

THE MOST FASCINATING TALE OF ROBIN HOOD EVER WRITTEN, INSIDE!

Week Ending
May 26th,
1923.

New
Series.

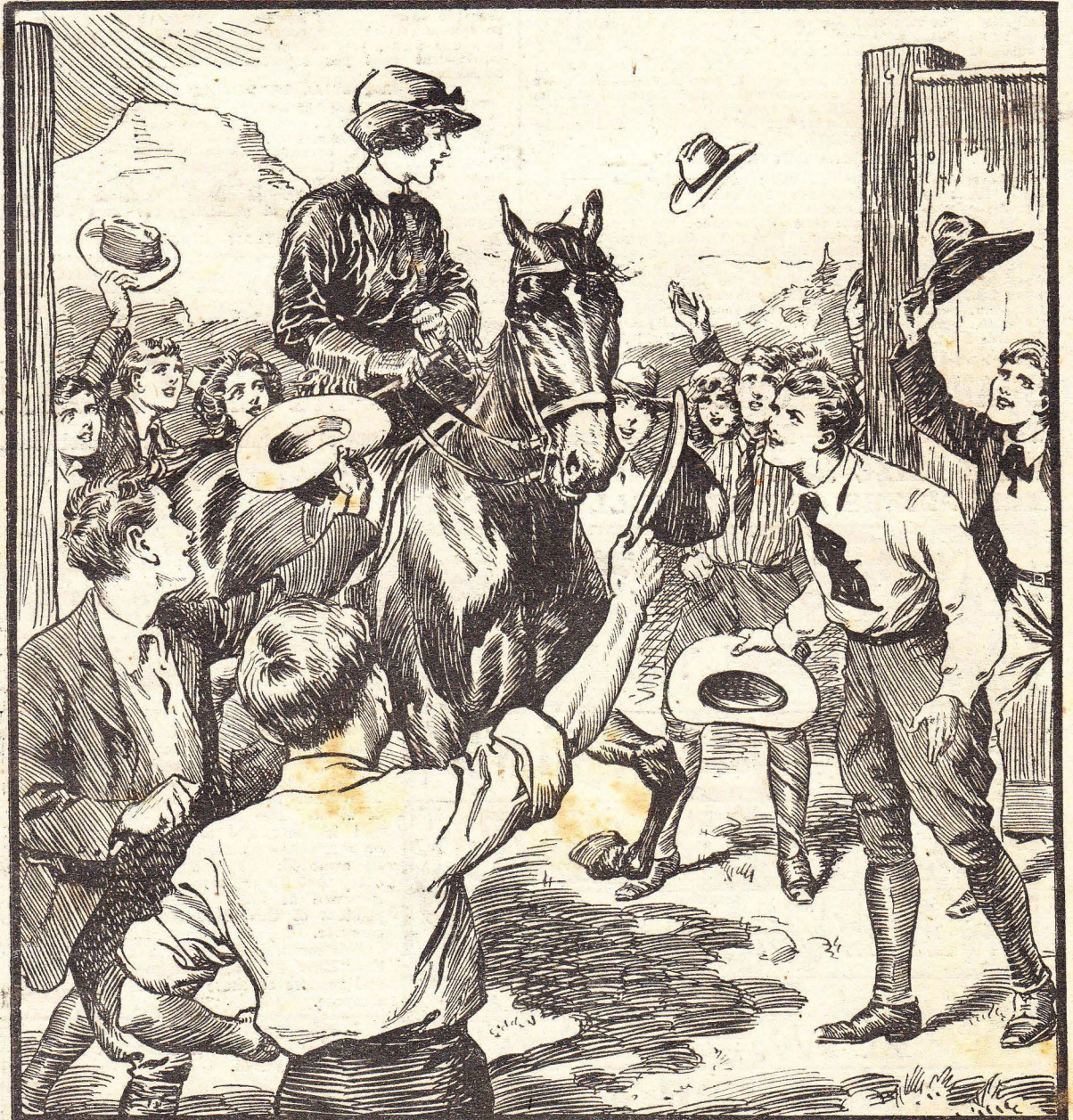
No.
227.

Twenty-eight
Pages.

The POPULAR 2^D

The Story Book for Boys.

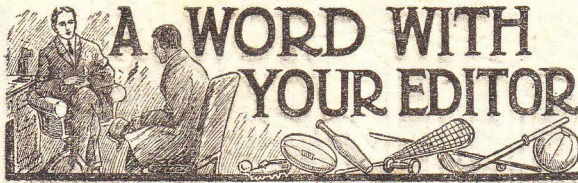
Money Prizes
Every
Week.



THE END OF THE GREAT CEDAR CREEK BARRING-OUT!

(A Scene of Triumph from the Long Complete Backwoods Tale in this issue.)

There'll be a great rush for Next Week's Issue.



THE RIGHT SORT.

That term just exactly hits off next week's issue of the POPULAR with its breezy budget of school stories, and other splendid features including a topping instalment of the grand serial, "The Outlaw King!" But I am coming to all that presently. As a start there must be a brief reference to the coming yarn of Greyfriars. There have been growlings at Greyfriars because of certain happenings, Next Tuesday's capital story helps to clear things up wonderfully.

"THE WRONG SORT!"

That's the title. The school where Master Bunter thinks he learns Latin, and at which the porpoise masters as little of other subjects as he can manage, has been mystified. It is all over the mysterious Sir 'Arry. There has been something pretty baffling to the ordinary mind over the real identity of this visitor. But now the facts have come to light, as facts have a way of doing, sometimes in unwelcome fashion, you may feel not quite satisfied with the change over. But I shall not plunge into the ingenious network of incidents and exciting situations which Mr. Frank Richards has woven over the whole matter. You will be fascinated by the coming yarn.

"PULLING PECKOVER'S LEG!"

Peckover is the remarkable being on two legs who came to Cedar Creek to take command. No wonder his leg is pulled! Mr. Peckover is seen in next week's surprising tale of the Backwoods School enjoying the time of his life. Be it noted that "enjoying" is a relative term. Peckover himself provides much hilarity, but he is not noble-minded; if he were, he would be just downright pleased to think he was supplying others with the wherewithal to laugh. Look out for the plot Peckover hatched when he found things were not smooth sailing at Cedar Creek! He is an amazing chap, and you will roar over the big mistake he made, when he thought he could go one better than Frank Richards & Co. This yarn proves what one word will do. Anyhow

the Cedar Creekers have a walk-over. By the time you have finished with the highly humorous story you will call it a tramp-over.

"MORNY BUTTS IN!"

There are floods of limelight for the intrepid Mornington in next week's Rookwood tale. There are many opinions, best mixed ones, concerning some of Mornington's actions in the past, but he will have plenty of sympathisers in his latest bid for fame. We all know the difficulties in which Rookwood has been simmering of late. The captaincy of the school was practically in abeyance with a funny merchant like Tubby masquerading in the exalted position. Now watch out for what Morny does, and why, and what comes of it all. A good deal does transpire, and it is all of intense interest to those interested in Jimmy Silver's school. All supporters of the POPULAR will be as keen as mustard on next week's stirring events.

"TANGO, THE TERRIBLE!"

We have heard of Ivan, the Terrible. He was the man who made the Muscovites sit up and generally take a lot of notice in the back ages. But next Tuesday's story of St. Jim's in the POPULAR has nothing to do with that person. You will be interested in Tango, and the reason for his arrival at St. Jim's. He is the cause of an array of startling happenings, as will be readily understood once it is learned just precisely what Tango was. This may give pause for thought. The worthy Tango did not require to be given paws—he had them ready made, for he was actually a monkey. St. Jim's gets plenty of high class sensation over the advent of this astounding visitor, and matters call for no end of straightening out at the finish. Martin Clifford has done well with a very curious theme, and his wind-up is a master stroke—just what you expect from Martin Clifford on these occasions.

A SPECIAL GARDENING NUMBER.

To my regret I have but little space left in which to deal with Bunter's latest triumph. Somehow you don't associate Bunter with peas and potatoes, except when they are cooked, but the Owl can soar to any occasion. He has achieved wonders, as per usual. The best of the new Supplement is that it will enchant anyone who is keen on gardening, and tending the frisky vegetable marrow. It will also delight the fellow who knows nothing of the gente art of gardening, nor seen the turnip ripening on the tree.

"THE OUTLAW KING!"

Other fine features for next week include a dramatic instalment of the adventures of Guy FitzHugh, and Robin Hood, and a specially attractive Cricket Competition. The POPULAR is right on the bull's-eye again.

Your Editor.

GRAND NEW CRICKET COMPETITION—BIG CASH PRIZES!

What is the Solution?—Read the Picture-Puzzle below! The history of the famous Kent Cricket Club.
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 Cricket competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find the history of the Kent C.C. 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 "Kent" Competition, POPULAR Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, May 31st, 1923.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide 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 regarded as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

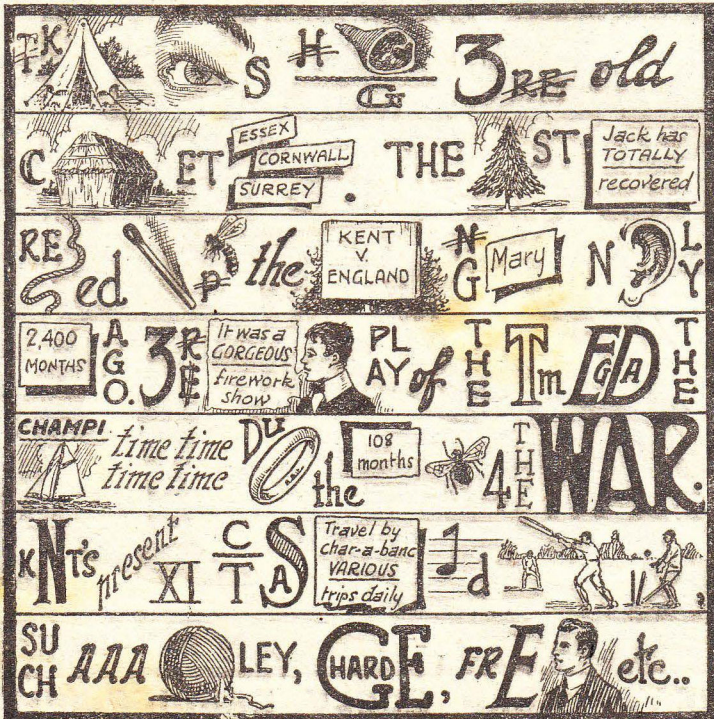
This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," "Magnet," and "Gem," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter the POPULAR "KENT" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

Address

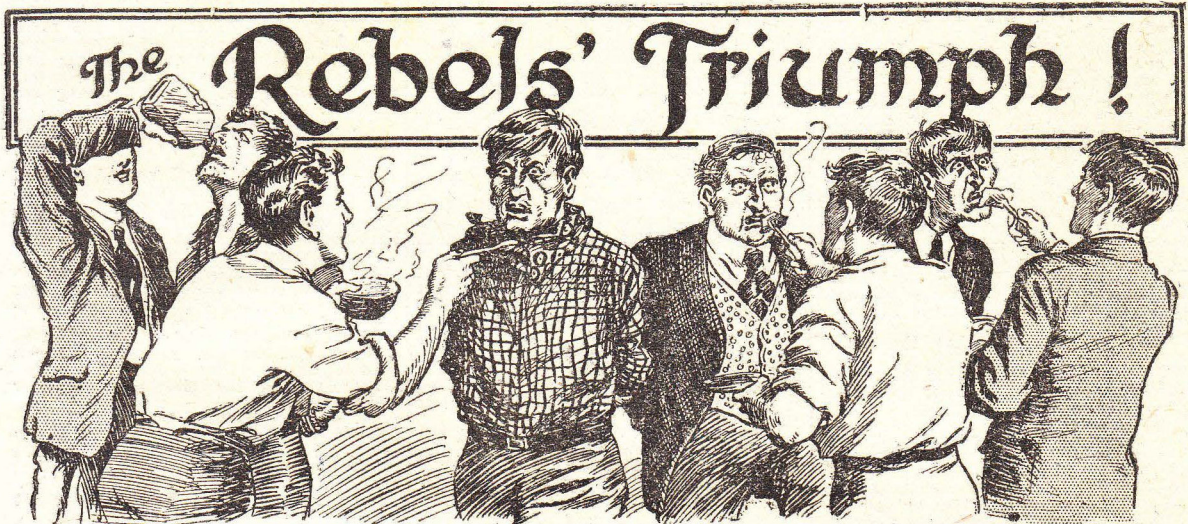
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THE LAST OF THE REBELLION!

In which Old Man Gunten and his gang of roughs from Thompson make their last attack on the besieged lumber school, and are caught in the rebels' net!

VICTORY!



Another roaring Backwoods Tale dealing with the adventures of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., of Cedar Creek.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
A Night Attack.

"FRANKY?"
"Hallo, Bob! You awake?"
Bob Lawless threw aside his blanket and sat up on the floor of the school-room at Cedar Creek.

There were five other fellows rolled in blankets on the floor.
A fallow candle burned on a desk, shedding a dim light through the school-room, casting flickering shadows upon the shuttered windows.

It was midnight.
Frank Richards was pacing to and fro near the sleepers, keeping watch and ward through the night.

The rebels of Cedar Creek were still "holding the fort," roughing it with undaunted determination.

Outside the winter darkness lay on the woods and the creek, and the wail of the wind could be heard in the pines.

Frank Richards stopped in his pacing as his Canadian cousin sat up.

"Not your time yet, Bob," he said. "I was going to call you in a few minutes."

"I heard something, Franky!"
"Only the wind."
"I guess not."

Bob Lawless rose to his feet, his face very alert.

Vere Beauclerc opened his eyes and looked up from his blanket.

"Anything up?" he asked.
"I guess so."

Beauclerc rose at once.
The three schoolboys listened.

The wind from the Thompson Hills was singing in the pines, but something more than that had come to Bob Lawless' keen ears.

A low, faint sound was audible as Frank listened intently, though he could not tell what it was or whence it came.

"That's not the wind," muttered Bob.
Frank shook his head.

"I guess they're on the war-path again," said Bob, in a low voice. "It's a night attack, I reckon."

He listened again.

"Old Man Gunten is getting pretty desperate," went on Bob. "We know that the school superintendent from Kootenay has arrived at Thompson, and he's come up the valley to inquire into this affair, Franky. Mr. Gunten never thought this would happen when he worked it for the board to sack Miss Meadows. He won't dare to let the superintendent find the school like this, if he can help it. I guess he's trying to play a trump on us."

"Likely enough," agreed Frank. "If he could get us downed before the superintendent came on the scene it would be better for him. This state of affairs doesn't

reflect much credit on the chairman of the Board of Trustees."

"I guess not!" grinned Bob. "Listen!"
Creak!

"Come on!" muttered Bob. "Tread light! Don't let them hear you."

The other fellows were awake now.
Bob muttered a word of caution to them as he trod lightly from the school-room.

In the house adjoining the sounds, faint as they were, were clearer, and they came from above.

Bob and his comrades trod softly up the stairs.

One of the upper windows of the school-house looked over the almost level roof of the big school-room, and it was at that window that the sounds were being made.

The chums of Cedar Creek knew what was happening.

In the silence of midnight the enemy, probably concluding that the schoolboy garrison were asleep, had mounted to the school-room roof, and an attempt was being made to force the upper window without giving the alarm.

Frank Richards set his lips hard.
He had been keeping watch below, but he had not noted the faint sounds made above, and the garrison had run the risk of being taken by surprise.

Bob Lawless approached the window and looked through the gash in the shutter.

He did not go too close, however, for a saw was working through, enlarging the opening that had been already made.

Outside a burly figure was standing on the school-room roof, his shoulders on a level with the shutter.

Bob dimly made out the figure, but the man outside could see nothing in the blackness within.

The schoolboys made no sound, waiting for some signal from Bob, who was the leader of the barring-out at Cedar Creek School.

Bob did not speak.
He listened quietly to the grinding of the saw as it was plied by the busy man without.

A voice came from outside, a voice the chums knew well—the fat, oily tones of Mr. Gunten.

"Are you through yet, Four Kings?"
"I calkerlate it's only a few minutes now, boss."

"Lose no time!"
Four Kings, the leader of the Red Dog crowd of Thompson, chuckled softly.

"I guess they're fast asleep, boss. It's all O.K."

"They may awake!" muttered Mr. Gunten nervously.

"Waal, I'm close on finished. Tell Euchre Dick to be ready."

"I'm hyer, I guess!" came back another voice.

Then there was silence, save for the grinding of the saw.

Bob Lawless groped for his companions and led them away to the stairs again.

It was impossible to speak in the bedroom without giving the alarm to the enemy outside.

On the stairs Bob whispered softly:
"It's as I reckoned, you chaps! Old Man Gunten is there himself. He's scooted up the ladder after those toughs. I guess he means to get us under before the superintendent arrives on the scene."

Frank Richards chuckled softly.
"He doesn't know we've seen the superintendent already," he murmured.

"He can't know that!" grinned Bob.
"I guess the man will be along here tomorrow, perhaps with the sheriff. Old Man Gunten wants us down, and his precious new headmaster established, before Mr. Superintendent appears. I guess it won't work out like that!"

"We can shift them off that roof fast enough," murmured Beauclerc. "What's the game, Bob?"

"Better than that! We're letting them come in!"
"What?"

"They won't be through for some minutes yet. Lots of time. We'll get ready for them."

"But," said Frank Richards doubtfully, "there are only seven of us now, Bob, and there are those two toughs—Four Kings and Euchre Dick—and Old Man Gunten, and I dare say Mr. Peckover is there—perhaps others. We shan't have much chance against that crowd at close quarters."

"They're not getting to close quarters," said Bob coolly. "That window is too small for more than one man to get in at a time. We're going to wait inside with some ropes ready."

"Oh!" murmured Frank.

"We shall take them one at a time, and perhaps bag the whole bunch," grinned Bob. "Then, when Mr. Superintendent moseys along to-morrow, we'll have the whole gang to show him, tied up."

Frank suppressed a chuckle.
"Good egg, if we can work it!" he said.

"I guess we can work the rifle! You fellows stay here, and I'll be back in two shakes."

Bob Lawless went quietly down the stairs to call up the rest of the garrison.

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc remained listening intently to the sounds from the bed-room.

The saw was still grinding steadily, and the critical moment was approaching.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bagged!

"QUIET!"

It was a scarcely audible whisper from Bob Lawless on the staircase.

There was hardly a sound as the garrison of the backwoods school came up; they had removed their boots below.

They reached the landing, and peered in at the open door of the bed-room.

The night was dark, but it was darker within than without, and they could make out the gap in the shutter, larger now as the saw did its work.

Inside the gap a hand was groping from outside, feeling for the bars.

There was a grunt of satisfaction from Four Kings as the ruffian found a bar and removed it from the sockets.

"Take this hyer, Mr. Gunten!" the schoolboys heard him mutter, as his hand was withdrawn with the bar in it.

"Good!"

"Don't drop it; I reckon the clatter would awake all the valley."

"Take this, Euchre Dick!" came Mr. Gunten's voice. "Hand it to Mr. Peckover, on the ladder."

"Right, boss!"

The schoolboys within grinned. The enemy had not the faintest suspicion that their stealthy attack was known, and that their whispers were audible to the garrison they intended to take by surprise.

Without a word, for they were too close to the enemy to speak, Bob Lawless made his dispositions in the dark bed-room.

Frank and Bob and Beaulere drew nearer the window, Bob holding a lasso looped ready in his hand.

The other four fellows were farther back, grasping their cudgels in case they should be wanted, and Eben Hacke carrying two or three more ropes.

In deep silence they waited. Frank Richards had a sack in his hands, which was to be slipped over the ruffian as he came in, to silence him.

Creak!

Four Kings' brawny arm came through the opening again, his hand groping for the other bar.

He found it and extracted it, and passed it out to Mr. Gunten on the school-room roof.

Then the shutter creaked as it was cautiously opened.

In the dim square of the open window, from which the glass had been knocked out in a previous attack, the head and shoulders of Four Kings came into sight.

The ruffian peered into the room, listening.

But in the blackness within he could see nothing, and the waiting schoolboys made no sound, though their hearts were beating fast.

A hoarse whisper was heard.

"It's all O.K., boss!"

"Lose no time!" muttered Mr. Gunten nervously.

"I guess I'm going in now! You come arter me, Euchre Dick, and then you and Mr. Peckover, sir."

"You—you will want me?" muttered Mr. Gunten.

"I guess there's seven of the young varmints," said Four Kings. "Every hand will be wanted, I reckon. There'll be a rumous, boss. But we four will handle them all right."

"Very well; go on!"

The schoolboys within heard every word, and they were somewhat relieved.

It was evident, from Four Kings' words, that there were only four to deal with, and that the rest of the Red Dog crowd were no longer on the scene.

It had been a rather desperate device of Mr. Gunten's to employ that gang of ruffians against the schoolboy rebels, but when they had attacked the school, the cowboys from the Lawless Ranch had chipped in and cleared them off.

And Billy Cook, the ranch foreman, had warned them impressively of what would happen to them if they raided the school again.

Evidently the ranchman's threats had been efficacious, for of all the rough gang only Four Kings and Euchre Dick were assisting Mr. Gunten in this last attempt to "down" the schoolboy rebels.

Four Kings put his head and shoulders

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through the little window and began to climb in.

He had not the remotest suspicion that the garrison were within a few feet of him in the darkness, waiting.

With a grunt the burly ruffian came through the window and lowered himself quietly upon the floor within.

He turned back to the window.

"All O.K.!" he muttered. "You next, Euchre Dick!"

Then Four Kings gave a gasp.

From the blackness three pairs of hands suddenly fastened upon him, and before he knew what was happening he was dragged down.

The sack was dragged over his head as he fell, and drawn tight, and the next second the loop of the lasso was round him, tightening.

The surprise had been so complete that the ruffian was reduced to helplessness almost in a twinkling.

His mouth was open to yell, but a rough hand compressed the sack over it, and he only succeeded in gurgling.

He hardly succeeded in struggling for a moment before the lasso secured his arms to his sides, and he was dragged across the room.

There the rest of the garrison seized him and held him fast while the rope was knotted and knotted again.

Frank Richards & Co. stepped back breathlessly to the window.

Euchre Dick's head and shoulders were framed there, against the dim sky.

The ruffian had heard something within, and was listening.

"All O.K., Four Kings?" he whispered.

"All O.K.!" whispered back Bob Lawless.

"Right!" muttered Euchre Dick, little guessing from whom that answering whisper proceeded.

He began to climb in.

Four Kings, on the floor, was still attempting to struggle and yell, but his limbs were grasped in strong hands, and the sack was compressed over his mouth, almost suffocating him.

In the grasp of the four schoolboys, he was whirled out on to the landing, where Eben Hacke stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth to make sure of him.

Meanwhile, Euchre Dick was climbing in.

He dropped lightly upon the floor.

Frank Richards & Co. seized him at once, and bore him down.

Bob Lawless had hoped to secure the rascals one after another, in silence, and so make a complete "bag" of the whole party.

But his luck did not hold out.

As Euchre Dick was dragged down, with Bob's hand over his mouth, his boots crashed on the floor, and Mr. Gunten, outside, uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Quiet, there! Have you fallen? Quiet, you fool!"

Euchre Dick was struggling.

He had no chance with three pairs of hands on him, down as he was, but he succeeded in getting his mouth free for a moment.

"Look out, boss," he panted.

Mr. Gunten was peering in at the window.

He started back as Euchre Dick panted out the warning.

"What—what is it?" he exclaimed, in a shrill whisper. "What—?"

Euchre Dick was unable to say more.

Veré Beaulere's handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth and he was reduced to silence.

Frank Richards & Co. quietly knotted a rope about his arms and legs and left him lying on the floor.

But the alarm had been given.

Old Man Gunten, instead of following Euchre Dick in at the window, was standing there, staring and peering, in nervous alarm.

"Is it all right?" he whispered.

"Answer me! Euchre Dick—Four Kings! Where are you?"

There was no answer.

The fat storekeeper's alarm increased; he was certain now that something had gone wrong with the attack.

He could see nothing, but he could guess that the garrison had not, after all, been taken by surprise.

He peered anxiously into the shadowed room.

Bob Lawless waited a few moments in the hope that the fat Swiss would follow in,

but it was pretty clear that Mr. Gunten had no intention of entering until he was reassured.

The silence of Euchre Dick and Four Kings had alarmed him too much, and he could only conclude that they had fallen into the hands of the schoolboy rebels.

Bob Lawless stepped quietly to the window, where the head of the storekeeper was framed against the sky, peering and listening.

Mr. Gunten started back as a black shadow moved before him, but he started back too late.

Bob's sudden grip fell upon his collar, and he was dragged in at the window.

So sudden was the pull that the storekeeper was dragged half-way in, and had he been a lighter weight, Bob would have landed him inside.

As it was, Mr. Gunten's fat circumference landed on the window-sill, and he clung to the window-frame with both hands, gasping wildly.

"Lend a hand!" exclaimed Bob.

Frank Richards and Beaulere did not need telling.

They grasped the storekeeper together and dragged.

Mr. Gunten uttered a fiendish yell.

Frank Richards' grasp was on his fat ears, and, to judge by his yell, Mr. Gunten was feeling the strain.

"Yooooop!"

"Pull away!" gasped Bob. "We've got to have him."

"Yaroooo!"

"Wha-a-at is the matter?" came the quavering voice of Mr. Peckover, the new headmaster of Cedar Creek.

