and we'll bring him to reason."  
 "That's the kind of insolence I've been hearing from your son, Mr. Lawless!" roared the Swiss storekeeper. "By gad, if he were a son of mine, I'd teach him better manners!"  
 Mr. Lawless gave the Swiss a grim look.  
 "I guess my son compares rather favourably with yours, Mr. Gunten!" he rapped out. "He has not been turned out of school for gambling and blackguardism, at any rate!"  
 "I don't want any chinwag from you, Mr. Lawless!"  
 "It comes to this," said the rancher quietly, though his eyes gleamed. "You've dismissed Miss Meadows, Mr. Gunten, and appointed a new Head. I don't deny you've the power, as you have a majority behind you on the board. But I want to know just this: Is your new headmaster going to take your son back into the school?"  
 "He is!" snapped Mr. Gunten defiantly.  
 "A gambling rascal, who isn't fit to associate with these boys!" said Mr. Lawless. "Well, as a member of the board, I can't uphold what they are doing."  
 "I should guess not!"  
 "But, at the same time, I don't feel called upon to interfere," said Mr. Lawless coolly. "It was a dirty trick, getting rid of Miss Meadows as you did, and I've told you so, and I tell you again. You've got the school into this pickle, and you can get it out again without my help. That's what I say, and I advise these gentlemen to say the same."  
 "Ear, ear!" remarked Mr. Hopkins. "I came 'ere to call my son 'ome, but I think I'll take your advice, Mr. Lawless."  
 Old Man Gunten clenched his fat hands.  
 There was a consultation among the horse-men outside the School House, watched anxiously by the rebels within.  
 They had resisted the sheriff and his posse, and were prepared to hold the fort against

all comers; but they were bound, of course, to obey their parents.  
 So those whose fathers were present waited anxiously for the decision.  
 "You'd better come home, Tom!" called out Mr. Lawrence at last.  
 "I say, dad—" began Lawrence, in dismay.  
 "Order him to open the door, Mr. Lawrence!" bawled Old Man Gunten.  
 "I guess we wouldn't let him if he wanted to," said Bob Lawless. "If Lawrence gives up the game, he drops out of this window."  
 "You bet!" said Tom emphatically.  
 "No business of mine, Mr. Gunten!" said the farmer. "Manage your school your own way, my friend. I'll take my son home with me; and that's all that concerns me."  
 "My view exactly," remarked Mr. Dawson. "Come out of it, Dick!"  
 Mr. Mayhew called to his son.  
 Three disconsolate youths dropped from the window in obedience to their fathers' commands.  
 It was a reduction of the garrison of the schoolhouse, but the fort was still held.  
 Old Man Gunten's trump card had not, after all, won the game for him. He was little "forrader" than he had been before.  
 "Mr. Lawless," he spluttered, "you are upholding disorder—mutiny! I call on you to order your son to return to his duty!"  
 "My son is doing what he thinks is his duty," answered the rancher. "I guess I'm not taking a hand in the game one way or the other. My advice to you is to reinstate Miss Meadows."  
 "I'll ask for your advice when I want it!" snapped Mr. Gunten.  
 The rancher shrugged his shoulders.  
 "I guess I'm done here," he said. "And I may as well mention, Mr. Gunten, that Miss Meadows is appealing to the authorities against her dismissal, and that I am supporting her. You'll hear about it soon. Good-bye, Bob, and behave yourself, you young rascal!"  
 And with that the rancher rode out at the gates with Mr. Hopkins.  
 The others were already gone.  
 Old Man Gunten was left alone once more, shaking a furious fist at the grinning faces in the window.  
 "What's the next move, old scout?" called out Frank Richards.  
 The fat storekeeper gave him an evil look.  
 "I give you young rascals a last chance," he said. "Open the door, and let in Mr. Peckover—"  
 "Rats!"  
 "Return to your duty at once, and I'll see that you're let off with a thrashing all round."  
 "I guess we're not taking any."  
 "Otherwise," said Mr. Gunten, between his teeth, "I shall ride back to Thompson, and get help there—not the sheriff and his men, but the kind of galoot that will do the business. And if you get hurt it's your own funeral!"  
 "That means that you're going to enlist the rowdies of Thompson, does it?" said Frank Richards. "Well, go ahead!"  
 "You young scoundrel!"  
 Squash!  
 An apple, in an advanced state of decomposition, caught Mr. Gunten's open mouth, and put a sudden stop to his flow of eloquence.  
 "Good shot. Yen Chin!" yelled Bob Lawless.  
 "Gerrrooogh! Yoooch!" Mr. Gunten spluttered wildly. "Ow! Ooooch! I'll—Grooh!"  
 The storekeeper stamped away, spluttering. A howl of laughter followed him.  
 A minute more, and horses' hoofs rang on the trail, as the enraged man galloped away to Thompson.  
 Bob Lawless drew a deep breath.  
 "That means business!" he said. "Old Man Gunten is coming back with a gang of toughs—the Red Dog crowd, very likely. He's too wild to care what happens. My sons, there is going to be a scrap!"  
 "And we're going to come out on top!" said Beauclere.  
 "We're going to try!" said Bob.  
 And the schoolboy rebels waited with almost breathless keenness for the arrival of the enemy.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**The Red Dog Crowd.**  
**LATER!**  
 There was a thudding of hoofs and a jingling of bridles in the playground of Cedar Creek School.  
 Frank Richards & Co. looked from the window.  
 They were serious now, though none the less determined.  
 Old Man Gunten had arrived with his new assistants, a dozen rough-looking men in red shirts and Stetson hats—the scum of Thompson Valley.  
 "The Red Dog crowd!" said Bob Lawless.  
 "We're ready for them!" said Frank Richards quietly.  
 But there were grim faces in the schoolhouse now.  
 The "Red Dog crowd" were well known in Thompson Valley, and their reputation was an unenviable one.  
 More than once Sheriff Henderson had had trouble with them, and most of them had seen the inside of the calaboose.  
 They usually hung about the Red Dog Saloon in Thompson, an establishment famous for its "shindies."  
 A man in the position of Mr. Gunten, the rich storekeeper, was not supposed to have anything in common with that rough crew; but Old Man Gunten was too infuriated to care for the look of things.  
 He was going to reduce Cedar Creek School to submission, and he looked for aid where he could find it; and he found it at the Red Dog.  
 Most of the roughs had been drinking, to judge by their looks.  
 Probably the storekeeper had "stood drinks all round" to put them in a humour for the expedition, as well as promising liberal payment for their services.  
 If the gang could have got to close quarters with the schoolboys, there was no doubt as to the result of the struggle; and Frank Richards & Co. were glad of the strong log walls and the piled-up barricades.  
 "There's Four Kings!" said Bob. "He's the leader of the gang! You remember him, Franky?"  
 Frank Richards nodded.  
 Four Kings spotted the schoolboys at the window, and shook a brawny fist at them.  
 He had had trouble with Frank Richards & Co. before, and the chums had forced him to quit Thompson, with the alternative of being handed over to the sheriff to answer for his rascality.  
 Evidently he had returned to his old haunts, and he was glad of the chance of paying off old scores against the chums of Cedar Creek.  
 "Hyer we are!" roared Four Kings. "I guess I'm arter you! Come out of that there shebang! You hear me?"  
 "Come and get us out!" called back Beauclere.  
 "I reckon I'll do that!"  
 Four Kings and his gang came on to the attack.  
 The roughs had heavy cattle-whips in their hands, dangerous weapons if they got near enough to use them.  
 Two of them, Four Kings himself and Euchre Dick, had axes to beat in the shuttered window.  
 The big door had already been found to be impregnable.  
 Crash, crash!  
 "There they go!"  
 "Oh crumbs!" said Chunky Todgers, with a jump.  
 "Buck up, Chunky!" said Bob. "Stand here; you're fat enough for all of us to get behind. Where are you absquatulating to?"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Crash, crash!  
 The wooden shutter flew into fragments.  
 In the opening the brutal, bearded face of Four Kings appeared, glaring in on the garrison.  
 Evidently the ruffian supposed that he had only to clamber in, and drop unhindered into the school-room.  
 He found that that was a mistake.  
 Every one of the defenders had a stick or whip in his hand, and they were not slow to use them.  
 Three or four cudgels came whirling at Four Kings' bearded face, and he popped it back just in time.  
 "Bring a bench hyer!" he shouted.  
 A pine bench from Mr. Slimmey's cabin was run under the window, and Four Kings mounted on it.



Then his sinewy arm came through the smashed window, his hand gripping a cattle-whip.

He received two or three blows without heeding them, and lashed right and left with the heavy whip, clearing a space round the window inside.

There were loud yells as the defenders dodged the lashing, heavy thong, not in all cases successfully.

The ruffian grinned, and put a leg through the window.

Astride there, he lashed round savagely to keep the schoolboys back, and prepared to drop inside.

But Frank Richards & Co. were ready for that.

Frank was grasping the long pole that had already served in a previous attack, and he charged with it at the ruffian in the window.

He did not need to go near enough to get within the lashing circle of the whip.

The end of the pole struck Four Kings upon his brawny chest, with all Frank's weight behind it.

There was a fiendish yell from the Red Dog leader as he went spinning back from the window, completely dislodged by the charge.

Louder yells echoed it outside, as Four Kings sprawled down helplessly upon his followers.

The schoolboys gave a breathless cheer.

"Well done, Franky!"

"Vellee good, ole Flanky!" chuckled Yen Chin. "Hele comee Euchre Dickee! You see me chuckee stool."

Euchre Dick's swarthy face appeared in the window, and the Chinese hurled the pinewood stool with deadly aim.

Euchre Dick did not wait for it. He sprang back outside, and the stool struck the broken shutter and fell to the floor.

The bull-voice of Four Kings could be heard outside, blustering and swearing furiously.

The ruffian was badly hurt by his fall, and his temper—never good—was at boiling point.

"Why don't you get in?" Old Man Gunten was shrieking. "What am I paying you for? Get on! Get in! Do you hear me?"

"Not so jolly easy!" murmured Beauclere. "Hallo, here he is again!"

Four Kings' furious face appeared at the window, almost convulsed with rage. He clambered in head-first, recklessly.

"Give it him!" yelled Bob. Whack, whack! Crash!

A shower of blows landed on the ruffian's head and shoulders, and he bellowed with rage.

The punishment was too severe even for the infuriated bulldozer.

He scrambled back, and dropped to the ground again, yelling with pain, and clasping his head with both hands.

"Our win!" gasped Bob Lawless.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Danger Ahead.

"HURRAH!" Outside the barred schoolhouse there was a buzz of furious voices as the Red Dog crowd raged there in vain.

After the experience of their leader, no member of the rough gang was anxious to put his head in at the window.

The garrison stood on the alert. Surrender was less in their thoughts than ever, for if once the rough gang had been allowed to get at them, it was certain that the damage would go far beyond what Mr. Gunten would be prepared to answer for.

