

Gladys Verables

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OFFERED IN PRIZES INSIDE!
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Week Ending
October 27th,
1923.
New
Series.
No. 249.

The POPULAR 2^D

Twenty-eight
Pages.

The Story Book
for Boys.

EVERY
TUESDAY.



BILLY BUNTER GETS THE COMPETITION FEVER!

Follow His Example and Get Busy—Turn to page 14 right away!

A Full Programme of School and Adventure Tales Next Week.



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

OUR GREAT COMPETITION.

There has been nothing to equal this magnificent Footballers' Names Competition. It is the biggest thing yet in the history of the POPULAR. Look out for another set of pictures asking for solution next week. I am also giving a small reproduction of the first set, so that any newcomers may have the same chance as everybody else. This offer of splendid prizes is not a chance to be missed. You should start right away. Bring all your wits to bear on the business. It is worth a lot of trouble, for the prizes are as numerous as they are valuable. There is something to suit all tastes. Tell your chums of the unique opportunity.

"WAKING UP MAULY!"

By Frank Richards.

Next Tuesday's yarn of Greyfriars speaks for itself. The title shows something of what is coming. It is a trump hand. Lord Maulverer shows himself as sleepy as ever, and the Famous Five cannot stand slacking. The wonder is they have been able to put up with the dormant Mauly so long. But the time comes when even the most patient chaps will turn, and set about imitating the example of the person in the poem who took a cork screw off the shelf, and said he'd wake 'em up himself. In that instance there was a plurality of sleepers, seven or more. In the great story for next week it is only dear old Mauly who dozes when he should be up and doing. But there are heaps of reasons why we all like to hear

about his nappy lordship. Mauly is a good fellow, say what you will.

"DONE AGAIN!"

No sticker like Yen Chin, the wily Chinese who never takes "No" for an answer. You hear more about him in next week's story of Cedar Creek. He plunges into a large-sized trouble, but so do others, so all is fair. The Backwoods School has furnished some of the rippingest school yarns ever printed, but the go and spirit of the new tale have never been surpassed. Frank Richards & Co. are all there, and their action reflects great credit on them, for they deal in fair play and firmness.

"THE TWO LOVELLS."

By Owen Conquest.

Is there anything more perplexing for a staid and steady-going major than to have a minor who, as the saying runs, is all over the place? The elder Lovell in next Tuesday's Rookwood yarn is met with in circumstances which call for the patience of Job. He is a strong man struggling with adversity. Lovell major wishes he had not been handed out the task of watching over his unruly junior, and training him up the way he should go. For Lovell the irreplaceable minor, with his taste for smoking and other forbidden things, won't go, or be trained. Hence much trouble in the tents of Lovell. Read next week's sparkling story. There are hints in it.

"RESTORING THEIR RIGHTS."

By Martin Clifford.

Welcome news about St. Jim's next week. See the POPULAR. It is a stunning story, and nobody will regret that the stumbling-block, the Anti-Football League, has been lifted, and swept away on a tide of enthusiasm. It had no business at St. Jim's, as Tom Merry & Co. well knew.

"MORGAN O' THE MAIN."

By Tom Stenner.

Our programme for next week includes an electrifying instalment about the great adventures of Captain Henry Morgan, the terror of the seas. Morgan stood at nothing, and with his horde of daredevil fighters he made the world tremble at his name. Look out for the new exploits of this redoubtable buccaneer.

"THE LEAGUE OF SEVEN."

By Merton Pike.

The wind-up of this powerful story will appear on Tuesday. The finale has a strange appeal to all who have a corner in their heart for the old fighting spirit of our race.

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL.

This year's "Holiday Annual," on sale everywhere price six shillings, offers a wonderful opportunity which should not be missed by anyone who likes fine stories and the best articles on sports and hobbies. "The Holiday Annual" is right on the mark, as usual, and its contents have an extra special appeal to readers of the POPULAR. You meet plenty of old and tried friends in the new "Holiday Annual." It contains a magnificent yarn of St. Jim's, 50,000 words in length, and as brilliant and captivating as anything Mr. Martin Clifford has ever written. What's more, there is a marvellous tale of Greyfriars; while the list of contents contains, besides, yarns of all kinds by authors whose names are honoured all over the world. I have said nothing, through lack of space, of other notable features of this splendid volume, with its coloured plates and its pages of fun, but you can form your own opinion of these attractions once you have secured a copy of the book of the season.

Your Editor.**CONCERNING OUR GRAND FOOTBALL COMPETITION!**

This list contains the actual names represented by the puzzle pictures on pages 14 and 15. All you have to do is to choose the correct name to fit each picture.

Ashurst, Anderson, Armstrong, Aitken, Adams, Amos, Alderson, Allen, Armitage, Archibald, Ashmore.

Brett, Broadhead, Blyth, Boreham, Blackburn, Bradford, Bassnett, Brittan, Blair, Ball, Barkas, Birrell, Bradley, Bulling, Burton, Branston, Buchan, Blake, Bowser, Bishop, Barnes, Barras, Braithwaite, Bullock, Bliss, Bateman, Best, Bagge, Barson, Broadhurst, Broad, Boiam, Breisford, Blenkinsopp, Beedie, Birch, Bellamy, Bainbridge, Bowen, Burnham, Boyie, Blackwell, Bennie, Ballantyne, Buchanan, Bamber, Byers, Banks, Brooks, Blood, Baker, Bird, Bromlow.

Cockle, Crosbie, Cross, Clennell, Cameron, Chedzoy, Cock, Chadwick, Clough, Curry, Cookson, Cope, Cook, Crilly, Chaplin, Collier, Crookford, Campbell, Crown, Chance, Chipperfield, Crompton, Charlton, Conner, Craig, Cosgrove, Cherrett, Crossley, Carter, Clarke, Cotton, Cunningham, Cairns, Cinas, Connolly, Cassidy, Carr, Cowan, Chapman, Chambers, Clay, Cresswell, Dunn, Dickson, Dorrell, Dawson, Davies, Donaldson, Dinsdale, Dimmock, Duckett, Duncan, Dominy, Davison, Duckworth, Dockray, Danskin, Dreyer, Denoon, Denyer, Duffus, Dunlop, Dixon, Doyle, Doran, Dale.

Emerson, Evans, Ellerington, England, Ellis, Edelston, Edgley, Eggo, Elliott, Edge, Edwards, Emmett, Ewart.

French, Ferguson, Ford, Forshaw, Fletcher, THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

Flood, Flint, Feebury, Fleming, Fleetwood, Flynn, Fox, Foxall, Fort, Forbes, Fowler, Fazackerley, Findlay, Featherstone, Forsythe, Frame, Fyfe, Finney, Forster, Filton, Fairclough, Fern.

Grimshaw, Gill, Gilchrist, Gough, Gillespie, Grimsdell, Gittins, Gibson, Graham, Goldthorpe, Grundy, Gallogley, Gibbon, Gomm, Gregory, George, Getwood, Groves, Greig, Gardner, Gallagher, Glancy, Greenshields, Gourlay, Goodchild.

Howarth, Haworth, Hampton, Harrow, Harland, Hopkin, Hudspeth, Harris, Hamill, Hill, Hardy, Hamilton, Hawes, Handley, Hutton, Hine, Hughes, Heap, Higginbotham, Hoddinott, Hebden, Hilditch, Howson, Hunter, Hayes, Hutchins, Hannaford, Harrold, Howie, Henshall, Hodges, Halstead, Hugall, Hogg, Henderson, Harper, Hulton, Hillhouse, Hair, Hart, Haines, Hole.

Irvine, Islip, Iremonger, Irwin, Jennings, Jack, Jackson, Johnson, Kirton, Kelly, Kneeshaw, Keenor, Kay, Knowles, Kane, Keenlyside, Kidd, Kilpatrick, Keen.

Linfoot, Longworth, Low, Lindsay, Little, Lonsdale, Lockhead, Longmuir, Lea, Livesley, Lane, Lockett, Legge, Lothhouse, Lenny, Lyner, Lawson, Lambie, Lacey.

Moss, Mort, Mosscrop, Meehan, Maitland, Mitchell, Murphy, Morgan, Milton, Mercer, Marshall, Magee, Moore, Martin, Mills, Mason, Mew, Matthews, Moule, Myers, Marsden, Middleton, Maidment, Mehaffy,

Mee, Moody, Musgrove, Malcolm, Morton, Manderson, Meiklejohn, Muirhead, Moffat, Mutch, Meredith, Marriott, Mackie, Menlove, Mitton, Marks, Marsh, M'Intyre, M'Neil, M'Kinlay, M'Nabb, M'Intosh, M'Donald, M'Call, M'Grory, M'Cluggage, M'Lean, M'Candless, M'Coll, M'Lacklan, M'Stey, M'Alpine, M'Kenna, M'Inally, M'Nair, M'Minn, McBain, McCracken.

Nuttall, Neesam, Neil, Needham, Nash, Nisbet, Nelson.

Osborne, Ormston, Orr, O'Hare, Pym, Pringle, Price, Parker, Poole, Pateron, Pearson, Penn, Plum, Page, Preston, Probert, Pagnam, Peel, Potts, Palmer, Prouse, Puddefoot, Pender, Pape, Peacock, Pantling, Partridge, Peers.