Much against his will, Mr. Peckover had taken part in the night attack, not having the slightest predilection for that kind of business.

It was only because he dared not displease the chairman of the Board of Trustees, who had appointed him, that he had consented to join in the attempt.

"Help!" panted Mr. Gunten. "Peckover, you fool, come and help me!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Help!" shrieked the storekeeper.

"They are dragging me in!"

"B-b-but—"

"Help me, you fool!"

Mr. Peckover picked his way gingerly along the school-room roof to the window, and grasped Old Man Gunten by the shoulders behind.

Mr. Gunten clung frenziedly to the window-frame, and Frank Richards & Co. pulled within, and Mr. Peckover pulled without.

The unfortunate storekeeper was in the position of a rope in a tug-of-war, and it was a painful position, to judge by his fiendish yells.

Eben Hacke and another fellow got a grip on him now, careless where they dropped, so long as they got a hold.

The odds were against Mr. Peckover on the tug-of-war, and he was quite beaten.

With a gasp of anguish Mr. Gunten was dragged through the window, and landed inside.

His last frantic kick caught Mr. Peckover on the chin, and that gentleman sat down with a loud roar.

He sat on the school-room roof and roared.

Inside the room Mr. Gunten was struggling feebly, but he had no chance.

In a couple of minutes a rope was knotted round him, and the fat Swiss lay helpless on the floor, gasping spasmodically.

"Now for Peckover!" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

Mr. Peckover heard the words, and he jumped up and made for the ladder leading to the ground.

He had had enough.

"After him!" panted Frank.

Bob Lawless jumped lightly from the window to the school-room roof, only a few yards behind Mr. Peckover, as the new headmaster made for the ladder.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Prisoners of War.

"Oh, dear! Oh! Ow!"

Mr. Peckover gasped and spluttered as he scrambled down the roof to the ladder and clutched at it.

He scrambled wildly down the ladder in the dark, and Bob Lawless, reaching it while he was still in flight, slid down after him.

Mr. Peckover was going down one rung at a time, and Bob descended with a rush, with his arms and legs round the ladder. Naturally, he overtook Mr. Peckover at that rate before the schoolmaster reached the ground.

Mr. Peckover was about two yards from the earth when Bob whizzed into him from above with a terrific crash.

The concussion hurled Mr. Peckover off the ladder, and he whirled down and rolled on the ground with a howl.

Bob, rather dazed by the collision, rolled after him.

"Yow-ow-woop!" came from Mr. Peckover, as he sprawled on the ground. "Help! Oh! Ah! Yah! Oh, dear! Oh, goodness! Yow!"

"Mum-my word!" stuttered Bob. He scrambled to his feet and blinked round him.

Mr. Peckover, rather bruised and quite winded, lay helpless at his feet, gasping as if for a wager.

"Franky!" shouted Bob.

Frank Richards' head appeared over the edge of the roof. He was rather anxious for his reckless chum.

"All serene, Bob?" he called out.

"All O.K.," Franky! Chuck me a rope!"

"Right-ho!"

In half a minute the rope came whizzing down, and Bob Lawless caught it.

He ran a noose round Mr. Peckover, who was too winded and too scared to think of resistance, and fastened it under his arms.

He gave a quick look round into the shadows, wondering whether any more of the Red Dog crowd were hanging about the school.

But there was no sound or movement from the winter night.

A fall of snow had whitened the ground, and perhaps that had helped to induce Four Kings' "pards" to clear off, added to the blood-curdling threats Billy Cook had breathed to them.

Bob scudded up the ladder with the end of the rope over his arm, and joined Frank Richards on the school-room roof.

"Got him!" he said. "Lend me a hand, and we'll land him like a fish! You come and help, Cherub!"

"Coming!" called back Beauclerc.

The three chums dragged on the stout rope, and Mr. Peckover, with a yell of affright, was dragged into the air.

The skinny gentleman was not a heavy weight, and Frank Richards & Co. swung him up easily enough.

He was landed on the roof a good deal like a fish, and the chums shoved him in at the bed-room window unresistingly.

He bumped on the floor within, and lay there gasping.

There was a loud howl from Old Man Gunten, upon whose legs he had bumped.

The chums followed him in, and Bob closed the shutter.

"I reckon we've got the whole gang," he remarked. "But I'll nail up this shutter. Can't be too careful."

Eben Hacke had lighted a lantern, and Yen Chin ran for the hammer and nails.

In a few minutes the shutter was safe again.

Then the rebels of Cedar Creek gave their attention to their prisoners.

Four Kings and Euchre Dick were relieved of their gags, but they were left bound hand and foot, and Bob gave a careful eye to the knots. He did not want to chance the ruffians getting loose within the school.

A torrent of abusive language came from both the "bad" men of Thompson, but a vigorous application of bootleather soon put a stop to that.

Old Man Gunten sat with his hands tied behind him, glowering at the rebels in speechless fury.

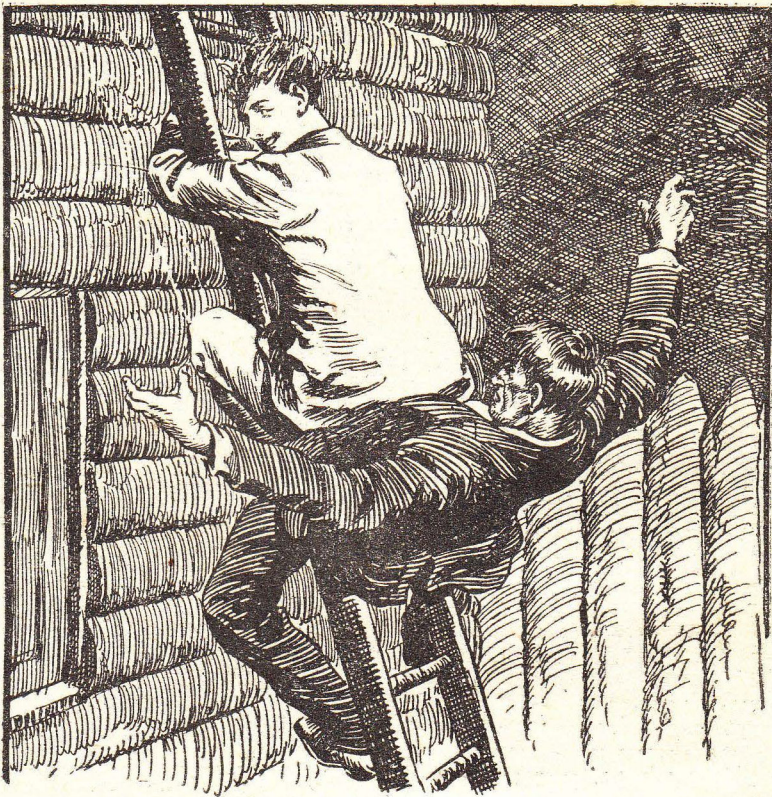
The fat storekeeper was boiling with wrath, and if he had been free he would probably have tried to do some damage.

As for Mr. Peckover, that forlorn gentleman sat silent and apprehensive, and did not offer the slightest resistance, as he was tied.

The four were hustled down the stairs and taken into the school-room, where they were disposed on the floor.

"I guess you kids can snooze, if you like," said Bob Lawless. "I'm going to keep watch. It's some hours to dawn yet."

The schoolboy rebels took Bob's advice



COMING DOWN TO EARTH!—Mr. Peckover was about two yards from the earth when Bob whizzed into him from above with a terrific crash. The concussion hurled the new Head off the ladder, and he whirled down and rolled on the ground with a yell. (See Chapter 3.)

and turned in, Bob and Beauclerc keeping watch by turns till dawn.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
The Game Up!

"WAKE UP!" The wintry dawn was whitening the snow in the playground and stealing through the rifts of the schoolhouse shutters.

At Bob Lawless' stentorian call the schoolboy rebels turned out of their blankets and set about preparing breakfast.

There were ample provisions now, Frank Richards & Co. having smuggled a good supply into the school the previous day from Cedar Camp.

Four Kings and Euchre Dick looked dolefully at one another, as they heard the clatter of knives and forks from the dining-room.

The two ruffians were feeling very "down."

Somewhat to the surprise of the prisoners, food was brought to them when the schoolboys had finished breakfast.

"Let a gatoot's hands loose, can't you?" growled Four Kings.

"No fear!" answered Frank Richards promptly. "I'll feed you, dear boy, like a baby. Open your mouth and shut your eyes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The prisoners were glad enough to get their breakfast on any terms, and the grinning Co. fed them with their hands still tied.

Even Gunten, furious as he was, condescended to eat and drink, though with gleaming eyes and a scowling brow.

Mr. Peckover was very meek and mild. The new schoolmaster had intended, in the first place, to reduce Cedar Creek to order by a series of severe punishments; but by this time all the ferocity had been taken out of him, and if one thing was quite certain, it was that Mr. Peckover was "fed up" with his present position.

He was looking very thoughtful and very glum as he sat, after breakfast, on a bench, and he called to Frank Richards at last.

Frank was looking out into the playground through a slit in the shutter, when his name was called, and he looked round.

"Hallo!" he said. "What's wanted?"

"I want you to set me free," said Mr. Peckover.

"Can't be did!"

"If you will set me free I will leave this place at once," said Mr. Peckover. "I only want to get clear of all of you."

"Oh!" said Frank, and he looked at Bob.

"Can't trust you!" said Bob decidedly.

"I am in earnest!" exclaimed Mr. Peckover. "I tell you that, after what I have been through here, nothing will induce me to accept the position of master of this school! Such a set of young ruffians—"

"What?"

"I—I—I mean that I refuse to come here as headmaster!" stammered Mr. Peckover. "I—I did not mean to make any opprobrious remark. I mean what I say! Mr. Gunten!"

"Well?" snapped the storekeeper.

"I resign the post you offered me!" said Mr. Peckover. "In fact, I refuse to take it up! If you do not choose to reinstate Miss Meadows you must look farther for a new schoolmaster!"

The storekeeper scowled.

This desertion was the last straw, as it were, and his rage turned upon his follower.

"You were glad enough to bag the post!" he snorted. "You were turned out of your school in Saskatchewan for ill-treating a pupil! You couldn't have got another post. You wrote and asked me to use my influence here, in Miss Meadows' job. You asked me to turn her out, if I could, and make room for you. Now you round on me, you cur, because you've been roughly handled by a parcel of young rascals! How am I to face the superintendent and tell him I've sacked Miss Meadows, and haven't got a Head for the school!"

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6 Another Enthralling Instalment of Our Stupendous Serial next week!

"Please yourself! I'm not staying!" Mr. Peckover's temper was rising. "Hang your school, and you, too!"

Old Man Gunten almost foamed with rage.

He strode towards Mr. Peckover, and as he could not use his hands, he made a drive at the skinny gentleman with his boot.

Mr. Peckover hopped out of the way just in time.

The enraged storekeeper was following him up, when Bob Lawless jerked him back, and he sat down on the floor with a yell.

"Naughty!" said Bob chidingly.

"Yow-ow!"

"I guess we can let Peckover go!" said Bob, laughing. "I don't wonder he's fed up; and I reckon he wouldn't keep the job here if we'd let him when the authorities began to inquire into his antecedents. Peckover, my boy, you can go; and if you're not clear of Cedar Creek in five minutes we'll come after you!"

"I shall be only too glad to go!" said Mr. Peckover, with a gasp.

The grinning schoolboys released Mr. Peckover, and he was allowed to drop out of the window into the playground.

"Five minutes!" said Bob warningly.

The five minutes were quite enough for Mr. Ephraim Peckover.

He hurried away to the corral for his horse, and rode away from the gates of Cedar Creek and speedily disappeared on the trail.

Four Kings and Euchre Dick, both in a very subdued mood, begged to be allowed to go like the new Head; but their request was refused on the spot.

The two ruffians were not to be trusted, for it was pretty clear that they would back up Mr. Gunten so long as he paid them dollars for it.

As the morning advanced Mr. Gunten grew more and more uneasy and savage in temper.

He seemed to think, at first, that the schoolboys would not venture to keep him a prisoner for long; but he found out his mistake.

At last he made up his mind to speak.

"Lawless!" he rapped out.

"Hallo, old jay!" said Bob cheerily.

"I—I—I guess I'm willing to come to terms!" said Mr. Gunten, biting his fat lip. "I can't stay here any longer; I've got to attend to business at my store."

"Will you reinstate Miss Meadows as headmistress of Cedar Creek?" asked Vere Beauclerc.

"No!" roared Mr. Gunten.

"Then you can shut up!"

"I'll agree to anything else!" hissed the storekeeper.

"Nothing else will be of any use."

"I'll make it worth your while to stop this foolery!" exclaimed Mr. Gunten desperately. "What do you say to ten dollars each?"

"Oh, don't play the goat; we don't want your money! And we know why you're so jolly anxious," said Frank. "We know the school superintendent from Kootenay is at Thompson."

Mr. Gunten started.

"You—you know?" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"It—it is false!"

"It's true!" said Bob Lawless, laughing.

"We've seen the man—Dr. Macfarlane."

"That's the galoot!" grinned Eben Hacke.

The storekeeper stared at them. He was evidently taken aback.

"How did you know?" he stammered, at last.

"Because me met him yesterday," said Bob. "We made a break to Cedar Camp to get in some grub here, and on the way back we found Dr. Macfarlane in the grip of that precious pair of rustlers." He pointed to Four Kings and Euchre Dick.

"They'd got him down in the trail, and were robbing him, when we chipped in. He was coming to Cedar Creek when they roped him in, but he went back afterwards to Thompson—to call on you, I guess. And he knows the whole story from our side—we told him before we knew who he was."

Mr. Gunten breathed hard.

This was news to him, and his expression showed how unpalatable it was.

"By gum!" murmured Four Kings.

"That galoot—was that the school superintendent?" We never knowed it, boss!

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We took him for jest a stranger in the section."

"Fool!" roared Mr. Gunten. "You have ruined everything. You—you actually attacked him while in my employ! Fool! Ruffian! What can I say to him now?"

Four Kings shrugged his shoulders.

"We didn't know the galoot!" he said.

Mr. Gunten gritted his teeth with helplessness rage. Matters were turning out rather seriously for him.

It was not a light matter for the school superintendent to learn that he was employing against the rebels of Cedar Creek a gang of ruffians who were capable of high-way robbery.

His seat on the Board of Trustees was not likely to remain his much longer.

"Lawless," he exclaimed desperately, "let those men loose!"

"Rats!"

"They must be gone before Dr. Macfarlane arrives here!" panted the storekeeper.

"My dear man, we're keeping them to show him!" said Frank Richards, laughing.

The unhappy storekeeper breathed wrath.

He was beginning to feel that the game was up, and that it had been won by the rebels of Cedar Creek.

He had planned that night-attack on the rebels, hoping to get the upper hand of the rebellion before the superintendent came on the scene, knowing that Dr. Macfarlane had arrived at Thompson.

He had not been aware that the doctor had visited the precincts of Cedar Creek the previous day to get first-hand information of what was going on there; still less had he dreamed of what had happened during the superintendent's visit.

The worried trustee was still pacing to and fro, with a corrugated brow, when there was a clatter of horses' hoofs in the playground.

Frank Richards looked from a window.

"The merry superintendent!" he exclaimed.

And he threw open the shutter and saluted Dr. Macfarlane.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Victory!

THE superintendent rode up to the window and looked into the school-room.

He raised his eyebrows at the sight of Mr. Gunten, with his hands tied, and Four Kings and Euchre Dick lying bound on the floor.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Bob Lawless cheerily.

"Admit me to the house, please," said Dr. Macfarlane.

"That depends," said Bob coolly. "We're holding the fort here, sir, until our headmistress comes back. No disrespect to you, sir, but those are our terms."

"Hear, hear!"

The superintendent made no reply, but he put his foot on the window-sill, and leaped lightly into the room.

The schoolboys did not oppose him, at a sign from Bob.

It was easy enough to deal with one man, if necessity arose. But they had the impression that Dr. Macfarlane did not come as an enemy.

"Tell those boys to release me, sir!" rapped out Mr. Gunten.

The superintendent did not heed; he was looking at Four Kings and Euchre Dick, who tried to avoid his glance.

"Those are the two men who attempted to rob me in the wood yesterday, when these lads came to my rescue!" he exclaimed.

"The very pippins, sir!" said Frank.

"They are in your employ, Mr. Gunten?"

"I got their help to reduce these young scoundrels to order," replied the storekeeper sullenly.

"And you considered that that was a right step for a school trustee to take?"

"I did as I thought best!" snapped the storekeeper.

"Very good! I called on you this morning at your store, Mr. Gunten, but found that you were absent. I desired to see you, and hear your version of this affair. You are aware, I believe, that I am the superintendent dispatched from Kootenay to inquire into this matter. I have seen Mr. Lawless, one of the trustees, and I have called upon Mr. Grim. There is not the

slightest doubt, in my mind, Mr. Gunten, that you discharged Miss Meadows, against Mr. Lawless' objections, from personal motives which had nothing to do with her conduct here as headmistress."

"Sir!" spluttered Mr. Gunten.

"You engaged a new headmaster, who agreed to take back your son, whom Miss Meadows had turned out of the school for rascally conduct. Where is the man? Let him speak for himself."

"He's gone, sir!" said Frank Richards. "He says he's had enough of us, and he's resigned and cleared off. He doesn't seem to like us, somehow."

The superintendent smiled slightly; but his face became severe again at once.

"That simplifies the matter," he said.

"Mr. Gunten, your conduct during this affair is a plain proof that you are not fit to hold the position of school trustee. I am informed that the ruffians you employed would have done serious injury here, even to risking the lives of the boys, but for the interference of the cattle-men from the Lawless Ranch. The whole affair is due to your desire to get rid of a schoolmistress who refused to allow your son to defy all the rules of the school. That is my firm opinion, and that is what I shall report to the authorities."

Mr. Gunten did not answer; he was too enraged to speak.

But he knew that his methods would not bear a close inquiry from the authorities, and having failed to put down the rebellion in time, he knew that the game was up, so Dr. Macfarlane's verdict did not surprise him.

The superintendent waited a moment, and as the storekeeper did not reply, he went on:

"It is my intention to ask Miss Meadows to resume her position here, pending an official inquiry, and her formal reinstatement. That she will be reinstated in all honour I can guarantee."

"Hurrah!" ejaculated Bob Lawless.

The superintendent turned to the rebels, whose faces expressed the most profound satisfaction.

"As you——" he said.

"We're ready to toe the line the minute Miss Meadows comes back, sir!" said Frank Richards.

"You have acted lawlessly," said the superintendent. "But I admit the provocation received, and I must say that I admire your loyalty to your schoolmistress. If this affair ends here, and at once, I can undertake that no further mention will be made of what has happened, and that no punishments will be inflicted. Restore order at once, and I promise you that Miss Meadows shall return this afternoon."

Bob Lawless tossed his hat into the air.

"Done!" he exclaimed.

"I am now going to call upon Miss Meadows. Please have everything in order by the time she arrives."

"You bet, sir!"

The superintendent smiled and nodded, and a minute later he was on his horse again, and riding away from Cedar Creek.

There was a roar of cheering in the school-room.

The rebels of Cedar Creek had won, and they rejoiced in their victory.

Mr. Gunten and Four Kings and Euchre Dick were turned out at once, and they were glad enough to go.

When they were gone the rebels set to work, removing the barricades, repairing the damage so far as they could, and putting everything in order for Miss Meadows.

Eben Hacke was despatched on a horse borrowed from the stablemen to carry the news round to the farmhouses, and call up the rest of the Cedar Creek fellows to give the returning schoolmistress a rousing reception.

Early in the afternoon boys and girls were streaming into Cedar Creek, and there was a big crowd in the playground when Miss Meadows' horse was heard approaching.

There was a ringing cheer as Miss Meadows dismounted before the school-house. Bob Lawless approached the Canadian girl, hat in hand, with a meek smile on his mischievous face.

"Ready for lessons, Miss Meadows!" he said sweetly.

Cedar Creek School was itself again!

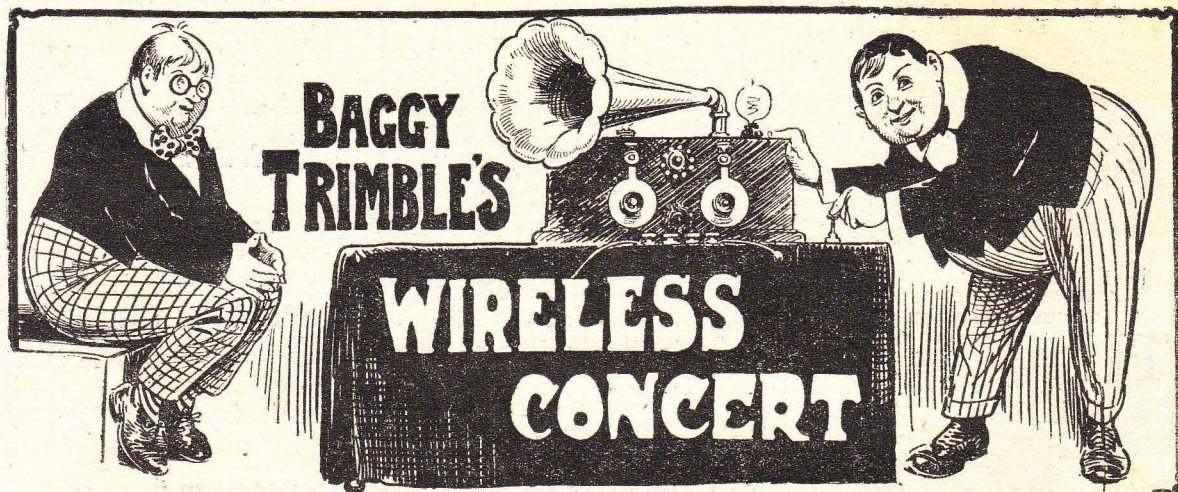
THE END.

(You must not miss next week's top-hole tale of the Backwoods Chums. It's great!)

WIRELESS AT ST. JIM'S!

Baggy Trimble, the fattest junior at St. Jim's, finds himself again in financial difficulties, and resorts to a new scheme for "raising the wind." With the help of a certain well-known party, he forms an astounding plot which takes the school by storm!

AN AMAZING PLOT!



A Special, Long, Complete Story of TOM MERRY & CO., of St. Jim's, dealing with the latest craze.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the famous tales of St. Jim's now appearing in the "Gem".)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Brain-wave!

"AFTERNOON, Master Trimble!" Grimes, the Rylcombe grocer's assistant, touched his cap respectfully as he encountered the fat and perspiring figure of Baggy Trimble of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

Grunt! That was the only reply the fat junior could find at the moment. For over half an hour he had walked backwards and forwards along the dusty lane leading to Rylcombe in an agitated state of mind. The grunt he emitted was more expressive of satisfaction than of cordial greeting.

"A trifle warm this afternoon, sir," said Grimes.

"It is!" agreed Baggy affably, trotting along at the village boy's side. "Expect you find that basket beastly heavy?"

"Quite heavy enough," grinned Grimes, who was rather at a loss to fathom a reason for Trimble's affability. Usually the fat and fatuous junior had very little to say to him—a fact that Grimes was rather thankful for. But in the performance of his master's duties it was sometimes necessary to show civility and even affability to those people he most detested; and Baggy Trimble had long since been relegated to this class.

"Isn't this your half-day?" questioned Trimble, displaying a sudden interest in Grimes' affairs. "Thought you closed at one o'clock."

"So we do, Master Trimble," said Grimes. "But I have to deliver a bill to your Housemaster—Mr. Railton—before I knock off."

"What a fag, dragging all this way," murmured Trimble sympathetically. "Tell you what, Grimey, old fellow," he added, as though struck by a sudden afterthought. "I'll save you the trouble. I've got to report to old Railton at half-past one; I'll take that bill for you."

Grimes' jaw dropped in astonishment. Here was the most selfish fellow at St. Jim's offering to do him a service. It seemed hardly credible, but was, nevertheless, a fact. In his astonishment the grocer's boy did not see the momentary gleam of satisfaction that shot into Trimble's eyes as he made that surprising offer.

"That's certainly very kind of you, Master Trimble," said Grimes.

"Don't mention it," replied the fat junior loftily.

The bill changed hands, and, having again thanked Baggy, Grimes changed his direction,

and strode at a good pace towards the village. Trimble watched his athletic figure until it was hidden by a bend in the road. Then he drew a deep breath.

"That's a bit of luck," he muttered. "Now let's see how much this rotten bill is for."

Despite the fact that the envelope containing the bill was addressed to Mr. Railton, the fat junior hurriedly slit it and drew out the single sheet of notepaper. His little eyes glittered as they took in the short, businesslike account: "To Goods supplied—£2 13s. 4d."

"Phew!" he whistled. "Two pounds thirteen-and-fourpence and I haven't a brass bean in the world! I'm jolly thankful that I caught old Grimes."

And with that remark Baggy Trimble carefully folded the account, placed it in his waistcoat-pocket, and then tore the envelope into pieces. Heaving a huge sigh after the manner of one who had set out to accomplish a purpose and had seen it draw to a satisfactory conclusion, the fat junior directed his steps towards the gates of St. Jim's. A worried frown adorned his fat and perspiring forehead. Baggy was thinking. It wasn't often that Baggy wasted much time on thought, but the present occasion demanded it. His ravenous appetite and his usual state of impecuniosity had prompted him to call in at the village stores two days before. When the fat junior had entered the shop it had been his original intention to merely ask the price of some particularly attractive tinned salmon displayed in the window, but a closer acquaintance with that same salmon, so to speak, had put the last touches to his appetite.