Four Kings and his gang were out of the control of their employer now.

Old Man Gunten realised that, and he was a little uneasy as to the outcome of the desperate measures he had taken.

But at his first word to Four Kings that much-injured gentleman hustled him roughly away, with a glare that warned Mr. Gunten to hold his tongue.

"We're goin' to have them critters out of it!" said Four Kings, between his teeth.

"And I'm going to lay my whip round them till their own folks won't know them arter I'm done! That's the programme, Old Man Gunten, and you can stow the gab, or you'll maybe get some of it yourself!"

"How are you goin' to get them out, pard?" asked Euchre Dick.

"THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

"I guess there's ways and means. I reckon there's a ladder somewhere around! Look for it, boys!"

"Good! I reckon that will do the trick!" The Red Dog crowd spread over the school buildings, searching for a ladder.

One was soon found in the stable-yard, and it was rushed towards the lumber school-house.

Bob Lawless was watching from the window.

"They're going to climb on the roof!" he rapped out. "Cherub, you keep guard down here! Franky and six of you come after me!"

Bob hurried out of the school-room, Frank and half a dozen of the fellows following him fast.

The big school-room had an almost flat roof, which could be reached from the schoolmistress' house, which was part of the same buildings, one of Miss Meadows' windows overlooking the roof.

Bob ran up the wooden steps leading to the upper story of the house, through a room, and threw open a window.

He jumped out on the schoolhouse roof without hesitation, and his followers clambered after him.

They were none too soon.

The top of the ladder already appeared above the edge of the roof, and Four Kings was ascending.

The ruffian's intention was to force an entrance at the window over the roof; or, failing that, to hew his way with the axe down through the roof itself into the school-room below.

But as his head rose above the level, he found that Frank Richards & Co. were there to meet him.

The roof sloped slightly from the ridge, but it was easy enough to keep the footing on it.

Four Kings glared up at the schoolboys gathered by the ridge, his eyes blazing.

"You wait till I get at you, you young varmints!" he said, through his set teeth.

"You'll try it at your own risk!" said Bob. "Mind, we're keeping you back, even if you break your fool neck!"

"We'll see about that! Come on, boys!" roared Four Kings.

The ruffian sprawled from the ladder upon the roof.

Frank Richards swung his pole forward, and shoved it at the ruffian, catching him by the side of the neck, in the thick red shirt.

Four Kings was brushed backwards, and his legs went dangling over the edge, and he clutched wildly at the ladder.

"Look out!" yelled Euchre Dick, below, as one of his leader's boots smote him on the side of the head. "Wharrer you at? Yaroo!"

"By gum! He's going!" gasped Bob Lawless.

Four Kings was falling, and his desperate

grasp closed on the ladder, and it was dragged away with him.

The ladder toppled over, amid loud yells from the men clinging to it, who jumped clear among their comrades below.

Four Kings and the ladder together disappeared from the sight of the schoolboys on the roof.

Both of them landed on the heads of the Red Dog crowd below, in a chorus of furious yells.

The heads of his followers broke Four Kings' fall, and to judge by the yelling, some of the heads were almost broken, too.

"I guess they won't try that game again!" gasped Bob Lawless.

Bob was right.

The ladder was not reared up to the roof again; the escalade was a little too dangerous to suit the views of the Red Dog crowd.

Bob stood on the ridge, and looked into the playground.

The attacking party had retreated a little distance, and the ladder lay unheeded on the ground.

Farther off, outside the school gate, he caught sight of a graceful, girlish figure mounted on a pony.

"Hallo! There's Molly!" he exclaimed. He waved his hat to the girl, and Molly Lawrence waved her hand back.

There was no school for Molly that day, but she had not gone home with her father and brother, being anxious for her chums in the besieged schoolhouse.

Frank Richards jumped up on the ridge, and waved his hand.

Then he looked down at the crowd in the playground.

The Red Dog crowd had been defeated so far, and Frank had a faint hope that they would accept their defeat and leave Mr. Gunten in the lurch.

But there was no sign of retreat.

Four Kings was rubbing his bruises and swearing, whilst his comrades were spreading about the school buildings, as if in search of something.

"What on earth are they up to, Franky?" asked Bob.

Frank shook his head.

"Blessed if I can make it out!" he answered. "They seem to be gathering fire-wood."

The schoolboys watched anxiously.

They could see that something was being planned, though they could not, so far, guess what it was.

Mr. Gunten came towards Four Kings, and Frank judged, by his expression, that the Swiss was already regretting that he had called in such allies.

The schoolboys could not hear what he said; but the bull-voice of Four Kings came plainly to their ears, as he answered:

"Yep! I guess we're goin' to smoke them out, Mr. Gunten!"

"Look here, Four Kings!" protested Mr. Gunten feebly. "You may fire the place if you try that game!"

"Look hyer, Mr. Gunten!" Four Kings brandished a knucky fist under Mr. Gunten's podgy nose, and the storekeeper jumped back in alarm. "See that? I guess you'll get it on your jaw if you chinwag me! Shet up!"

And he turned his back on Old Man Gunten, and shouted to his followers to hustle.

"Smoking us out, that's the game!" said Bob Lawless, setting his lips. "Franky old son, that looks a bit serious for us."

Frank Richards nodded.

He understood well enough how serious it was, though he was not daunted.

The Red Dog crowd were gathering wood from all directions, tearing down palings from the corral to add to the supply.


Branches and twigs and pine-cones, sticks and logs and palings, were heaped up under the broken window, and there was a smell of kerosene as Euchre Dick broached a keg of oil over the stack.

"We've got to face it!" said Frank. He glanced once more towards Molly Lawrence, sitting her pony in the distant gateway.

The girl's face was white.

She had seen the preparations of the Red Dog crowd, and realised the danger there was of the lumber schoolhouse catching fire.

As Frank glanced towards her, Molly wheeled her pony and dashed away.



**£2 a week  
for Life!**  
**OR £1000 IN CASH**  
**MUST BE WON**  
**CUP FINAL COMPETITION!**  
*in this week's*  
**ANSWERS**  
Now On Sale Everywhere 2d.  
Closing Date APRIL 27th.  
Buy YOUR Copy AT ONCE.



They came down into the school-room, where they found Beauclerc and his companions with very grave faces. "I guess this lets us out, you galoots!" said Chunky Todgers dismally. "Look!" muttered Hopkins. Outside, a sudden flare of flame danced in the gathering dusk of evening. It was followed by a thick column of smoke. The stack had been fired!

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
The Ranchers to the Rescue!**

**T**HERE was grim silence in the school-room. Close under the window the fire was burning, and beyond it the Red Dog crowd were feeding it with wet wood, to thicken the smoke.

The window was open to it, the shutters being in fragments, as well as the planks the schoolboys had nailed across.

A dense volume of smoke rolled in at the window.

It thickened in the big room, and soon the fellows were coughing, and eyes were smarting on all sides.

Bob Lawless set his teeth. He had not foreseen that the enemy would attempt to smoke the garrison out like a racoon from its hole.

But the move could not have been guarded against if he had foreseen it.

The big school-room was thick with smoke, which grew thicker and thicker, and the schoolboys could scarcely see one another in the haze.

There was coughing on all sides. "Get out of this!" said Bob Lawless at last.

The schoolboys retreated from the school-room into the house, and the big door was shut and locked and barricaded behind them.

The school-room now was open to the Red Dog crowd to enter by the window, if they chose, but the schoolhouse itself was still held.

Wisps of smoke followed them, but the closed door kept off the worst of it.

Crash! Crash! Frank Richards started. Outside, the blows of an axe were falling on a window of the schoolhouse, and a glimmer of daylight came through a shutter.

Blow after blow fell, and the shutter flew into fragments.

But there was no attack, and if there had been the rebels of Cedar Creek were ready to meet it.

The Red Dog crowd had had enough of that.

There was a buzz of voices and roars of laughter outside as flaming brands from the fire were piled under the smashed window and a new fire started there.

Smoke poured in in a dense volume. Four Kings was carrying out his purpose with deadly thoroughness.

He guessed that the smoke had already driven the defenders from the school-room, and he was now smoking them out of the schoolhouse itself.

There was no defence against that attack, and as the smoke thickened, the heroes of Cedar Creek looked at one another in dismay.

"I guess we can't stand this!" groaned Chunky Todgers.

"We can't breathe here!" muttered Bob. "Get up the steps!"

The ground floor was left, and the garrison retreated into the few upper rooms, which had belonged to Miss Meadows and the servants of the house.

Doors were closed, and mats pressed along them, but the smoke followed, by every interstice it penetrated and coiled into the rooms.

Bob Lawless threw open a window on the side farthest from the smoking fire without, and the schoolboys gasped for air.

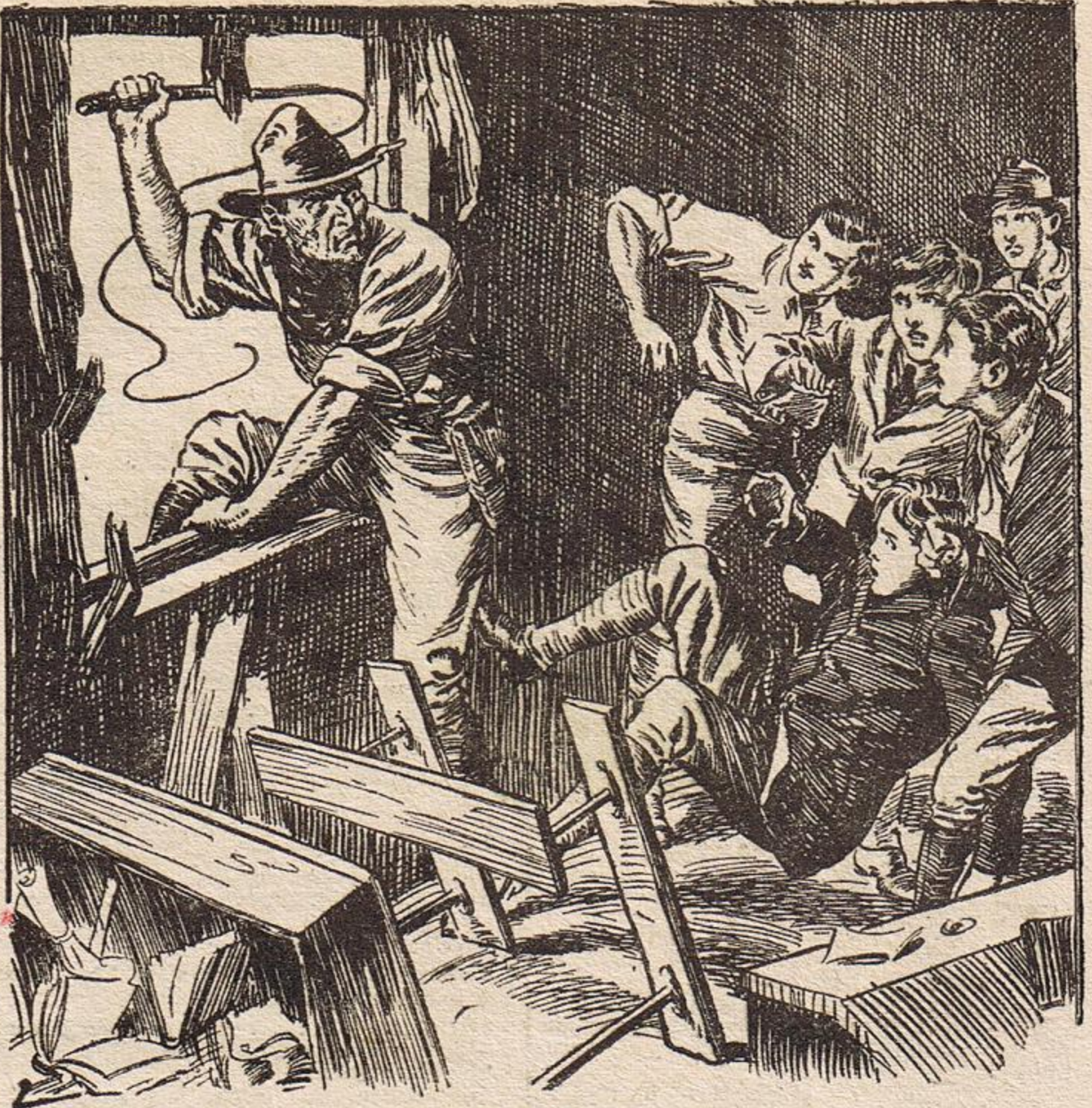
"I guess that'll let 'em out," grinned Four Kings. "Stand ready, boys, and collar them as they run out!"