Quantrill, Quinn, Robson, Rollo, Raitt, Richardson, Rawlings, Ruffell, Robbie, Rigg, Radford, Ridley, Reay, Ramsay, Robb, Ritchie, Ranskin, Reed, Rooke, Roe.

Spiers, Smart, Stephenson, Seddon, Sewell, Smelt, Smith, Scott, Slade, Spencer, Seymour, Spaven, Sampsy, Seed, Storer, Stage, Shea, Steele, Simms, Smailes, Symes, Sturges, Sayles, Spottiswood, Scattergood, Sinclair, Stuart, Sayer, Sutcliffe, Salt, Summerfield, Shaw, Sillito, Sueddon, Sommerville, Shone, Streets, Sampsy, Stannard, Skinner, Sage.

Townrow, Turnbull, Tremelling, Thain, Troup, Tunstall, Tresadern, Tonner, Thoms, Torrance, Tompkin, Titmuss, Tempest, Timmins, Thorpe, Templeton, Townsley, Toner.

Urwin, Voysey, Vizard, Vallis, Voisey, Vigrass, Womack, Walsh, Weaver, Wilding, Whitton, Wadsworth, Woosnam, Woodhouse, Walters, Walden, Watson, Waincoat, Wood, Williams, Whinship, Wolfe, Whitehouse, Whalley, Whipp, Wolstenholme, Waterall, Worrall, Williamson, Weston, Wigglesworth, Ward, Webster, Whitehurst, Waddell, Wright, Wilson, Wren, Widdowson, Wylie, White, Welsh, Walker, York.

Just Drop a Line, At Any Time, To Your Old Pal, the Editor!

OUR GREAT NEW PIRATE SERIAL!

START READING IT TO-DAY!

This is the finest and most thrilling buccaneer story that has ever been written. You would have to travel a long way down the routes of history to discover a more fascinating character than Morgan, the King of the Buccaneers, the Cock of the Spanish Main!



Being the Amazing and Thrilling Adventures of the Famous Buccaneer CAPTAIN HENRY MORGAN, and the jolly lads of the "VENTURE!"

*"The heaving deck, the rolling sea,
A ship well found, and sailing free,
A captain who is the yellow dogs' bane,
Morgan, the Cock o' the Spanish Main!"*

ALL the prisoners sent cheery message to one another. One broke into a chanty, and the rest took up the chorus. The Dons listened in amazement, for these English were surely mad to laugh and joke in the presence of death, and many a dark-skinned senorita hid her head beneath her mantilla to hide the tears that men so brave must die.

A lad from Devon sang a stave, and lusty voices took it up:

*"Sing hey for a life on the Southern Sea,
Black Roger a-top o' the high crosstree,
For a captain who is the yellow dogs' baue—
For Morgan, the Cock o' the Spanish Main!"*

"For Morgan, the Cock o' the Spanish Main!" roared the chorus. And though Don Diego, the Governor, ordered them to be silent, they jeered and made more noise. Ned o' Brixham sang yet again:

*"Sing hey for the captain who won't let us burn,
For the fear o' Death that the Dons will learn,
For Morgan, who is the yellow dogs' bane—
For Morgan, the Cock o' the Spanish Main!"*

And as the last words died away Don Jose de Firando, the admiral, approached with his bodyguard. The Governor came up fussily.

"I trust these dogs of heretics have not disturbed you with their howlings, your Excellency," said he.

Don Jose's eyes were curiously bright as he replied:

"They meet their death as brave men, senor. They die singing of their captain!"

"Of the captain who won't let them burn!" sneered Don Diego. "Would that the pirate were here to see their fate!"

"And you would attack him as bravely as you did before?" was the quiet reply.

The Governor flushed a dusky red, but, biting his lip, he turned to a cowed monk, the self-same priest who had been at the council.

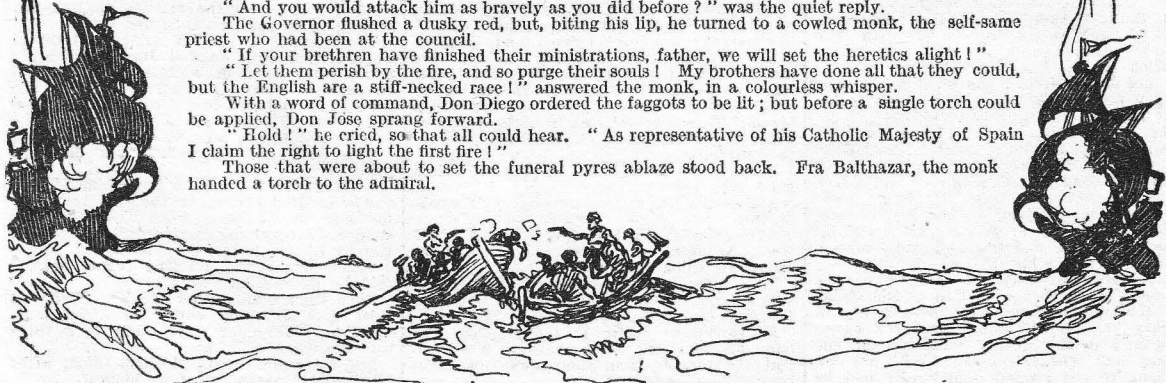
"If your brethren have finished their ministrations, father, we will set the heretics alight!"

"Let them perish by the fire, and so purge their souls! My brothers have done all that they could, but the English are a stiff-necked race!" answered the monk, in a colourless whisper.

With a word of command, Don Diego ordered the faggots to be lit; but before a single torch could be applied, Don Jose sprang forward.

"Hold!" he cried, so that all could hear. "As representative of his Catholic Majesty of Spain I claim the right to light the first fire!"

Those that were about to set the funeral pyres ablaze stood back. Fra Balthazar, the monk handed a torch to the admiral.



FOR NEW READERS.—The Synopsis of the opening Chapters will be found on page 5.

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"Worthy son of Mother Church," he whispered, his eyes gleaming with the passion of the fanatic, "this deed of thine shall be accounted to thee for righteousness!"

Don Jose walked slowly towards the prisoners. As chance would have it, he came straight to the stake at which Ned o' Brixham was bound; and Ned, as the Don bent down to apply the torch, struck up at the top of his voice:

"Morgan, who is the yellow dogs bane—Morgan, the Cock o' the Spanish Main!"

And on the instant Don Jose drew himself upright, cast one hasty glance in the direction of the Santa Maria, and then flung his torch high in the air. That very second there was a deep-throated roar of guns from the warship as her gunners fired a broadside over the heads of the astounded townsfolk. Boom! Boom!

Then, to their startled gaze, they beheld Don Jose, admiral of Spain, throw off his hat, tear off a wig, and snatch a sword from his scabbard.

A wild yell came from the bound captives. "Tis Morgan! Cap'n Morgan, a-come from heaven to save us!"

Rescued From the Stake!

FOR the space of a few seconds there was a deep silence, then the air was split asunder as the cry rose again from the bound captives:

"Morgan! Cap'n Morgan!"

And the yell brought a strange smile on the face of the king of the buccaners as he stood, bareheaded and sword drawn, before the astounded Spaniards, who could only stare open-mouthed. For he who but a moment before had been Don Jose de Firande, Admiral of Spain, stood revealed as that dreaded English buccaneer, Captain Henry Morgan!

The admiral was none other than that arch-pirate Morgan!

It was only when Morgan gave an order for the captives to be freed that the Dons regained their wits and rushed to cut down the intrepid buccaneer. But the bodyguard Morgan had brought from the warship surrounded their leader, and, musket to shoulder, turned to face the enemy; and ere a shot was fired there came a roar of guns from the Santa Maria as a broadside hurled over the heads of the Carthaginians. The Spaniards hesitated, then all but the bravest broke and fled as they realised that Morgan had captured their great warship, and an English crew were firing over them, and a fight would be hopeless.

As the few who stayed looked to sea with blanched faces, a cry of horror rose from their throats, for boatloads of fierce pirates from the Hawk were speeding to the shore. Their world seemed to be tumbling about their shoulders. Had not the captain of the Hawk, one Ollon, come expressly to Carthage to betray Morgan into their hands? And now it seemed his crew were coming post haste to sack the town! That rascally Ollon must be hand-in-glove with Morgan himself!

But Morgan, though his face betrayed no sign, was somewhat puzzled; then as the boats turned suddenly and dashed for the Santa Maria he smiled.

"I thought they would!" he murmured. "But Barney mate will deal with the rogues." And, raising his voice, he called for Don Diego. But the valorous Governor was not to be found. As soon as he saw Morgan strip off his disguise he took to his heels and ran for dear life.

The next moment the freed captives crowded round him in a cheering, wild mob. But they did not see Baithazar, the monk, creep up behind with blazing eyes and a face as white as death itself. He came close to where Morgan stood, and before any could interfere he drew a dagger from his capacious sleeve and drove it with all his force at Morgan's back.

But Ned o' Brixham, the man who sang so lustily when they were tied to the stake, saw the uplifted arm, and, with a cry of "Ware ye, cap'n!" flung himself between Morgan and the deadly weapon—and the dagger sank beneath his ribs. With a groan he fell on the ground, and hardly had he fallen when, with a roar of rage, his comrades hurled themselves upon the monk.

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THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY!



In a moment Morgan had swarmed aloft, and there with the aid of a glass he saw several specks on the skyline. They could be none other than the seven missing ships of the squadron of Don Jose. (See page 5.)