To ask Mr. Sands for some supplies on "tick" Trimble knew was a chicken that would not fight, as it were. Mr. Sands had already sampled of the fat junior's custom—to his cost. An order coming from Baggy Trimble would have been immediately followed by a polite but firm request to "let me see the colour of your cash, Master Trimble." But an order supposedly coming from Mr. Railton via the vocal chords of one of his pupils would be attended to with civility.

Thus it was that Trimble's brilliant brain worked. Of the results that usually attend the taking of a Form master's name in vain he paid not the slightest heed. The shopman behind the counter did not suspect for one moment that the liberal order Trimble gave him was not for the needs of Mr. Railton. Bowing him out of the shop, with the parting remark that he would forward Mr. Railton's bill on the next Wednesday,

Mr. Sands had seen both the fat junior and a considerable quantity of his groceries disappear up the lane to St. Jim's.

Trimble had lost no time in demolishing the spread he had purchased in Mr. Railton's name, and with the final portion of the last pot of strawberry jam disappearing in his capacious mouth had come the reflection that when the Housemaster saw his bill for groceries alleged to have been supplied him, someone was going to get it where the chicken got the chopper—in the neck! And that somebody of a surety would be Bagley Trimble.

At all costs the fat junior had to stop that bill reaching Mr. Railton. All the time during morning lessons on Wednesday, Baggy had been on tenterhooks lest the bill should arrive before he could intercept it.

His meeting with Grimes was fortunate indeed. Mr. Railton would never see that incriminating bill. Meantime, the fat junior intended to "raise the wind." How he intended to raise it was a question calling for too much heavy thought and consideration at that moment.

Puffing up the Rylcombe lane, Trimble passed a sandwich-man upon whose advertisement boards a local electrical firm was "booming" its wireless sets. In bold display was the notice:

"Come and Listen-in to our Wireless Concert!
ADMISSION FREE!"

"I've got it!"

That remark proceeding from Baggy Trimble caused the sandwich-man to pause in his lurching stride and stare.

"Which as 'ow I should think yer 'ave, mate," he said sarcastically.

"Eh?"

"More than's good fer yer," went on the sandwich-man. "Take my tip, and run some of it hoff!"

And he pointed a grimy finger at Trimble's spacious waistcoat.

"Beast!"

Baggy Trimble surveyed the man in what he fondly imagined to be a lofty and dignified manner, and then ambled on. A great idea had entered his thick cranium, and he had no time for a common sandwich-man.

"I've got it!" he muttered enthusiastically. "The very thing! I'll charge them sixpence a time, and—"

"Charge who sixpence a time, Fatty?" Baggy Trimble spun round, alarmed. The

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"Tango the Terrible!"—Next Week's Screamingly Funny Story of St. Jim's!

Terrible Three—Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, of the Shell—were almost at his heels, and it was Monty Lowther who had overheard the fat junior's last remark.

"Starting a moneylending business?" inquired Monty Lowther sweetly.

"A moneylending business?" echoed Trimble.

"Yes; sixpence in the pound. That's how they do it, don't they?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

"Mind they don't 'charge' you with extracting money under false pretences," said Tom Merry gravely. "The police are hot on that kind of people."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And with a playful dig in Baggy's well-covered ribs, the Terrible Three passed on, leaving the fat junior to perfect a plan that had taken root in his slow-thinking brain.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Two Conspirators!

"HALLO, Bunter!"

"Hallo, Trimble!"

It was two o'clock the following Saturday afternoon, and the greeting was simultaneously uttered by William George Bunter of the Remove Form at Greyfriars and Bagley Trimble of the Fourth at St. Jim's. The two fat juniors presented a striking spectacle as they emerged from the station, arm-in-arm, a few seconds later.

"I'm jolly glad you've come along," said Trimble. "I asked you to come over as I've got a really important wheeze on—with money in it! But you're exactly one hour late, old man."

"Am I really?" said Billy Bunter, as if he were unaware of that fact. "Must have been through stopping to give Wharton and his crowd a helping hand with the selection of the Remove cricket team. Do you know, Trimble, old man, they can't do a blessed thing off their own bats! It's always 'Call in Bunter; he'll help us!'"

"Ahem!"

Baggy Trimble had his doubts about the veracity of that statement. He had a strong idea that it was always "Buzz off, Bunter!"

The time and the occasion, however, necessitated "putting up" with the Owl of the Greyfriars Remove. Trimble had an axe to grind, and a few whoppers here and there from the imaginative Bunter would not harm him in the least.

"What's this scheme, Trimble," said Billy Bunter at length, "about making some money? Of course, I'm always willing to go in with a chap, but I trust everything's above board. I'm rather particular, you know," he added loftily.

"Come and have a snack," suggested Trimble craftily. "We can talk the matter over then."

"Good! I'm on," at once agreed Bunter. "I'm feeling quite peckish. I only had a miserable snack at lunch-time. They don't know how to feed a chap at our school, Baggy."

Trimble nodded gravely.

"That's just what I find at St. Jim's," he said.

The two fat juniors entered the nearest confectioner's, and seated themselves. Thereafter the silence was only broken by the clamping of two pairs of hungry jaws. Between them Bunter and Trimble consumed enough tuck to satisfy a whole regiment.

"Ah, I feel a little better now!" muttered Billy Bunter, wiping a greasy and shiny face with a fat paw. "Let's hear this money-making wheeze of yours!"

With a rueful glance at the bill the waitress had presented him, Baggy Trimble leaned forward across the table.

"I intend to give a wireless concert in the Rag," he commenced.

"What!" Billy Bunter's astonishment knew no bounds.

"A wireless concert!" grinned Baggy. "A fake one!"

"How are you going to do that?" breathlessly inquired the Greyfriars junior.

"Quite simple; with your help," explained Trimble. "You're a ventriloquist. Everyone is keen on wireless at St. Jim's."

"But where do I come in?" demanded Bunter. "What do I do?"

"You're going to give the concert, savvy?" grinned Baggy. "I'll fix up a spoof wireless set with a loud speaker. I'm going to invite you over to St. Jim's for the evening. You'll be at the back of the audience. Catch on?"

"Not quite!" grumbled Bunter. "Where's the money-making part of this rotten scheme?"

"Oh, that's all right. I shall charge for admission—sixpence a head to the juniors and a shilling per head the seniors. You leave the whole affair to me. We'll introduce some music into the show—a cornet solo. There's a chap in the village rather down and out just now. He'd be pleased to earn a couple of bob for a cornet solo. Leave that to me. How do you like the idea?"

"It's certainly a corker!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "What have I got to broadcast?"

"Here's your part in the show," said Baggy, producing a sheaf of notepaper. "I've scribbled it all down. You'll be able to throw your voice about without fear of discovery. It's the greatest wheeze of the year."

"Yes, it's not bad for a St. Jim's chap," said Bunter grudgingly. "How much do I get out of it?"

"Halves."

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright!" declared Trimble emphatically. "Are you on?"

"Here's my hand on it," said the Greyfriars junior, extending a fat and dirty paw.

The two juniors shook hands on the bargain, and then rose to their feet. Billy Bunter commenced to fumble in his trousers pocket for some imaginary silver.

"I'll settle the bill," he said magnanimously. "Great Scott!" he added. "I've left all my cash at school!"

"Oh, that's all right!" grinned Baggy Trimble. "It's my treat, you know."

And he paid with as cheerful a countenance as he could muster. Trimble had succeeded in screwing a small loan out of the generous-hearted D'Arcy of the Shell. Paying bills under those circumstances was much more pleasant than paying for them out of one's own pocket.

Arm-in-arm the two fat juniors walked out into the street, and then to the railway station. Bunter was just in time to catch the four-thirty express to Courfield.

"Then that's settled!" said Trimble as he saw the Greyfriars junior safely ensconced in a carriage. "Next Wednesday I'll expect you at three o'clock."

"Right-ho, Trimble, old scout! Rely on me! I'll give 'em a concert they won't forget in a hurry! Halves, mind!"

"Halves!" agreed Trimble. "Chéerio!"

"So-long!" beamed Bunter, as the train began to get under way. "See you Wednesday!"

Baggy Trimble chuckled as the train bearing the fat Greyfriars junior steamed out of sight. Then he turned on his heel. On the way back to St. Jim's he called in at a workman's cottage, which lay slightly off the main road, and was given admittance. Exactly ten minutes later he was striding at a good pace towards the school, an expansive grin on his fat face. Everything was working according to plan.

In cheerful mood Baggy Trimble entered the school gates, even bestowing the time of day on Taggles, the porter, as he sat smoking in his lodge, much to that worthy individual's astonishment.

Baggy hung open the door of Study No. 2 in the Fourth Form passage, and emitted a grunt of satisfaction as he perceived that it was empty. Evidently Percy Mellish, his study-mate, was engaged elsewhere. Entering the study, the fat junior softly closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

A little later the sound of hammering, freely intermingled with expressive grunts, proceeded from the interior of that apartment—a fact that caused no little astonishment to several juniors who chanced to be strolling in the Fourth Form passage.

Whatever business the fat junior had on hand was performed without interruption, for it was nearly bed-time when his study-mate sought an entrance in Study No. 2. By that time, however, the door was unlocked, and all that greeted Mellish's view was the familiar sight of Baggy Trimble seated at the study table, apparently deep in thought.

The entrance of Percy Mellish was the signal for the exit of Baggy Trimble. He

rose to his feet, and, without a word, rolled out of the study. Three minutes later he was rummaging amongst the dusty trunks and miscellaneous odds and ends in the box-room upstairs. And when he finally vacated that apartment, it could have been observed that he carried something of rather bulky proportions under his arm.

The following Monday afternoon all the juniors of St. Jim's were amazed to see an announcement on the notice-board, in the unmistakable hand of Baggy Trimble. The spelling was most original, but what amazed the juniors most was the text of the announcement. It fairly staggered them.

And this was how it ran:

"NOTIS!

Their will be a Wireless Concert in the Hall
TO-NITE,
given by Bagley Trimble of the Fourth Form.

Wonderful program. All the latest songs and news by wireless.

Prise—6d. Commencement—7.0.
Cum and enjoy yorself—no refreshments supplied..

Roll Up! Roll Up! Roll Up!
Turn Out in Yore Thousands!
TO-NITE!!!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

"Listening In!"

"ROLL up, gentlemen! Roll up in your thousands!"

The shrill accents of Baggy Trimble awoke the echoes in the corridor bordering the lecture hall the following day. His notice was working like a charm. Fellows from the Upper and Lower Fourth were crowding into the Hall, having first paid the perspiring Baggy the sum of sixpence for that doubtful privilege.

"Walk up, gentlemen!" bellowed Trimble, standing in the doorway of the Hall, and taking care to see that no one was admitted who wasn't prepared to pay the entrance fee. "Come and listen to Trimble's Wireless Concert. Sir Benjamin Booth speaking from Marconi House to-night!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom Merry, who, in company with Monty Lowther and Harry Manners, had been drawn to the lecture hall out of curiosity. "Sir Benjamin Booth speaking from Marconi House? Why, he's a governor of the school!"

"That's him!" said Trimble triumphantly. "You fellows coming in—only sixpence a time?"

"What do you say, you chaps?" grinned Tom Merry.

"Oh, might as well!" said Monty Lowther. "I'm rather keen to hear a wireless concert."

"Same here!" remarked Manners. "What set have you got, Baggy?"

"Eh, Set?" muttered Trimble. "Er—er—two-valve set, of course. Indoor aerial, you know."

"Right-ho! Here's our giddy entrance-fee!"

The Terrible Three passed in and joined about fifty other fellows who were seated on forms across the room. The wireless concert was the topic of conversation.

"Hallo, there's Bunter of Greyfriars!" suddenly exclaimed Manners, observing the fat junior at the back of the hall for the first time. "Didn't know he was here."

"Oh, Trimble's invited him over for the evening," volunteered Herries, who was in close proximity to the Terrible Three.

"Bai Jove, deah boys!" came the voice of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth. "This is wathah a wippin' wheeze of Trimble's—what?"

"Yes," muttered Digby, "when it starts."

"Don't be impatient, Digby, deah boy! The notice plainly stated that the concert would commence at seven o'clock sharp. It's exactly two minutes to the houah."

"Go hon!" grinned Monty Lowther.

In the two remaining minutes before the concert was due to start another thirty fellows—amongst them a fair sprinkling of the Fifth Form—made their way into the Hall. Then Baggy, seeing that it was time to commence, closed the doors to the public, as it were.

All eyes watched him stride down the gangway with the grandeur of a showman

who had something sensational to present to a curious audience. The audience had been eyeing the weird and wonderful-looking contraption on the table at the further end of the Hall with great curiosity.

Baggy's wireless set was certainly original in design and construction. By the side of a boxlike apparatus, painted in black, was a gramophone-horn, which, the fat junior explained to his audience, was a loud speaker. Two electric bulbs threw off rays of light as Baggy applied his fingers to one of the many switches the set boasted. From another terminal a single wire was connected to an electric light socket hanging from the ceiling. This, the fat junior explained, was an indoor aerial.

"The concert will now commence!" announced Trimble, in piping accents. "Don't make too much noise, you chaps," he added. "The loud speaker isn't as good as I should like it to be."

Mountebank concluded—this with a terrific blare which made the juniors put their fingers in their ears—they would have paid another sixpence for the pleasure of meeting this musical gentleman, and telling him exactly what they thought of him.

"Hallo, hallo!" the voice of the gentleman who announced the programme echoed through the Hall. "Mr. Stewart Mountebank will now play 'The Last Rose of Summer.'"

"Oh, lor!" groaned Monty Lowther dismally. "Can't you cut that cornet merchant out, Baggy? He's worse than Herries!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The cornet player raced through his rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer" in exactly two minutes—much to the relief of the aggrieved members of the audience. They would have preferred him to have finished in two seconds.

"Sir Benjamin Booth, governor of St.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You must have telepathic qualities, Glyn!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "Old Benjy said the same word as you did."

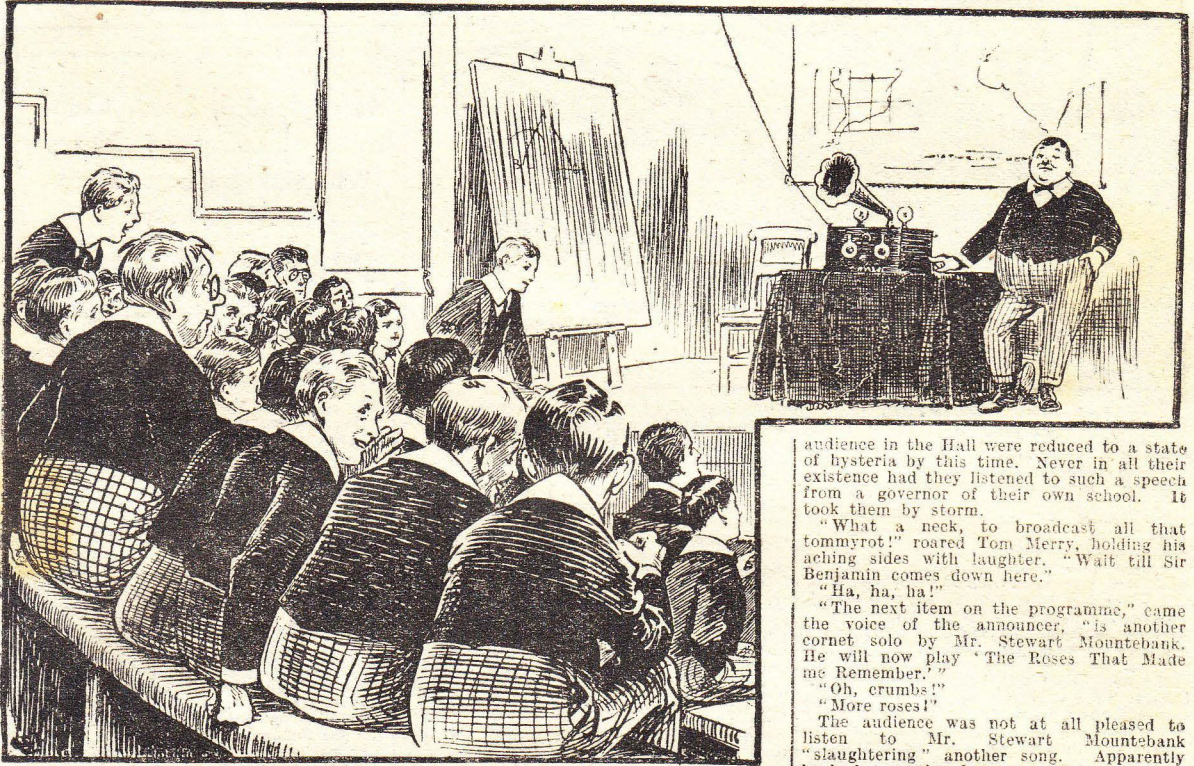
"I know," muttered Glyn, a perplexed expression on his face. "Listen, Monty!"

"A solid foundation," the voice went on. "No junior or senior, for that matter, can possibly perform his school duties unless he is properly fed. In concluding my short speech I would like to remind those listeners-in who happen to be parents, or who have the handling of schoolboys, that a tuck-hamper five times a week does not come amiss, and does not, mark you, overfeed the average healthy schoolboy. On the contrary, it makes a man of him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Makes a beast of him, more likely!" "My hat! Old Sir Benjamin must be off his giddy cranium!"

The tightly-packed members of the



ENTERTAINING ST. JIM'S!—"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a voice from the trumpet. "Mr. Stewart Mountebank will now play a cornet solo, entitled 'The Lost Chord.'" To the juniors' astonishment, there commenced a cornet solo, the volume of which was surprising in the extreme. "My hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "Is this 'The Lost Chord'? Sounds like a giddy one-step!" (See Chapter 3.)

"I should think not, either!" came an audible whisper from the direction of Bernard Glyn. Glyn was rather an authority on mechanism of every description, and he was eyeing Trimble's wireless set with a puzzled brow.

Baggy pressed over another switch and held up his right hand. Immediately a voice, apparently coming from the loud speaker, startled the juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came the voice. "Mr. Stewart Mountebank will now play a cornet solo, entitled, 'The Lost Chord.'"

To the juniors' astonishment there commenced a cornet solo, the volume of which was surprising in the extreme. It might have been that the player was in the Hall himself, so loud and distinct was it. Although the cornet player made himself heard, his rendering of "The Lost Chord" would have made the composer of that world-famed song tear his hair.

"My hat!" muttered Tom Merry. "Is this 'The Lost Chord'? Sounds more like a giddy one-step!"

The captain of the Shell was not the only person amongst the assembly who thought the same. By the time Mr. Stewart

James' College, will now speak to you on the subject of 'Feeding the Schoolboy,' was the next announcement.

"My hat! That's a deuced queer subject to spout about!" said Jack Blake. "A governor, too!"

"There is a lot of misunderstanding—ahem!"—commenced the voice through the loud speaker—"as to the feeding of schoolboys—"

"Hear, hear!" supplemented several members of the audience, grinning. "Go it, Benjy!"

"Every boy should be well nourished from his infant days," continued the voice. "Every boy should leave his seat at the table with his appetite fully appeased. There should be no repetition of the Oliver Twist scandal in this country. The schoolboy requires constant nourishment, and I consider that a Government subsidy should be presented to those people who run—ahem!—I mean—er—er—ahem!—dash it! What is the word—"

"Manage!" yelled Bernard Glyn, laughing. "Ah, thanks! Manage tuckshops!" spat out the voice. "I am a great believer in laying—"

audience in the Hall were reduced to a state of hysteria by this time. Never in all their existence had they listened to such a speech from a governor of their own school. It took them by storm.

"What a neck, to broadcast all that tommyrot!" roared Tom Merry, holding his aching sides with laughter. "Wait till Sir Benjamin comes down here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The next item on the programme," came the voice of the announcer, "is another cornet solo by Mr. Stewart Mountebank. He will now play 'The Roses That Made me Remember.'"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"More roses!"

The audience was not at all pleased to listen to Mr. Stewart Mountebank "slaughtering" another song. Apparently he had a passion for roses. If he had been in close proximity to the St. Jim's juniors, he would have been pelted with oranges, and bad ones at that! They waited impatiently for him to begin and end. But instead of his usually blaring cornet, however, came the distinct sound of a snore.

The audience jumped.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "The giddy performer's gone off to sleep!"

"Hope he never wakes up!" grunted Herries. "He gives me the creeps!"

Snore.

This time it was more distinct than ever. The walls of the Hall threw back that terrific snore and magnified it. Baggy Trimble's expression was homicidal. He walked to the table on which was his wireless set, and commenced to fiddle with several switches. A close observer would have noticed, however, that he also bestowed two or three lusty kicks, surreptitiously administered, under the flowing ends of the big table-cover. The only result Baggy's fiddling with the set produced was three loud snores in rapid succession.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors were now on their feet, watching every movement. Suddenly a yell went up from Bernard Glyn.

"Look, you chaps! Look at that boot under the table!" he exclaimed.

"The whole thing's a fraud! My hat!"

From underneath the ends of the table-cover could be seen the boot and leg of a

(Continued on page 17.)

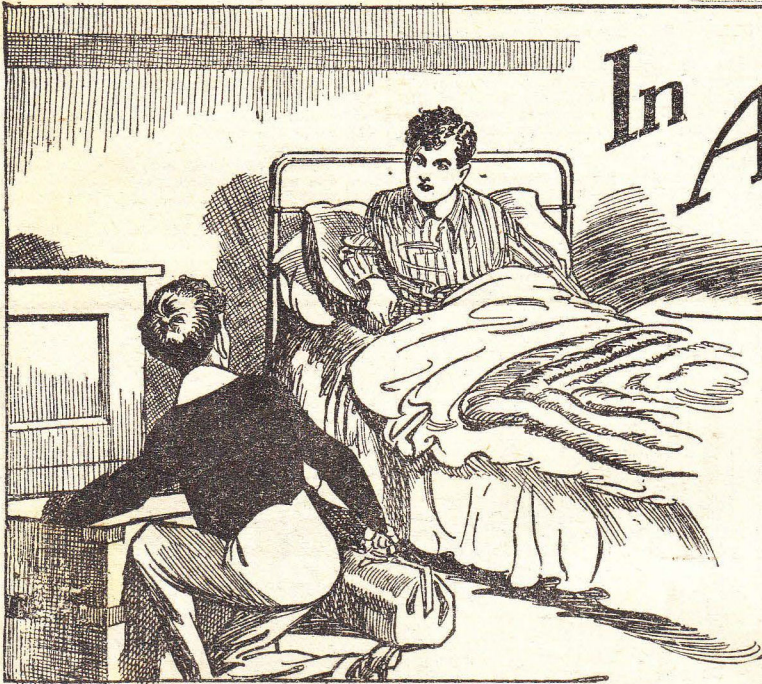
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A STRANGE NEW BOY!

That there was some dark mystery behind the new boy, Sir Harry Beauclerc, was very apparent, from his first day at Greyfriars, to the Chums of the Remove. What that secret was they could not for the life of them make out, until—!

SECRETS REVEALED!

In Another's Name!

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.****The Guv'nor.**

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's a chance to give Ponsonby his giddy monocle?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five and their new chum, Sir 'Arry, were sauntering up the towing-path beside the bright, rippling Sark. It was a few days after the Redclyffe cricket match, which the Greyfriars Remove had won with several wickets to spare. It was Wednesday afternoon now, a half-holiday, and as there was no match on the chums of the Remove had put in a couple of hours at practice with Sir 'Arry.

The new junior was keen on cricket, and the Co. were only too willing to help him on. After the practice they sauntered away down the Sark in the golden summer sunlight, with their straw hats on the backs of their heads, chatting cheerfully about cricket, rowing, and kindred subjects. They were passing a riverside inn when Bob Cherry caught sight of Ponsonby of Highcliffe, and remembered the famous eyeglass, which he still had in his pocket.

Harry Wharton's lip curled as he glanced towards the Highcliffe fellows. They were inside the building. A large window looking on the river, on the ground-floor, was wide open, and the juniors could see into the billiards-room. Ponsonby was at the table with a cue, taking a shot, and Gadsby and Vavasour were looking on and smoking cigarettes.

Ponsonby's partner in the game was a good-looking, somewhat elegant lad, with a petulant, supercilious expression upon his face.

The Greyfriars juniors stopped, and looked into the billiards-room. Ponsonby made his shot, and there was a click of the meeting balls.

"Brought it off, by gad!" said Ponsonby's partner. "I didn't think you would do it. You must have played this game a lot, Ponsonby."

Ponsonby smiled. He prided himself upon being one of the "bloods." The young rascals of Highcliffe School regarded themselves as "dogs," and, indeed, the most doggish of dogs.

Doggishness, according to the ideas of Ponsonby & Co., consisted in playing billiards, betting on horses, gambling with cards, and smoking cigarettes. And they

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were very doggish indeed. And the youth whom Sir 'Arry had called the "guv'nor" was evidently one of their kidney, and quite at home with them in their manners and customs.

"How many's that, Vav?" asked Ponsonby.

"Forty-six," said Vavasour. "You'll go out on this break, Pon, absolutely."

"It's a quid on the game, I think?" said Ponsonby. "A quid, Beau?"

"Yes," said the other, with a shrug of the shoulders. "What the dooce does it matter to me? You won't go out this break. I'll double it if you like."

"Done!"

"Two quid, then," said Gadsby. "Beau, old man, you're a sportsman! Pon will rook you this time, though."