But the garrison were not running out yet. They knew what awaited them, and until the last minute, at least, they were determined to hold on.

The smoke in the house was growing denser and denser.

"I guess we shall have to vamoose, Bob Lawless!" gasped Eben Hacke, at last. "It ain't pleasant, but we're caught by the short hairs."

"We're not knuckling under to the new Head!" said Bob. "Never that! But we can't stand this much longer!"



**FORGING THE STRONGHOLD!** Four Kings grinned and put a leg through the shattered window. Astride there, he lashed round savagely to keep the schoolboys back, and prepared to drop inside. There were loud yells as the defenders dodged the lashing, heavy thong. (See Chap. 3.)

Frank Richards gave a sudden start. From somewhere in the distance there came a sound of galloping hoofs—the hoofs of a crowd of horses.

"What is that?" exclaimed Frank. "Bob you hear—"

"It can't be helped!" muttered Bob. "If the boys at the ranch knew what was going on they'd ride over here and scalp this crowd before you could say 'No sugar in mine!' But they don't know."

"Hark!" Gallop! Gallop!

The horsemen, whoever they were, were coming nearer.

The Red Dog crowd had heard them, and there were exclamations without that came to the ears of the schoolboys through the screen of smoke.

Louder yet, and louder, the crash of many hoofs; and then a confused din of shouting.

Loud yells of surprise and fury, and crashing hoofs, oaths, and shouts and the sound of blows.

"By thunder!" yelled Bob Lawless. "It's a scrap—it's help! I know Billy Cook's voice. They're the boys from the ranch."

"Hurrah!" Loud above the tumult came the roar of a stentorian voice the chums of Cedar Creek knew well—that of Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch.

"Give 'em thunder, boys! Wipe 'em out!"

"The cowboys!" shouted Vere Beauclerc. "Hurrah!"

The rebels of Cedar Creek dashed down the steps to the lower floor, and tore open a window at the back of the house.

From the window they poured out into the cool fresh air.

It was safe to venture out now; the Red Dog crowd were too busily occupied to think of them.

With a rush the rebels came round the house and past the smoke, and obtained a view of the playground.

The "scrap" was over. The Red Dog crowd were fleeing in all

directions, pursued by the cowboys of the Lawless Ranch, lashing at them with their long whips.

Old Man Gunten, as he ran and dodged with the rest, came in for a few of the cuts before he reached his horse and rode frantically down the trail.

In a few minutes more Cedar Creek School was clear of them; yelling with pain and rage the Red Dog crowd were in full flight.

With a shout and a clatter of hoofs, the ranchmen rode back towards the schoolhouse.

"Billy Cook!" roared Bob Lawless. "Oh, crumbs! Billy, old man, I'd rather see you just now than anybody twice as good-looking. Good old Billy!"

Billy Cook grinned. "I jest guess we've wiped up that crowd handsome!" he said. "It was time the Red Dog crowd had a lesson; and, by hokey, I reckon they've got it!"

"But how did you know?" gasped Frank Richards.

"I guess Molly Lawrence came along and told me they was smoking you out," said Billy Cook.

"Molly! Good old Molly!" "I sent her home, and called the boys together," said the ranch foreman. "Jest a word to your popper, Bob, and then we humped it hyer as fast as horseflesh could bring us. I reckon this hyer business ain't our funeral, but the Red Dog crowd don't have any concern hyer, and we came to wipe them out; and I guess we've done it! But no time to chinwag. We're going to see them galoots safe home to Thompson, and I pity any of them that we catch on the trail!"

And, with a wave of the hand, Billy Cook rode away, with the laughing cowboys after him, in pursuit of the fleeing ruffians.

It had been a close thing; but, as Chunky Todgers remarked, a miss was as good as a mile. The rebels of Cedar Creek were still holding out!

**THE END.**

(All about next week's story in page 2.)

**THE POPULAR.**—No. 223.



**RIOTS AT ROOKWOOD!**

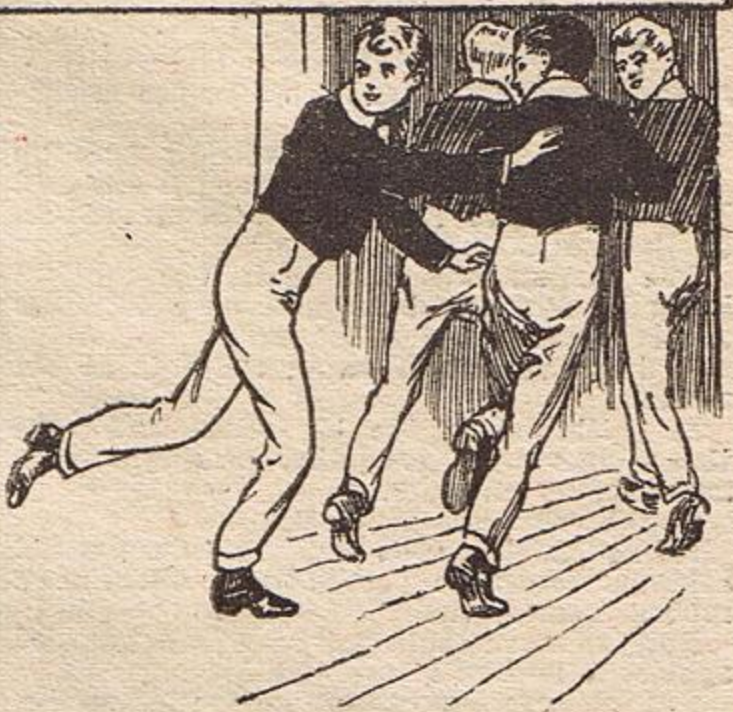
Jimmy Silver & Co. are still loyal to their old captain, George Bulkeley, and confident that he will be reinstated into his high position—that is why they are fighting the Head!

**WAR TO THE KNIFE!**

# The Blackleg Prefects!



A Topping, Long, Complete Tale of Rookwood School, by OWEN CONQUEST (Author of the Stories of Rookwood appearing in the "Boys' Friend").



**THE FIRST CHAPTER. The New Prefects!**

**I**T'S up!" Tubby Muffin rushed into the junior Common-room at Rookwood with that breathless announcement. There was a buzz of excitement at once. "Up" repeated Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth Form. "Are you sure, Tubby?" "I've seen it! I saw the Head putting it up—the Head himself!" said Tubby Muffin. "I had my eye on him, you know. I saw him come out of his study with the paper in his hand, after jawing to Hansom of the Fifth. And he pinned it up on the board himself! Fancy that!" gasped Tubby. "Let's look!" said Lovell. "Come on!" There was a rush from the Common-room at once. The announcement Tubby Muffin had made was not unexpected. But it caused great excitement when it came. A buzzing crowd gathered round the school notice-board. A new paper was there, and undoubtedly it was in Dr. Chisholm's "fist." The juniors craned over one another's shoulders to read it. Comments were loud and emphatic. "Rot!" "Cheek!" "We're not taking any!" "No fear!" "Fifth Form prefects! My hat! What is Rookwood coming to?" "Bosh!" Which certainly was an unusual manner of commenting upon a notice in the Head's fist. But affairs at Rookwood School just then were in a rather unusual state. Bulkeley and Neville of the Sixth Form came along, and the juniors made way for them to look at the notice. Bulkeley, late captain of Rookwood, had all eyes upon him as he read it. But his thoughtful face expressed little. If the juniors expected to read his opinion in his looks they were disappointed. Neville shrugged his shoulders. Then the two great men of the Sixth walked on, without passing any audible comment. The buzz broke out with renewed emphasis when they were gone. "Fifth Form prefects!" repeated Arthur Edward Lovell. "Does the Head think we're going to stand it?" "Let 'em begin prefecting, that's all!" said Raby, with a warlike look. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Hansom, Lumsden, Talboys, Muggins, Classical prefects," read out Jimmy Silver. "Myers and Lister, Modern prefects." Half a dozen of 'em—and not one of 'em any good!"