Morgan dropped on a knee at the side of Ned, the man who had given his life for his captain, and, his breath coming in great gasps, Ned smiled—a wan smile.

"Sink me, Cap'n Morgan," he whispered feebly, "but I knew ye'd come!"

And then as Morgan raised him in his arms, Ned's head sank forward, and his great spirit fled.

Morgan gently laid the still form down, and, raising his eyes, saw the monk, who for a moment he had forgotten. The man was lying on the sand near the stakes and the fires, and he was dead. The captives had dealt with him as he had dealt with Ned o' Brixham.

With a stern order, Morgan marched his men to the water-front, and as they reached the harbour a burst of jeers and laughter came to his ears. Looking out in the direction of his ship, he saw the boatloads of rascals from the Hawk resting on their oars a length or so from the Santa Maria. Three figures, each with a halter round his neck, stood on the high poop of the warship.

They were Ollon and the two who had gone with him!

And across the water came Barney's mocking tones:

"Ye thought to take the Don, did ye? Back, ye dogs, ere Morgan come and ye swing w' Ollon from the yard!"

"Swing Ollon an' be hanged to ye!" yelled the others. "Us would like to see the Frenchie high and fast!"

Morgan made haste to his pinnace, and bade his crew put their backs to the oars. But the pirates from the Hawk saw them coming.

"It be Morgan himself!" they yelled. And, turning their boats, they rowed for dear life for their vessel.

Hardly had Morgan reached the deck of his ship when the pirate boats ran alongside their own vessel. For a moment all was confusion on her deck, then sails were flung to the midday breeze, and the Hawk sailed slowly to sea.

A little later Morgan was in his cabin, and before him stood Ollon, the pirate.

"So you'd sell me to the Don, would you?" began Morgan contemptuously, looking at the man before him through half-closed eyes. "You little thought Don Jose and Morgan o' the Main were one and the same."

"Rot ye!" snarled Ollon. "The second time the luck's wi' ye. But next will come my turn!" And as he spoke he struggled to free himself from those that held him prisoner. But Jo drew a pistol and put it to his head.

"What if there should be no third time, Ollon?" said Morgan softly.

Ollon's dark face turned livid with fear. "Ye dare not hang me, Morgan!" he said hoarsely. "We be brothers o' the coast, both of us!"

Morgan o' the Main jumped to his feet, his eyes flashing.

"You dog!" he cried. "Little did you think of that when you sought to betray me to Master Spaniard!" Then, dropping his voice a little, he went on, with the faintest suspicion of a sneer: "Did it occur to you, Ollon, when you passed the Venture three days ago, that the scars she bore were the scars she got in combat with the Don?"

Ollon glared at his questioner.

"So ye captured the Santa Maria and her admiral?"

Morgan nodded.

"A very Daniel come to judgment!" sneered he. "And if you like it, I have some small skill in the matter of disguise, and as the Dons had not seen their admiral it was easy to take his place."

Morgan paused for a moment, then, smiling at his thoughts, he went on:

"You but fell into my hands when you came aboard to taste the wine of Spain."

"Curse ye!" screamed the furious Ollon, as he saw how he had been bluffed. "Ye be Old Nick himself!"

Morgan shook his head sadly.

"You overrate me, Ollon," quoth he. "I have no claim to kinship with you. But I thought, you treacherous dog—Morgan raised his voice a little—"that you could not play fair with the Don, though you took his gold to betray me. And when you thought the crew of this Santa Maria were at the burnings, you and your rascals came aboard to take Jack Spaniard from the rear, so that your rogues from the Hawk could board more easily. But you little thought to find Mate Barney and my bullies awaiting you!"

Ollon frothed with impotent rage, but Jo and Jupe held his arms so that he could not move. Morgan o' the Main looked his prisoner straight in the face.

"You hang at dawn!" said he shortly, and bade them take the man away.

As they dragged him off Ollon fought like the tiger he was to get at Morgan's throat. For a second he got an arm free, and in a twinkling had snatched a heavy candlestick from the cabin table and hurled it straight at Morgan's head, but with a quick turn of the body the buccaneer flung himself aside, and the candlestick smashed a hanging mirror to a thousand pieces.

Then, exerting all his mighty strength, Ollon hurled both Jo and Jupe against the cabin wall, and, in a flash, was through the narrow doorway. He rushed across the deck and clambered to the rail ere any could stop him. Then, careless of them all, he cursed at Morgan, who was close behind.

"Ye dog!" he shrieked. "I'll hang ye yet!"

And, on the instant, he flung himself into the sea. Men sprang to the side to watch for him as he rose, when there came a sudden, ear-piercing yell from the water. Barney craned his neck to look.

"Jack Shark ha' got the rogue, cap'n," said he laconically.

Then Ollon's cries grew feebler. First red shirt and then red cap disappeared in a swirl of yet redder water—and then there was a sudden stillness.

"So there was no third time, Ollon, after all!" said Morgan, as if to himself.

Then a touch on his arm made him turn, and there before him stood Don Diego de Colombe, Governor of Carthage. It was

plain to see that Don Diego was frightened, for he clasped and unclasped nerveless hands in an ecstasy of fear. His knees knocked together so that his legs could hardly support his body.

Morgan motioned the Don to his cabin, and, after regarding him in silence for a few moments, said in a voice that made the governor jump:

"Don Diego, I have a mind to hang you out of hand!"

The wretched governor flung himself at Morgan's feet.

"Have pity, Senor Morgan!" he wailed. Morgan stirred him with a contemptuous foot.

"Get up!" he said harshly.

Then, as the Spaniard rose to his feet, Morgan took to walking up and down the cabin, and Don Diego watched in mingled fear and trepidation.

"As I hang you not," said Morgan suddenly, "your city must pay as a ransom your weight in purest gold!"

A light of hope sprang into the governor's face.

"It shall be done, senor!" said he eagerly. And he was half-way to the door ere Morgan's mocking tones bade him stay.

"Not so fast, senor governor, I pray you!" he called. "You are to be mine hostage till Carthage hath paid her ransom! And should she pay it not, your life shall be the forfeit!"

It was in vain that the Don pleaded and promised. He was led away to safe keeping till the gold was brought.

Above, there was a hail from the crew's nest, and Mate Barney came with a run to the cabin.

"Morgan," said he, breathing fast, "sink me if look-out ha'n't spied the rest o' the Don's fleet a-coming!"

In a trice Morgan had swarmed aloft himself. And there, with the aid of a spy-glass, he saw several specks on the skyline. They could be none other than the seven missing ships of the squadron of Don Jose de Firando! Morgan's face was smiling as he reached the deck.

"Barney," said he, "we are like to have our fill of fighting ere the sun goes down!" And then, seizing his trumpet, he shouted orders to up-anchor at once, for if the Santa Maria stayed where she was, they would be caught like rats in a trap.

"Sink me!" cried Barney suddenly. "Master Don, too, ha' seen the fleet, for look ye how they run to man the guns at the fort!"

And the mate pointed to the Spanish soldiers, who were busy as ants, running

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

CAPTAIN HENRY MORGAN, the famous buccaneer, who is known throughout the Seven Seas as the "Cock o' the Main," is on his way to Carthage to rescue several of his crew who have been captured by the Spaniards, when he comes up against a French pirate by the name of Ollon. The latter is a terrible brute of a man, and because Morgan has crossed his path he vows to put the Dons on the track of the buccaneer.

He makes a journey to Carthage, and informs the governor that Morgan is on the way to rescue the English prisoners. Don Jose, the newly-arrived admiral of the Spanish fleet, is also present when Ollon comes to give the pirate away, and he tells the governor that he will look after Morgan. The admiral's ship, the Santa Maria, is in the bay waiting.

The next day the prisoners are brought out on the beach, where they are led towards the several stakes and great fires, upon which they are to be bound and burned to death. Don Jose has come ashore to see the burning.

(Now read on.)

out and priming their cannon. Hitherto they had been kept in subjection by the guns of the Santa Maria; but their activity proved, without a doubt, that from the castle they must have sighted the missing ships.

In a moment Barney had the anchor shipped, and the sails commenced to back and fill in the light breeze. Slowly—oh, so slowly!—the warship moved from her moorings, and all the while gunners on shore worked with desperate energy to bring their cannon to bear.

In a fever of impatience, Barney stamped up and down the poop. Would the wind never freshen? And, even as he was whistling for it, the wind came. With a mighty creaking of masts, the great ship at last got way on her. A wild cheer broke from the crew as the Santa Maria slid through the water to the open sea, and from the forts came tongues of fire and round-shot.

But four miles away, and every moment drawing nearer, were the Spanish ships!

The Battle—and an Amazing Surrender!

"'T be no use to run," said Barney, "for they ha' the heels o' us! This Saint Mary o' theirs be a curst sluggard! I would we had the Venture!"

"The Venture should be in Jamaica by now," retorted Morgan, "so we have to do the best we can." Then his eyes brightened as an idea struck him. "Run up the Spanish flag. They'll not suspect us till we be among them!"

Drums beating and flags flying, the Spanish ships bore down upon the Santa Maria, and presently from their midst rose a very volume of cheering.

"'Tis the admiral!" they cried. "'Tis Don Jose!"

"Canst read their signals?" asked Morgan, as a string of bunting ran up from one of the Spaniards.

Barney shaded his eyes to look.

"The Dons ask, shall they come aboard."