"I don't care!"

"Oh, I'll give Bean his revenge!" said Ponsonby, with quite the air of an old man of the world. "I'm a sportsman. We'll have another fifty after this—double or quits!"

"If you win," said the other, "I'm game."

"You are game," said Vavasour admiringly; "you are absolutely! By gad, you know, I wish you'd come to Highcliffe, you know! You're just one of our sort. You make your people send you to Highcliffe, and we'll let you into our study—eh, Pon?"

"What-ho!" said Ponsonby. He made his shot, and the red rolled into one pocket, and Ponsonby's ball into another.

"That's six, and game," said Vavasour. "Pony up two quids, my infant!"

The loser placed a couple of notes carelessly on the green cloth. Ponsonby grinned with satisfaction as he slipped them into his waistcoat-pocket.

"The silly asses!" said Bob Cherry, in utter disgust. "Ponsonby, you champion chump, here's your giddy monocle. Catch!"

The Highcliffians had been too engrossed in the game to see the group of Greyfriars fellows outside the window. They looked round in surprise as Bob Cherry spoke. Sir 'Arry had been a little behind the others, and now he came up, and as he glanced in at the window he gave a start.

"The guv'nor!" he ejaculated.

Sir 'Arry flushed crimson as the boy inside the billiards-room glanced out at him and laughed. He whispered something to his companions, and all the Highcliffians burst

A Splendid, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars. By

FRANK RICHARDS.

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

into a laugh. Ponsonby extracted an eyeglass from his waistcoat-pocket—a new one, apparently—jammed it into his eye, and regarded Sir 'Arry as he might have regarded some strange, wild animal at the Zoo.

"So that's the merchant?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Highcliffians roared again, and their companion joined in. Sir 'Arry's face was quite crimson, and his eyelids were moist, as if he could hardly keep back tears. Ponsonby took the eyeglass from his eye, and as he did so Bob Cherry tossed the monocle he had captured into the room, and the two eyeglasses came together with a click. Bob's aim was good. It was a "cannon," and the two monocles fell to the floor in fragments.

"Right on the wicket, by Jove!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

Ponsonby uttered an exclamation of rage, and the Greyfriars fellows laughed in their turn.

"You rotten cad!" shouted Ponsonby.

"For two pins I'd come out and lick you!"

"Come on!" said Bob cheerily. "We'll find two pins, if that's all that's stopping you."

"Oh, let them go!" said Vavasour loftily.

"They're not worth taking notice of, absolutely. These are—aw!—the manners of Greyfriars, where they let in all sorts of scholarship bounders—and others bounders, too. He, he, he!"

"Oh, come on!" said Bob. "I'm fed up with their cackle. A pretty row you silly fools would get into if one of your masters spotted you here. Come on, kids!"

Harry Wharton & Co. walked on, but Sir 'Arry paused after a few paces.

"You fellers go on," he said. "I want to speak to—the guv'nor."

Bob caught him by the arm.

"You come on with us, you young duffer!" he exclaimed. "That place is out of bounds, and you can't go into it. There'd be a row if you were spotted there."

"I'll only speak to him through the window," said Sir 'Arry. "Lemme go! I—I must speak to 'im. I can't see 'im going on in that way without saying a word. Lemme go!"

"Well, don't go in," said Bob, releasing the new junior reluctantly.

"Orlight; I won't go in."

Sir 'Arry hurried back towards the open window of the billiards-room, and the Greyfriars juniors resumed their walk more

The Real Sir Harry Beauclerc at Greyfriars—Next Week!

slowly. Sir 'Arry looked in at the window. Ponsonby and the gov'nor were already resuming their game.

"I say, sir!" called out Sir 'Arry softly. "Hallo! Here's that fellow again!" said Ponsonby. "Do you want to speak to him, Beau?"

"No; I don't!"

"Just come to the window a minute, sir," said Sir 'Arry pleadingly. "I won't keep you 'ere more than a minute."

The youth made an angry gesture, but he came to the window. He regarded Sir 'Arry with a frown of annoyance.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded abruptly.

"It ain't right for you to go on like this 'ere, sir!" said Sir 'Arry, in a low voice. "No, don't be ratty with me. It ain't straight! You wouldn't be able to if you was at Greyfriars!"

"One jolly good reason why I won't go to Greyfriars!" growled the other.

"But, I say, sir, I—"

"Don't preach to me, please!"

"I ain't goin' to preach to you, sir," said Sir 'Arry sadly. "But it ain't right, and you know it! When I agreed to do wot you wanted—"

"You made a dashed fuss about it, didn't you?" sneered the other. "Well, perhaps I'll let you off sooner than you expected. I mayn't want you to keep it up."

Sir 'Arry started.

"Gov'nor! It's too late now!"

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"I—I can't back out now!" said Sir 'Arry, with a scared look. "Wot am I to say? Wot will they think of me? I've made friends there. I can't! It can't be done now!"

"You fool! Did you think it would last for ever?"

"I—I took your word, sir—"

"Nonsense! It was to last exactly as long as it suited me, that's all. But don't be alarmed; it's all right at present. Let me see. I must see you and talk to you. I'll meet you one day next week, and talk it over. I want to arrange to go to Highcliffe, and if I can manage it, of course—"

"Them young fellers know your name, sir?"

"Of course they do!"

"And—and they know—"

"The whole bizney? Yes. Don't be afraid; they'll keep it dark, to oblige me, until I choose for it to come out."

"It ain't playing it fair, gov'nor! It ain't fair to me!"

"What rot! Look here, I can't tell how my arrangements may go—it may come to nothing—"

"I 'ope it won't!"

"Thanks! But I shall know next week, and I'll see you and tell you. Let me see—say next Monday. Come out one night—"

"We ain't allowed out arter dark, sir."

"Bosh! We don't want to be seen meeting by daylight, unless the whole show is to be given away, and it may not suit my book yet," said the other irritably. "Come out on Monday night, say, at ten o'clock, and meet me at the stile near Greyfriars."

"But I—I can't!"

"Let me hurry you, Beau!" said Ponsonby airily. "But I'm waiting!"

"I'm coming! Ten o'clock, Monday night, kid!"

"But—"

The gov'nor did not wait to listen. He turned from the window and walked back to the billiards-table. Sir 'Arry gazed at him for a few moments in silence, and then slowly moved from the window and rejoined his chums, who were at some distance down the towing-path by this time.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not ask any questions. But a sort of constraint seemed to have fallen upon the hitherto merry party. Sir 'Arry was silent; he did not speak a word during the remainder of the walk, and the moody expression upon his face showed that he was plunged into the deepest and blackest depression. The Co. cut the walk short, and they returned in silence to Greyfriars.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Visitor for Sir 'Arry.

HARRY WHARTON was in a troubled and thoughtful mood that evening. The meeting with the Highcliffe fellows and their companions was in his mind, and he could not help wondering.

He liked his new study-mate. Sir 'Arry was a fellow whom it was impossible to help liking. But—a strange and chilling doubt was creeping into Wharton's mind.

What was the mystery that seemed to be surrounding the schoolboy baronet?

Who was that fellow whom the Highcliffians had addressed as "Beau," and whom Sir 'Arry called his governor?

Why was the fellow called Beau? Was it a nickname? He was an elegant, dandified sort of fellow, certainly, who might have been given such a nickname. But it was more probable that it was a friendly abbreviation of Beauclerc. Was Sir 'Arry's "gov'nor" a fellow of the same name as himself—a relation, perhaps? It was not likely, and yet, if that was not it, what was the explanation?

And Sir 'Arry's peculiar attachment to him, and evident respect for him—what did that mean?

If he had once served him in a humble capacity, that would account for it to a certain extent, but not wholly.

And, besides, however poorly the boy had been brought up, was it likely that even a poor connection of the rich Beauclercs would be sent out by his foster-father as a personal servant, to earn a petty wage?

It seemed incredible.

There was much in the matter that was perplexing, and Wharton remembered, too, Sir 'Arry's alarm on his first meeting with Nugent, when Nugent had carelessly referred to the talk the juniors had heard on Lantham Hill, his dread—for it was evidently dread—that the juniors had heard more.

What did it all mean?

There was some strange mystery about the schoolboy baronet, and Wharton could not help thinking that it was something that would not bear the light. Sir 'Arry was keeping a secret, and that secret was one that he could not venture to tell, even to the fellows who had become his chums.

Wharton felt utterly "rotten," as he would have described it, at this feeling of distrust towards a fellow he was friendly with, and who had, perhaps, saved his life. But he could not help it—it was there, and it was the curious circumstances surrounding the boy baronet that caused it.

He could not help a certain constraint creeping into his manner when he was with Sir 'Arry again.

But Sir 'Arry was so preoccupied that he did not seem to notice it. Sir 'Arry had been always cheery, and even merry—bright and careless as any of the juniors. But since his meeting with the Highcliffe fellows and the gov'nor, he was silent, thoughtful, and depressed. At tea in the study after that walk he hardly spoke a word, and the next morning he was still only too clearly suffering from a specially severe attack of the "blue devils."

All the Remove fellows noticed it—it did not even escape the shortsighted eyes of Billy Bunter. Bunter attributed it to the fact that he had "dropped" his relation, and assumed a manner of lofty patronage towards him. But Sir 'Arry did not even notice the existence of the Owl of the Remove.

At the end of morning lessons Mr. Quelch addressed the schoolboy baronet before he dismissed the class.

"You will be excused from lessons this afternoon, Beauclerc," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Sir 'Arry, in surprise.

"Your guardian is coming to see you," Mr. Quelch explained.

Sir 'Arry, who had risen from his form to follow the juniors out, stood rooted to the floor. He looked blankly at Mr. Quelch.

"My—my guardian, sir?" he stammered.

Mr. Quelch nodded kindly.

"Yes, Beauclerc. I am glad to say that Mr. Lazenby is very much better, and is able to travel. He is leaving England for his health, but he wishes to see you here before he goes, so he is coming to Greyfriars on his way to Southampton. He will be here at three o'clock, and will have to leave again, I understand, at four, to catch the express for Southampton. You will be sure to be here when he comes. Perhaps you would like to meet him at the station?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Sir 'Arry.

"The train reaches Courtfield Station at half-past two," said the Remove master. "You are free for the afternoon, Beauclerc."

"Thank you, sir!"

Sir 'Arry followed the Remove out, walking like a fellow in a dream. The deep

trouble in his face drew many eyes upon him. Bob Cherry took his arm affectionately.

"What's the row, kid?" he asked, as they went down the Form-room passage. "You look as if all the trouble of the giddy universe had dropped on you all of a sudden. Is there anything the matter?"

"Yes," groaned Sir 'Arry.

"Anything a pal can do to help?"

Sir 'Arry shook his head.

"You can't 'elp me," he said. "You—you wouldn't understand. It's all right! I—I shall manage some'ow!"

Bob looked at him curiously.

"You don't want to see this lawyer chap?" he asked. "Is that it?"

Sir 'Arry did not reply.

"I think I understand," said Bob.

Sir 'Arry stared at him quickly, almost wildly.

"You—you understand?" he stammered.

"I think so," said Bob cheerily. "I suppose he's some bothering old johnny—what? He's going to give you giddy lectures, and worry you, and you've got a bad hour to go through, is that it?"

"Something like that," said Sir 'Arry, looking relieved.

"Well, buck up, and make up your mind to it," said Bob encouragingly. "The old johnny's leaving England, it seems, and he's only got one hour to go for you. You can stand that. Then you'll be clear of him for a long time. However bothering he is, one hour of it won't hurt you, even if he jaws you all the time."

Sir 'Arry grinned faintly.

"It ain't exactly that," he said.

"I wish I could come with you to meet him at the station," said Bob. "I'd back you up. But I don't suppose Quelch would let me off."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Sir 'Arry hastily.

"That's all right. I'd rather go alone. I—I think it would be better."

"Sure?" said Bob. "I could ask Quelch. He's very decent, you know—he might give me leave—"

"No; I—I think Mr. Lazenby would rather see me alone."

"Right-ho!" said Bob. "Buck up, and make up your mind to it, kid."

"I will!" said Sir 'Arry.

He left Bob as soon as he could, and walked away under the elms. He evidently wanted to be alone; and Bob, a little puzzled, let him go.

When the Removites went into the Form-room that afternoon, Sir 'Arry did not go with them. The juniors had seen him start in the direction of Courtfield—apparently to meet his guardian at the station. And the chums of the Remove had noted how gloomy and despondent he looked, and they could not help wondering why he should look forward to that meeting with the lawyer with so much dread and disquiet.

It was later in the afternoon when a visitor was announced. Mr. Quelch hurried away, and his amazement knew no bounds when the visitor introduced himself as Mr. Lazenby, Sir Harry Beauclerc's guardian.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "This—this is most amazing. Your ward, sir, was sent to meet you at the station!"

Mr. Lazenby started.

"Indeed, sir!" he exclaimed. "He was not there!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"He may have missed you, and will come back here very soon," he said. "Perhaps you would not mind waiting—I must get back to my class."

Mr. Lazenby nodded and took up a magazine. But an hour passed, and still there was no sign of Sir Harry.

Mr. Lazenby left Greyfriars at four o'clock, and still Sir Harry was absent. By that time Mr. Quelch was positively furious, for he had to keep dodging from the Remove Form-room to the waiting-room. Harry Wharton & Co. were glad when the bell rang for the end of classes.

And it was not until Gosling was locking up that Sir Harry walked in.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Nothing to Say!

SIR 'ARRY looked tired, and a little dusty, as he came in. Gosling gave him a grim look.

"Only just in time, Master Beauclerc," he said, holding up the big, iron key. "You'd 'ave been locked out in

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another two minutes! Which you're to go to Mr. Quelch's study at once! And wot I say is this 'ere—"

"All right!" said Sir 'Arry. He walked away towards the School House, and Gosling snorted and locked the gates. In the house, Sir 'Arry's chums were waiting for him.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Nugent, in great relief. "Arry, you ass, I was beginning to think you'd been run over, or something! Where have you been?"

"I've been out." "We know you've been out," said Wharton. "Didn't you go to Courtfield Station to meet your guardian, 'Arry?"

"No!" "Well, you must be a duffer!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "That's what Quelch let you off lessons for!"

"I know. He's been here?" asked Sir 'Arry.

"Your guardian? Yes. He cleared off at four o'clock; he couldn't miss the Southampton express. But you knew that?"

"Yes, I knew it," said Sir 'Arry quietly. "You did it on purpose?" said Bob.

"Yes." "Well, you are an awful ass! Quelch is frightfully ratty! You're to go in and see him about it!"

"Yes, I know," said Sir 'Arry dully. "I ain't afraid of a licking!"

And he walked away to the Remove master's study. The juniors remained silent and uneasy. Not a single word of explanation had Sir 'Arry proffered of his extraordinary conduct. And the chums of the Remove, though they were not inquisitive, could not help feeling hurt at his want of confidence.

They had chummed with him, they had taken him into the select circle of the "Co.," and surely he might have been expected not to keep secrets from them in this way.

Sir 'Arry tapped at the Form-master's door and entered.

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon him in a way that would have made any junior feel uncomfortable, and Sir 'Arry's glance dropped shamefacedly.

"So you have returned?" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Yessir!"

"I gave you your freedom from lessons this afternoon in order that you might see your guardian, Beauclerc."

"Yessir!"

"You appear to have missed meeting Mr. Lazenby with deliberate intention. However, I am prepared to hear any explanation you have to make. I should be very sorry indeed to think that I have been mistaken in you, Beauclerc," said Mr. Quelch, more kindly. "I cannot think of any accident that may have prevented you from meeting your guardian. But I should be glad to hear of any explanation of your extraordinary conduct; I do not wish to think you deliberately disrespectful and insolent!"

Sir 'Arry's face was crimson.

"It ain't that, sir!" he stammered.

"Well, well, what explanation have you to make?"

"I—I ain't got nothing to say, sir."

"What?" Mr. Quelch's brow was very dark. "You have no explanation—no excuse to offer, Beauclerc?"

"No, sir."

"You admit that you deliberately failed to meet your guardian, although he came here specially to see you, and I had informed you that he could not stay more than an hour at the school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Beauclerc, you amaze me! You understand, of course, that you will be severely punished for this conduct, and that it changes very much the good opinion I had of you?"

"I s'pose so, sir," said Sir 'Arry miserably. "I—I didn't want to meet Mr. Lazenby, sir. That's 'ow it was, and that's all I can say!"

"I had just given Mr. Lazenby an excellent account of you, Beauclerc. You followed it up by acting in this outrageous manner. Did you not consider, boy, the position you placed me in—me, your Form-master?"

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"But you must have had some motive, Beauclerc," said Mr. Quelch, more puzzled

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than angry, though he was very angry indeed. "You cannot have acted in this manner without a motive of some sort, I presume?"

Sir 'Arry was silent.

"Have you nothing to say, Beauclerc?"

"Nothing, sir."

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet and selected a cane.

"Very well," he said coldly. "I am disappointed in you, Beauclerc. I have evidently formed a wrong opinion of you—I may say you have deceived me. Hold out your hand, sir!"

And there and then Mr. Quelch administered a caning such as he seldom inflicted upon a junior. He was justly angry, and Sir 'Arry felt the full weight of his anger.

The boy endured the caning quietly, without a sound coming from his lips, though they had turned very white. Mr. Quelch gave him six strokes, each of them what the juniors would have called a "twister." Then he laid down the cane.

"You may go!" he said.

Sir 'Arry turned towards the door. He hesitated, and turned back.

"Mr. Quelch, I—I—" he stammered—"I—I'm sorry that I've made you think bad of me—I'm very sorry indeed. I don't mind the caning; but—but I 'ope you don't think, sir, as 'ow I would be cheeky to you, sir. That 'urfs me more than the lickin', arter the way you 'ave been kind to me!"

The Remove master was touched, in spite of himself.

"I am still willing to hear you, Beauclerc, if you can give even the slightest excuse of your conduct," he said.

"I—I can't do that, sir!"

"Then I can only think that you have been deliberately impertinent to both your guardian and myself. Leave my study!"

And the junior went out without a word.

He stood in the passage, after he had closed the door, struggling hard to keep back his tears. It was not the caning, severe as it had been, that brought the tears to his eyes. But they would come, in spite of him, and they blinded him as he went down the passage. A good many fellows looked at him, and Snoop burst into a cackle.

"Blubbing, by gum! Blessed if he isn't blubbing!"

"Shut up, you cad!" growled Bolsover-major, giving Sidney James Snoop a shove that sent him reeling. "Hold your beastly tongue!"

Sir 'Arry looked neither to the right nor left as he went up to his study. He did not even see the juniors. He found Study No. 1 untenanted, and Wharton and Nugent left him to himself there. It was half an hour later, when they came in to do their preparation, and they found Sir 'Arry already at work then, with suspiciously-red rims to his eyes.

"Got it pretty bad?" asked Nugent.

Sir 'Arry nodded.

"It wasn't that!" he said, in a low voice. "I can stand a lickin'. But—but—I don't like Mr. Quelch to think bad of me, arter the way he's treated me so well. He thinks I've been a rotter, and—and—I s'pose it can't be 'elped!"

"But what on earth did you do it for?" exclaimed Wharton.

Sir 'Arry did not reply.

"You knew that trouble would follow, surely?" Nugent demanded.

"Yes, I knowed that!"

"Then, why—"

"Tain't any good talkin'," said Sir 'Arry. "I 'ad to do it! Couldn't be 'elped; but I can't exactly tell you 'ow it was. That's all!"

"Well, you are a queer fish!" said Frank, as he sat down at the table. "Of course, Quelch thinks it was pure cheek. Blessed if I see how he could think it was anything else! Old Lazenby was in a rare state, too! It was rather rotten of you, 'Arry!"

"I s'pose it was," said Sir 'Arry wretchedly. "You think me a rotter now, too?"

"Rats!" said Nugent quickly. "I don't think anything of the sort. I suppose you had a reason—and you needn't tell us if you don't want to. Let's chuck the subject and pile into prep."

So they chucked the subject and piled into preparation; and nothing more was said about it in Study No. 1. But Wharton and Nugent did not find Sir 'Arry a cheerful companion that evening.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Betrayed.

WINGATE, the captain of Greyfriars, had seen lights out in the Remove dormitory.

It was Monday night. The usual cheery chat ran from bed to bed, but Sir 'Arry was not taking part in it. But he was not asleep, though he lay silent while the others talked. He was wondering uneasily whether the fellows would go to sleep in time for him to get out of the dormitory unseen. His "guy'nor" had fixed ten o'clock, in his high-handed, arbitrary manner, for the meeting by the stile in Friardale Lane, and it would take the schoolboy baronet a quarter of an hour at least to get there. And the juniors did not go to bed before half-past nine.

Sir 'Arry heard the quarter to ten strike, and he groaned inwardly. Either he had to be late for the appointment, or he had to quit the Remove dormitory with the full knowledge of the whole Form. He shrank from that. It was dangerous—for among so many fellows there were two or three who might have "sneaked," and breaking bounds after dark was a serious matter. And, above all, he shrank from letting his chums know that he was going.

But to keep his "guy'nor" waiting—that was almost as serious to the simple lad whose devotion to a supercilious and ungrateful fellow seemed impossible to break. Sir 'Arry could not help fearing that if the Co. found that he was going, they would try to stop him, even by force, for his own good—and he could not explain to them why he must go. He lay in mental anguish while the minutes passed, and the chatter still ran on.

The voices died away at last, as ten o'clock was striking. There was silence in the Remove dormitory, following the last stroke of the clock.

Sir 'Arry slipped softly out of bed. He was already late, and he could only hope that the "guy'nor" had waited for him. He dressed quickly and quietly in the dark, and, taking his boots in his hand, stole on tiptoe from the dormitory.

Downstairs there were still lights, the masters were yet up, and most of the seniors; but Sir 'Arry did not go downstairs. He had planned by daylight the way he would get out. In the dormitory passage he stopped to put on his boots, and then he opened a little window at the end of the passage, outside which the ivy hung in thick masses. It was a dangerous descent in the dark; but Sir 'Arry did not hesitate for a single moment.

He swung himself out on the sill, and, crouching there, closed the window behind him. Then he scrambled down the ivy.

In a few minutes he was upon the ground. He scudded away towards the school wall, climbed it lightly, and dropped into the road, and, without a pause, started at a run for the cross-roads in the lane.

Before he came in sight of the stile the quarter-past had rung out from the village church. He came up panting at last. A red spark gleamed through the darkness, and he knew that it proceeded from the end of a lighted cigarette. Someone was waiting at the stile—and the cigarette was proof enough for Sir 'Arry that it was the "guy'nor." He slackened down his pace, breathing more freely with relief. He had feared that the other might be gone.

The handsome, petulant face of the "guy'nor" looked at him over the glowing end of the cigarette. The face showed angry impatience.

"You're late, confound you!"

"I couldn't 'elp it, sir!" faltered Sir 'Arry. The fellows wouldn't go to sleep, and I couldn't 'ave come out under all their noses, you know!"

"What rot!"

"Some of them would have stopped me—my friends would. They wouldn't know that I 'ad to come, and they'd 'ave thought I was gettin' into trouble of some sort."

"They won't think much about you at all any longer!" growled the other. "This comedy is going to finish, kid!"

"You don't mean it!"

The other boy shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Of course I mean it! I warned you the other day, didn't I?"

Sir 'Arry's face showed very pale in the starlight.

"I couldn't think as 'ow you meant it, Master 'Arry!" he said. "I couldn't think as you would be so cruel and unfeelin'!"

"Nonsense! You only went to Greyfriars to oblige me—why, you didn't want to do it. You made fuss enough about going, I know that."

"Yes, before I went. That was different," said Sir 'Arry, in a low voice. "I didn't want to go for to do it, because it was deceivin'. It meant tellin' lies. But you persuaded me—you said as my father would be turned out of his farm if I didn't do wot you wished, sir. And goodness knows 'ow I've longed for schooling," the lad went on, with a break in his voice. "I was glad of the chance, so far as that went. But—you never said nothing about going back on me like this. Arter going there, and making friends and that—"

"Rubbish! As if a rotten little outsider like you would make friends among gentlemen's sons!"

"Outsider or not, I've made friends—some of the best chaps in the school," said Sir 'Arry quietly.

"Those cads I saw you with in the motor-car on Saturday?" asked the other, with a sneer.

"They're not cads, sir—they're the best fellows that ever breathed," said Sir 'Arry, with a ring of anger in his voice. "Don't you call them names. They've been good to me—though I drop my 'h's and don't know any manners. They're the best chaps—"

"Because they believe you to be a rich baronet, I suppose."

"They believe me a baronet, but they don't believe me rich now—I ain't had any money," said Sir 'Arry bitterly. "You asked me to take that part at Greyfriars, but you left me without any money to keep it up."

"Well, you won't have to keep it up any longer."

"I must! You can't go back on me like that!" exclaimed the junior, in a tone of sharp distress. "They won't understand 'ow it was—they'll think that I was a common cheat and liar! You can't give me away like that!"

"You young ass! Did you think you could go on playing the part of Sir Harry Beauclerc for ever?" demanded the other impatiently. "It was bound to come out sooner or later. Old Lazenby will see you at some time or other. Besides, I can't lend you my name for ever. It's come to the point now. I didn't want to go to Greyfriars—and I wouldn't go. I thought of staying on at the farm, or going about and having a good time. But now I've made some friends at Highcliffe—"

"They're not good friends to you, sir, from the way they was leadin' you to act!"