"Rotten!" "It's the Head's fist, right enough; he's signed it," said Mornington. "But it won't wash!" "We're not taking any, at least!" Jimmy Silver mounted on a stool to address the indignant gathering of juniors. "Gentlemen of the Fourth—" he began. "Hear, hear!" "Go it, Jimmy!" "Gentlemen, this is the last straw. This is the limit!" "It is—it are!" said Newcome. "Hear, hear!" "Not content with pushing old Bulkeley out of his job as captain and head prefect, the Head thinks he is going to plant Fifth Form bounders on us as prefects! It won't wash!" "Never!" "What are the Fifth, anyway?" demanded Jimmy Silver indignantly. "Nothing!" "Nobody!" "Exactly! Nothing and nobody, or even less!" said Jimmy eloquently. "We're backing up old Bulkeley—" "Bravo!" "Bulkeley isn't a prefect now," remarked Smythe of the Shell. "And all the Sixth Form prefects have resigned in sympathy. Well then, the Head's bound to stick in Fifth-Formers. There must be prefects! If the prefects go on strike, what can they expect?" "Shut up, Smythe!" "Bump him!" "Scalp him!" Adolphus Smythe's views were evidently unpopular. There was a yell from Adolphus as he was bundled away and went rolling along the floor; and the voice of Smythe of the Shell was heard no more. "Go it, Jimmy!" shouted Lovell. Jimmy Silver "went" it! "We're backing up Bulkeley! The Head's down on him for next to nothing. The other prefects were right in going on strike to support him. I don't think much of the Sixth, as a rule—" "Ha, ha, ha!" "But in this matter they're right. If they didn't support old Bulkeley we'd be down on them—" "Which would be awful for them, of course! observed Townsend, the dandy of the Fourth, in a slightly sarcastic tone. "Shut up, Towney!" "Kick him out! Go it, Jimmy!" "We'd be down on them," resumed Jimmy Silver. "All the Sixth Form prefects are standing by Bulkeley, excepting Carthew—and Carthew's a blackleg and a worm—" The orator was interrupted by deep groans for Carthew of the Sixth. When the groaning died away he went on: "Even Knowies, who's a bit of a worm

himself, is backing up Bulkeley. So are we, to the last shot in the locker—" "Hear, hear!" "Now the Head has appointed prefects from the Fifth Form," said Jimmy Silver warmly. "Who ever heard of Fifth Form prefects in the history of Rookwood? It can't be did! No blacklegs for us!" "Never!" "I put it to this meeting, that we don't take any notice of any Fifth Form prefects. They can play prefect to one another, if they like. But they can't come the prefect over us." "Hear, hear!" "And I suggest a deputation to the Head to remonstrate—" "Oh, my hat!" "I'm willing to lead the deputation," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm ready to be spokesman. And I'll put it to the Head plain—" "Cave!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Here comes the Head!" Tubby set the example of flight. There was a rustle, and an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown dawned upon the noisy meeting. "What—" began the Head. A clatter of hurrying feet interrupted him. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the meeting was gone. Only Jimmy Silver remained, elevated upon the stool. He blinked at the Head, and the Head stared at him. "What is all this uproar about, Silver?" rapped out Dr. Chisholm sharply. "This—this uproar?" stammered Jimmy. "Yes. I heard you in my study—most disorderly shouting!" exclaimed the Head. "What does it mean?" "I—I— We—" "You appear to be the cause of it, Silver. Get down from that stool at once!" Jimmy Silver stepped down. It did not occur to him for the moment that now was an excellent opportunity for making his remonstrance to the Head, and putting it plainly to him. Somehow, such ideas were driven from his mind by the stern brow of the headmaster of Rookwood. "You will kindly keep order," said the Head severely. "There has been too much laxity of late, owing to the prefects resigning their functions. Now that new prefects are appointed, the most complete discipline will be maintained. Remember that, Silver!" "Ye-es, sir!" stammered Jimmy. "Any repetition of this uproar will be severely punished!" said the Head. "You may go, Silver!" And Jimmy Silver went. That opportunity of remonstrating with the Head, and putting it to him plainly, was lost for ever!



**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Hansom of the Fifth in all His Glory!**

**E**DWARD HANSOM of the Fifth Form walked into the prefects' room at Rookwood with his hands in his pockets and a lofty smile upon his face.

Hansom of the Fifth was rather a lofty fellow at all times; he had an excellent opinion of himself, and never took the trouble to conceal it. But at the present moment he was loftier than ever—in fact, he seemed like the gentleman of ancient times, who was like to strike the stars with his sublime head.

It was the first time in the history of Rookwood that prefects had been appointed from the Fifth Form. Always those great and important personages had been selected from the august ranks of the Sixth. And it was possible that his elevation had got into Hansom's head a little.

In the Fifth Form, at least, the Head's new idea seemed an excellent one—and Hansom endorsed it most heartily. He was, as he confided to his chums Lumsden and Talboys, just the man the Head wanted—just the fellow to be a prefect, having, as it were, an eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

Hitherto, the Fifth had been rather inclined to support Bulkeley and the Sixth in the peculiar dispute that was dividing Rookwood.

The "sacking" of Bulkeley from the captaincy had seemed to them, as to the rest of Rookwood, rather high-handed on the Head's part; and they had approved of the strike of the prefects in protest against it. But the "Head's new stunt," as the juniors called it, had brought the Fifth round, or most of them.

Hansom almost strutted as he walked into the prefects' room.

That room was sacred, in normal times, to prefects of the Sixth Form; other members of the Sixth who were not prefects only entered it on sufferance. The Fifth had no right to set foot within its door; and as for juniors, they would have been scalped if they had entered its precincts, excepting on fagging duties.

Now Hansom walked into it as if it belonged to him—as, indeed, it did, in virtue of his new rank.

Bulkeley and Neville were chatting by a window in the prefects' room. Mark Carthew was in an armchair, and Lonsdale and Jones major were at the table. The former prefects still used the room, though they were on strike. And all of them looked very expressively at Edward Hansom of the Fifth as he strolled loftily in.

Even Carthew looked rather grim—though he was against the rest of the Sixth. Airs and graces on the part of a Fifth-Former did not please even Carthew.

Hansom was quite aware of the sudden grimness that had come over the faces of the Sixth-Formers. But he did not mind. He was a prefect now, and as one holding authority! He was, in fact, in authority over fellows who were not prefects, whether they were in the Sixth or the Second. And it was his intention to let that fact come into due prominence.

His visit to the prefects' room, in fact, was to let the Sixth-Formers learn, at first hand, who was who and what was what!

"Oh! You fellows here—what?" remarked Hansom, reposing himself elegantly on a corner of the table and surveying the room. There was no reply.

Bulkeley and Neville ostentatiously looked out of the window, so that their backs were turned to the Fifth-Former. Carthew grinned and Lonsdale stared. Jones major snorted. And that was all.

"I don't want to cause you any inconvenience, of course," went on Hansom undauntedly.

Another snort from Jones major. "But this is the prefects' room, you know!" said Hansom, a little more loudly.

Then Lonsdale ejaculated: "What?"

"Prefects' room, you know," explained Hansom. "I'm sure I don't want to put you out in any way, but as soon as you can make it convenient to vacate the premises, I'll—"

"What do you mean?" snapped Lonsdale. "I mean what I say, dear boy."

"Don't call me dear boy, please!"

"As a prefect, Lonsdale, I shall call you anything I like."

"As a prefect! You a prefect!"

"I suppose you've seen the Head's notice."

"Oh, rats!"

"Look here!" said Hansom of the Fifth, his temper beginning to rise. "I'm a prefect, Lonsdale, and I want you to understand it! I'm going to be fair and considerate—if you'll let me. But I want it understood, first of all, that I'm a prefect, and I've got to be treated with respect!"

"Bosh!"

"Rubbish!" snorted Jones major.

Hansom raised his hand.

"Do you want me to give you lines?" he demanded.

"Lines!" roared Jones.

"Yes. As a prefect—"

"Lines!" said Lonsdale. "Lines—us! Us—lines! Are you off your silly rocker, you dummy?"

"If you call a prefect names, Lonsdale—"

"Fathead!"

"Look here—"

"Idiot!"

"Take five hundred lines, Lonsdale!"

roared Hansom, in great wrath.

"Fool!"

"Take a thousand lines!"

"Ass!"

Hansom breathed hard. He did not think it wise to make it two thousand lines; he had a misgiving that those lines would never be done, though ordered by a prefect.

Lonsdale turned his back on him.

The new prefect was rather at a loss. He had come there as a monarch of all he surveyed, so to speak; but it was evidently a limited monarchy that he enjoyed, so far—very much limited.

But he could not very well retreat. It was a case of now or never.

"I'm sorry to turn you fellows out," said Hansom, after a very awkward pause. "But you are aware that the prefects' room is used only by prefects. You must clear. Not you, of course, Carthew; you're a prefect, the same as I am—"

"Not quite the same as you are, I hope!"

grunted Carthew

Hansom did not heed that remark.

"You other fellows are to get out," he said.

"I can't have outsiders in the prefects' room! Now then, get a move on!"

"Chuck him out, Bulkeley!" suggested Jones major.

But the late captain of Rookwood shook his head.

"Hansom is within his rights," he said.

"The Head has chosen to make him a prefect, and this is the prefects' room. I shall not dispute the point."

And with that George Bulkeley walked out of the room Neville, after a moment's hesitation, followed him.

Hansom looked rather pleased. This was a real concession to his new dignity.

"Now, you others—" he said.

Lonsdale and Jones major exchanged a look.

Bulkeley's quiet sense of dignity in the affair, and his feeling of what was due to the authority of the Head, did not quite appeal to them. They were angry and restive.

It was true that they were on "strike," and were no longer prefects; but that did not incline them to take "cheek" from anybody in the Fifth.

"I'm waiting for you!" said Hansom.

"We won't keep you waiting!" said Lonsdale grimly.

"That's right! I can tell you I mean to— Yaroooh! Wharrer you at?" roared Hansom, in surprise and wrath, as the two Sixth-Formers rushed upon him and collared him.

It was a superfluous question; he could really see what they were at.

Lonsdale and Jones major collared him without ceremony, and spun him towards the door.

"Leggo!" yelled Hansom.

"Out you go!" growled Jones.

"I—I— Lend me a hand, Carthew—do you hear? Yow!" howled the Fifth-Former, struggling frantically.

Carthew only chuckled. Hansom had no aid to expect from his fellow-prefect.

He went whirling to the door in the grasp of the two powerful Sixth-Formers, and went spinning through the doorway.

Crash!

"Ow! Yaroooh! Ow!"

Hansom sprawled breathlessly in the passage.

Lonsdale and Jones major looked out at him grimly.

"Now come back again and play prefect!" said Lonsdale.

"Ow! Yow!"

Hansom did not come back to play prefect. He scrambled up, and limped away to the Fifth Form quarters—to consult with his comrades.

The Fifth Form prefect had lost the first round. But the tussle was only beginning.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Jimmy Silver & Co., take a Hand!**

**J**IMMY SILVER chuckled.

"Here they come!"

In the corridor near the doorway of the prefects' room a little army of juniors had gathered.

The Fistical Four were there, and Mornington, and the three Tommies from the Modern side, and a dozen other fellows.

They lined the walls, with grinning faces, to see the circus, as Arthur Edward Lovell expressed it.

The news of the dispute in the prefects' room had spread. It was known that Hansom had called a meeting of the prefects in his study, where a council of war was being held. As it was certain that the new body of prefects would never consent to leaving their official headquarters in the hands of their rivals, Jimmy Silver & Co. had assembled to see the "rumpus." The idea of a battle-royal between Fifth and Sixth was quite entertaining—to the juniors.

"Here they come! Order!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Down the corridor came the new prefects, with determined faces. Hansom was not alone now. With him came Lumsden, Talboys, and Muggins, prefects of the Classical Fifth; and Myers and Lister of the Modern side. Hansom's claim to the prefects' quarters having been disputed, the whole august body were coming to take possession—evidently by force if no other means would serve.