But even as he spoke there was the rush of feet, a splash as one jumped into the sea with a loud cry. Pistols in hand, they rushed to the side.

"Sink me!" cried Barney. "'Tis the admiral himself!"

Don Jose de Firando, who had been kept a close prisoner since the Santa Maria had fallen into Morgan's hands, had escaped from the cabin in which he had been confined, and, seeing the Spanish ships, had flung himself into the sea.

He was swimming for dear life towards them.

There was a rattle of musketry, and the balls spattered the swimmer's head; but on the instant he dived.

"Into the boat with you!" cried Morgan.

But the Spaniards had smelt a rat, and from two of them boats were lowered and sped toward the swimmer. Lifting his head, Don Jose saw them coming.

"'Tis the pirate, Morgan!" he roared.

His cry was heard, and instantly all was bustle and confusion on the Spanish ships.

Morgan bade his boat return, for the damage had been done, and like schoolboys, now that the prospect of battle had come, they ran to obey his orders.

"Down with the Don's flag!" cried the buccaneer; and in its place Black Roger sprang aloft to the mizzen. A veritable howl of rage from the Dons greeted its appearance, and one o' them let fly with her

THE BOARDING OF THE SANTA MARIA!



The Spaniards' grappling-irons seized the Santa Maria and a host of yelling Dons leapt on to her decks. A negro, maddened with the lust of blood, whirled an axe over Morgan's head. The pirate swerved and lunged forward with his thin rapier. (See page 6.)

Let Your Pals Know About This Wonderful Story of the Spanish Main!

THE SURRENDER OF CAPTAIN MORGAN!



Don Jose raised his hand. "On the honour of a nobleman, no harm will come to your crew." Morgan proffered the hilt of his sword. "With that I am content, senor, and I surrender to you," he said calmly. (See page 27.)

bow-chasers scoring a long splinter on the mainmast.

Hardly had Don Jose been hauled aboard when the Spaniards let loose with their cannon.

Luckily for Morgan, though each carried nearly as many cannon as the Santa Maria, they could only use those in the forepart of their ships, for as they lay becalmed the Spanish fleet and its solitary opponent stood head on to each other. Some few shots took effect, but not a man of the buccaners was killed. At last Morgan bade his gunners hold fire.

At the word they tied ropes to the stern-posts of the Santa Maria, and, lowering the two pinnaces over the stern so that the enemy could not see, he filled them each with a lusty crew.

"Bend to it, my hearties!" cried he. "We'll pull her round and give the Dons a broadside!"

In a moment the ropes held taut, and, bending their backs with a will, they slowly hauled the giant ship around, and ere the Dons could tell what was happening the Santa Maria was broadside on to them. The moment she was, Morgan gave the word.

With a crash, the whole of the port batteries gave tongue, and when the smoke had cleared away they saw a great ship wallowing in its death agony. The gunners had shot good and true!

"Good for you, my bullies!" cried Morgan, when he saw the damage done. But his cry of triumph soon changed, and he grew grave.

"Mark you yon ripple on the water?" He seized Barney by the arm, and pointed to the sea behind where the Spaniards lay. His quick eye had seen the ripple, and it told that the treacherous breeze had come again. But now the wind had turned, and it would reach the Spaniards first. The Dons saw it, too, and with shrill cheer began to haul at brace and rope. Their canvas caught the breeze, slowly at first, and then more

quickly the great ships answered the helm and came up to the wind.

Ere the Santa Maria had felt the breeze two stood about to rake her. Their gaping muzzles belched smoke and flame, and a hurricane of shot swept her from stem to stern, and the crash of falling spars and the shrieks of stricken men made hideous din. Barney, his face a smother of blood where he had been struck by a splinter, grabbed the speaking trumpet.

"Stand to it!" he roared, with all the strength of his powerful lungs. "Clear the guns! We'll ha' the yellow dogs in a minute!"

And Morgan, still with that quiet smile of his, gave a sudden shout.

"Down with the helm! We have the wind at last!"

With a great flapping of canvas, and the rattle and creak of the spars, the Santa Maria came up to the wind.

One ran to him with fear on his face.

"All my mates be dead. There be none left to work the gun, cap'n!" he gasped; and as he spoke a ball took him in the throat, and he fell to the red deck, making it redder still. But Jo and Jupe, the dauntless twain, pushed dead and living aside to man the gun themselves.

Then, once more answering her helm, the Santa Maria yawed and let fly with her forechasers, bringing the mizzen of one of the Dons down with a run.

Thrusting the steersman aside, Morgan took the helm himself.

"Barney," he cried, "hang me if I don't drive her straight through the Dons, and so to sea!"

It was their only chance. Straight as a die he drove her to the centre of the Spanish fleet. One of the foremost Dons gave way, and fell under the lee of the

Santa Maria to take her from the rear; but De Firando, on the San Salvador, ranged up on the weather bow. Broadside after broadside they poured into each other, then suddenly the Santa Maria began to hang, and her sails to fall aback.

"Sink me, cap'n!" said Barney viciously. "The Don ha' taken the wind from us!"

And sure enough the Santa Maria lost way, lying practically becalmed by the huge bulk of her opponent.

Then two of the Dons came up on her counter to lay aboard; but Jo and Jupe took careful aim, and toppled the mainmast of one of them overboard, and as she breached to, the one behind fouled the hanging wreckage.

There came the crash of parting timbers, and down came the main topmast of the Santa Maria.

"Clear the wreckage, my hearties!" yelled Barney; and with cheers and hoarse cries those that were left of the gallant crew cut loose the hanging topmast. The San Salvador sheered off a while, but Morgan put up the helm, and swung his vessel round so that her broadside bore once more upon the admiral. Untouched among the carnage he stood.

As the Spaniard tacked he raised a hand, and instantly the great ship leapt and quivered to the deafening roar of her guns. The foreyard of the Don went with a crash. Her crew were mown down as by a scythe, her sails were rent in a hundred places, and her sides streaked and splintered by the shot.

There came a mighty roar from Jupe.

"The Dons be laying us aboard!"

Even as he called, a ship loomed up in the curtain of smoke. The Donna Bella had waited her chance, and like a thief in the night had crept under their lee whilst they were engaged with the admiral. In a moment, the Don's grappling-irons seized the Santa Maria, and a host of yelling Spaniards leapt on her decks.

Morgan left the ship to look to herself, and with his powder-grimed crew hurried themselves on the Dons. A negro, maddened with the lust of blood, whirled an axe over Morgan's head, but ere the weapon could descend the captain ran him through the body. His sword darted hither and thither like an avenging fury, as man after man went down before him. A bullet scored his forehead, but he knew it not, as with pistol, pike, and hanger, crew fought crew, till the red blood ran in the scuppers, and a pile of dead and dying lay upon the deck. A broadside from the San Salvador struck down Don and buccaner alike, and then, with a grinding of timbers, she ran alongside, and her crew poured over the bulwarks to the fray. Slowly but surely, Morgan and his men were forced back, and as the fresh hordes of their enemies leapt on the heaving deck, one came up a hatchway. It was Don Diego, the governor, whose guards had left him to his own devices.

Bleeding from a dozen wounds, Barney encouraged his men by word and deed.

"Curse ye!" he yelled, as he cut down the Dons. "Ye'll take Morgan, will ye?"

But of that gallant band scarce two score were left; yet, fighting like furies, they cleared a space on the poop. Jo and Jupe, who had left the now useless guns, sprang to a culverin, and trained it on the Dons. But though its deadly hail struck down the Spaniards like sheaves before the wind, others took their place. And all the while musketeers perched in the cross-trees of the San Salvador took ghastly toll of Morgan's crew.

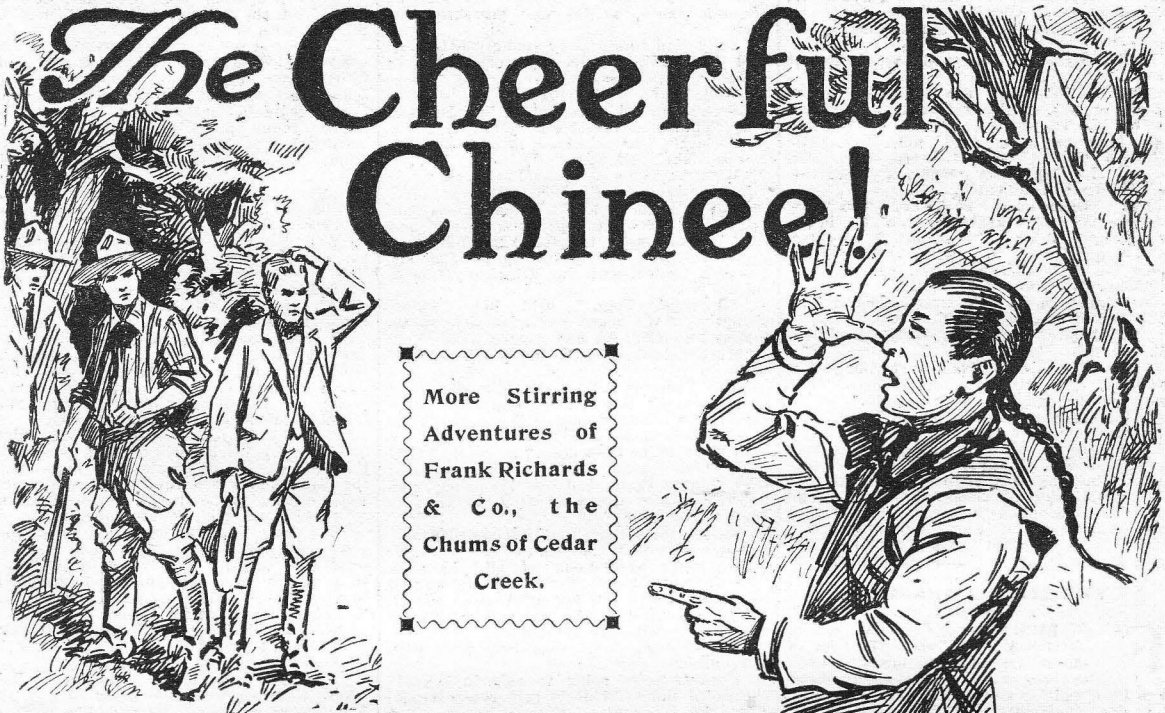
Throughout the blazing noon they fought as men possessed, till the forty became but a score, whilst of the Dons there were still two hundred at least. Step by step the buccaners retreated, till they could go back no farther, when, casting a hasty glance

(Continued on p. 27.)