"For goodness' sake, don't give me a sermon, kid! I've made up my mind to go to Highcliffe—Ponsonby has pointed out to me that I must go to school sooner or later—and I can have a good time at Highcliffe, too. They want me there. It was only a question of working it with old Lazenby. There's no reason why he shouldn't send me to Highcliffe instead of Greyfriars. Besides, you couldn't keep it up very long. Blessed if I know how you managed to pass for a baronet at all—you, a common farmer's son—and a devilish poor farmer at that. I shouldn't wonder if some of the Greyfriars fellows already suspect you of being a daw in borrowed plumes."

"They don't!"

"Well, it's got to come to an end now. I've fixed it up with Ponsonby and the rest to come to Highcliffe, and I've come to see you now to tell you. The best thing you can do is to slip quietly away from Greyfriars."

Sir 'Arry's face was hard and white.

"You mean that, sir?"

"Of course!"

"You're goin' back on me—arter I trusted to your word?"

The real Sir Harry Beauclerc shrugged his shoulders.

"You can put it like that, if you like," he said. "I don't see why I shouldn't make use of you. I'll compensate you—when I come into my money I'll see that you don't want."

Sir 'Arry's lip curled.

"Keep your money!" he said bitterly. "I don't want your money! You don't think of anythin' but money! Do you think I'd

'ave done wot I've done for money? I did it because we was brought up together as brothers, though I've never forgotten the difference in our position. I would always 'ave done anything for you, and you knowed it, and you took advantage of it to put me into this rotten position. It was mean of you, sir; it was cowardly! Now they'll all think me a cheat—an impostor—"

The junior's voice broke.

"Well, you are an impostor, if you come to that!" said Sir Harry Beauclerc coolly.

The Greyfriars junior clenched his fists hard.

"You—you say that?" he muttered. "You, wot drove me into it against my will, 'cause I couldn't refuse to do wot you asked!"

"Don't let's have any heroics. I tell you it's time to finish this nonsense; and I've written to Lazenby already!"

"Then—then it's done?"

"Yes. He's at Dieppe now, and I've written to him explaining. I've told him I never went to Greyfriars, and that I won't go to Greyfriars, and that I want to go to Highcliffe. I shall fix it all right with him. He'll write to Dr. Locke, of course; so the sooner you clear out of Greyfriars the better it will be for you! I shouldn't wonder if Dr. Locke gets his letter to-morrow."

"Master Harry! You—you've done this—to me!"

Sir Harry Beauclerc yawned and lighted another cigarette. There was not a trace of feeling in his hard, supercilious face. It was evident that the emotion of the unfortunate, his helpless catspaw, only bored him.

"I'll pay you well for your trouble, Jack Holt," he said. "I think we've said enough. I can't stay here any longer."

"You'll pay me!" The junior's pent-up anger and scorn broke out. "You won't pay me! You hound—you cur! I'll never touch your money!"

"Hoity-toity!" said Sir Harry Beauclerc, laughing. "Don't ride the high horse, kid; it doesn't suit you—it doesn't a little bit! Be sensible! Why—why—What—You cheeky hound!" roared the baronet, as he reeled back from a blow full in the face.

He staggered against the stie, his eyes blazing with rage.

"You—you dare to lift your hand to me—you beggar—you pauper!" he gasped.

The Greyfriars junior's eyes were blazing, too.

"I'm done with you," he said. "You're a baronet and a gentleman, and I'm a poor man's son; but I'd be ashamed to act like wot you've done. I'd never 'ave played a dirty trick like this on a fellow wot trusted to my word! You're a cad, Sir Harry Beauclerc—a cad and a liar and a coward! This is the end of it! And now come on, if you like! I've never lifted my 'and against you afore, though, goodness knows, you've tried my temper often enough; but I've 'ad enough of it now. Come on, Sir Harry Beauclerc, liar and sneak, and the poor farmer's son will thrash you within an inch of your life!"

Sir Harry Beauclerc did not accept the invitation. He wiped his face, where the junior's fist had struck, his eyes gleaming with rage and spite.

"I won't touch you," he said, between his teeth. "But I'll make you smart for this, all the same, Jack Holt! All's at an end between us now!"

"All the better!"

Sir Harry Beauclerc turned and strode away. The boy who had been known by his name at Greyfriars looked after him for a moment or two, and then turned also, and went back slowly and heavily towards the school—his home for a few short days—his home no longer.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
The Last of Sir 'Arry!

HARRY WHARTON awoke suddenly. There was a glimmer of candle-light in the Remove dormitory. Someone was moving about.

Wharton sat up in bed, and glanced towards the light.

Sir 'Arry, fully-dressed, was out of bed. He had a bag in his hand, and was kneeling before his open box, evidently packing things into the bag.

Wharton stared at him blankly.

"'Arry!" he exclaimed.

The junior started, and looked round. A flush came into his pale cheeks as he caught Wharton's eyes fixed upon him in wonder.

"I—I didn't know you was awake!" he stammered. "I was as quiet as I could."

"What are you up to, 'Arry?"

"Puttin' my things together," said 'Arry drearily. "You go to sleep, Master Wharton! You won't see me any more, though it was hard to go without sayin' good-bye!"

"To go!" repeated Wharton. "Where are you going?"

Sir 'Arry gave a short, dry laugh.

"Ome!" he said.

"Home! I don't understand you! Look here, 'Arry—"

"Hush!" muttered Sir 'Arry, with a nervous glance along the row of beds. "You'll wake them, Master Wharton! I—you'll know all about it to-morrow—"

"I'm going to know about it to-night!" said Wharton, slipping out of bed. "If you're thinking of running away from school, you young ass, I'll jolly soon stop you! I'll call the chaps, and we'll—"

"Don't!" muttered Sir 'Arry. "If—if you must know, come down to the study—I've got to go there for the rest of my things. I'll explain. But don't wake the others—I couldn't stand facing them all! Quiet!"

The earnestness of the junior, and the anguish only too plainly written in his tortured face, impressed Wharton strangely. He nodded shortly. Sir 'Arry extinguished the candle, and Wharton dressed quietly in the dark. Sir 'Arry finished his packing, and they left the dormitory quietly together. The hour was late; the whole School House was dark and silent. They did not speak a word till they were in Study No. 1. Wharton closed the door and lighted the gas, keeping it low.

In the dim light Sir 'Arry fumbled about for his books and other personal belongings, and packed them into the bag, among them the well-thumbed Virgil which Wharton had seen him reading on Lantham Hill on the day of their first meeting.

"Well?" said Wharton, breaking the silence. "You can pack all you like, 'Arry, but you're not going, you know!"

"I got to go, Master Wharton. I'd be kicked out if I was 'ere to-morrow!" said Sir 'Arry. "The 'Ead will know to-morrow."

"What do you mean? What will the Head know?"

"About me—about my deceivin' him—deceivin' you all!" groaned Sir 'Arry. "E's given me away! It's all up now!"

"Who's given you away?"

"The gov'nor."

"But—but I don't understand, kid. Who is that fellow?"

"Sir Harry Beauclerc."

"What?"

"Now you understand," said Sir 'Arry miserably. "Now you know!"

Wharton looked at him doubtfully. For the moment he fancied that the boy's brain was unbinged.

"Sir Harry Beauclerc!" he repeated. "You are Sir Harry Beauclerc?"

"I ain't!"

"Then, in the name of all that's idiotic, who are you?" exclaimed Wharton.

"I'm Jack Holt!"

Wharton looked at him steadily. Sir 'Arry did not meet his eyes.

"Look here, kid, this wants explaining," said Harry Wharton quietly. "You don't look as if you were out of your senses, but you speak like it. Do you mean to tell me that you came to Greyfriars under another fellow's name and took us all in?"

"Yes."

"And—and that is why you dodged Mr. Lazenby the other day?" Wharton exclaimed, a light breaking in upon his mind.

"Yes."

"Good heavens!"

Sir 'Arry made a movement towards the door.

"The gov'nor's given me away now," he said. "I'd better go. They'll kick me out to-morrow if I stay. Good-bye, Master Wharton! I won't ask you to shake 'ands with me, now that you know I'm a liar!"

"Hold on!" said Harry. "It's not all clear yet. Why did you do all this? Was this what that rascal was asking you to do, the day we heard you on Lantham Hill?"

"That's it! 'Tain't much to tell," said Sir 'Arry wearily. "We was brought up

(Continued on page 16.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 227.

There's Plenty of Thrills in Next Week's Grand Greyfriars Tale!



Supplement No. 125.

Week Ending May 26th, 1923.

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By Billy Bunter.

MY DEAR READERS,—When the bright summer weather comes, our thoughts turn distinctively to the seaside. As we sit in the Form-room, we can't concentrate on lessons. We seem to hear the mermer of the sea, and we transport ourselves, in our mind's eye, to the promenade at Blackpool, to the beach at Brighton, or to the shingle at Southsea.

What a lot of fun and frolick a fellow can have at the seaside! Weather it's fishing, or sailing, or paddling, or winkle-catching, it's jolly good fun.

Of course, Greyfriars stands near the sea; but you can hardly call Pegg a flourishing health resort. It's just a one-eyed little fishing-village, and we often long to visit a real seaside place, such as Margate, Broadstairs, or Birmingham. (Bob Cherry, who is looking over my shoulder as I write, says that Birmingham isn't on the coast. But of course, he's talking out of his hat, as usual!)

Lots of you will be taking your hollerdays at the seaside already, and I can picture you sprawling in deck-chairs, with my WEEKLY spread out on your neeze, thoroughly enjoying yourselves.

Personally, I haven't decided where I shall spend my summer hollerdays. I have an aunt at Torkey, and a rich relation at Ramsgate, and a wealthy uncle at Worthing. I shall go to the one who has the most grub in stock! Not that I'm a glutton, by any manner of means; but if there's one thing I object to during a seaside hollerdays, it is being underfed.

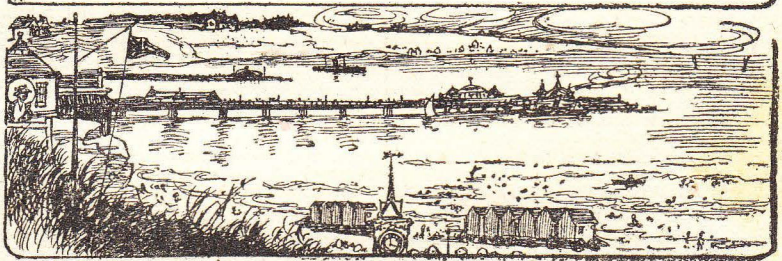
Our Special Seaside Number, although not a policeman, will arrest and grip you. You will be "carried away" by it, too! It is certainly one of the best numbers I have had, as the man said when he drew No. 77777 in a sweepstake. It is with confidence that I throw it at your feet and place it in your hands.

Your plump pal,
YOUR EDITOR.

THE POPULAR.—No. 227.

Next Week—"Special Gardening Number"! Look Out for It!

MAKING PEGG PROSPEROUS!



By FISHER T. FISH.

YOU can search this sleepy old island from end to end, but you won't find a dreamier, dozier place than the ancient fishing-village of Pegg, on the Kent coast.

Geel! An American tourist told me that he thought Courtfield was a tiny hamlet. And as for Pegg, he strode through it without knowing it was there!

Pegg badly wants bucking up and improving. And I mean to be the bucking-up and improver—as soon as I get sufficient capital. I'm going to transform sleepy old Pegg into another Brighton.

I shall build bungalows—rows and rows of them—and sell them to the public at a reasonable price. I shall scrap the silly old jetty, and have a pier constructed. And on that pier will be a pavilion. And in that pavilion will be a concert-party. And in that concert party will be Fisher T. Fish. And the green grass grew all round—I mean, the green sea will swirl all round.

I shall erect a first-class hotel, well back from the beach. I shall lay out tennis courts. I shall arrange hundreds of attractions, and the name of Pegg will be in everybody's mouth. You will also see it on the posters. There will be a mermaid holding out her arms invitingly, and saying:

"If at Pegg you take your holidays
You will find them gay and jolly days."

Of course, I shall form a little combine, for the purpose of carrying out all these stunts. And every member of that combine, sir, will be a millionaire in a couple of years! Pegg will leap into fame as a seaside resort, and Brighton and Blackpool and Scarborough will have to take back seats.

In answer to the usual query, "Where

are you going to for your holidays this year?" the prompt reply will be, in every case, "Guess I'm off to Pegg-on-Sea!"

I think I mentioned at the beginning of this article that I should need some capital to carry out this ambitious scheme. My resources, at the moment, amount to eightpence. I can't start to make Pegg prosperous on a sum like that. So I wonder if a few wealthy and influential galoots, such as Lord Mauleverer and Vernon-Smith, would care to come into my combine, and plank down the capital? That would be capital, and I'm sure that prosperity would cap it all! (Forgive my puns.)

The ancient village of Pegg is going to be transformed into the most go-ahead, enterprising resort in Britain. And if the son of a cute New York business man can't bring this about, why, nobody can!

I kinder sorter guess and calculate that Fisher T. Fish is going to liven things up in this part of the world very shortly!

SAY!

Are you reading

"DON DARREL ON THE TURF!"

The magnificent Racing Story
appearing in our Companion
Paper

"THE BOYS' FRIEND."

Now on Sale!

[Supplement I.]



By Dicky Nugent.

(Of the Greyfriars Second-Form.)

GATTY, Myers, and myself are all members of the Greyfriars Deep-Sea Fishing and Angling Association. We are very keen on catching all sorts of fish, from sprats to wails. I don't know whether you call a wail a fish; it's more like an animal.

Well, to come to my painful narrative. On the last half-holiday the three of us went down to Pegg, armed with nets and rods and lines and other tackle, to see what we could find. Gatty keeps a fish and oyster bar in the fags' Common-room, and he wanted to get some supplies to sell that evening.

"Let's take a boat out, and see if we can catch some pike," said Myers. "There's nothing to carp at in that suggestion," I replied. "It isn't a bit out of place."

So we shoved off a boat, and when we were a good way out to sea we lowered our nets and our lines, and waited developments.

After about an hour we hauled up the nets, hoping to find it full of riggling fish. But alas! The nets were full of slime and seaweed, and there wasn't a sign of anything alive—not even a tadpole. (Myers says that tadpoles are fresh-water fish; but he's talking through his hat. They are not fish at all—they are reptiles.)

"Nothing doing," said Gatty in dismay. "We'd better go on to the sandbank, and see if we can find some shellfish."

"And if we do, we'll take them back to the school, and offer them for sale, so that the other fellows have a chance of getting some."

"That will be most unshellfish of us," said Myers.

So we rode towards the sandbank, pulling on the oars with all our mite.

Prezantly the boat bumped on to the sand, and we scrambled ashore, and started to burrow on our hands and knees in serch of shellfish.

Our luck was in. I came across quite a tribe of winkles, and Gatty found some muscles, which would come in jolly useful, for he's rather a frail fellow.

Myers found some riggling heels—at least, he said they were heels, but I thought they were simply fat worms. We also found cockles, oysters, and jellyfish.

After I had collected my winkles, and put them into the bag in which I keep my marbels, I started looking round, like Alec Sander of old, for fresh worlds to konker. And prezently I found a new sort of shellfish which I had never seen before. It was in a blue shell, of the shape and size of a large Brazil nut.

I found quite a number of these strange fellows, and showed them to Gatty and Myers.

"What are they?" I asked. "Goodness nose!" said Gatty. "Ask me another," said Myers. "I don't quite like the look of them, but they ought to be all right when they're boyled."

So I collected as many of these strange shellfish as I could find, and we went back to Greyfriars with our haul.

Bizzness was very brisk that evening in Gatty's fish and oyster bar.

We had boyled all the shellfish in a big saucepan, shutting our ears to the screams of the winkles. Then we started to do a roaring trade.

"What do you call those things in the blue shells?" asked Bolsover miner.

"I don't know their names, or their family history," I replide, "but they are six a penny."

"Then I'll have a ha'porth," said young Bolsover.

We all tried some of the new shellfish, but there was a suspicious sort of taste about them that we didn't quite like.

"I don't care for these things," said Myers.

"Oh, they're all right!" said Gatty. "It's an acquired taste, you know. If you were a neppicure, like me, you'd appreciate their delliket flavor."

After he had eaten a couple of the mysterious shellfish Bolsover miner turned pale.

"I've got a funny feeling inside," he said.

And we all began to feel the same. One by one we stopped eating, and kollapsed, groaning, to the floor.

When Wingate of the Sixth looked in, a few minmits later, he found a suffering crowd of fags, moaning and groaning in their anguish.

"What's the matter with you kids?" demanded Wingate.

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

"Groo!"

"What have you been eating?" wrapped out Wingate.

I pointed to one of the blue shellfish, and Wingate looked horrified.

"Grate Scott!" he gasped. "Those things are poysonous! They're not fit for human bronkitis—I mean, consumption. Strikes me you kids have all got too-main poysoning! Go round and report to the matron at once."

So we crawled away to the sanny, and were given something which the matron called an Auntie Toxin.

Gradually the panes disappeared, and we felt better. But we had had a terribul half-hour, which we are not likely to forget for a long time.

"No more mysterious shellfish for me!" said Gatty. "I shall stick to muscles."

"And I shall stick to winkles," I said.

"Next time I see any blue shellfish I shall leave them severely alone."

And so say all of us!

SEA SHORE TRESHORES!

By Sammy Bunter.

(Sub-Editor.)



Supplement II.]

I HAVE often heard of people who make their living by beachcombing. That is to say, they wander along the seashore, looking for munney and other articles that have been left behind by hollerday-makers. Or sometimes they dig and burrough in the sand, and discover berried trezzure.

Young Tubb had a lucky find last year when he went to Devonshire for the Summer Vack. He had built a castle on the sands, and he was digging a deep moat round it, when he came across a golden ginny, with the head of King George the Third on it. He took the coin to a dealer, who gave him thirty bob for it.

Dicky Nugent is another lucky fellow. He was walking along the shore at Pegg one day, when he found a purse full of Trezzury notes. He took the purse to the police-station, and they advertised for the owner, and an old lady claimed it. She gave Dicky Nugent a quid for his onestny.

Having heard of these wonderful finds, I made up my mind to be a beachcomber. I spent a whole half-hollerday on the foreshore at Pegg, digging and delving and scraping. But there were no golden

ginnies or purses full of notes to be seen. I tramped back to Greyfriars feeling very fed-up and disappointed.

Next morning I got up with the lark, and borrowed a spade from the woodshed, and went down to Pegg to continew my investigations. After I had been digging for an hour, the spade struck something sollid. It was a peace of mettie.

"Gold!" I cried joyfully.

But it couldn't have been gold, because it was black. However, I hoped that the black was only on the surfiss, and that it was gold underneath. I took the peace of mettie to an anteeek dealer in Courtfield, and to my disgust he said:

"This is quite worthless, my boy. It appears to be an Iron Cross, which was evidently dropped from a Zeppelin during the war."

"Won't you give me anything for it?" I asked, in dismay.

"Not a soo!" said the dealer.

I tried to sell the Iron Cross when I got back to Greyfriars, but there were no takers.

I'm not going beachcombing any more.

"In Another's Name!"

(Continued from page 13.)

together—he was my foster-brother, and his 'igh relations didn't want to be bothered with 'im. It wasn't never expected that he would be anybody, you see. 'Course, he had more schooling than I 'ad—he was better looked after than me, of course. My father was paid something—not much—by one of his folks to keep him. Some of them say him sometimes, but they didn't like 'im—

"That's not surprising," said Wharton dryly.

"Well, I suppose it ain't," said Sir 'Arry. "But I always liked 'im and admired 'im; and I never thought he would play me a dirty trick like this. I was glad of the chance to go to a good school, and I had picked up enough to learn something from his tutor, too. I 'ad a lot of the lessons with 'im, you see, when Mr. Lazenby sent the tutor, arter his relations 'ad died, and he became the baronet. He was always 'igh-anded, Master 'Arry was, and I always did wot he told me; and he took it into his 'ead that he wouldn't come to Greyfriars. But he 'ad to come, and 'ere he thought of this dodge—sendin' me 'ere in his name, as Mr. Lazenby was ill, and couldn't come down. He got over my father. You see, the lease is nearly up, and the farm belongs to 'im, and he'd 'ave asked Mr. Lazenby to refuse to renew the lease—

"That's what I heard him saying," said Wharton. "The utter cad!"

"Only that wasn't all the reason I 'ad for doin' as he wanted; it was because he was—was my guv'nor, you know, and—and I liked him well," said Sir 'Arry, with a break in his voice. "And arter I 'ad come 'ere, I never thought he'd be mean enough

to go back on me. I 'ad 'is word, and he's broke it. He wants to go to Highcliffe School; and, course, if he goes to Highcliffe, I can't stay 'ere with his name. So he's wrote to Mr. Lazenby, and give the whole show away; and to-morrow Dr. Locke will know, and he'll turn me out. I've broke with 'im now; I hit him when he told me to-night—

"To-night!" said Wharton. "I've been out to see him—he told me to, the day we saw them playin' billiards," said Sir 'Arry. "I never thought he'd go back on me arter I trusted 'im, and he gave me his word, too! Course, I oughter have known it couldn't last. But he fair drove me into doin' it, and I gave in, and took his word. Now he's broke it, and—and I hit him!"

"I wish you'd given him a hiding!" said Wharton, clenching his hands. "What an ass you were to listen to the brute at all! A fellow like that was bound to give you away sooner or later, kid; and even if he hadn't, it was certain to come out in the end. You were an awful duffer!"

"I s'pose I was. Well, it's all over now—I'm goin'. Now you know, you won't ask me to stay and be kicked out!" Wharton hesitated.

"I—I suppose you'd better go," he said. "You are going back to Holt Farm, I suppose?"

"Yes. I've written a note for the 'Ead, and I'm goin' to put it in his letter-box, so he won't be surprised when I ain't 'ere," said the lad. "'Tain't much of a walk for me, I'm used to it, and I shall be at 'ome before mornin'. Good-bye, Master Wharton!"

"I say, kid, I'm awfully sorry for this!" said Harry. "It's rotten for you! That mean cad made a catspaw of you. I shall jolly well go to the Head in the morning, and tell him what I know about it—that it wasn't your fault. And don't talk rot about our thinking badly of you. I know you're the right sort—only you should have had more sense than to let that fellow influence you! Give me your list!"

And Wharton held out his hand frankly. Jack Holt hesitated a moment, and then took it.

"Thank you, Master Wharton!" he said, in a low voice. "You and the others 'ave been very kind to me. I sha'n't forget it. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, kid!"

Harry Wharton returned to the dormitory, but not to sleep. He lay awake till the dawn came stealing in at the high windows, thinking of the lonely lad tramping over Lantham Hill. Would he ever see him again—the lad who had been known at Greyfriars as Sir 'Arry, and liked by all who knew him? He was determined that he would. They had been friends, and they would be friends yet—and for always!

There was surprise in Greyfriars School the next morning when Sir 'Arry was found to be missing.

Harry Wharton quietly explained to his chums, much to their astonishment and dismay.

Their feelings towards Sir 'Arry were unchanged—only mingled with compassion now. And when Bob Cherry proposed to spend the next half-holiday in a visit to Holt Farm on Lantham Hill, to assure Sir 'Arry that his old friends had not forgotten him, the Co. greeted the proposition with a hearty "Hear, hear!"

The Head was seen to look very grave that morning. He had evidently had the letter Sir 'Arry had left for him. And Harry Wharton, after consulting with his chums, took his way to the Head's study after prayers, and told him all he knew of the matter, determined that Sir 'Arry's conduct should be placed in the best light possible. The Head heard him out quietly.

"Thank you, Wharton!" he said, when Harry had finished. "I am glad you told me this. It makes me think better of that unfortunate lad. He has evidently acted under the influence of a bad and unscrupulous boy. As for punishing him for the deception, nothing of the sort will be thought of. It is the other—the real Sir Harry Beauclerc—who deserves punishment. Thank you for coming to me!"

And Wharton left the Head's presence, somewhat relieved in his mind.

The departure of Sir 'Arry—the reasons of which were soon known over the whole school—was the one topic of talk at Greyfriars that morning. Billy Bunter was especially indignant on the subject. He had taken the fellow up as a relation, he told the juniors, and all the time he had been a rotten spoofer, and an outsider, and an imposter. Bunter's indignation knew no bounds, and he would probably have run on without end on the subject had not Bolsover major taken him by the neck, and knocked his head against the wall—after which Bunter was much less eloquent.

But the matter was not ended yet; there was a fresh development to come.

Shortly after afternoon lessons the station cab drove up to the gates of Greyfriars, and there was a buzz as Mr. Lazenby was recognised in it, with a boy by his side, and the boy was instantly recognised by the Famous Five as Sir 'Arry's "guv'nor"—the companion of Ponsonby & Co., the real Sir Harry Beauclerc.

Beauclerc's face was dark and sullen. It was very clear that he came reluctantly in the charge of the grim-faced old lawyer, his guardian.

They descended from the cab amid a very curious crowd of fellows. Sir Harry Beauclerc gave the Famous Five a supercilious look, for which Bob Cherry mentally promised him a thick ear—a promise which was faithfully kept later in the day.

Mr. Quelch, on his way to the Form-room, met the old lawyer and his companion coming in, and stopped.

"Mr. Quelch," said the old gentleman, "this is Sir Harry Beauclerc, your pupil!"



THE WORM THAT TURNED!—Holt planted a blow full in the face of the young baronet. Sir Harry reeled against the stile. "You dare to lift your hand to me—you beggar!" he gasped. The Greyfriars' junior's eyes blazed. "I'm done with you!" he said. (See Chapter 4.)