Hansom had not cared to call in the authority of the Head. He was aware that Carthew had failed in his brief spell as captain of Rookwood, because he had called for the Head's support every time a difficulty cropped up, and had worried and tired Dr. Chisholm out. Besides, Hansom was ready to defend his rights himself. He had plenty of pluck and determination, whatever might be said of his intellectual powers.

He frowned loftily at the grinning juniors, as he found them gathered in numerous array in the corridor.

"Go it Hansom!" came an encouraging voice from the fags.

"Stick up for your rights old man!" chuckled Mornington. "We're going to wait outside and catch you as you drop."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom halted and raised his hand.

"You fags clear off!" he rapped out.

"Bow-wow!"

"Off with you!" roared Hansom.

"Rats!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Yah!"

The replies of the fags were more emphatic than elegant; but there was no mistaking their meaning.

For a fellow who had an eye like Mars, to threaten and command, Hansom did not seem very well able to assert his authority. Possibly he was mistaken about his commanding qualities.

"Will you go?" he demanded angrily.

"No fear!"

"You know I'm a prefect—"

"Think again!" suggested Jimmy Silver.

"We don't know it yet. We're never going to know it!"

"Bow-wow!"

Lumsden touched Hansom's arm.

"Don't get into a scrap with the fags now, old fellow!" he murmured. "We've got the Sixth to deal with now."

"That's all very well, but—"

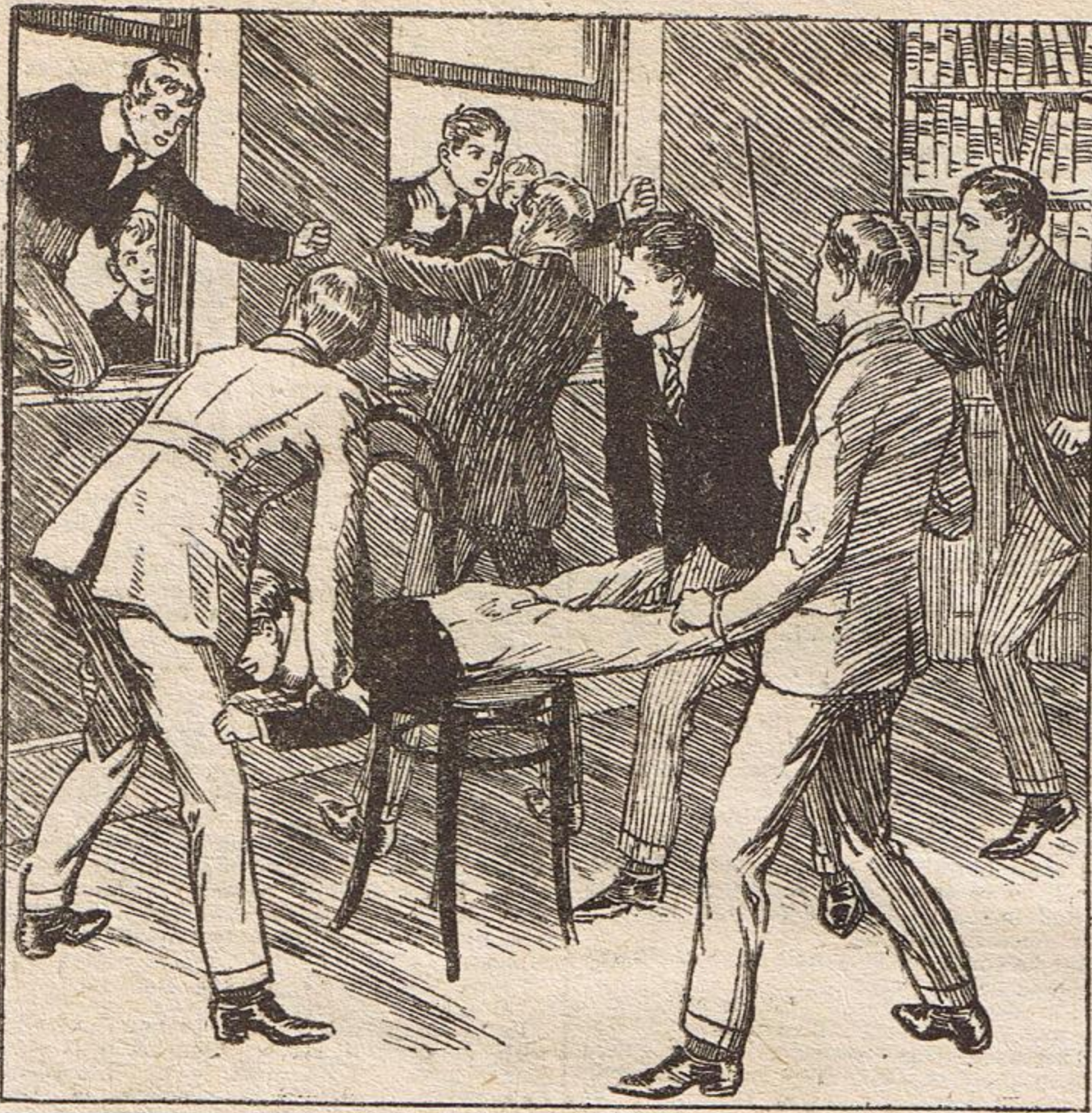
"My dear chap, one lot at a time!" whispered Talboys.

"Oh, all right! Come on!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

Someone Must Give In! Who Will It Be?





**THE FOURTH TO THE RESCUE!** "Look out!" shouted Myers. The windows of the prefects' room flew open with a crash, and the juniors tumbled in head first. "Rescue!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "We're coming! Back up, Fourth!" The Fifth-formers were swept back from the windows. (See Chapter 4.)

Hansom realised that the advice of his elums was good. A row with the Fourth, at the same time as a tussle with the Sixth, was really booking too large an order.

He marched on, frowning, followed by a victorious chortle from the heroes of the Fourth.

The door of the prefects' room opened with a crash. Hansom marched in, with the Fifth Form prefects at his heels.

Only Lonsdale and Jones major were in the room now. They had no special business there, or desire to be there; but they remained to show the Fifth that they would stay there if they liked. It was really not very dignified of the mighty Sixth to take such a line; but they were thinking more of their wrath than of their dignity just then. Hansom & Co. crowded in.

"So you've come back!" growled Jones major.

"Outside!" said Hansom.

"Oh, clear off!"

"This is the prefects' room, and we're the prefects," said Hansom firmly. "We've come to take possession. Are you going?"

"No, you silly ass!"

"Then you'll be put out, sharp!"

Hansom waved his hand to his followers. "Put them outside!" he said.

"You bet!" answered Lumsden. "We're not going to stand any rot from the Sixth, I can tell you, Jones!"

"Hands off, you dummy!"

"Rot! Out you go!"

It was a most lamentable scene, considering the lofty position held in the school by both the Fifth and the Sixth, and the fact that both senior Forms were called upon to set an example to the juniors. But tempers were rising on all sides.

Hansom & Co. rushed to the attack; and as six fellows piled on them, the two Sixth-Formers positively regretted the rather obstinate and unreasonable decision they had taken. But it was too late to retreat. They could not submit to being tossed out of the room like cheeky fags.

Lonsdale and Jones major put their hands up and hit out.

The odds were great; but both the late

prefects were hefty men with their hands, and there was a struggle. Hansom rolled on the floor, feeling as if his chin was travelling through the back of his neck, as he caught Jones major's right. Lumsden collapsed on him as Lonsdale hit out with great vigour. But they jumped up again and rushed to the attack.

The six drove the two back—but not towards the door. Lonsdale and Jones major were driven into the window recess, where they put up a gallant fight. Most noses in the room were damaged by that time; several of them streaming crimson.

But the odds told at last.

Lonsdale and Jones major were collared and dragged over in the grasp of the Fifth-Formers, and hustled, still resisting furiously, towards the doorway.

In the doorway was gathered a breathless crowd of juniors. Jimmy Silver & Co. had watched the struggle with wide-open eyes; it was an event unprecedented at Rookwood.

But as the two Sixth-Formers were dragged forward, Jimmy's voice was heard.

"Rescue!" he shouted.

To tell the truth, the affair was not exactly Jimmy Silver's business. But he was up against Fifth Form prefects, anyway; and the two victims were supporters of Bulkeley, the idol of Rookwood. That was enough for Jimmy Silver, and for his comrades.

He did not need to call twice. There was an excited rush of the juniors to the rescue of Jones major and Lonsdale.

"Mop 'em up!" roared Conroy.

"Down with the Fifth!"

"Rag 'em!"

"You fags clear off!" shrieked Hansom. "Hands off! I'll report you to the Head! I'll—I'll—I'll— Oh, my hat! Yoop!"

Hansom disappeared on the floor under half a dozen juniors. His comrades rushed to his aid, letting go the Sixth-Formers. But Jimmy Silver & Co. were in great force, and they drove the Fifth-Formers back by weight of numbers.

"Back up, Lonsdale!" called out Jimmy Silver encouragingly. "Back up, Jones! We'll help you chuck 'em out!"

"You cheeky fag!" exclaimed Lonsdale.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Get out of here at once!"

Jimmy Silver blinked at the Sixth-Former. He hadn't expected black ingratitude like this!

But the bare idea of being mixed up in a rumpus with the fags of the Fourth was too much for the lofty Sixth-Formers. They were not grateful—far from it. They were angry and indignant.

"Turn those fags out!" exclaimed Jones major.

"Why, you ungrateful rotter!" shouted Arthur Edward Lovell. "Haven't we just stopped them chucking you out?"

"Outside, I tell you!"

"Let's get out of this, for goodness' sake!" growled Lonsdale.

The two Sixth-Formers walked out of the room. They were more than fed-up with the whole affair.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "I like that! This is what we get for backing up the Sixth!"

"Blow the Sixth!" growled Lovell.

"Swanky asses!" snorted Raby.

"Turn those fags out!" roared Hansom.

The Fifth Form prefects rallied and charged. But the juniors were ready to meet them half-way. There was a wild scuffling in the prefects' room, in which the furniture was considerably damaged. In the midst of it the astonished face and spectacles of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form, looked in.

"Bless my soul! What—what—what is—" stuttered Mr. Bootles.

"Yarocoh!"

"Mop 'em up!"

"Oh, gad!"

"Cease this at once!" shrieked Mr. Bootles.

"Silver—Lovell—Mornington—Dodd, be quiet at once! Do you hear me?"

"Oh dear!"

"Bootles!"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

Under Mr. Bootles' wrathful eye and up-raised hand the juniors crowded out of the prefects' room. Mr. Bootles followed them.

In the disputed apartment Hansom & Co. remained, victorious. But as the Fifth Form prefects rubbed their noses and their eyes and gasped for breath, they were not feeling very victorious. That evening Hansom of the Fifth was seen with a dark circle round his right eye, growing darker and darker.

He was beginning his career as a Rookwood prefect with a black eye, which was certainly beginning it under a very severe disadvantage.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### The High Hand!