THE SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS!

Yen Chin, the wily Chinese of Cedar Creek, has a rather misdirected sense of humour, which earns him more kicks than halfpence from his school fellows. But there are times when the cunning of the Oriental completely floors them!



More Stirring
Adventures of
Frank Richards
& Co., the
Chums of Cedar
Creek.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Yen Chin in Trouble!

"Me velly miselable!"
Yen Chin, of Cedar Creek School, made that announcement in dolorous tones to Frank Richards & Co.

The chums of Cedar Creek were splitting logs for Miss Meadows in the interval between dinner and afternoon lessons. They had rested from their labours, and were sitting on the logs, chatting, when the little Chinese came along.

"Very miserale, are you?" remarked Bob Lawless. "That's because you've been slacking, Yen Chin. Take an axe and help with these logs."

Yen Chin shook his head. "Me velly, velly miselable," he replied. "No wantee livee!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Vere Beauclerc.

"Stoney blokee."
"Hard lines!" said Frank, laughing. "But we've all been there, kid. You'll get over it. Twenty-five cents any good?"

"No gooddee. Wantee many dollee."
"Then you've come to the wrong shop!" grinned Bob Lawless. "There's not many dollars to be given away at this establishment. I've got a bad Mexican peso you can have, if you like."

"Pool lil' Chine wishee deadee!" said Yen Chin pathetically. "No wantee livee any mole!"

"Fathad!"
"Me speakee tlu. Poor lil' Chine velly miselable; sittee downee and cly," said the Celestial. "Cly velly muchee, allee samee lil' babee!"

And Yen Chin sobbed.

"But what's the row, kid?" asked Frank Richards. "What do you want money for so badly? If it's really serious we could squeeze out a dollar or two. But don't say you've been playing poker again. That's the way to get the end of a trail-rop!"

"No playee pooke. Plomise handsome Flanky no playee pooke. Chinee good boy; keepee plomise allee samee Chlistian."

The chums of Cedar Creek regarded Yen Chin very doubtfully.

They liked the little heathen, in spite of the fact that he was much given to the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." He had a truly Oriental inability to distinguish between the truth and the reverse; but it was not easy for the heathen to learn the white man's ways. And certainly Yen Chin had not seemed to be such a little rascal since Frank Richards & Co. had taken him in hand.

Whether he was telling the truth now was a question, but he certainly looked in deep earnest.

"Well," said Frank, after a pause, "if you've kept your promise that's all to the good. But if you haven't been playing cards with Gunten or some other rotter, what's the trouble?"

"Poole ole poppee!"
"What's on earth—"

"He means his poppa!" grinned Bob Lawless.

"Oh, your father!" said Frank. "Your father isn't stony broke, I suppose? He makes no end of money with his laundry at Thompson, doesn't he?"

Another shake of the head from Yen Chin. "Pool ole poppee have baddee luck," he explained. "No money comee in, and pool ole poppee sickee!"

"I say, that's bad!" said Frank, quite sympathetic at once.

"No can calle Doc Jones, no cashee payee," said Yen Chin sadly. "No have cashee for medicine. Wantee ten dollee! Poor lil' Chine velly miselable. Me sittee downee and cly."

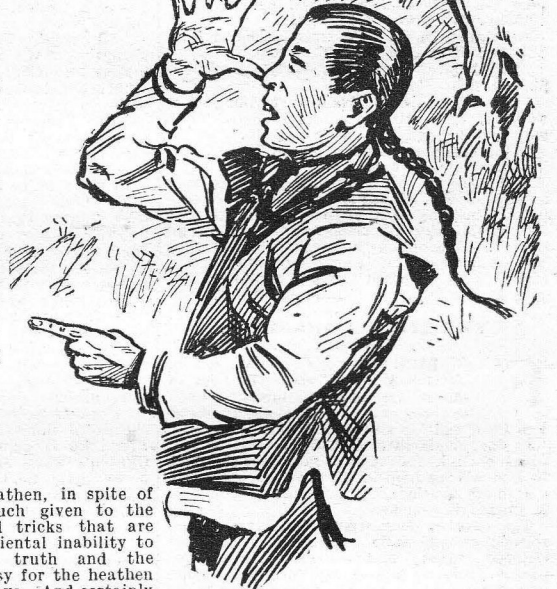
And Yen Chin, suiting the action to the word, sat down on a log and wept loudly.

Frank Richards & Co. exchanged glances. The little Chinese, plunged in grief, did not look at them; he buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

"Poor little chap!" said Beauclerc. "Dash it all, you fellows, if his father's ill, and there's no money about—"

Beauclerc's hand went into his pocket. The remittance-man's son was not blessed with abundant cash, by any means, but he was ready to share in relieving a case of distress.

Bob Lawless nodded.



"Looks like a case this time," he said. "I reckoned at first that the young jay had been playing poker again. But—"

"It's jolly queer!" said Frank. "John Chin, the laundryman, is supposed to be pretty well off. Yen Chin generally has plenty of pocket-money, excepting when he's been playing cards."

Sob from Yen Chin. "Me velly bad, wicked lil' Chinee!" he murmured. "No can savee money. Now pool ole poppee ill and sickee, no have cashee. Me velly wicked!"

"Ten dollars, did you say?" asked Frank. "Ten dollee—oh, yes!"

Ten dollars was not a small sum for three schoolboys to raise. Vere Beauclerc coloured a little. He had least cash of the three.

"I can stand two, you chaps," he said. "I'd stand more willingly, but—but it's all I have."

"That leaves four each for us, Bob," said Frank Richards. "But—but I've only got three."

Bob Lawless wrinkled his brows. "It's a pretty big order, clearing ourselves out of every cent," he said. "But I suppose it's up to us. I've got two. But we can raise three more among the fellows. I'll ask Lawrence—"

"I'll ask Dawson," said Frank.

Frank Richards clapped the little Chinese on the shoulder.

"Buck up, Yen Chin!" he said. "We'll see you through. You shall have the ten dollars."

Yen Chin looked up. "Flanky, good ole boy!" he said. "All velly good ole boys! Yen Chin velly glateful!"

"That's all right!" said Bob.

The three chums left their task unfinished, and moved off towards the lumber school, Yen Chin looking after them with a curious expression upon his little yellow face.

THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

Our School in the Backwoods Tales are Read all over the World!

Tom Lawrence and Dick Dawson willingly made the required loans, and the whole sum of ten dollars was handed to Yen Chin just as the bell was ringing for lessons.

It disappeared at once into some recess of Yen Chin's loose attire, and he grinned a grateful grin.

"You'd better ask Miss Meadows to let you off lessons, and get off home," said Beauclerc.

"No wantee. Allee light!"

"But if your father wants the doctor, or—"

"Allee light. Chinee good boy, no missee lesson."

And Yen Chin went into the lumber school with the rest of Cedar Creek, the Co. following him in, rather perplexed. They could not help observing that now the little heathen had pocketed the ten dollars his anxiety for his father seemed to have disappeared all of a sudden.

But during class that afternoon they observed Yen Chin kept his eye on the clock, and seemed anxious for dismissal to come. And a quarter of an hour before the usual time the little Chinese jumped up.

"Missy Meadee—" he began.

The Canadian schoolmistress looked at him.

"What it is, Yen Chin?"

"Lil' Chinee wantee go early. Pool ole poppee sickie."

"Indeed! I did not know that your father was ill," said Miss Meadows kindly. "You may certainly go at once, Yen Chin."

"Velly muchee tankee, missy!"

And Yen Chin went.

The Cedar Creek fellows heard him ride away outside, and Frank Richards & Co. supposed that he was trotting away to the Chinese laundry in Thompson. They would have been surprised if they had known that Yen Chin turned off the Thompson trail into the path to Hillcrest School, arriving there just as the Hillcrest fellows came out.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Sold!

FRANK RICHARDS & CO. came out of Cedar Creek School when the hour of dismissal struck at the lumber school.

The three chums were thinking about Yen Chin and his sick father at the laundry. In the neighbourly Canadian West it was usual enough for anyone down on his luck to find willing help in all quarters, and even a Chinese heathen was not outside the pale of Christian charity.

The case of John Chin, the laundryman, seemed an unusually hard one, too, for the Chinese laundry had always been a prosperous concern; indeed, Mr. Chin made more money by washing for the miners than many of them made by prospecting for gold. Such a calamity naturally moved the sympathy of Yen Chin's schoolfellows.