Mr. Quelch gave the baronet a freezing look.

"Indeed!" he said. "Am I to understand that this boy is to come to this school after what has happened?"

"I trust that Dr. Locke will not refuse to take him," said Mr. Lazenby. "All arrangements were made for his coming. He had the astounding audacity to induce his foster-brother—a simple and kind-hearted lad, who was much attached to him—to come here in his name, as he was obstinately resolved not to come here. This boy—"

"The boy has already left Greyfriars," said Mr. Quelch. "He confessed all in a note to the Head, and left last night."

"Very good! Probably he had learned that my ward had betrayed him to me. Of course, he did wrong; but he acted under the influence of my ward, to whom he was devoted from childhood. Sir Harry Beauclere betrayed the whole scheme to me with the demand that I would send him to Highcliffe School—a place where he appears to have made friends, and a place which, from what I have heard of it, I disapprove of strongly. If Dr. Locke does not refuse to take this boy in, I shall leave him here. Immediately upon receiving his letter I returned from Dieppe, to take him—not to Highcliffe, but here; and here he will remain, with Dr. Locke's permission. I trust that, by a due amount of severity, he may be brought a little more to his senses!"

Mr. Quelch's expression hinted that a due amount of severity would not be wanting in dealing with the sullen, discontented boy. Mr. Lazenby passed on, taking the baronet with him, and disappeared into the Head's study.

He was there a considerable time; but apparently matters went as he wished, for when he drove away from Greyfriars he left his ward at the school, and Sir Harry Beauclere came into the Remove Form-room to join in afternoon lessons. He came in with a sullen, savage face, and was twice caned for impertinence to the Form master before lessons were over.

Sir Harry Beauclere's unscrupulous scheming had ended in a complete failure of his plans. He had come to Greyfriars, after all, and he came with a bad reputation ready-made, and he was not popular. But what was, perhaps, bitterest of all to the young rascal was the fact that the best fellows in the Remove, while they declined to have anything to do with him, never ceased to regret the departure of his foster-brother, and remained the firm friends of the boy who had been known as Sir 'Arry of Greyfriars!

THE END.

(Another splendid long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Tuesday, entitled, "THE WRONG SORT!" by Frank Richards. Order your copy in advance.)

BAGGY TRIMBLE'S WIRELESS CONCERT.

(Continued from page 9.)

man, apparently. With one wrathful yell the whole assembly surged forward to investigate, and with their first step forward Baggy Trimble commenced to run.

"Collar him, chaps! He's a fraud!"

"Swindler!"

The excited juniors surged like an oncoming tide after the fleeing figure of Baggy Trimble, who was immediately joined by Billy Bunter of Greyfriars. Gasping for breath, the two fat juniors fled down the corridor. Meanwhile, Tom Merry & Co., with Bernard Glyn in advance of them, rushed for the table. One glance at Baggy Trimble's "wireless set" was sufficient to show Glyn that the whole contrivance was a fake. With a muttered ejaculation he tugged the table-cover aside.

"Jumping Jupiter!" roared Tom Merry. "Look at 'Mr. Stewart Mountebank,' you chaps!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sight that met the gaze of the juniors was an astonishing one. There, curled up in a heap under the table, was the bedraggled figure of a man fast asleep. Hanging from one of his grimy hands was a battered instrument which bore some slight resemblance to a cornet.

Tom Merry gripped the man by the shoulder and shook him vigorously. Gasping and spluttering, the fellow opened his eyes and dragged his cornet up to a level with his mouth.

"Ort right, Master Trimble," he muttered sleepily, "I'll play 'em—"

He broke off abruptly as his eyes took in the party of juniors before him, and then he scrambled to his feet, backing away in alarm.

"It's all right, my man!" grinned Tom Merry. "We can guess your part in the wireless concert."

"I never meant no harm, young sir!" said the villager whiningly. "Master Trimble, 'e says to me, 'e says—"

"Never mind what that fat idiot said to you," interrupted the captain of the Shell. "Take my tip and get out before any of the prefects see you, otherwise you'll be chucked out!"

The man from Rylcombe needed no second bidding. He had already received his payment for the "cornet solos" from Baggy Trimble, therefore there was nothing for him to stay for. Gathering his battered instrument to his breast, he slouched out of the Hall, to the accompaniment of a burst of

ironical cheering. On his way out he encountered a large party of juniors who had Baggy Trimble and Billy Bunter in tow. The two fat juniors were dragged into the Hall by their ears.

"Now then, Trimble," said Tom Merry, as the fat junior was brought before him, "what's the giddy game, you fat fraud?"

In less than five minutes the truth was out.

Between them the two fat juniors made a clean breast of everything. The only thing remarkable about the whole affair was that Bunter should have deceived them all with his ventriloquial powers; but the juniors of St. Jim's were not so well acquainted with Bunter the ventriloquist as were the juniors of the Remove at Greyfriars.

Gradually Tom Merry extracted from Trimble an account of how he had ordered a quantity of tuck in Mr. Raitton's name, and the fat junior's motive in giving a spoof wireless concert.

"Then the bill has still to be settled, fatty," said Tom Merry. "I'll pay it myself out of the proceeds of the concert, you silly young rascal. The surplus, if any, I'll send to some charitable institution. Raitton would make things warm for you if he got to hear of it, my fat tupil. I think you ought to be taught a lesson. I'm not grumbling about the sixpence I paid. The concert was worth it, wasn't it, chaps?"

"Rather!"

"But taking a Form-master's name in vain is a serious offence. I think, however, that a bumping will help you to bear that important fact in mind."

"I say, leggo, you chaps. I never—Yowp! Grooh!" howled Trimble, as the juniors commenced to carry out Tom Merry's commands.

"But what do I get out of this rotten affair?" demanded Billy Bunter wrathfully.

"Halves!" roared a score of juniors in unison.

And Billy Bunter did. When he finally shook the dust of St. Jim's from his feet, so to speak, he was in a very parlous condition. He had got a half of what Trimble had received—a very liberal half—only instead of it being in cash it took the form of a ragging.

As for Baggy Trimble, he crawled painfully away from the Hall when the juniors had finished with him, groaning dismally, and the burden of his plain was: "Groogh! Yowp! Wow!"

Baggy's wireless concert had not exactly panned out a success, but there was one consolation to the suffering junior—Mr. Raitton's bill had been paid. From the juniors' point of view "paid" had also been put to Baggy Trimble's account—for the time being, at any rate!

THE END.

(Fun and thrill in next week's story of St. Jim's, entitled "Tango the Terrible!" Don't miss it.)

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THE POPULAR,—No. 227.

THE KIDNAPPED CRICKET TEAM!

When Adolphus Smythe declares war on Jimmy Silver's cricket captaincy the Fistical Four only laugh at him. But for once the "nuts" of Rookwood have the laugh on their side!



"Taken In!"

By Owen Conquest.

A Magnificent, Long, Complete Tale of the FAMOUS CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

By the Author of the Stories of Jimmy Silver & Co., now appearing in the "BOYS' FRIEND."

THE FIRST CHAPTER.**The Tribulations of a Cricket Captain.**

VALENTINE MORNINGTON of the Classical Fourth looked into the end study with a grin on his face. "You're in for it, Silver!" he announced.

Jimmy Silver glanced up from the cricket list he was conning over. Jimmy had been pondering over that list for some time. It was rather an important matter; for it was the list of the Rookwood junior team for the match with Greyfriars School.

Jimmy had compiled that list with great care—not wholly to the satisfaction of the end study. Arthur Edward Lovell figured in it, and was satisfied that, upon the whole, Jimmy had made the selections fairly well. But Raby and Newcome were not so sure of it. Their names did not appear. Jimmy had explained to them that cricket came before friendship, and Raby and Newcome agreed that it did, and ought; but still, they could not quite agree that Jimmy had exercised his usual judgment.

"In for it, Morny?" repeated Jimmy Silver. "I know that, old scout! I've been jawed in this study till my hair's turning grey. Just as if it wasn't bad enough for me to have to leave out my own pals, anyway!"

"Well, you must admit, Jimmy, that you're showing up as a bit of an ass this time," remarked Raby.

"More than a bit," said Newcome. "Too many Moderns in the eleven, in my opinion!"

"Tommy Dodd thinks there's too few!" said Jimmy.

"Tommy Dodd's an ass!"

"And Jimmy's another!" said Raby.

"Go it!" said the junior captain of Rookwood resignedly. "Rub it in! I'm going to have it from a lot of others. Tubby Muffin will come along soon, wanting to know why he's not in the eleven. And here's Morny—"

"Have you left me out?" ejaculated Mornington.

"I'm happy to say no—"

"Oh, good! I was going to say—"

"Oh, I know what you were going to say if you were left out," answered Jimmy.

"As you're in, I dare say you think I'm a fairly good judge of a fellow's form at cricket?"

Mornington laughed.

"Exactly!" he replied. "I suppose Erroll's in?"

"Yes; Erroll's in."

"Good man! I don't see anything to grumble at—"

"Same here," said Lovell. "Give a man a chance. A cricket captain is bound to use his judgment—"

THE POPULAR.—No. 227.

"If he's got any!" agreed Raby. "I've looked in to give you the tip," said Mornington. "There's some more of the merry outsiders who want your scalp, Jimmy. How have you dealt with the Shell?"

"Selwyn's in."

"What about Smythe?"

"We're going to play cricket at Greyfriars," said Jimmy Silver, "not marbles. When we meet them at marbles, I shall put Smythe into the team."

"My dear man, there is wrath in the Shell," said Mornington. "It seems that before your time Smythe was junior captain—"

"And a precious mess he made of affairs!" grunted Lovell.

"No doubt—but he's waxing wrath," said Mornington. "Smythe and his pals are coming here to see you, Jimmy."

"Let 'em all come!"

"And here they are!" added Morny, with a glance along the passage. "Do you mind if I witness the merry interview? It ought to be interestin'."

"You can have a front seat—no charge."

Morny sat on the corner of the table. The Fistical Four all turned their glances on the doorway, as the elegant figure of Adolphus Smythe, the nut of the Shell, dawned there.

Adolphus Smythe walked into the study, followed by Tracy and Howard. The three Shell fellows looked very lofty and very serious.

"Hallo, old bean!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'll give you a couple of minutes, Smythe! Ring on!"

Adolphus placed his eyeglass very carefully in his eye, and surveyed the grinning Fourth-Formers.

"I'm goin' to have it out with you, Silver!" he announced.

"Go it!"

"How many of the Shell are you putting into the eleven for Greyfriars?"

"One."

"Little me, I suppose?"

"No; Selwyn. He can play cricket."

"Can't I play cricket?" demanded Adolphus, his aristocratic calm giving way for a moment to some signs of excitement.

"Blessed if I know," answered Jimmy Silver. "You may be able to. If so, you've kept it dark. You've never shown any signs of it on the cricket ground."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I might have expected this dashed impudence from a dashed fag!" said Smythe.

"You might!" agreed Jimmy. "And if you're not a little less cheeky, Smythe, you can expect a booting, too!"

"I haven't come here for a row. I simply want to know how I stand!"

"Like a tailor's dummy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How I stand in the cricket!" roared Smythe. "I'm left out, with my friends—and, without braggin', I mean to say that we're the cricketers of the Lower School. It was a silly mistake electin' a Fourth-Former junior captain. Bulkeley, as captain of the school an' head of the games, ought to have interfered. Still, even you ought to see, Silver, that the Shell will have to get a show in the cricket!"

"A good show!" said Tracy.

"Oh, yâas!" assented Howard.

"Then, I'll tell you what," said Jimmy Silver. "Learn the game. Begin with some practice. Take a little instruction, and profit by it. Some of the fags in the Second Form would give you some tips. In about ten years' time you may know the difference between a wicket and a wicket-keeper. I don't say you will; but you may."

The eye of Adolphus Smythe gleamed through his eyeglass at the captain of the Fourth. There was wrath in the brow of the great Adolphus.

"So it comes to this," he said. "We're left out!"

"You've got it!"

"Then I'll speak out straight!" said Smythe. "We demand a show in the junior eleven, and we mean to get it!"

"Go ahead! I've given you my advice. Young Erbert of the Second will teach you the beginnings of the game—"

"You silly ass!" roared Smythe. "Don't give me any more of your cheek! If my friends and I are not given a show in the cricket this season, there will be trouble!"

"Lots of trouble!" said Tracy.

"Oh, yâas!" concurred Howard.

"The fact is, we're not willin' to leave cricket in your hands, Jimmy Silver. I've little doubt that Wharton and his lot at Greyfriars will walk all over you. We've got the school record to think of, and we're not goin' to stand it!"

Jimmy Silver looked attentively at the great Adolphus.

"It's your lower jaw that moves—isn't it?" he asked, as if he had just made a discovery.

"Eh?"

"But you move it too much," said Jimmy.

"Wha-a-at!"

"Give it a rest, old trump!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That was too much for Adolphus Smythe. He made a stride towards Jimmy Silver, with his fists clenched. Before he reached the captain of the Fourth, however, wisdom prevailed, and he halted.

"You're not worth lickin'!" he said scornfully.

"How lucky—for you, old bean!"

An Astounding Election at Rookwood Next Week!

"There'll be trouble!" said Smythe. "Look out! That's all!" "Enough, too!" "Come on, you fellows!" said Adolphus. And the nuts of the Shell, in great wrath and indignation, shook the dust of the end study from their feet.

Mornington slipped off the table. "Quite an entertainment!" he remarked. "Smythe is no end of a funny man, though he doesn't know it. Ta-ta!"

Mornington strolled out of the end study. Jimmy Silver returned to his cricket list, and dismissed Adolphus Smythe from his mind. Adolphus' threats of "trouble" did not worry the captain of the Fourth. Adolphus was rather too much given to "gas" for that.

But on this occasion, if Jimmy Silver had only known it, the great Adolphus was in deadly earnest, and there was trouble to come.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Adolphus Comes out Strong.

"**A**MBLE in, old beans!" It was, of course, Smythe of the Shell who gave that invitation. Smythe was never content to talk in common or garden English.

Adolphus rose gracefully from his armchair, as a number of visitors appeared in the doorway after tea that evening. Tracy and Howard, his study-mates, were with him.

The visitors all belonged to Adolphus' exclusive and elegant "set." They were the "knuts" of the Lower School of Rookwood. They were all Classics. Nuttiness did not flourish on the Modern side.

There was quite a little crowd of them—Chesney, Seaton, Glibey, and Waugh, of the Shell; Townsend, Topham, Peele, and Gower, of the Fourth. And all of them were of the nuts nutty, so to speak.

They "ambled" in at Adolphus' genial invitation.

"Shut the door, old chappies!" said Smythe. "We don't want fags to hear anything that's said. It's rather a secret." Gower closed the door.

"By gad, what a meetin'!" said Townsend. "Eleven of us altogether. Are you makin' up a team, Smythey?"

"Yaas!" "What?" ejaculated half a dozen of the nuts in chorus.

Towny's question had been asked in jest. The reply in the affirmative astonished the nuts of Rookwood.

"Makin' up a team?" repeated Topham. "Exactly!"

"Oh gad!" yawned Chesney of the Shell. "I thought it was bridge!" said Peele, in rather an aggrieved tone.

"We'll have bridge afterwards, if you like. Never mind that now. This is a council of war!" said Smythe impressively.

"Oh, go it!" said Townsend. "Sit down, dear boys, an' I'll go it."

The "dear boys" sat down. Adolphus Smythe's study was commodious and elegantly furnished; but there was rather a shortage of chairs for so numerous a gathering. Townsend and Topham sat in the window-seat, and Chesney and Glibey accommodated themselves on the table. Gower captured Adolphus' armchair, as the great man rose to address the meeting.

There was some curiosity among the nuts of Rookwood as to what the meeting was about. They gave Adolphus their attention. "Gentlemen," said Smythe, surveying his comrades through his eyeglass, "I've called this meetin' for a rather important purpose. You fellows know that the junior captaincy is in the hands of a Fourth-Former—a dashed cheeky fag whom no fellow can pull with."

"We know that."

"You know how we've been left out of the footer," said Smythe. "Durin' the winter not a fellow now in this study was given a chance in any of the junior school matches."

"Shame!"

"If Silver ever condescended to play a Shell fellow, it was never one of our crowd."

"Never!"

"Nor one of our pals in the Fourth!" added Smythe, with a condescending glance at Towny & Co. "Only his own crowd—a pretty low crowd; in fact, a gang of young ruffians!"

"Hear, hear!" "The question arises, are we goin' to stand the same kind of thing durin' the summer?" said Adolphus. "Hitherto we haven't figured in any cricket matches. There's a big match due on Wednesday—a whole holiday—an' some of us would be willin' to go over to Greyfriars."

"Oh yaas!" said Howard. "I've spoken to Silver, and he's answered with low cheek—just what I might have expected, and, in fact, did expect. But I've thought it out, and we're not goin' to stand it."

The meeting looked surprised. "Silver's junior cricket captain," remarked Townsend. "We can't shove into the eleven without his permission."

"I'm not regardin' Silver in the matter at all."

"Oh!" "The fact is," said Adolphus impressively, "I'm comin' down heavy."

"Go it!" said Chesney. Several cigarettes were lighted by this time. Adolphus caught a whiff of smoke and coughed. He cleared his throat and went on:

"I'm passin' Silver's gang by as if they didn't exist. I was junior captain till that cheeky young rotter bagged it. I'm goin' to be cricket captain on this occasion."

"Oh gad!" "How the thump—" began Topham. "That's what I'm comin' to. My idea is to make up a team and take it over to Greyfriars, and play the match there."

"Eh?" "Rather surprises you—what?" grinned Adolphus.

"I should say so!" gasped Townsend. "Rather a surprise for Wharton if two Rookwood teams arrive there at the same time."

"Two won't! Jimmy Silver and his lot won't arrive, of course. When we get there we shall be taken for the Rookwood team, as a matter of course."

"But—" "How—" "The question is, disposin' of Jimmy Silver's crowd for the day," said Smythe. "Once get that lot out of the way, all will be plane sailin', won't it?"

"Oh, my hat!" The nuts of Rookwood simply blinked at Adolphus.

That great man was not famous for original ideas, but certainly this idea was unheard of.

Smythe seemed pleased by the impression he had made. He beamed round on the astonished assembly.

"There'd be a fearful row!" said Glibey at last.

"Who cares?" answered Adolphus negligently. "After we've won the Greyfriars match we can snap our fingers at 'em. Nothin' succeeds like success, you know."

"But—suppose we don't win it?" "My dear man, I take a win as a foregone conclusion. But let that be as it may—anyhow, we bag the match."

"What a facer for Jimmy Silver!" grinned Tracy.

"Oh yaas!" "But how are you goin' to work it?" howled Townsend. "Jimmy Silver won't sit at home in his study if you ask him to."

"I've thought that out," answered Adolphus placidly. "I've been puttin' in quite a lot of thinkin' on this subject. I've got a wheeze for strandin' the whole gang a hundred miles from Greyfriars."

"Oh!" "Blessed if I see how you'll manage it!" said Topham. "They're goin' over by train in the mornin'. You can't stop them."

"I think I can, an' I'm goin' to. We're goin' by train, an' they're goin' wanderin'. Leave it to me. What I want to ask you fellows is this: Will you play in the Greyfriars match?"

"Great Scott!" "I guarantee that Jimmy Silver & Co. don't come within a hundred miles of Greyfriars!" said Adolphus. "Never mind how. I've thought out the stunt. We represent Rookwood on all occasions. Are you fellows goin' to back me up?"

"Oh yaas!" "Yes, rather!" "Hear, hear!"

"Mum's the word!" said Adolphus, when the applause had died away. "Not a word outside this study—not even to Selwyn. He's playin' for Silver, an' he might give us away. Not a merry whisper!"

"You bet!" "Bravo, Smythey!"

Adolphus Smythe bowed to the applause as it burst out again. At that moment Adolphus was truly a great man, and he realised it. He lighted a cigarette, and beamed on the enthusiastic assembly through puffs of smoke.

"We score this time," he said. "Jimmy Silver won't be even an 'also ran'—he will be simply nowhere!"

"Bravo, Smythey!" "An' now, dear boys, we'll have some bridge," yawned Adolphus.

And the "dear boys" had some bridge.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Very Kind Offer.

JIMMY SILVER did not give another thought to Adolphus, after the interview in the end study, though Adolphus was giving a good deal of thought to him. Jimmy had far more important matters to think about.

The Greyfriars match was close at hand now, and Jimmy, having decided upon his team, was busy keeping his selected men up to the mark. The junior eleven of Rookwood was a really good team, and though everybody was not satisfied, everybody admitted that it was a good team—excepting the honourable company of nuts.

Most of Jimmy Silver & Co.'s spare time was put in on Little Side, keeping up their form for the coming match. Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, kindly kept a fatherly eye upon them, and gave the junior champions some coaching.

To Jimmy's surprise, he noted that Smythe & Co. were taking up cricket practice in a rather more serious way than was their wont. But cricket, as played by the great Adolphus, was not a very serious matter. What Smythe of the Shell did not know about the game would have filled volumes.

Still, the nuts did turn up to practice, as if they had some object in view—as, indeed, they had.

Even the egregious Adolphus had some doubts, perhaps, as to whether he could defeat Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, without any practice at all.

And it was fixed in Adolphus' mind that he was going to play the Greyfriars match with a nutty eleven—in the place of Jimmy Silver and his team.

If Jimmy had suspected the existence of that little scheme, he would have been astonished, and probably amused. But such a scheme was not likely to be suspected—it was too unheard-of for that.

When the juniors went down to practice after lessons on Tuesday, Smythe joined the captain of the Fourth with an agreeable smile.

"Like to give us some bowlin', Silver?" he asked.

"Well, I'm going to do some bowling," answered Jimmy. "Eut—"

Smythe was smiling so agreeably that Jimmy hesitated to be quite candid. What he was thinking was that he did not want to waste valuable time bowling to so hopeless a batsman as Adolphus.

"Well, give me a few, old bean," said Smythe. "I've got rather an idea that I can play your bowlin'."

"Oh, my hat!" "Let's see!"

"Oh, all right!" answered Jimmy resignedly.

He decided to waste a few minutes in demonstrating to Adolphus that he couldn't play that bowling at all.

"Hallo, what are you up to, Jimmy?" called out Lovell.

"Bowling to Smythey."

"What rot!" Lovell was candid, at least.

Adolphus Smythe took up his stand at the wicket, with a lofty look and an exaggerated straddle. Jimmy Silver smiled and sent down an easy ball. Smythe stopped it dead.

"Try again!" he grinned.

Tracy tossed back the ball, and Jimmy tried again. This time he sent down a scorch.

Clack!

What Adolphus was trying to hit with his bat was a deep mystery to the onlookers. If his objective was the round, red ball, he was certainly very wide of the mark. Smythe's expensive bat described three-parts of a circle in the air, what time the ball was knocking out his middle stump.

"How's that?" smiled Jimmy Silver.
"Oh gad!" murmured Adolphus. "What a fluke!"

"Fluke he blowed!" snorted Arthur Edward Lovell. "You can't bat for toffee! Give us a rest, Smythey!"

"Try again, Silver, will you?"
"Oh, all right!"

Jimmy tried again, playfully hooking out the off-stump. He had had his choice of the stumps, for all the defence that Smythe could put up with the willow.

"How's that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, by gad! Try again!"

"Is this a circus?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell. "I thought we came down here for cricket practice."

"Oh, give Smythey a chance!" grinned Mornington. "Smythe is no end entertaining."

Morny returned the ball to Jimmy Silver, who caught it, smiling.

"Leg-stump this time, Smythey!" he called out, and there was a roar of laughter.
"Cheeky fag!" grunted Adolphus.

Smythe was very much on his guard that time, but it was the leg-stump, all the same.

"Hat-tricks are cheap to-day!" chuckled Tommy Dodd, the Modern.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Adolphus Smythe carried away his bat in disgust.

He was fed up with Jimmy Silver's bowling.

"Flukes, you know," he told his nutty friends. "I'm not quite up to form. That fellow Silver doesn't know how to bowl, either. Not my style."

"Not at all, apparently," murmured Tracy.

"Eh? What did you say, Tracy?"

"Nothin', old top. We shall walk all over Wharton and his gang at Greyfriars if you bat like that."

"I think we shall beat Wharton's lot," said Smythe, with dignity. "But if we don't, what does it matter? I don't believe in workin' a game."

"No fear!"

On that point the nuts of Rookwood were all in cordial agreement with Adolphus. They did not believe in working at cricket—or at anything else, for that matter.

Smythe lounged elegantly on Little Side while the cricketers were at practice. When the Fistical Four came off and headed for the School House, the dandy of the Shell joined them.

"You kids seem in great form," he remarked agreeably.

"Not so much of your kids!" grunted Lovell.

"Ahem! You look like beatin' Greyfriars all round the town," said Adolphus, determined to be agreeable.

"We hope to beat them, Smythey," answered Jimmy Silver cheerily.

He could not quite understand Smythe's friendliness; but he was a good-natured fellow, and always ready to accept the olive-branch.

"Startin' pretty early to-morrow, I suppose?" pursued Smythe.

"Yes; as it's a whole holiday, we can catch an early train," said Jimmy. "We have a rather long way to go, you know."

"Yaas, that's so. Rather a rotten train service, I believe—several changes, and all that."

"Can't be helped."

"Of course, we might ask them to build us a new railway," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell, apparently in a sarcastic vein.