"YOU'RE wanted, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver was coming in, with a bundle under his arm, when Talboys and Muggins of the Fifth appeared. Jimmy had been shopping for tea, and he was thinking of anything but Fifth Form prefects as he came in. Talboys and Muggins took both his arms at once, and walked him along before Jimmy quite knew what was happening.

"Here, let go!" exclaimed Jimmy indignantly. "What do you want?"

"You, my pippin!"

"The fellows are waiting for these things for tea in my study!"

"Let them wait! Kim on!"

"I jolly well won't! I—"

"You come along!" said Talboys.

Jimmy was being hurried down the corridor to the prefects' room. The two seniors nearly lifted him off his feet as they rushed him on. Jimmy had time only for one shout.

Tubby Muffin was hanging about the passage, and he blinked at the scene with wide-open eyes.

"Tubby! Rescue!"

Then Jimmy was whirled into the prefects' room, and the door was slammed shut.

"Oh, my aunt!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin. "Fancy that!"

And the fat Classical rushed off to carry the news to the Fourth Form quarters.

Jimmy Silver, breathless and excited, was whirled into the middle of the room, bundle and all. There was an ominous crack from the bundle. It contained eggs among other things.

"Lock the door!" rapped out Hansom of the Fifth.

The Fifth Form prefects were all there. It was evidently a meeting in council of that august body.

Lumsden locked the door.

You Must Not Miss "Back To His Own!"—Next Week's Rookwood Yarn!



Jimmy Silver looked round him, rather apprehensively, at the six Fifth-Formers. He was quite at the mercy of the new prefects, and the locked door was between him and possible rescue.

"Look here, what's this game?" demanded Jimmy.

"Silence!" said Hansom.

"Oh, rats! Do you want another eye to match that one you've got?" asked Jimmy Silver undauntedly.

Hansom frowned majestically—though the majestic effect was somewhat marred by his black eye.

"You're brought here for punishment," he said.

"Look here, you cheeky cad—"

"Silence!" roared Hansom. "You've been picked out, Silver, as the ringleader of the fags. Discipline is going to be instituted. Since the Head made us prefects you and the rest of the fags have been rebellious. You don't come to fag when called upon."

"No fear!" said Jimmy emphatically.

"You're going to have a prefect's licking, as a warning to the other fags," explained Hansom.

"Only prefects can hand out a prefect's licking," said Jimmy.

"Well, we are prefects."

"Rats!"

"That's enough!" exclaimed Muggins angrily. "Collar the cheeky cad, and let him have it!"

"Yes, rather!"

Jimmy Silver jumped back as the Fifth-Formers closed on him, and swung up his parcel.

"Hands off, or—"

"Collar him!" shouted Hansom.

Crash! Biff! Squash!

The parcel smote Lumsden on the head and burst, and the eggs it contained burst at the same moment from the shock. There was a howl from Lumsden as broken eggs streamed down his face and over his hair.

"Grooogh! Ooooch! Ooooooch! Wow!"

"Nail him!"

Jimmy Silver had only time for that one doughty swipe. Then his arms were seized, and he was helpless in the grasp of the Fifth-Formers.

"Put him across a chair!" said Hansom, taking up an ashplant.

"I'm going to give him twenty of the best."

"Rescue!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Buck up, or we shall have a horde of fags here soon!" said Talboys.

"Don't open the door, Lumsden!"

"Grooogh! I'm going to get a wash! Groooooch!"

Thump, thump, thump:

"Let us in!" came in a roar from the passage without, in the dulcet tones of Arthur Edward Lovell of the Fourth, and Lumsden's hand relinquished the lock just in time. There was a trampling of feet and a howl of excited voices outside.

"They've got Jimmy!" howled Tubby Muffin. "They've got him in there! I saw him! They've got him!"

"Open this door!"

"It's locked!"

"Let us in!" howled Lovell.

"Bust it in!"

Thump, thump! Kick! Bang!

"Clear off, you fags!" shouted Hansom.

"Let us in!" howled Lovell.

"Buck up!" murmured Talboys. "There'll be a regular riot soon. The Head won't like this!"

"Hold him!" said Hansom.

Jimmy Silver was wriggling in the grasp of the Fifth Form prefects, but he wriggled in vain. Muggins and Myers held him down across a chair, and Hansom wielded the ashplant.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yoop! Help! Rescue!" roared Jimmy Silver.

Bang, bang! Crash!

To the accompaniment of a terrific din at the door the whacking of the ashplant continued, and Jimmy Silver wriggled and yelled as he received the prefect's licking.

Suddenly the din at the door ceased.

There was a rushing of footsteps, and then silence without.

"They've cleared off!" remarked Talboys.

But Talboys was mistaken. It was about a minute later that the two tall windows of the prefects' room looking on the quad were darkened by a crowd of heads. The room being on the ground floor, the windows were easy of access, and it was Mornington who had suggested that mode of ingress.

Whack, whack!

"Look out!" shouted Myers.

A window flew open with a crash, and Mornington of the Fourth tumbled in head first. The flower-bed under the window was sadly trampled, but the juniors were not thinking of the flowers just then. After Mornington came Arthur Edward Lovell, breathless and warlike.

"Keep them out!" shrieked Hansom.

Jimmy Silver had received only nine or ten of the promised "twenty of the best." But there was no time to deliver the balance. The Fifth Form prefects rushed to defend the invaded window. They knew what to expect if a mob of juniors succeeded in swarming into the sacred precincts of the prefects' room. Since the last affray the Sixth had avoided that apartment with lofty dignity—but there was no lofty dignity about the Fourth!

"Rescue!" yelled Jimmy Silver, as he rolled off the chair.

"We're coming!"

"Back up, Fourth!"

"Hurrah!"

Mornington was seized, and Lovell was seized. Raby and Newcome, who tumbled in next, were seized. But Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn came rolling in recklessly, and after them came Putty of the Fourth, and Rawson and Jones minor, and Oswald and Higgs and Tommy Dodd and Towle, and a swarm more. They came in like the tide.

(Continued on page 26.)

# BALDNESS OVERCOME!

Luxuriant Hair for All FREE.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" GIFT OFFER.

1,000,000 Trial Outfits for Immediate Distribution

Let to-day commence to end all your Hair "worries" and "troubles" by just posting the coupon below for a Free Trial Outfit of the World-famous "Harlene Hair-Drill."

"Harlene" absolutely banishes all Hair troubles, because it gets to the "root" cause.

Hundreds of thousands of satisfied users have already proved this. Why don't you follow their example?



1,000,000 Men and Women with hair troubles can commence this wonderful treatment TO-DAY FREE.

Every FREE Gift contains:

1. A TRIAL BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," the Hair-health dressing with the largest sale in the world, because of its extraordinary hair-growing and beautifying properties. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.
2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting coconut oils.
3. A TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which protects the hair against damp and the extremes of heat and cold, and is especially beneficial in cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. The Illustrated INSTRUCTION BOOK of "Harlene Hair-Drill," which gives you the secrets of hair-health.

If you desire hair like mine send this form to-day.

Have YOU got beautiful hair? Are you in any way troubled with:

- |                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Falling Hair?           | 5. Scurf?          |
| 2. Greasy Scalp?           | 6. Over-dry Scalp? |
| 3. Splitting Hair?         | 7. Thinning Hair?  |
| 4. Dank and Lifeless Hair? | 8. Baldness?       |

If so, send at once for the magnificent "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit, which will be sent you absolutely free on receipt of the coupon below.

Post the coupon at once—TO-DAY—enclosing 4d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and return carriage to your own door, no matter where you may reside.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), from Chemists and Stores all over the world.



Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address. POPULAR, 28/4/23.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.") N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.



The Fifth Form prefects were swept back from the window.

Jimmy Silver was in the midst of the fray. He had Hansom's head in chancery. Hansom's legs being in the possession of Lovell, and Hansom's voice being like unto that of the Bull of Basham. As the Fourth-Formers streamed in the unhappy prefects were scattered far and wide, most of them on the floor.

"Hurrah for us!" roared Mornington. "Don't let them get away! Collar that duffer!"

Lumsden was grabbing at the key in the door, when he was seized and dragged back.

"Sit on him!"

"Sit on the lot of them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" panted Hansom, as he was sat upon by three or four juniors and squashed almost to pancake shape. "Yow-ow! Gerrup! Let me up, you young villains! I—I—I'll let you off, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy chuckled breathlessly.

"But I'm not letting you off, Hansom, old nut! You're jolly well going to have a prefect's licking yourself!"

And there was a roar of applause from the Fourth.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### The Chopper Comes Down!

JIMMY SILVER was feeling rather painful. Hansom's strokes with the ashplant had been well laid on. But the tables were turned now, and Jimmy derived considerable comfort from the idea of reversing the process of the prefect's licking.

He took up the ashplant the captain of the Fifth had dropped, and took a business-like grip on it.

"Put them over the chairs!" he said. "Hansom first!"

"What-ho!"

"Leggo, you young villains!" roared the Fifth Form prefect.

"Buck up, there! Never mind his yelling! I'm going to give him something to yell for!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom struggled desperately. There was no doubt as to Jimmy Silver's intentions, and the humiliation of a licking at the hands of a junior was too terrible—if it could be helped. It did not seem, however, that it could be helped.

A prefect's licking had seemed to Hansom's mind exactly to meet the case—applied to Jimmy Silver. Applied to himself, it was an outrage too awful for words. But it was going to be applied.

Hansom was yanked across the chair where Jimmy Silver had lately been held, in the grasp of so many hands that it was impossible for the Fifth-Former to do more than wriggle.

"Keep clear!" said Jimmy.

The ashplant whizzed up. Hansom waited in horrid anticipation for it to come down. He did not have to wait long.

Whack!

"Yoorop!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Lay it on!" chortled Lovell.

"Stop it!" shrieked Hansom. "I'll report you—"

Whack!

"Ow! I'll—I'll smash you! I'll—Yaroooh! Oh, crumbs!"

Whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver was warming to his work. Hansom wriggled and yelled in anguish. He had had no idea how painful such an infliction might be, but he was learning now.

Lovell was counting, and it was not until he had counted a dozen that Jimmy Silver ceased to lay on the ashplant.

Then Hansom gasping with anguish, was yanked aside, and Talboys was stretched across the chair in his place. The dandy of the Fifth shuddered in dire apprehension.

"I—I say, Silver! I say—" he gasped. Whack, whack!

"Yarooop! Stop it! Leave off! I—I say, I'll resign if you like!" shrieked Talboys. "I—I don't want to be a prefect! I—I—I'll resign!"

"Resignation is needed at a moment like this!" chuckled Mornington. "Resign yourself to your fate, old bean."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Oh, by gad! Whooooop!"

"Muggins next!" commanded Jimmy Silver.

"Look here, you young sweeps!" roared Paul Muggins. "I'll jolly well smash you! Don't you dare to lay a finger on me! I'll—"

"Put him on the chair!"