"You galoots aren't in a hurry to get home. I guess," remarked Bob Lawless, as they came out of the lumber school. "I've been thinking we might ride round by way of Thompson, and look in on the poor old Chow. If he's in a bad way he's got to have some care, and ten dollars won't go very far. We'll see how the matter stands, and I'll get my father to see about it."

"That's a good idea," agreed Frank.

"Let's go, by all means," said Beauclerc. "We may be able to give some help about the place, too; Mrs. Chin most likely has plenty on her hands."

"Come on, then!"

The three chums mounted their horses, and started up the Thompson trail, and Chunky Todgers, whose homeward way lay in that direction, joined them.

As they rode into Thompson they came on Dicky Bird and Blumpy, of Hillcrest School.

"Hallo, Cedar Creek jays!" called out Dicky Bird cheerily.

"Hallo, Hillcrest fatheads!" answered Frank Richards.

Dicky Bird smiled and joined them as they rode up Main Street. He seemed to have something to say.

"I guess I've been going to speak to you galoots," he remarked. "There's one of your chaps who's booked for trouble if he doesn't let up. That pesky heathen of yours—"

"Yen Chin?" exclaimed Frank.

"Yep. If you care whether he gets into trouble or not, you'd better keep him away from Hillcrest," said Dicky Bird. "It won't do him any good to come mosseying along to see Kern Gunten. Gunten is a bad egg, but you know that well enough, as he used to be at Cedar Creek. That's all. So-long!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

And Dicky Bird rode after Blumpy, having delivered that good-natured warning.

"By gum!" said Bob Lawless. "It looks— Well, let's get on to the laundry!"

They trotted on to the Chinese laundry.

Their summons at the door of John Chin's residence was answered by John himself.

The fat, smiling, Chinese laundryman certainly did not look "sickie." He was, to all appearance, as fat and prosperous as ever.

"Velly glad to see nicey young gentlemen," said John Chin, in his oily voice. "Like somet'ing washy washy?"

"Well, my hat!" said Frank.

"Aren't you sick?" demanded Bob Lawless.

The Chinaman raised his eyebrows.

"No sickie," he answered, in mild surprise.

"Allee light. Oh, yes."

"We were told—" began Beauclerc.

But he checked himself. It was plain enough by this time that the chums had been deceived by the heathen Chinese, but they did not want to give Yen Chin away to his father. They made up their minds, however, to deal with him drastically enough themselves.

"All right, John!" said Bob Lawless abruptly. "We heard you were sick, so we looked in. Glad to find you're well."

"Muchee tankee," said the puzzled Chinaman.

Frank Richards & Co. rode away. They did not speak till they had turned from Main Street into the trail outside the town. Then Bob Lawless spoke in emphatic tones.

"I guess we've been done," he said. "That pesky little rascal has been playing cards with Gunten again, and lost his money, and he was raising the wind from us to play again. By gum!"

"The horrid little rogue!" exclaimed Frank.

Bob compressed his lips.

"He never went home at all," he said. "That's why he left early, too—he wanted to catch Gunten coming away from school. They're playing poker somewhere in the timber now—with our ten dollars."

"All we had, too!" said Beauclerc, with a grimace.

"I guess we're going to chip in heavy!" exclaimed Bob. "This is rather too strong. Yen Chin is going to have a lesson. But Gunten's worse—he knows better, and this pesky little heathen doesn't. He's only a heathen, anyway, and all those Chows would gamble the shirts off their backs. We'll mossey along and find them, if we can."

"You bet!"

And the chums rode on towards Hillcrest School.

Half-way from Thompson to Hillcrest a rider appeared in the trail, coming towards them. It was Kern Gunten, and he was alone. Bob Lawless drew rein and raised his riding-whip.

"Halt!" he rapped out.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gunten in a Hurry!

HALT!

Kern Gunten looked quickly at the three Cedar Creek fellows. Instead of halting, he gave his horse a touch of the whip, and came on at a gallop, to pass them.

The Swiss schoolboy evidently did not desire an interview with his former schoolfellows of Cedar Creek.

But Bob Lawless was not to be denied. He drew his horse into Gunten's path, and his comrades followed his example, blocking the trail. Gunten had to halt or risk a serious collision, and for that he had not the nerve. He drew in his steed, scowling.

"What do you want?" he snarled. "I've no time to waste; I'm late for home already."

"You're late, I guess," assented Bob. "It's taken you some time to get ten dollars off Yen Chin, at poker, I reckon!"

Gunten started.

"I don't understand—" he began.

Bob Lawless interrupted him. "I guess I'll make you savvy fast enough," he answered. "You've been leading Yen Chin into gambling again."

"I guess he doesn't want much leading," sneered Gunten. "He'd rather gamble than eat—like all the Chows."

"I dare say he would; but that's no excuse for you, a white man; You ought to refuse to play with him."

Gunten shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess I can do as I like," he answered. "I see no harm in a game of draw poker."

"Your game seems to end with you pocketing the heathen's money every time," answered Bob. "I guess you don't even give him a square deal. But square deal or not, you're not going to play cards with him, Gunten!"

"Have you been appointed inspector of morals for the Thompson Valley?" inquired Gunten, with a sneer.

"I guess I've appointed myself, as far as Yen Chin is concerned," answered Bob. "That young rogue has diddled us out of ten dollars to-day, with a yarn about his father being ill and wanting the doctor."

"The young rascal!" grinned Gunten. "I wondered how he'd managed to raise the wind. Ha, ha, ha! You must be pretty soft!"

"Soft or not, we're not going to allow it! You've met him since lessons to-day?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, we know you have; and I reckon you've won ten dollars from him," said Bob Lawless savagely.

"That's my business!"

"Ours, too, as it's our money!" exclaimed Frank Richards angrily.

"I guess Yen Chin's money is his own," answered Gunten coolly. "If you lend him money, I suppose you do it of your own accord, and you take the risk. If you're asking me for money, you're wasting your breath. What's mine I'm keeping."

"But it isn't yours," said Vere Beauclerc quietly. "I firmly believe that you cheat the Chinese. He's a clever little rascal with the cards, and if you gave him a square deal I don't think you'd always win his dollars."

"That's your opinion," sneered Gunten.

"The long and the short of it is that you've got to stop it," said Bob Lawless, setting his teeth. "You've got to hand back to Yen Chin the money you've had from him to-day, Gunten, and we'll jolly well see that he hands it back to its owners. Savvy?"

"Oh, go and chop chips!" retorted Gunten. "You don't agree?"

"None!"

"Then you'll be made!" announced Bob. "And, to begin with, I'm going to give you a hiding as a lesson, you gambling polecat! Get down into the trail and put up your hands!"

"Three to one?" sneered Gunten.

"Man to man, you rotter! These galoots will see fair play!" exclaimed the rancher's son hotly.

"Oh, I'm ready, if you like!"

Gunten backed his horse, and Bob Lawless jumped down into the trail, his chums following his example.

Gunten was apparently preparing to dismount, but he did not leave his saddle.

The moment the chums of Cedar Creek were on the ground the Swiss was upright in the saddle again, and he lashed his horse cruelly. The animal bounded forward.

There was a sharp cry from Bob Lawless as Gunten's horse grazed him, shouldering him away violently.

Bob went reeling into the trail, and fell heavily, and at the same moment Gunten went on at a gallop towards Thompson. His derisive laugh floated back to the enraged Cedar Creek fellows.

Frank and Beauclerc ran to Bob at once. Gunten, unheeded, galloped on, and vanished round a bend of the trail.

"Bob, old chap!" panted Frank.

"Oh!" gasped Bob Lawless. "Oh, gum!"

His chums raised him up, Bob panting for breath. He had been bruised and shaken by the fall, but fortunately no worse damage was done.

"The pesky polecat!" ejaculated Bob. "Jever hear of such a rotten trick? I thought he was going to dismount."

"It was a trick to get away," said Frank.

"You're not hurt—"

"Only a bruise or two!" panted Bob. "Get into the saddle—we may run him down yet!"

The three chums mounted and galloped on Gunten's track.

But the Swiss had too good a start. They caught a glimpse of him in the distance riding into Main Street, and then he vanished.

Bob Lawless slackened rein. "I guess we won't follow him right home," he said. "We don't want a row at Gunten's store. We'll see him to-morrow; and I reckon I'll see Dicky Bird, too. Gunten has got to be stopped."

The chums kept their eyes open for Yen

Meet All the Cheery Chums of the Cedar Creek Lumber School Again Next Tuesday!

Chin, as they rode away; but the little Chinese was not seen.

They had no doubt that the ten dollars, raised with so much difficulty at Cedar Creek, had passed to the cunning Swiss over the cards; and if that proved to be the case, they did not intend to allow the money to remain in Gunten's possession. They discussed the matter as they rode homeward; and it was agreed that they should see Dicky Bird, of Hillcrest, on the morrow, and consult him.

There had been many "rows" between the Cedar Creek fellows and Dicky Bird & Co., of Hillcrest School, but in the matter of this kind they were likely to be in full agreement.

Frank Richards & Co. were anxious for the morrow to dawn; and possibly Kern Gunten at Thompson, was anticipating the morrow with some anxiety. More than once the rascal of Hillcrest had found that the way of the transgressor was hard, and once more he was destined to find it so.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
The Ways of the Heathen.