Adolphus did not seem to hear that remark.

"I was going to make an offer, Silver," he observed.

"My dear man, the eleven's full up."

"I don't mean that. I've already offered you my services as a cricketer, an' you've refused," said Adolphus, with dignity.

"That's ended. I'm not offerin' to play in your team, Silver."

"Oh! What is it, then?"

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"I was goin' to offer you a car for the run to Greyfriars?"

"Wha-a-at?"

The Fistical Four stopped, and stared at Adolphus. His remark had quite taken their breath away.

"A car!" repeated Raby.

"Yaas."

"Are you joking?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Not at all."

"But—but—"

"You see, this is how the matter stands," said Adolphus, smiling agreeably at the astonished chums of the Fourth. "My uncle's offered me his car for to-morrow—thumpin' big car, capable of holdin' fifteen or sixteen chaps—a regular 'bus, you know. He was usin' it for hospital work in the war, but it's left on his hands now. As it's a whole holiday to-morrow he kindly offered it to me to take my friends for a run in the country."

"What a ripping old gent!" exclaimed Newcome.

"Yaas; he's rather a good sort. Big car, with chauffeur complete, you know—just the thing. As it happens, I've decided to go off for the day with Tracy, instead of takin' a party out, as I'd intended. I don't want to throw the car back at nunky, as it were. I sha'n't want it; but the present arrangement is that it arrives at Rookwood at ten in the morning."

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"That's how it is. If you'd care to use it, it's at your service," said Adolphus. "The car will take the lot of you, and it will land you at Greyfriars in half the time it takes by train. It will wait there and bring you back. You might give the chauffeur a tip. That won't hurt you—you'll save a good bit on railway-fares, of course."

"My only hat!" said Lovell.

The Fistical Four simply blinked at Smythe.

The offer was a good-natured one—wonderfully good-natured! The idea of making a rapid run across country in a big car, instead of a longer journey crammed into a crowded train, was, of course, very attractive. The Fistical Four felt that they had misjudged Adolphus Smythe.

"Well, I must say that's jolly good-natured of you, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Not at all, dear boy."

"But don't you want the car yourself?"

"No, as it happens. I'm goin' off with Tracy by train—a little stunt we've got for the holiday. But after uncle's sendin' me the car, I'd rather not send it back unused. It would look rather ungrateful. So long as my friends use it it's all right. I'm regardin' you fellows as my friends for this occasion," smiled Smythe.

"Well, if you mean it, Smythey, we'll accept the offer, and we're very much obliged," said Jimmy.

"Yes, rather!"

Adolphus waved his hand.

"Don't mench!" he said. "The car's yours. Tip the chauffeur half-a-quad, if you don't mind. That's all."

"Willingly!" said Jimmy, with a laugh. "We shall save the junior club some quids on railway-fares."

"Yaas; that's all to the good, isn't it?"
"Not so much as will be spent on petrol for the car, though, I should think," remarked Raby.

Smythe laughed.

"That's all right. Nunky provides the petrol with the car," he said. "I'm glad you're acceptin' my offer, Silver. I look on it as friendly."

Jimmy hesitated. He half-expected this magnificent offer from Adolphus to be followed by a request to be played in the match. If Smythe had attached any such condition to the offer, the offer would have been refused on the spot.

But Smythe didn't.

"It's settled, then?" he asked.

"Yes, old scout, certainly; and many thanks!"

"I hope you'll have a good time," said Smythe genially; and he nodded to the Fistical Four, and walked away to join his friends.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER,

"Timeo Danaos!"

"WELL, my hat!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell, as the chums of the Fourth went into the School House.

"Smythe is an awful ass, but he's not a bad sort," remarked Raby.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"I'm blessed if I quite understand him," he said. "The other day he was fairly on the war-path because he wasn't in the eleven. Now he's all smiles. I don't think we've quite done Smythe justice, you chaps. A fellow can be a silly ass, and a good chap all the same."

"It will be ripping to run across in a car!" said Newcome. "If there's room for sixteen, as Smythe says, Raby and I can come with the team."

"Yes, rather! And another fellow or two," said Jimmy.

The Fistical Four were feeling extremely cordial towards Smythe of the Shell. True, he was offering them the car because he did not want it himself; but it was very good-natured, all the same. There were plenty of fellows at Rookwood who would have jumped at such an offer. A big car and a chauffeur for a whole day's holiday was not an offer that grew on every bush, as Lovell sapiently remarked.

Mornington was in the Fourth Form passage as the Co. came along from the staircase, and he noted their smiling faces.

"Come into a fortune apiece?" he asked.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Not quite," he answered. "But we've had some luck. What do you think of making the run to Greyfriars to-morrow in a big car, instead of crawling round in stuffy trains?"

Morny's face brightened. In his palmy days big cars had been quite in his line, and he missed the expensive luxuries he had once been accustomed to.

"Rippin'!" he exclaimed heartily.

"That's what we think!"

"But will the funds run to a big car for a whole day out?" asked Morny. "It will cost no end of money for petrol alone."

"It's offered to us."

"Oh gad! Not the Head—"

"Ha, ha! No! The Head's car wouldn't hold our crowd, either. It's Smythe's uncle's car."

"Eh?"

Jimmy Silver explained the handsome offer made by Smythe of the Shell.

Valentine Mornington's face was very peculiar in expression as he listened.

"You're acceptin' the offer?" he inquired, when Jimmy Silver had finished.

"I've accepted it."

"What conditions has Smythe made?"

"None!"

"He hasn't asked to be played in the match?"

"No. He's going off for the day with Tracy, and he doesn't want the car himself. It's jolly decent of him to offer it to us, all the same. There's some of the Sixth would be jolly glad to have it."

"Queer that he doesn't offer it to them, then, if he doesn't want it himself! He likes keepin' in with the Sixth."

"Well, he's offered it to us."

Morny shook his head.

"Do you know what I'd do in your place, Silver?" he asked.

"Well, what?" demanded Jimmy, rather restively.

"I'd refuse."

"And why?"

"You remember what that old Johnny said—we've had it in class," said Mornington. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes—"

"Construe!" grinned Lovell.

"I fear the Greeks and the gifts they bring!" said Mornington. "That Johnny knew somethin'. It's awfully good-natured of Smythe—terrifically; but I fear the Greeks when they bring gifts in their hands, old bean."

Jimmy Silver frowned.

"I suppose you mean by that that Smythe has something up his sleeve?" he said.

"Exactly!"

"Well, what?"

"I don't know; but I fear the Greeks—"

"Oh, bless you and your silly old Virgil!

fags!" grunted Jimmy Silver crossly. "It's jolly decent of Smythe, and I'm feeling no end obliged to him, and I'm dashed if I like to see a fellow suspicious of another simply because he's done something good-natured!"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "I don't trust Smythe!" he said. "Especially after the trick he played you over the St. Jim's match."

"I don't know that I do specially; but I shouldn't like to suspect a fellow of having some rotten motive for making a jolly good-natured offer!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver warmly. "What object could he have? He's offered the car to the whole team."

"I don't know. But—"

"But what?" exclaimed the captain of the Fourth testily.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!" answered Mornington.

"Oh rats!"

With that emphatic reply, Jimmy Silver walked on to the end study.

Mornington gave another shrug. He had his own opinion; but it was not his business to decide the matter; Jimmy Silver was junior captain, and he had accepted Smythe's offer, and that settled it.

Morny remained alone in his distrustful view, too. As soon as Smythe's great offer was generally known there was great satisfaction among the junior cricketers; and all of them agreed that Adolphus had acted very well indeed, considering that he was left out of the team. Even Morny's own chum, Kit Erroll, shook his head over Morny's distrust. Indeed, the fellows who heard that Morny was suspicious of the subject put it down to the fact that Morny was of a suspicious nature, and one or two rather pointed remarks were made to that effect.

Mornington let the matter drop, though he kept to his opinion. But even to himself he could not adduce much reason for his distrust; and perhaps he wondered a little whether he was over-suspicious.

Whether that was the case was to be seen on the morrow.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Smythe's Game.

"STUNNING!" That was the general comment at ten the following morning.

Outside the School House at Rookwood a gigantic car was halted on the drive, with Smythe's uncle's chauffeur in attendance.

Adolphus Smythe had had a conversation with the chauffeur, unheard by the other fellows. Rookwooders came from near and

far to look at the Smythe motor-car. It really was stunning.

It was a giant car—almost a "bus," as Smythe had remarked. There was plenty of accommodation for from fourteen to sixteen schoolboys, and it was decided that the car should take as many as it would hold. The members of the team were feeling greatly satisfied. The weather was fine and sunny, and they looked forward to the run across country with delight. And five fellows who were going with the eleven were equally joyful.

The Rookwood junior eleven consisted of Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Conroy, Van Ryn, Erroll, Mornington, Selwyn, Classics; and Tommy Dodd, Doyle, Cook, and Towle, Moderns. Raby, Newcome, Grace, Oswald, and Pons were accompanying them to Greyfriars. Tubby Muffin's offer to go was declined with thanks, Lovell explaining that the car would hardly stand his weight.

The cricketers came up with their bags and crowded into the car in great spirits. Most of them took the trouble to tell Adolphus Smythe that it was really ripping of him.

"Don't mench!" was Smythe's reply to such remarks.

The great Adolphus was beaming with smiles. The chauffeur was smiling, too, for some reason best known to himself.

"All in?" asked Jimmy Silver, looking over the crowded car.

"All but me!" squeaked Tubby Muffin.

"No room for walruses, old chap," said Jimmy Silver. "Once more, Smythe, I must say that this is really ripping of you."

"Don't mench, old bean!" said Adolphus negligently. "It's a real pleasure to me, Silver, to lend you the car—quite!"

Sixteen cheery faces smiled at Adolphus from the car, and Adolphus smiled back.

"I'll give the man his directions, if you're ready, old trumps," said Smythe.

"Go it!"

Adolphus spoke to the chauffeur, and that gentleman took his place, and "tooled" the huge car down the drive to the gates.

It turned out of the gateway and disappeared.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were en route.

"They're off!" smiled Adolphus to his friends.

"I hope they'll enjoy their journey," grinned Tracy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Adolphus smiled.

"About time we were off, too," he yawned. "Silver was goin' to catch the ten-twenty-five, if he'd gone by train. I

rather think we'd better catch the ten-twenty-five, dear boys."

"Oh, yaas!" grinned Howard.

A few minutes later Adolphus & Co. might have been seen, as a novelist would say, walking down to the gates with their cricket-bags. Bulkeley of the Sixth met them near the gates, and stopped to speak, in some surprise.

"You kids going out for cricket?" he asked.

Adolphus nodded.

"Yaas, Bulkeley. We've fixed up a match for to-day."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the captain of Rookwood, rather puzzled. "Best of luck!"

"Thanks awfully!"

Adolphus & Co. walked on, and ambled, as Adolphus expressed it, cheerily down the lane to the station. The big car was glimpsed for a moment, climbing a hill in the distance.

"There they go!" grinned Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where are they goin'?" asked Chesney.

"I've fixed that with the chauffeur," said Smythe. "They don't know yet; but they'll know later. They think they're goin' east. My belief is that they're goin' west."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They'll land somewhere in Devon or Somerset presently—"

The nuts yelled.

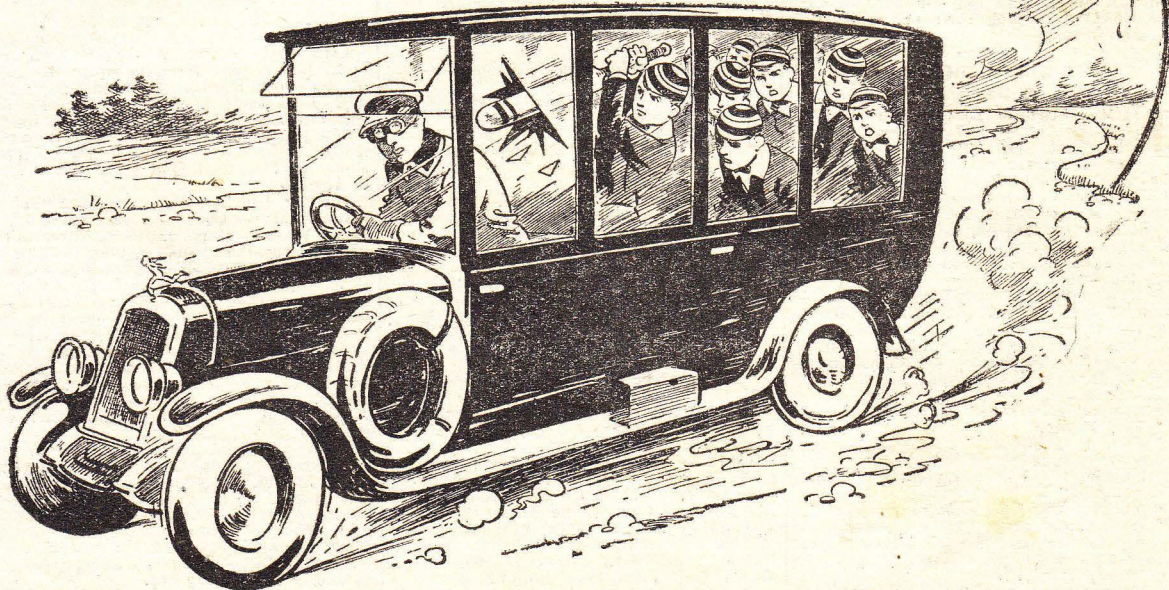
"While we're playin' cricket in Kent!"

Adolphus smiled. "They're really such unpleasant fellows, that I'd rather not be in the same county with them. I really hope they'll enjoy the trip. How lucky my uncle offered me the car for to-day—what?"

"Yes, rather!"

"I'd have liked to run across to Greyfriars in the car myself," said Smythe regretfully. "But we had to part with the car to get rid of that gang. After all, we can put up with the train. We bag the match, anyway."

"What-ho!"



KIDNAPPING THE ROOKWOOD ELEVEN.—Jimmy Silver took his bat and crashed it through the glass that separated him from the chauffeur. "Stop!" The man started for a moment, but did not turn his head. The car swept on. "Stop! Stop!" (See Chapter 6.)

Adolphus & Co. put up with the train quite cheerfully.

It was quite an enjoyable journey to them, under the circumstances, and they arrived in Courtfield in great spirits.

By that time, Adolphus opined, Jimmy Silver & Co. were probably finding their outing far from enjoyable.

But that was not Adolphus' business. The merry nuts streamed out of the station at Courtfield, and found a brake standing outside; and Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, of the Greyfriars Remove, came to meet them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" was Bob Cherry's greeting. "From Rookwood?"

"Oh, yaas!"

"But—" said Wharton, puzzled.

It was evident enough that the cricketers were from Rookwood; but Harry Wharton was perplexed. He had expected to see his old acquaintances, Jimmy Silver & Co. He knew Smythe and most of his comrades, but he had not expected to see them turn up as the eleven from Rookwood.

"Oh, perhaps you were expectin' to see Silver?" remarked Adolphus.

"Yes. We understood—"

"There's been some changes in cricket matters at Rookwood," Smythe explained. "General dissatisfaction with Silver and his crowd, you know. Their cricket was—well, rather feeble, you know—not quite the thing we require at Rookwood. So they've been dropped out of the junior eleven."

"Oh!" said Wharton blankly.

"You'll find us rather a harder mouthful to chew, dear boys!" said Adolphus. "You'll have to pull up your socks, you know."

"We'll do our best," said Wharton, with a smile.

He was rather disappointed at not seeing Jimmy Silver; but it was, of course, no business of his what team Rookwood chose to put into the field. He was perplexed, but there was nothing more to be said. Smythe & Co. disposed themselves elegantly in the brake, and they rolled away to Greyfriars.

Other fellows there, as well as Wharton and Bob Cherry, were surprised to see Adolphus & Co. arrive as the champions of Rookwood. They were still more surprised when the Rookwood nuts appeared in the field, and the match started. And as the game progressed their surprise intensified. Why any institution that was not a home for idiots should send out such cricketers was a mystery to Harry Wharton & Co.

But Adolphus & Co. seemed quite satisfied and pleased, and a really remarkable score of ducks' eggs did not seem to have the effect of dashing their self-satisfaction in any way.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. A Day Out.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. settled down in the big car for an enjoyable run in great spirits. Not a suspicion crossed their minds of the facts of the case, so far. Even Mornington, under the influence of the fresh air and sunshine, forgot his distrust.

The big car raced on, eating up the miles at a great rate, while the crowd of Rookwood juniors chatted, and enjoyed the air and the scenery.

"What about 'Timeo Danaos' now, old trump?" asked Lovell, clapping Mornington on the shoulder, when the car had been speeding along for half an hour. Morny was regarding the landscape with an expression of growing thoughtfulness.

He glanced up.

"Enjoyin' your run?" he asked.

"Yes, rather."

"You, too, Silver?"

Jimmy glanced round.

"Certainly!" he answered. "Aren't you, Morny?"

"Oh, yes; but I'd rather play cricket."

"Well, you're going to play cricket when we get to Greyfriars," said Jimmy Silver, rather puzzled by the remark. "What do you mean, Morny?"

"When we get to Greyfriars?" repeated Mornington, with a curious grin. "And when shall we get to Greyfriars, at this rate?"

"Half an hour or so more, I should say, if we keep this up."

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"That will be exceedin' the speed-limit no end, considerin' that we have nearly twenty-five thousand miles to go."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Somethin' under twenty-five thousand miles," conceded Morny calmly. "But the difference is hardly worth mentionin'. What boat do we take?"

"Boat!" repeated Jimmy, wondering whether the dandy of the Fourth was wandering in his mind.

"Yaas; we shall want a boat."

"What for?"

"To cross the Atlantic, of course."

"The Atlantic!" yelled Lovell.

"Are you joking, Morny?" asked Erroll.

"Not at all."

"Then what do you mean?" demanded Jimmy Silver testily.

"I mean that if we keep on with our backs to Greyfriars we shall have to go right round the world to get there."

"Our backs to Greyfriars?"

"Yaas!"

Jimmy Silver gave Mornington a startled look. He rose in the car, and looked round him. The big car was keeping on fast, well up to the speed-limit, and, in fact, beyond it. The chauffeur was staring directly ahead over his wheel.

"I don't know this part of the country, of course," said Jimmy; "but I suppose we're in Kent by this time."

"Look at the sun," said Mornington caustically.

Jimmy looked at the sun and at his watch. Then he jumped. Now that his attention was drawn to the matter, he did not need telling that the car was speeding almost due west of Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver dropped back into his seat, astounded.

"Taking a short cut, perhaps!" said Lovell.

"We've been goin' west ever since we started," said Mornington quietly. "I didn't spot it at first, though I was rather surprised that we didn't go through Letcham. I've been usin' my eyes. We've had our back to Greyfriars all the time, and we're somewhere in Dorsetshire now, I believe."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Is the chauffeur mad?" exclaimed Erroll, aghast.

"Smythe gave him his directions," said Jimmy Silver helplessly.

Mornington grinned.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," he remarked.

Jimmy Silver started. For the first time it came into his mind that Morny's suspicions were not groundless, and that he had been tricked.

"You—you think—that Smythe has—" he stammered.

"I think Smythe's dishin' us because he's left out of the eleven," answered Mornington coolly. "I shouldn't have accepted his offer. You did! And we sha'n't see Greyfriars to-day."

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered. There was little doubt that Mornington was right. At every whirl of the wheels the great car was taking the Rookwood cricketers farther and farther away from Greyfriars School.

Jimmy tapped on the glass between the passengers and the chauffeur. The man certainly heard the tap, but he gave no sign.

"Tap, tap, tap!"

The speed of the car increased a little, but that was all.

"Pretty plain now!" yawned Mornington.

It was plain enough.

The cricketers looked at one another in silent dismay. All the enjoyment of the motor drive was gone now.

The car rushed on. Lovell rapped savagely on the glass, but the chauffeur gave no heed. It was clear that he was in the scheme—that Smythe of the Shell had arranged with him to carry the cricketers in this astounding way—doubtless standing him a handsome tip for his trouble. Probably the chauffeur knew nothing about the cricket match, and looked on the affair simply as a schoolboy practical joke.

"We've got to stop him!" exclaimed Raby at last.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't!" he answered.

"We must!"

"He won't stop! He's got his instructions from Smythe."

"Oh, the rotter!" Jimmy Silver gritted his teeth. "The awful rotter! Wharton will be waiting for us, and—"

"The Greyfriars chaps will be hung up all day, waiting, if we don't get there!" exclaimed Lovell.

"What on earth will they think of us?" murmured Conroy.

Mornington grinned rather maliciously.

"Perhaps they won't miss us," he remarked. "I fancy Smythe hasn't simply planned to keep us away from the match. Haven't you fellows noticed that Smythe and his gang have been turnin' up at cricket practice lately?"

"What about it?" growled Lovell.

"I wondered what they were doin' it for. Now I know. Adolphus has got a cricket match on to-day, unless I'm mistaken."

"A cricket match!" yelled Lovell.

"Where?"

"Greyfriars, I fancy."

"Oh!"

"Our match!" shrieked Tommy Dodd.

"Of course, I may be wrong. But I don't think Smythe would take all this trouble simply to keep us from playin'. He's dished us out of the match, and my belief is that he's gone over to Greyfriars with his crowd to play it," said Mornington coolly.

"But Wharton wouldn't—"

"How would Wharton know?"

"I—I suppose he wouldn't know—he would think there had been changes in the team!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I—I suppose you're right, Morny—"

Jimmy Silver took his bat and crashed it through the glass that separated him from the chauffeur. The man started for a moment but did not turn his head. The car swept on.

"Stop!"

"He won't!" said Mornington.

"Oh, shut up! Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"

"Stop!" chorused the hapless cricketers. The chauffeur did not heed. The giant car rushed on. Jimmy drew back his bat, half-inclined to crack the chauffeur on the head with it. Erroll caught his arm. If one thing was more certain than another, it was that any attack upon the chauffeur, while the car was rushing on, would lead to a terrible catastrophe.

"Don't play the goat!" muttered Raby. "Don't touch him. Do you want to pile up the car?"

"Stop! Stop! Stop!"

The car rushed on.

Late that afternoon, sixteen tired and dusty juniors were tramping up to the gates of Rookwood School. The sun was setting over Rookwood; a glorious summer's day was drawing to its close. But the sixteen dusty youths did not look as if they had enjoyed that summer's day. Their expressions, in fact, indicated quite the reverse of that.

The car had stopped at last—a hundred miles from Rookwood—in the wrong direction. When it stopped, Jimmy Silver & Co. had collared the chauffeur, and, heedless of his expostulations, had given him such a thrashing as the circumstances seemed to call for. That was some satisfaction—to the Rookwooders, not to the chauffeur—but it did not mend matters. By cross-country trains, with many changes and long waits, the hapless cricketers got back to Coombe, whence they walked to Rookwood. It was useless, of course, to head for Greyfriars; it was dusk by the time Rookwood was reached.

Dusty and tired and savage, the hapless sixteen tramped up the road to the school in the sunset. Their feelings were too deep for words. The question that worried Jimmy Silver most was, what had happened at Greyfriars? There was only one consolation in prospect—the hour of reckoning for Smythe & Co.! It was an unhappy ending to Jimmy Silver's day out.

(What has happened at Greyfriars? Has the match been lost? See next week's grand story of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled "Morny Butts In!")

THE END.

"Morny Butts In!"—a Grand Story of the Rookwood Chums—Next Week!

THE FEARLESS MEN OF SHERWOOD!

When Guy FitzHugh joined the great band of outlaws, under the leadership of the immortal ROBIN HOOD, he knew that he was courting dangers and perils unknown. But it also spelt adventure for him. Who could feel the qualms of fear with such a leader as Robin Hood? Who could fear the tyrannical Norman knights with such daring comrades as the Merry Men of Sherwood?

A MASTER OF MEN!

The Outlaw King!

By **Morton Pike**



A story of the most amazing characters ever created.

Introduction.

GUY FITZHUGH, the young ward of KING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, who has been placed under the guardianship of SIR HUMPHREY DE BRIONNE, a tyrannical Norman baron. ROBERT OF ROUEN, a gallant man-at-arms serving under the black banner of Sir Humphrey. ISOBEL and SWEYNE THE HARPER, wandering minstrels, Guy's first friends. ROBIN HOOD, the leader of the outlaws. FRIAR TUCK, a jolly monk, who is a member of the band of foresters. The ABBOT OF MERLY, brother of Sir Humphrey, one of Guy's greatest enemies.

The Road of Adventure.

Guy FitzHugh, unable to tolerate the tyranny of his guardian, Sir Humphrey, makes his escape from the grim Norman castle, and, hotly pursued by the baron's retainers and men-at-arms, flies into the forest of Sherwood. He outwits the pursuers, and wanders forth alone for adventure. Riding through the forest, he comes upon a small band of foresters who, he discovers afterwards, are members of the famous outlaws under the leadership of the immortal ROBIN HOOD. Knowing their master is one who will help the oppressed, they take FitzHugh before him. Robin Hood is impressed by Guy, and the boy joins his band.

News that the usurper Prince John—brother of the King of England, and his train of rascally followers, are at the abbey of Merly, reaches Robin's ears, and the outlaw decides to make all haste to the abbey with the intention of relieving the earl of some of his ill-gotten gains.

Robin Hood turns the earl from the abbey by a clever ruse, but he is trapped himself when Prince John returns with a great gathering of men-at-arms. One of the monks comes to the rescue by showing the outlaws a secret way out. They escape, and, disguised in cowls, leave the abbey.