"I'll—I'll— Oh crumbs!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Knock!

"Hallo!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, as a loud, sharp knock came at the door. "Who—who's that?"

A deep voice came from without.

"What is this disturbance? Admit me instantly!"

"Phew! The Head!"

Knock, knock!

The juniors looked at one another. In the excitement of the moment they had forgotten the Head.

"I—I suppose he must have heard the row!" stuttered Lovell.

"Unless he was stone-deaf!" grinned Mornington. "Hook it! The window—sharp! Hook it!"

"What-ho! Come on, you fellows!" said Jimmy Silver.

He tossed away the ashplant, and there was a rush for the window. The juniors tumbled out pell-mell after one another.

The Fifth Form prefects did not attempt

to stop their retreat. They were feeling too badly used to care for any more scuffling. The sharp knocking at the door continued.

"Admit me at once!" thundered the Head. "Are you there, Hansom—Lumsden? Open this door instantly!"

With a sickly look, Hansom of the Fifth tottered to the door and unlocked it. The last of the juniors disappeared from the window as Hansom threw the door open.

Majestic in his wrath, the Head of Rookwood stalked into the prefects' room.

The dusty, dishevelled Fifth-Formers blinked at him. Never had a sorrier crew met the Head's gaze. They did not look much like prefects. They looked, in fact, a good deal more like tramps. Most of them were mopping their noses. Some of them had their coats burst or buttonless. All were rumpled and dusty and gasping.

The Head looked them over, with astonishment and wrath in his gaze. This was certainly not how he had expected his new set of prefects to look.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "You—you— Are these Fifth Form boys of Rookwood, or a set of hooligans?"

There was silence, broken only by painful gasping and snuffling. The unhappy prefects looked at the door.

"Hansom!" thundered the Head.

"Ye-e-es, sir?"

"What is the matter with your eye?"

"Mum-mum-my eye, sir?"

"Yes, your eye, Hansom!"

"It—it—it's black, sir!" gasped Hansom.

"You have been fighting here!" exclaimed the Head in indignant scorn. "You, senior boys, whom I have appointed prefects, have been fighting—actually in the prefects' room itself!"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Lumsden.

"Then how is it that I find you in this state?"

"The—the juniors—"

"What! Do you mean to tell me that juniors have treated you like this—that you have allowed juniors to treat you like this?" thundered the Head.

"We—we couldn't help—"

"We—we—we—"

"Absurd! Ridiculous! Unheard of! Pooh!" exclaimed the Head angrily. "I appointed you as prefects to keep order in the school! I find you with black eyes—"

"Only—only one black eye, sir!" gasped Hansom.

"I find you with black eyes!" thundered the Head, incensed, as he always was, by anything that looked like contradiction. "I find you with black eyes and swollen noses, and—"

"Ow! Oh dear!"

"With black eyes and swollen noses, engaged in fighting with juniors!" exclaimed the Head. "Juniors! Upon my word! Is that what you regard as conduct suitable for prefects of Rookwood?"

"We—we—we—"

"I—I—I—"

"Enough! Your appointment is cancelled!" exclaimed the Head. "Not only have you proved yourselves useless in the capacity of prefects, but by your ridiculous conduct you have brought contempt upon that rank. Your appointment as prefects is cancelled. Evidently I was mistaken in you! You need say no more, Hansom. Your appointment is cancelled! Ridiculous!"

And with that the incensed headmaster swept out of the prefects' room.

Hansom & Co. looked at one another with sickly looks.

"I—I—I'm jolly glad!" gasped Hansom. "I'm fed up with it, anyhow! 'Tisn't all toffee to be a prefect, that I can see! Br-r-r-r!"

And Hansom's followers agreed with him. Certainly it had not been all toffee in their case. They limped away from the prefects' room for a much-needed wash and brush-up, sadder if not wiser Fifth-Formers.

That evening fags were wanted to put the prefects' room to rights. Jimmy Silver & Co. did that duty cheerfully—in fact, merrily. They had seen the last of the Blackleg prefects.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid, long, complete story dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled: "Back to His Own!" in next week's bumper issue.)

## BEST Boys' Books on the Market!

### THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

Fourpence Per Volume.

#### No. 653.—IMPRISONED FOR LIFE!

A gripping drama of prison life. By Henry St. John.

#### No. 654.—THE MAN FROM BROODING WILD.

A thrilling yarn of boxing and peril in the wilds of the Yukon. By Eric W. Townsend

#### No. 655.—THE COWBOY FOOTBALLERS.

A splendid story of footer in the Wild West. By Gordon Wallace.

#### No. 656.—THE RETURN OF ZINGRAVE.

A wonderful detective tale, introducing Nelson Lee and Nipper v. The Green Triangle.

### THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY.

Fourpence Per Volume.

#### No. 271.—THE SECRET EMERALD MINES.

A tale of Sexton Blake, Tinker, and Dr. HUXTON RYMER in South America.

#### No. 272.—THE CASE OF THE "WIZARD" JOCKEY.

A thrilling detective romance of the raccourse. By the author of "The Case of the Vanished Husband," etc., etc.

#### No. 273.—NORTH OF 55°.

A story of the Canadian North-West, featuring the Hon. JOHN LAWLESS, etc.

#### No. 274.—THE GREEN EYES; or, The Curse of Cloome.

A mystery of the Yorkshire moors. By the author of "Finger-prints of Fate," "The Mystery of Glyn Castle," etc., etc.

Now On Sale!

Buy a Copy TO-DAY!

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

A Great Opportunity Arrives for George Bulkeley Next Week!



**"THE OUTLAW KING!"**

(Continued from page 6.)

and who has placed us under so deep an obligation this day. We take the road to London, but whither do you turn your steps?"

"I know no more than the bones of that capon," said Guy, pointing to the remains of their meal. "I suppose I must take service with some loyal baron—if there are any to be found."

The girl looked up quickly. "There is one," she said, "truer to King Richard than any of these belted earls. Why do you not seek him out, sir? But, alas! I had forgotten." And her cheek flushed well-nigh scarlet as the whimple that framed her face. "The man I had in my thoughts is indeed an outlaw, and yet the friend of all who are poor and oppressed."

"Now, by the rood," cried Guy, smiting the table with his fist, "you can mean none other than Robin Hood!"

The old man shook his head gravely. "You give bold counsel to Master FitzHugh, Isobel," he said, "but I know not if it be wise."

"Wise or not," cried Guy, "'tis counsel that goes with my own heart!"

And the girl, looking up with a glad smile, ran her fingers over the strings that she had now mended, and sang, in the sweetest voice Guy had ever heard:

"What life so free as the greenwood tree,  
And the sound of the hunter's horn?"

Guy clapped his hands, and then sprang from the stool on which he had been sitting.

"Tell me," he cried—"where is the bold Robin to be found? When I have set you upon your way, I will hie me straight to his lair, though I have to search all England through!"

"Robin Hood tarries never long in one place," said the old man, smiling at the lad's enthusiasm; "but just now he bides in the forest of Sherwood, for 'tis not many days since we sat by his fire, and right well did he reward us for our poor song!"

The road to Sherwood and that to London town leading in exactly opposite directions, it was with a momentary feeling of sadness that Guy parted from these the first friends that he had met on his travels.

He thought the old man hurried the girl away somewhat abruptly; but, as Guy sprang into his saddle, and the two minstrels reached the top of the little hill, he saw the red whimple turn for a moment in his direction, saw Isobel wave one hand in farewell, and then they were gone; and, humming her song, he shook his bridle and cantered away for a life under the greenwood tree.

All the rest of that day not a soul did Guy see until just about the time of sunset. While the sun was yet well above the top of the forest, but the light growing golden, he spied a brown spot in the distance—a motionless figure sitting by the roadside.

"Ah, yonder is some good earl who will give me directions!" he said, quickening his pace. But as he did so the figure rose, and commenced to walk away towards the trees.

Guy squeezed his horse and set it into a gallop; but, to his surprise, the figure, a monk, caught up the skirts of his brown robe in either hand and commenced to run.

"Never shall it be said that I was outrun by a shaveling monk!" cried Guy.

And, putting his horse to its best speed, he began to overtake the runner. He saw, some little distance ahead, a stream, winding between the common and the forest, and traversed by a single plank.

For this the monk headed with elephantine strides; but when he reached it, instead of crossing, he wheeled round, set his great legs wide apart, rolled back his sleeves, and produced a quarterstaff.

"Stand, young man!" he cried, in a strong voice. "You think it fine sport to disturb me at vespers, and now you shall answer for your impertinence!"

"You are the strangest monk I have ever seen," said Guy, coming to a halt and looking down at the man.

"You are not the only addlepate who has said that!" grunted the monk. "If you have any thought to cross this stream, you must try a bout with me first. I will shrive thee afterwards, when I have cracked thy skull!"

"We crow lustily!" said Guy, springing to the ground. "Give me but time to tether my horse to this thorn-tree, and I will ring a chime on your ribs that shall last you for a month!"

The monk had a large, good-humoured face and two little eyes that twinkled merrily.

"Now, young sir, must I wait all night?" "I crave your pardon, father; I am ready! And now have at thee!"

(Who is the mysterious monk? See the long instalment of our wonderful new serial in next week's issue.)

**THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION!**

Full particulars of this Topping Competition will be found in this week's issue of The "Magnet." Buy a copy and enter to-day.

**THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION COUPON.**  
No. 3.

The comical Coker once went  
On a motor-bike journey through Kent.  
But he had a bad spill  
When descending a hill,

.....  
THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU.  
And the ambulance picked up the scent!

**Do the home jobs yourself**

You can save money and at the same time get more pleasure out of your leisure hours by doing all the home jobs yourself. No special skill is necessary, nor do you require to have any previous knowledge or experience. Make up your mind to try, and we guarantee (as 145,000 users have found) that

**THE AMATEUR MECHANIC**

Edited by Bernard E. Jones,

will tell you how and show you how

to do any and every job as well, quickly, and efficiently as any tradesman. There is no waiting to study or learn. You can start on any job that wants doing the very first day this money-saving book arrives at your home.

**Learn to make—**

A Wireless Outfit—A Pair of Riveted Boots—A Garden Path—Cabinet Fittings in Metal—Soap at Home—Glues and Varnishes—Locked Doors extra Secure—A Model Flying Machine—A Hot Water Towel Rail—A Gramophone—Perambulator Hoods—Theatrical Scenery—A Mattress—Frames for Pictures—Furniture Revivers—Plaster Casts—Invisible Inks—Fine Fretwork—Line Blocks—Gramophone Cabinets—Dextrine Adhesives—Artistic Bed-room Fittings—A Clothes Post—A Pair of Hand-Sewn Boots—Signs in Chipped Glass—Cements—Door Bolts, Hinges, etc.—Curtain Fittings—Square Hanging Baskets—Acids for Etching Metals—Anti-Freezing Solutions—A Self-closing Door—Castings in Metal—Celluloid Varnish—Roller Blinds—Bent Ironwork—Artificial Marble—A Mallcart—A Swing—A Sundial Pedestal—Stencil Plates.