"FLANKY!"

Yen Chin came sidling up to Frank Richards & Co. when the chums came out of the school-room the next day, after morning lessons.

The Co. gave him very grim looks. They had not had an opportunity of speaking to the heathen before lessons, but now they intended to make up for lost time.

"Well," said Bob Lawless, "how's your father, Yen Chin?"

Yen Chin assumed a sorrowful expression. He trotted on beside the chums into the playground, eyeing them with sidelong looks. They walked out of view of the schoolhouse. There was business to be transacted at that interview which was better transacted out of the sight of Miss Meadows.

"Pool ole poppee velly bad!" murmured Yen Chin.

Evidently John Chin had not mentioned the Co.'s visit to his hopeful son, and Yen Chin was not yet aware that they knew the facts.

"Still sick?" asked Frank grimly.

"Awful sickiee!" said Yen Chin. "Kickee buckee if not gettee mole medicine! Nicey ole Flanky helpee pool lil' Chinese once mole, oh, yes! Me wantee ten dollee fol medicine."

"Well, my hat!" said Beauclerc.

The chums of Cedar Creek had not expected this, even from the unscrupulous little heathen. Apparently Yen Chin was hopeful of making another "raise" from the trusting trio, to play poker again with Kern Gunten.

"So your father's still sick, and you've spent the money, and you want some more?" asked Bob Lawless, with a deep breath.

"All collect," assented Yen Chin. "Me so solly for pool ole poppee, me cly."

And Yen Chin sobbed softly.

Bob Lawless halted on the edge of the timber, and dropped his hand on Yen Chin's shoulder.

"Look here, heathen!" he said. "We called on your father after school yesterday, and found that he wasn't ill!"

"Oh!"

"And he's not hard up, either, to judge by the look of him."

"Oh!"

"And you got the money out of us to play cards with Gunten, at Hillcrest, and you've lost it to him."

"Nicey ole Bob mistakee. No can play pooke."

"We've see Gunten, too."

Yen Chin cast a longing glance towards the school gates. But Bob's grip on his shoulder was like that of a vice.

"You're not going just yet," said Bob. "You've lied to us, Yen Chin—"

"No can."

"And you've broken your promise, and gambled with Gunten again."

"Bob deamee," said Yen Chin. "Me, Yen Chin, good boy. No playee pooke. Tinkee playee pooke velly wicked. You lende me ten dollee?"

"What?"

"Pool ole uncle velly sickie! Me makee mistake—pool ole uncle velly sickie! Yen Chin wantee buyee medicine for pool ole uncle!"

"My word!" murmured Frank Richards. "So young idiot, do you think we are going to swallow that?"

"Yen Chin tellee fluth. No tellee lie. No can."

"Cut a switch for me, Franky," said Bob Lawless.

"What-ho!"

Yen Chin wriggled in the Canadian school-boy's grasp.

"No whackee pool lil' Chinese!" he wailed.

"Pool lil' Chinese velly solly! Me cly!"

"You can cry as much as you like," said Bob.

"You're going to have a jolly good lambasting!"

"Ugly ole Bob—"

"Give me that stick, Frank!"

Bob Lawless gripped the back of Yen Chin's neck with his left hand. With his right he grasped the thick switch Frank had cut in the wood.

The chums of Cedar Creek felt that Yen Chin needed a lesson; words were wasted on him, and the lesson he was going to have was one that he could understand. Bob Lawless did not spare the rod.

Whack, whack, whack!

Yen Chin roared and howled and wriggled. But the switch lashed on with great vigour.

The little Chinese burst into tears. At the sight of that Bob's heart failed him, and he ceased to whack.

Bob Lawless made a furious rush at him, and the little Chinese, still chortling, skipped away and fed. He dodged in at the school gates, and disappeared.

"The—the awful young rascal!" stammered Frank.

Bob halted, drawing a deep breath.

"I—I—I'll—" he gasped.

He stopped. Words were quite inadequate to express his feelings at that moment.

"We've got to ride over to Hillcrest and see Dicky Bird," said Beauclerc, with a smile. "Come on!"

And Bob Lawless swallowed his wrath, and they went for their horses. And the interview with Dicky Bird, at Mr. Peckover's school, was unusually friendly on both sides, and the rival schoolboys found themselves in complete agreement for once—which meant trouble for Kern Gunten.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Rough Justice!

MR. PECKOVER, the headmaster of Hillcrest School, dismissed his class, and the Hillcrest crowd came out. Kern Gunten was heading for the gates with Keller, his chum,



THE FUNK BOLTS!—The moment the chums of Cedar Creek were on the ground the Swiss was upright in the saddle again, and he lashed his horse cruelly. The animal bounded forward down the trail towards Thompson. Gunten's derisive laugh floated back to the enraged Co. (See Chapter 3.)

"I—I suppose he's had enough," he muttered. "He ought to have a jolly good hiding, but—"

"That will do," said Frank.

Bob released the little heathen, who was weeping bitterly. Yen Chin limped away, leaving the three chums looking, and feeling, very uncomfortable. But at a dozen paces' distance the Celestial ceased to limp and ceased to weep; he turned round and grinned at the three.

"Yah! Silly ole Bob!" he called out cheerfully. "Silly ole, ugly Bob! No hurtee Yen Chin! Me laughee! Oh, yes!"

"What?" gasped Bob.

Yen Chin put his extended fingers to his nose, and chuckled. The chums of Cedar Creek gazed at him blankly.

"Yah! Ugly ole Bob great fool!" called out Yen Chin. "Me no hurt! Me laughee!"

"By gum, I—I—" stammered Bob.

"Silly ole Bob! Silly ole Flanky! Silly ole Chelub!" chortled Yen Chin. "Me laughee! No hurt! Oh, yes! You great fool!"

when Dicky Bird hurried after him. And with Dicky Bird came Blumpy, Fisher, and Watson.

"Hold on a minute, Gunten, old scout!" said Dicky Bird.

The Swiss gave him a sour look. He was not on good terms with the cheery leader of the Hillcrest school.

"I've no time to stop!" he answered shortly.

Dicky Bird smiled.

"Can't you find time?" he asked.

"Nope!"

"I guess you'll manage it," said Dicky, taking his arm. "You're coming for a little pasey with me, my pippin!"

"I'm not!" howled Gunten angrily, struggling to drag his arm away.

"I guess you are. You can cut off, Keller; you're not wanted!"

Keller hesitated.

"Help him off," said Dicky Bird.

Fisher made a movement towards Keller

You'll All Enjoy "Done Again!"—Next Week's Roaring Backwoods Story!

SUCCESS FOR THE ANTI-FOOTBALL LEAGUE!

Racke & Co. have commenced their campaign against the St. Jim's Footballers with great success, and with the help of their form-master they are able to make things very unpleasant for Tom Merry & Co. You will enjoy this story—it's full of thrilling moments and amazing situations!



THE SCHOOL WITHOUT FOOTBALL!



A Topping Story of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's.
By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.**Mr Ratcliff Stands Firm!**

"IT'S awful!" groaned Tom Merry. "Awful isn't the word for it!" said Monty Lowther. "It's the giddy limit, the last straw, and the extreme outside edge!"

"Old Ratty's a kill-joy and a spoil-sport!" exclaimed Manners, with great heat.

The Terrible Three of the Shell had foregathered in Study No. 10. Their hands were thrust moodily into their pockets; their faces were dark with indignation.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and a half-holiday.

Tom Merry's eleven had a fixture with Rylcombe Grammar School, and they had been eagerly looking forward to the tussle with their old rivals, Gordon Gay & Co.

The fixture, however, would have to be cancelled, and so would all the succeeding fixtures, for the fiat had gone forth that there was to be no more football at St. Jim's.

No more football! It was astounding! It was well-nigh incredible! But it was a fact.

Football had been forbidden, and an announcement to that effect appeared on the school notice-board. It was signed by Mr. Ratcliff, in the temporary absence of the Head.

The order applied to seniors, juniors, and fags. It was a very clear and definite order. "Football will cease forthwith."

Small wonder that the Terrible Three looked gloomy and indignant, when they assembled in their study after dinner.

"It's a topping afternoon for footer," said Tom Merry, "and I was looking forward to licking the Grammar School. But the match is off. It's enough to make a fellow weep!" "Hear, hear!" said Lowther. "If there was a bucket handy I'd shed briny tears into it. No more footer, by Jove! It's staggering! It's almost as if the giddy world had come to an end."

"If Thompson of the New House hadn't been such a silly chump as to break his leg this would never have happened," he said. "It was just our luck that Ratty should have been watching the House match. He saw what happened to Thompson, and it seemed to convince him that footer was a rough, brutal, dangerous game. That's why he's stopped it."

"The Anti-Football League has had a hand in it, too," said Tom Merry. "They vowed that they'd get football stopped."

"What's to be done now, Tommy?" asked Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry crossed to the door. "I must go and telephone to Gordon Gay, and tell him it's no good bringing his team over."

"We'll come along," said Manners. The juniors went along to Kildare's study

in order to get permission to use the telephone in the prefect's room.

They found the captain of St. Jim's pacing to and fro. His handsome face was clouded over.

Besides the junior match, a First Eleven fixture had been arranged with Greyfriars.

Kildare had not had time to get in touch with the Greyfriars skipper, and tell him not to bring his team over.