(Now Read On.)

How Robin Hood Found Himself in a Decidedly Warm Place.

"WE must lose no time," said Friar Tuck, recounting what the man had told him. "'Tis evident the monks will give the alarm, and there will be a hot chase after us. Come, Sweyne, old friend, get thee astride this horse. Pretty Isobel shall sit behind thee, and you will then be able to travel as fast as we ourselves."

In a twinkling willing hands had placed the minstrels in the saddle, and the whole band, quickening their pace, reached the river-bank just as the moon set.

"Hist!" cried Little John. "Who comes?"

"By my halidome, if 'tis Earl John and his men returning, we are like to be in a bad case!"

"Were it not best, Robin, to fling away these disguises and scatter along the river-bank?"

"Not so," said Robin. "'Tis but a small party of horsemen riding at their leisure. Look! They are plainly to be seen against the sky, coming over the crest of the hill."

Guy followed the direction of Robin's arm, and saw a band of about thirty horsemen approaching.

"Robin," he cried, "I know that leader too well to be mistaken. 'Tis Sir Humphrey de Brionne!"

Robin did not pause, but continued his swinging stride towards the river, which was only a few yards distant now.

"We do not want the water between us and the forest," he said quickly. "Draw your cowls well over your faces, and do as you see me do."

Taking care to surround the horse, that Isobel and the harper should have protection in case of need, they crossed the bridge, and met the Norman baron on the opposite bank.

"Ho, there!" cried Sir Humphrey, unhooking the steel mace from his saddle-bow. "Who are ye upon the road so early?"

As he spoke the men-at-arms rode up behind him in a cluster.

"Protection, Sir Humphrey de Brionne!" cried Robin in a feigned voice from the

depth of his cowl: "Our prayers are answered, and thou hast come in time!"

"In time! What mean you?" demanded Sir Humphrey. "What do you abroad at this hour?"

"Oh, hasten!" cried Robin. "The outlaws have broken into the monastery, and are even now about to hang your brother, the good Abbot Anselm!"

The baron's brow was black as thunder. "What, you craven curs! And you leave him to his fate!" he shouted. "Follow me, men!"

And, spurring his charger, he thundered across the bridge, and galloped up the gentle rise that led to the monastery.

The dawn was coming swiftly, and Isobel clung in terror to the harper's waist as the torrent of fierce men dashed by.

The last of them was Baldwin, the man-at-arms whom Guy had despoiled of his horse and sword; and, unfortunately, in his excitement, he tossed back the heavy cowl that encumbered his head, and in an instant Baldwin had recognised him. He also saw the doublet of Lincoln green beneath the monk's gown, which had come unfastened; and, bending low over his horse's neck, he galloped after his master, raising a cry of alarm.

"Stay, Sir Humphrey!" shouted Baldwin.

"'Tis a trap!"

And at the same moment there was a great uproar from the mill, not more than a hundred yards away, and Sir Roger Fitz-Peter's men—who had by this time discovered the trick that had been played upon them, and released the shivering monks from their prison—set spurs to their horses, and, raising an answering shout, came streaming through the mist full tilt for the bridge.

Overtaken by Baldwin, Sir Humphrey checked his horse.

"Off with these rags!" cried Robin Hood, unfastening his girdle and flinging the black gown on to the grass. "Twenty of you stay with me, while the rest make for those thorn-bushes yonder. 'Tis but a step from there into the forest, and we must keep the bridge with our bows."

In an instant the black robes were cast aside, and a hoarse yell of exultation rose from the men-at-arms as they saw the well-



known green jerkins apparently at their mercy.

Guy's heart throbbed violently as he watched the two bands of horsemen join forces on the slope, the rising sun glittering on their helmets and chain-mail. There was a delay of a few moments as Sir Roger told the baron how they had been hoodwinked, and in that few moments Robin had named twenty men who were to stay with him, and the others were already disappearing behind the shelter of the thorns.

Abbot Anselm had always intended to build a fine stone bridge at that spot, but, somehow, when he started plotting, it was never the right time, and the old wooden structure still remained, so narrow that there was only room for two horsemen to pass abreast. The ox-waggons had to seek a ford, two miles down the stream, for the river at that spot was broad and very swift.

"They have no bowmen with them," said Robin, "so 'tis our arrows against their swords and spears. Now stand to it, my merry men, for here they come!"

With a roar like muffled thunder the horsemen bore down the slope, Sir Humphrey de Brionne, his terrible mace in his right hand, and his yellow shield with the black heart in the centre of it, covering his body, at their head. Sir Roger FitzPeter, who wore a white surcoat over his armour, spurred to the baron's side. It seemed impossible that that slender line of twenty men could withstand the impetuous rush of the eighty who spurred and shouted their war-cry on the spring morning.

"Down with the outlaws! Down with the Saxon scum!" cried the men-at-arms; but, to their astonishment, no less than that of the foresters, as the baron reached the bridge-head, he reined his charger in upon its haunches, and, flinging his mailed arm high above his head, cried:

"Hold! A word with thee first, Robin FitzOoth!"

The order to fire had all but burst from Robin's lips, but now he took a pace forward, and, raising his right hand in his turn, called across the river:

"What would you have with me, Humphrey de Brionne, Baron of Bollingwood? You must be brief; and think not that you have fools to deal with. If this is some ruse, dearly shall you suffer!"

"'Tis no ruse, outlaw," said the baron hoarsely. "I wish to speak of one whom I see in your band yonder, that lad with the auburn curls, who is the King's ward, and under my guardianship. Send him over the

bridge to us, and I promise you, by my knightly word, you shall go free!"

Robin flung back his head, and flung a loud laugh at the baron for answer.

"I would as lief take the word of thy brother Anselm as thine," said Robin; "and as for your permission for us to go free, we shall stay at our pleasure, I promise you! And so you want the lad back again, do you, you black-hearted scoundrel? He shall choose for himself. Guy FitzHugh, step forward!"

And, with a gay laugh, Guy sprang to Robin's side.

Humphrey de Brionne did not wait to prolong that interview. He knew well what Guy's answer would be, and, seeing that the outlaws had several of them lowered their points, he suddenly buried his spurs in the charger's side, and with a great shout of, "Upon them!" was half-way across the bridge in a twinkling.

Before his following could as much as shake the bride, up came the bows again, and Robin's whistle was half-drowned in the hum of the bowstrings, as ten arrows whizzed past the galloping man, missing him by a hair's-breadth, nine of them finding a living target in the men-at-arms behind. The tenth arrow entered the neck of the baron's horse, which leapt wildly into the air, and fell stone dead in the centre of the causeway, flinging Sir Humphrey a good two yards off, where his helmeted head came in contact with the parapet, and he lay face downwards and unconscious.

Sir Roger FitzPeter then waved his long sword, and shouted to the men to advance; but quick as thought flew ten more arrows, and ten men-at-arms sank backwards over their croups, and lay in the grass. A third time the strings twanged, with a wild music that might have come from the harp of a bard, and although Sir Roger beckoned them to follow him, not a man of the troop responded, and the outlaws gave vent to their feelings with a great yell of triumph.

"Another flight, boys," cried Robin Hood, "and then for the thorn-bush yonder! Will Scarlet knows what to do, and he will cover our retreat right well. By St. Anthony, I can count thirty-five empty saddles, which means that there are thirty-five Norman dogs less to pull down our stricken Saxon deer! Haste thee, Guy," he whispered, "and bid the old man and the girl make their way into the forest. Yonder men will yet take heart of grace, and we shall have to fight hard for it."

Guy cast one look at his enemy, still lying prostrate in the dust, his surcoat making a bright patch of yellow colour on the grey

roadway, and then he turned and ran until he came to the thorns, behind which the rest of the band knelt with their bows strung.

"Come, Sweyne, and Mistress Isobel, I have Robin's orders concerning thee!" said Guy. And, taking the bride of the horse, he set off at a quick trot towards the coppices of silver birch that marked the beginning of the forest. He would dearly have liked to have lingered, but Robin's word was law, and it was not until they had penetrated some little distance into the woodland that he checked the tall brown charger upon some rising ground, where a red hawthorn flung its delicious perfume far and near.

They could see the abbey, and the figures of the black monks who crowded upon the battlements; but the intervening trees hid the bridge from their sight, and save for two or three bursts of shouting, they could not tell what was going forward.

Then Allan-a-Dale burst through the underwood, his quiver empty and his bow in his hand.

"Quick—quick!" he cried. "Earl John is returning! We have seen their pennons fluttering in the wind beyond the village. Our shafts are all but done, and there is nothing left but to run for it. You lead the horse, Guy, and follow me!"

And away they sped through a wilderness of tangled bush and tree, Allan-a-Dale shaping his course by the sun, and guiding them with unerring instinct to a place of safety.

Sweyne, who carried his beloved harp slung round his neck by a leather thong, at length gave a groan, and Allan-a-Dale, looking quickly at him, signed to Guy to halt.

"Thou art spent, old man," said Allan-a-Dale; "the ride has been over rough for your years, yet keep the saddle a moment longer, and we shall be in a place of safety the like of which I warrant me even thou hast never seen."

Allan-a-Dale now took the horse's rein, and, leading it forward a few paces, pointed to a huge holly that barred the way.

"Take that branch, friend Guy," he said, "and draw it aside with all thy strength; and you, Mistress Isobel, have a care for thy pretty face, for the leaves of this tree are sharp as needles, as my hands and hose know full well."

Guy seized the bough which the young outlaw indicated, and, pulling it aside, revealed an opening through which a horse might squeeze; and when Allan-a-Dale had led the charger in, and Guy followed, not without

SIR HUMPHREY DE BRIONNE AND HIS COMPANY HELD UP—



Humphrey de Brionne suddenly buried his spurs in his charger's side, and with a shout galloped across the bridge. A second later up came the bows of the outlaws, and Robin Hood's whistle was half-drowned in the hum of the bowstrings, as ten arrows whizzed at the charging column—

severely wounding his hands, he was unable to suppress a cry of astonishment when he had proceeded half a dozen paces.

In the centre of the holly-trees, which grew in a great semi-circle, and whose dense growth presented an impenetrable screen, was a scar of grey rock that seemed to have pushed its way up through the sandy soil. In the side of the rock was an archway, evidently constructed by human hands.

Beside the arch was a rough bench, hewn out of the limestone, and in front of it a stream of clear water gurgled and bubbled, forming a basin for itself, and, overflowing, poured in a little silver cascade.

Drooping boughs overhung the spot, leaving an open space overhead, through which the sunlight poured from the blue sky on to a patch of emerald turf, where wild flowers were growing, and but for a rude cross sculptured above the stone bench, the spot might have been some haunt of the fairies who are said to have once peopled our island. The cross, however, proclaimed it to be a hermit's cell; but, as Allan-a-Dale told him, the hermit had been dead for many years, and it was used as a hiding-place by the foresters, who, moreover, always took care to keep a supply of dried deer-flesh there in case of need, and a chest of arrows.

"Here we can rest undisturbed," said Allan-a-Dale, "and when Robin has given those rogues the slip, he will come hither. Luckily, I have bread in my wallet, and we will make shift to break our fast as best we may."

The old harper seated himself on the bench, where once the solitary hermit had pondered over the Good Book. Isobel sat at his feet in the sunshine, and when they had divided the bread among them, Guy and Allan-a-Dale stretched themselves out full length on the turf and listened to the music of the falling water.

"Will you sing something to us, mistress?" said Allan-a-Dale, looking up at the sweet face framed by the scarlet whimple.

"Nay, surely," said Isobel; "that were the very way to bring our enemies upon us."

"There is little fear of that," said Allan-a-Dale; "the wind blows to the south-west, and will give us good warning of their approach. Moreover, the barons and the men-at-arms know little of forestry, which is the chief reason why they never take any of us. 'Tis fine sport to lie concealed in the branches, and hear them beating up the forest, shouting one to another with all the tumult of a tourney."

Isobel took the harp and ran her fingers lightly over the strings, and as Guy listened

delightedly, he could not help feeling how well her music fitted the place.

Now, although Allan-a-Dale had very rightly a mighty contempt for the methods of the men-at-arms, there were other frequenters of the wild woods who made no more noise than the foresters themselves, and six of them came stealing silently within earshot, while Isobel's song still floated out upon the air.

They were six ragged, hungry-eyed men, part of that gang of robbers who had attacked the abbey gate. One was armed with a rusty sword, another shouldered a boar spear, and all had Sheffield knives in their girdles. With one accord they flung themselves down on the bank of the stream, about fifty yards from the hermit's cell, and drank greedily, like men who have travelled far and fasted on the way.

"'Tis good water enough," growled one of the men; "but, for my part, I had hoped to quench my thirst with the abbot's wine, and, by the bones of St. Peter, we should have done, but for those two cursed churls who seemed to drop from the very heavens!"

"Hark!" said one of them, lifting his head from the stream. "Someone sings, and 'tis a woman's voice."

They all listened, their eyes glowing with expectation.

"Whence comes it, Bob Harelip?" said one of the men. "Thou hast the best ears of us all."

"'Tis from yonder," replied Bob Harelip, a repulsive-looking rascal, who rose quickly to his feet. "I have heard tell that there is an anchorite cell somewhere hereabouts, though I' faith I never knew where it lay."

"Bob Harelip was never fond of water," said one of the others, a long-armed man with a hump on his back. "Stay where you are, I will find out this singing bird."

And, stepping into the stream, he waded up it, soon disappearing among the bushes and brambles that overhung its banks.

The song had ceased now, and the forest was very still, and the hunchback, who rejoiced in the name of Trunch, went cautiously on until the sound of the cascade fell upon his ears.

"I would wager a silver penny, if I had one," he thought to himself, "that I am on the right track. Hermits cannot live without water, and all the cells I ever saw had a spring near them. The stream narrows, and must near its source, and, by the mass, yonder it be! And there's the pretty nightingale, too!"

Trunch doubled himself up, and, grasping the roots of a hazel to steady himself,

parted the branches cautiously with his left hand, and opened his cunning eyes in great astonishment.

"By the bones of King Alfred, we are in luck!" he muttered to himself. "It 'tis not the harper and the girl, and with them those self-same churls who drove us from the abbey gate."

He grinned hideously, and, as Isobel began to sing again, Trunch crawled back down the streamlet to his companions, who stood in an ill-favoured group, their tangled hair matted about their evil faces.

"Hush, not a word!" said Trunch, when he had told them what he had seen.

And then, drawing their knives, they slunk after him in Indian file.

Guy FitzHugh and Allan-a-Dale lay enfranchised in the sunlight, and even old Sweeney, absorbed as he was with his precious documents, found himself beating time with his venerable head to the rhythm of her song. Never had Guy heard so sweet a voice. And, indeed, it was a picture fit for an artist's pencil.

The lovely girl, her head thrown slightly back, her graceful arms stretched out, and her eyes staring wide open into vacancy, with a chequer of light and shade upon her green dress from the leaves overhead.

Suddenly her fingers stayed the touch on the strings, the large eyes grew wide with terror, and the song ceased. Over the top of a mossgrown boulder rose six villainous faces into view. And, throwing her arms round the old man, Isobel gave a wild scream.

Instantly the silence was broken by a rude chorus of shouts, and Guy and Allan-a-Dale had barely time to spring to their feet in alarm, when the robbers leapt like wolves into the sunlight.

How the Fight Ended—and a Robber Carries News to Earl John which sets the Usurper on a Long Ride to Barnsdale.

"INTO the cave, Isobel!" shouted Guy, stooping down and seizing his quarter-staff. "Allan, 'tis six to two; but, by the mass, we will show them what we are made of!"

And, with a terrific sweep of his formidable weapon, he sent the foremost robber staggering back with a howl. Allan-a-Dale's quiver was empty, but, snatching two arrows from Guy's belt, he placed one between his teeth, and fitted the other to his bow, and the well-known twang was followed by a shrill gasp of agony, as one of the robbers pitched forward on to his face, shot through the heart.

—BY THE SMALL BAND OF OUTLAWS UNDER ROBIN HOOD!



—The arrows found living targets in the men-at-arms behind the baron, and one of the deadly pieces of steel struck the neck of Sir Humphrey's horse, which leapt wildly in the air and flung its rider right across the centre of the bridge. (See page 24.)

GUY FITZHUGH'S PERIL. CORNERED BY THE ROBBERS!



The two foresters, shoulder to shoulder, retreated to the door of the hut in which Isobel and the harper were hiding. They were fighting a losing battle, for the odds were too tremendous. For a moment Guy's heart sank, but he lashed with his short sword with renewed energy as he thought of what would happen if the robbers got to the hermit's hut and the refugees. (See this page.)

A rough door of planks swung on rusty hinges in the entrance to the hermit's cell, and Isobel and the harper pushed it to, and rolled a stone against it. With hands clasped and lips breathing prayer, they watched the combat through the cracks in the crazy door, and truly it was marvellous to see those two active lads making such bold stand against the five burly ruffians.

Allan-a-Dale was handicapped, since he had only his bow and Guy's arrows to depend on, and so furious was the onslaught of the robbers that two of the shafts winged harmlessly into the trunk of a tree, and with two more he only succeeded in wounding Bob Harelip in two places. He had fired the last arrow, and, throwing down his bow, he drew the short sword he carried, and sprang at the hunchback Trunch.

Trunch was a powerful ruffian, with enormous arms and a chest like an African gorilla. His legs were bound with leather thongs from the ankle to the knee, and, holding his two-handed weapon before him, Allan-a-Dale realised that he would prove no mean opponent.

"Get your back to the wall, Guy!" shouted Allan, as he saw the boy hotly pressed by the other four men, led by Redhand, who was their chief, and who was breathing horrible vengeance for the blow Guy had given him.

"It does my old heart good!" muttered Sweyne. "And, by the rood, even now I

can strike in to the help of these brave boys!" He stooped down, and, passing his withered arm through a crevice in the door, drew in Allan-a-Dale's bow, which lay just within reach. "Open that chest, Isobel," he said, throwing back his head, "and bring me a handful of arrows."

The girl obeyed, and Sweyne, fitting one into the string, took aim at the ruffian Trunch through a crack in the door.

Trunch roared like a bull as the arrow quivered in his hump; but, throwing back one of his huge arms, he snapped the shaft off, and then rushed at Allan-a-Dale with irresistible fury. Allan's short sword was no match for the hunchback's weapon, and Allan bounded back, pursued by the infuriated rogue.

The forester took shelter among some silver birches that grew near the bank of the stream, knowing that the man would find it difficult to use his long sword there, and as Isobel watched she saw the hunchback trip over a root. He recovered himself, but not before Allan had dealt him a swift slash upon his shoulder.

As Allan leaped backwards out of reach, he whistled shrilly in the hope that some of the outlaws might be within earshot. His signal was heard indeed, but not by those for whose ears he had intended it, and, to his horror, three more villainous men, who had been attracted by the noise of the encounter, sprang suddenly out of the bed of the stream, with a shout of welcome to their companions.

For a moment Guy's heart sank as he saw the arrival of this fresh reinforcement, but, by a lucky chance, he shivered the boar spear to fragments in the grasp of Redhand, the robber chief, and, with the same blow, caught Bob Harelip on the elbow, sending him shrieking backwards.

Again Sweyne's bow-string twanged, and one of the newcomers turned a somersault and fell with a great splash over the cascade into the water. Still there remained Redhand and Trunch, and four others, armed with knives and clubs, to say nothing of Bob Harelip.

"Make for the door," shouted Redhand to the fresh arrivals, "and kill that old dotard there before he can string another shaft!"

Guy's heart sank when he heard these words, for he knew that his own strength was becoming exhausted; but, oh, welcome sound, a cheery "Hallo!" rang from the other side of the bushes! The giant holly-tree parted, and Much, the miller's son, followed by Right-hitting Brand, appeared, with wonderment upon their faces.

"Ho, ho!" cried Much, firing two arrows in quick succession, while Right-hitting Brand drew his sword, and rushed forward with a bellow like an angry bull. "So 'tis Redhand up to his old games again. Now, you varlet, you shall die!"

But Redhand had different views on that subject. Two of his followers had fallen, pierced by Much's timely aim, and, with a cry to the others, Redhand sprang into the water and fled for his life.

The Nameless Knight of Cumberland Rides to Kenilworth!

Bob Harelip, his face white with the agony of Guy's blow, leapt after him, and Trunch, who had been dodging the active Allan-dale round and round the birch-trees, turned tail and sped away into the heart of the forest, while the victorious outlaws raised a great shout of triumph.

"Marry come up!" said Right-hitting Brand. "It grieves me sore that I had no chance for a cut at the ruffian! Well, well, what with Earl John on one hand, and the robbers on the other, merry Sherwood is growing too hot for honest foresters. No matter, there are four rogues the less."

"But how has it fared with the band?" said Allan-a-Dale, sheathing his sword, and gazing ruefully at the sleeve of his jerkin, which had been sadly torn among the bushes.

"None too well," said Much, with a frown. "We had to fly like deer, for Earl John came up and pursued us hotly; and, what is worse, two of our lads were cut down. But Robin is safe, and the rest are out of danger by this time. 'Tis ho for Barnsdale now! And Robin sent us with a message, bidding you lodge Sweyne and Mistress Isobel with the Thane of Briarwulf."

"And where may that be?" asked Guy, leaning on his trusty quarterstaff.

"'Tis some four leagues upon our way," said Right-hitting Brand, "and Edwy the Thane is an honest Saxon, who has no love for Norman barons and mitred abbots. Our band is always sure of a welcome at Briarwulf, though the good Thane harbours us even at his own risk. There we shall find Maid Marian, and after we have warned her to be ready against Robin's coming, which will be some time after nightfall, we are to push on to the White Oak, where all the band will gather."

The little party retired into the hermit's hut, and were quite unaware of a figure which had emerged from the bunch of trees near-by and crouched down by the cave. It was one of the robbers, who, slightly wounded, had lain unseen in the tall grass. He had heard all that Much had told the foresters of the journey to Barnsdale, and into his ferret eyes there was a gleam of malicious hatred.

A moment later, with stealthy steps he crept away from the hut and disappeared through the low-hanging branches of the giant holly-tree. In spite of his burning wound in his shoulder the robber made at a quick trot across the meadow, and struck through the forest again until he came out into the highway leading to the Abbey of Merly. Then he turned off in that direction and disappeared round a bend in the straggling track.

In less than a half an hour Earl John was in possession of the news of the outlaws' intentions and the journey to Barnsdale, and the robber was leaving the usurper a richer man. He had had his revenge!

The Visit to Briarwulf, the Saxon Homestead!

DURING the time this was going forward the foresters had been trudging gaily through the forest, beguiling the way with song and story, and sometimes resting on a mossy bank; for Sweyne, the harper, in spite of the brightness of his eye and the quickness of his brain, was only able to travel slowly.

It was drawing towards evening when they came to Briarwulf, the peaceful home of Edwy, the Saxon Thane. Surrounded by a deep moat, protected by stout palisades of pointed stakes, Guy saw a cluster of buildings, built of wattle and daub, built about the great hall, which was a tall, narrow building with a thatched roof, from whence columns of blue smoke ascended lazily into the evening air. Children were romping merrily out of sight somewhere among the barns and hayricks, there was the homelike cluck of fowls and the lowing of oxen, and, in general appearance, Briarwulf was not unlike a prosperous farm of to-day, save for the fortification that surrounded it.

They overtook a man driving a pair of oxen in a rude cart, and from him they learned that Edwy was at home, and that Maid Marian and her womenfolk were his guests.

"There she be, poor soul!" said the carter. "All the while she has been with Briarwulf she has hardly bided still for a moment, but for ever come to the drawbridge, fearing ill tidings of her man Robin."

As he spoke they saw the trim figure of Maid Marian approaching, her cap of scarlet velvet upon her head and her bow in her hand, and as soon as she caught sight of them she came running like a deer, so that Allan-a-Dale set his horn to his lips and wound a note of welcome, whereat she threw up her arms with a gesture of relief.

They doffed their caps as she sped across the drawbridge, and before they had time to open their mouths she plied them with a hundred questions, which Allan-a-Dale made shift to answer in one.

"Goodman Robin is safe, mistress," said the young forester, "though all day long we have been hotly pursued by Earl John and Sir Humphrey de Brionne, with half a dozen barons beside."

"I knew something was wrong," sighed Marian. "I have been haunted with foreboding of coming danger; but since Robin is safe, I care not."

"Ay, that he is," said Right-hitting Brand, "and will be here shortly after nightfall! We leave you companions, mistress—the fair Isobel and old Sweyne, who have lagged a step or two behind, since the old man is weary. Then we will drink a horn of morat"—a drink made of honey and mulberries—"and then away to the White Oak, where we have our meeting-place."

Maid Marian embraced Isobel and kissed her, and led the way to the great hall, where they found Edwy and his dame, Editha, playing the game of chess.

(There will be another long instalment of our sensational Robin Hood serial next week, in which many things are revealed.)

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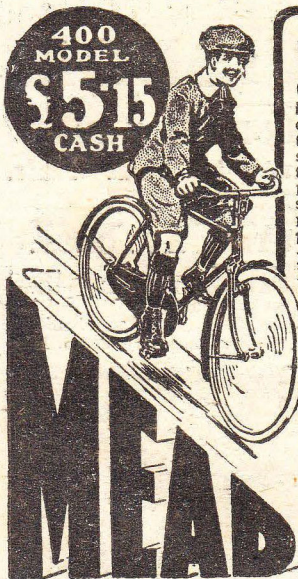
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