**Learn to mend—**

Leather Couches—Cane-seated Chairs—Old China—Chair Bottoms—Modern Watches—Old Clock Dials—Step-ladders—Oilcloth—Hot Water Pipes—Windows and Doors—Picture Frames—Range Boilers—Mahogany Armchairs—Pianos—Knives and Forks—Plastering—Gas Fittings—Speaking Tubes—Cooking Ranges—Metal Vessels—Pocket and Pen Knives—Leather Bags—Grandfather Clocks—Defective Floorboards—Spectacles—Excessive Outflow at Taps—Dining Chairs—Mirrors, Mantelboards, etc.—Violin Bows—Dutch and French Clocks—Floor Tiles—Typewriters—Brooches—Locks—Scissors—Book Covers—Iron and Brass Bedsteads—Cabinet Fittings—Linoleum and Mattings—Oil Paintings—Venetian Blinds—Shelves and Bails—Hot Water Apparatus—Boots and Shoes.

**These men do their own jobs now**

Mr. J. H. GREGORY, Acton, London, W.3, writes:—

"Your articles on 'Overhauling a Motor-Cycle' and 'Overhauling a Motor-Car' are, from my point of view as a fitter, excellent; they would be of real use to many who are NOT 'amateurs.' I honestly consider this work is worth double or treble what you charge for it; it is far and away beyond my imagining about it. I shall certainly recommend it."

Mr. J. McGRAFFIN, Workington, writes:—

"These books are full of useful information, and the illustrations are quite clear for anyone to learn from. I am sure the books will repay anyone who only takes up one of the numerous trades dealt with. I am a boot repairer and maker, and have been eleven years in that trade, so I think I should be able to judge as to what your articles in connection with that trade are worth."

**THIS BOOK FREE!**

If you will just write your name and address on the coupon, tear off and post it on to us, we will immediately send you a handsomely illustrated book which explains in detail all about "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC." Don't delay; write for the book to-day. It is absolutely free.

**POST COUPON NOW!**

**No money required**

Just sign and post this Coupon

TO THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., Ltd. (Dept. Pop. L.),  
96, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me, without charge or obligation to order, your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing all particulars of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," with specimen pages and illustrations; also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work at once for a nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments beginning thirty days after delivery of the Work.

NAME.....  
(Send this form on a postcard.)

ADDRESS.....

Pop. L., 1923.....



**Yours for 6d. only**

**THE GREATEST BARGAIN**  
 TERMS ever put before the British Public  
 by one of LONDON'S OLDEST-ESTABLISHED  
 MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

**Free** An absolutely FREE Gift  
 of a Solid Silver English  
 Hall-marked Double Curb Albert,  
 with Seal attached, given FREE with every  
 Watch.

Specification: Gents' Full-size  
 Keyless Lever Watch, improved  
 action; fitted patent recoil click, pre-  
 venting breakage of mainspring by  
 overwinding.

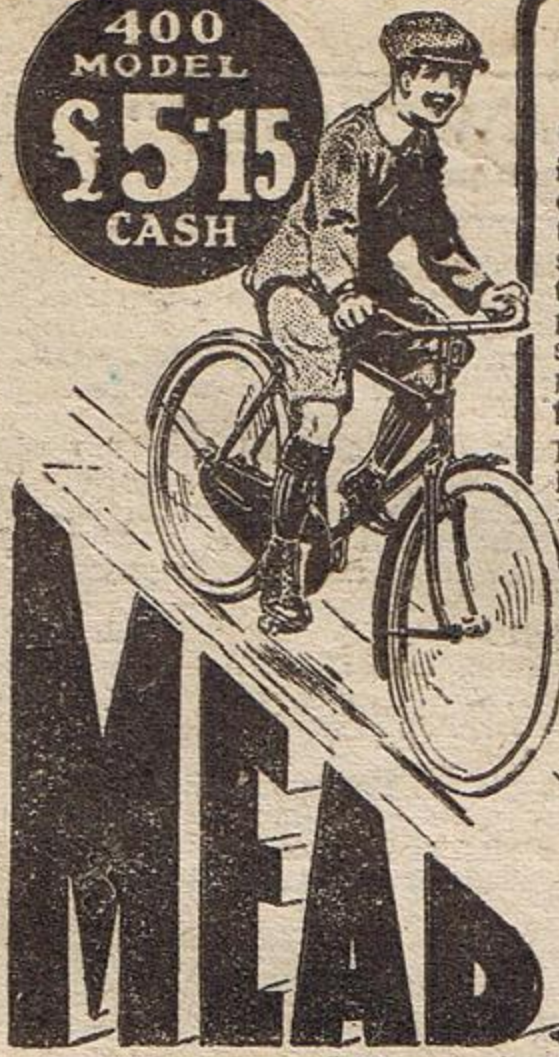
**10 YEARS' WARRANTY.**

Sent on receipt of 6d. de-  
 posit; after approval, send 1/6  
 more. The balance may then be  
 paid by 9 monthly payments of  
 2/- each. Cash refunded in full  
 if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to

**J. A. DAVIS & CO.**  
 (Dept. 87), 26, Denmark Hill,  
 London, S.E.5.



**400  
 MODEL  
 \$5.15  
 CASH**



**12'6 a Month**

is all you pay for our No. 400A lady's  
 or gentleman's Mead "Marvel"—  
 the finest cycles ever offered on  
 such exceptionally easy terms. Built  
 to stand hard wear. Brilliantly  
 plated; richly enamelled, exqui-  
 sitely lined in two colours. Sent  
 packed free, carriage paid on  
**15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Fully warranted. Prompt delivery  
 Money refunded if dissatisfied.  
 Big bargains in slightly factory  
 soiled mounts. Tyres and  
 Accessories 33% below shop  
 prices. Buy direct from the  
 factory and save pounds.

How a seven-year-old MEAD  
 which had traversed 75,000 miles,  
 beat 850 up-to-date machines and  
 broke the world's record by covering  
 34,366 miles in 365 days is explained in  
 our art catalogue. Write TO-DAY  
 for free copy—brimful of in-  
 formation about bicycles and  
 contains gigantic photo-  
 graphs of our latest models.

**MEAD CYCLE CO. (Inc.)**  
 (Dept. B797)  
 Birmingham

**WIRELESS MAKE YOUR OWN SET**

*the mysteries of Wireless made clear.*  
**WIRELESS FOR ALL** - - - 6d.  
*and its sequel*  
**SIMPLIFIED WIRELESS** - - 1/-  
 At all booksellers or 1/9 post free from  
**RADIO PRESS**, 3, Devereux Buildings,  
 W.C.2.

**DON'T BE SHORT**—If you are under 40 you can easily  
 increase your height by the Girvan  
 Scientific Treatment. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. Results  
 quite permanent. Your health and stamina will be greatly improved. You  
 will succeed in business. Over ten years' unblemished reputation. Send  
 P.O. to-day for particulars and our £100 guarantee to **ENQUIRY DEPT.**  
**A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.**

**STOP STAMMERING!** Cure yourself as I did. Par-  
 ticulars Free.—**FRANK B.**  
**HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.**

**FREE** The "NEW DOMINICAN" Packet of Stamps,  
 containing: DOMINICA (New Issue), Guinea, EPIRUS,  
 China, POLISH SILESIA, Belgian Germany, ST. THOMAS,  
 Finland, TOGO, Schleswig, AZORES, Jamaica, HAUTE  
 VOLTA, Japan, ANGOLA, Travancore, WEST RUSSIA, Ukraine, CAPE  
 VERDE, and Egypt. Send 1/4d. postage and ask to see Approvals.  
**VICTOR BANCROFT, MATLOCK.**

**1/2-PRICE** Fine New Model Accordeon, 10 x 10 1/2 x 5 1/2 ins.,  
 Piano-Finished. Metal-Bound 9-Fold Strong  
 Bellows, 10 Keys, Etc. Grand Organ Tone.  
 Sent by Return Post, to approved orders, for 1/-  
 Deposit and 1/3 Postage, and promise to send 2/-  
 fortnightly till 15/- in all is paid. **2/- TUTOR**  
**FREE.** Cash Price, 12/6, Post Free (Elsewhere  
 Double). Delight or Money Back. **FREE**—  
 Grand Illustrated Catalogue Post Free. Big  
 Bargains, 7d. to 77/6, Cash or 1/- Week.  
 Accordeons, 12/6 to 42/-. Gramophones, 39/6  
 to 77/6. Clocks, 4/6 to 55/-. Watches, 5/-  
 to 70/-. Jewellery, Novelties, Toys, Etc.—  
**PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 9A,**  
**HASTINGS.** (Established 34 Years.)

**BLUSHING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY.**  
 Simple 7-day Permanent Home Cure for either sex. No  
 Auto suggestion, drill, etc. Write at once, mention "P.R."  
 and get full particulars quite **FREE** privately.  
**U.J.D., 13, All Saints Road, ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.**

**£2,000** Worth of Cheap Job Photographic Material, Cameras, &c.  
 Send at Once for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES, **FREE.**  
**HACKETTS WORKS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL, E.**

**HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS. 5/- Complete Course.**  
 No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System  
**NEVER FAILS.** Full particulars and Testimonials, stamp.—  
**Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. 8.), 10, Ludgate Hill, London, Eng.**

**STAMMERING.—GENUINE HOME CURE.**  
**C. B. BURTON, 27a, THE SQUARE, ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.**

**WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER**

**Delicious,  
 Pure and  
 Health  
 Giving**



**SHARP'S  
 SUPER-KREEM  
 TOFFEE**

**YOURS for 6d.**



**CHAIN  
 FREE**

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch  
 sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval  
 send 1/- more, the balance may then be  
 paid by 6 monthly instalments of  
 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain  
 Free with every watch. Ladies' or  
 Gent's Wrist Watches in stock on same terms.  
 Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to—  
**SIMPSONS (BRIGHTON) Ltd. (Dept. 122)**  
**94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.**

**CHOOSE 40 STAMPS FOR 6d.** from packet of  
 postage. B. L. COBYN, 10, Wave Crest, Whitstable, Kent. 500. Send 2d.

All you require—Boots, Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Overcoats, Accor-  
 deons, Watches, Rings, Clocks, etc., from 4/- monthly. Write for  
 free catalogue to **Masters, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, Rye, Sussex.**

**CUT THIS OUT**

"The Popular." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.  
 Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the **Fleet Pen Co.,**  
**119, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.** You will receive by return a Splendid  
 British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine,  
 Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9, 2d. being  
 allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.) Satisfaction  
 guaranteed or cash returned. **Special New Offer—Your own name in gift**  
 letters on either pen for 1/- extra.  
**Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.**