The Greyfriars fellows would be on their way to St. Jim's already, and Kildare felt furious to think that they would have their long journey for nothing.

Tom Merry's voice roused Kildare from his bitter reflections.

"May I use the phone in the prefects' room, Kildare? I want to get on to Gordon Gay and tell him the match is off."

"All serene, kid!" said Kildare. "I'm sorry for you. This is a rotten state of affairs, and no mistake. It isn't my place to criticise the actions of a master, but I must say that Mr. Ratcliff has carried his high-handed interference too far. He has no right to put a ban on football. We all feel very sick about it; but an order is an order, and it's got to be obeyed."

"Are you going to take this lying down, Kildare?" asked Tom Merry.

"Well, I don't see that I can do anything else until the Head returns, at all events."

"And when's the Head coming back?"

"Next week."

"That means a week without football?" said Manners.

"Afraid so." The Terrible Three groaned in chorus. The stoppage of football was little short of a tragedy. The great winter game had taken quite a grip on the St. Jim's fellows. They loved it, it was meat and drink to them. To take away their football was the very worst thing Mr. Ratcliff could have done.

They went along to the prefects' room, and Tom Merry got through to the Grammar School. He asked if he could speak to Gordon Gay, and was requested to hold the line.

Presently the cheery voice of the Grammar School skipper hailed him across the wires.

"Hallo! Who wants me?"

"Tom Merry speaking, Gay! I say, I've got some bad news for you, old son."

"Break it gently!"

"This afternoon's fixture is off. Sorry I couldn't let you know before."

There was a startled gasp from Gordon Gay.

"Off!" he echoed, in astonishment. "Are you pulling my leg, Merry?"

"Not a bit of it. Old Ratcliff, like the tyrant he is, has been and suppressed football."

"But—but he can't do it!"

Tom Merry laughed grimly. He was reminded of the story of the man who went to visit his friend in prison. "What have they imprisoned you for?" he asked. "Debt," was the reply. "But they can't imprison you for debt!" "I know they can't," groaned the unhappy victim, "but they've done it!"

So it was with Mr. Ratcliff. He had no right to stop football, but the fact remained that he had done so.

Tom Merry tried to impress this upon Gordon Gay, but the Grammarian refused to believe him.

"I've got an idea that it isn't Tom Merry speaking at all," he said. "It's a practical joker, trying to kid me that the match is off. I'm going to bring my team up to St. Jim's, anyway."

"You silly chump!" shouted Tom Merry. "The match is off, I tell you! I'm Tom Merry, right enough! Can't you recognise my voice? I'm not spoofing. Football is banned and barred at St. Jim's, and it's not a scrap of use bringing your team over."

"I'm going to," said Gordon Gay obstinately. "I'm not satisfied that you're giving me the straight goods. We'll be along in half an hour. Good-bye!"

Gordon Gay rang off, and Tom Merry, with a snort of exasperation, replaced the receiver on its hooks.

"Gay thinks I'm kidding him!" he explained to his chums. "He can't believe that Ratty would be such a tyrant as to stop football. He's bringing his team over."

"Well, he'll believe it all right when he gets here!" growled Manners.

Within the next half-hour two football elevens arrived at St. Jim's.

The Greyfriars First Eleven came by charabanc, and Gordon Gay & Co. arrived on foot.

Tom Merry met the Grammarians in the gateway. He linked his arm in Gordon Gay's, and marched him away to the school notice-board.

"Now you can see for yourself whether I'm kidding or not," he said. "There's the announcement, in black and white, signed by old Ratty. All football is to cease forthwith."

Gordon Gay was fairly staggered.

"But—but this is unheard-of!" he gasped. "It's monstrous! Ratcliff's got no right to stop footer! What made him do it?"

"Well, there's an anti-football league here, organised by that bouncer Racke," explained Tom Merry. "By some means or other they persuaded old Ratty that football was a dangerous and a brutal game. Then, by a stroke of beastly bad luck, a fellow broke his leg in the House match. Ratty saw it happen, and that firmly convinced him that footer ought to be stopped. Hence this announcement."

THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

There is Another Splendid Long Story of the Chums of St. Jim's in This Week's "Gem"!

"But what's the Head got to say about it?"

"The Head's away—worse luck!"

"Well, of all the high-handed tyranny," growled Gordon Gay, "I've never heard the like! Why not play the match and defy Ratcliff?"

Tom Merry shook his head.

"No use," he said. "Ratty would come down on us like a wolf on the fold, and stop the game."

They strolled back together to the quadrangle, where Kildare of the Sixth was explaining to the Greyfriars eleven that the match was "off."

The visitors were so disappointed, on hearing the news, that Kildare felt that he ought to go and see Mr. Ratcliff, and try and induce him to cancel the order.

Kildare promptly made his way to the Housemaster's study. He did not go alone. Darrel and Rushden and Monteith accompanied him.

"We'll try and talk the old buffer round!" said Darrel. "Dash it all, we can't send those fellows empty away, when they've jagged all the way from Greyfriars!"

Mr. Ratcliff frowned as the four stalwart Sixth-formers presented themselves.

"What is it, Kildare?" he snapped.

"We wish to ask you a favour, sir. With regard to your order, forbidding football—"

"That order must stand!"

"Can't you stretch a point, sir, and allow us to play just for this afternoon? You see, two elevens have arrived—a team from Greyfriars, and a junior team from the Grammar School. We simply can't disappoint them—"

"I fear you must," said Mr. Ratcliff. "I have no intention of modifying my order in the slightest degree. I have decreed that football shall cease, and I shall expect you, as prefects, to enforce my command!"

The seniors stood silent for a moment. They saw that it was no use appealing to the unreasonable Housemaster.

Monteith found it difficult to control his anger.

"I think it's most unjust, sir!" he exclaimed.

"What!"

"It's infamous!" almost shouted Monteith. "No other master would dream of stopping a healthy sport like football. And it's rank bad form to send those Greyfriars fellows back without giving them a game!"

Mr. Ratcliff grew purple in the face. He seemed to be on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"How dare you, Monteith? How dare you address your Housemaster in such an impertinent manner? You have no right to criticise the actions of your superiors. I shall report your conduct to Dr. Holmes, on his return!"

Monteith was on the point of saying "Report, and be blowed!" or something equally defiant. But Kildare hastily took his arm, and firmly piloted him into the passage.

The deputation had failed utterly. Mr. Ratcliff was standing to his guns, and nothing would make him budge from his high-handed attitude.

There was nothing for it but to send the Greyfriars and Grammar School elevens empty away.

Naturally, both the visiting teams were deeply disappointed. And the remarks they made concerning Mr. Ratcliff were the reverse of complimentary.

The St. Jim's footballers were disappointed, also. In fact, it was a disappointing afternoon for everybody, with the exception of Mr. Horace Ratcliff and the members of the Anti-Football League.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. On the Warpath!

ALL the St. Jim's fellows agreed that this particular half-holiday was the most dismal on record.

The wide expanse of playing-field was deserted. And the familiar thudding of the football was no longer heard.

A school without football was the most dreary place imaginable.

The fellows were at their wits' end how to amuse themselves.

Other outdoor pursuits, such as cycling and cross-country running, seemed tame on an afternoon like this, when there was a keen nip in the air, and the conditions were ideal for football.

Most of the fellows remained in their studies, moodily discussing the situation.

THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

In the middle of the afternoon a number of venturesome fags started to punt a football about the quad.

"We simply must do something to make our miserable lives happy," said Wally D'Arcy.

"Yes, rather!" said Curly Gibson. "I'm fed-up with mooching around doing nothing."

The sound of the football, as it bounced on the flagstones, reached the ears of Mr. Ratcliff. He promptly flung up his window. His semi-bald head was thrust through the aperture, and he shouted to the fags below.

"Cease this hooliganism at once! How dare you set my express orders at defiance!"

Wally D'Arcy looked up.

"We're not playing a match, sir," he protested.

"But you are kicking a football, which is strictly forbidden!" snapped Mr. Ratcliff. "Bring that ball to me at once, D'Arcy, minor!"

Very reluctantly Wally conveyed the football to Mr. Ratcliff, who confiscated it.

And then, in various parts of the building, other fellows started playing.

Clive and Levison, of the School House, were engaged in punting a ball the length of the Fourth Form passage. Jack Blake & Co. were indulging in "shots at goal" behind the gym. The goal had been marked out in chalk on the wall.

In the ordinary way Mr. Ratcliff had no right to interfere with these School House fellows. They did not come under his jurisdiction. But now that the Head was away, Mr. Ratcliff was monarch of all he surveyed. So he promptly set out on the warpath.

Clive and Levison were his first victims. He took away their football and awarded them a hundred lines apiece.

Mr. Ratcliff then went farther afield, and found Jack Blake & Co. playing behind the gym. He dealt with them in the same manner.

More footballs were confiscated, as Mr. Ratcliff went the rounds. And impositions were simply showered upon the fellows who had dared to set Mr. Ratcliff's order at defiance.

By the time the Housemaster had finished his tour of the School House, he had collected no less than five footballs. He carried them by their laces, and he looked like a vendor of toy balloons.

Mr. Ratcliff bore the footballs away to his study. He was quite determined to stamp out football at St. Jim's, and to see that his orders were obeyed.

Dumping the confiscated footballs into a corner, Mr. Ratcliff started on a tour of his own House.

By the time Mr. Ratcliff had finished his "prowl" there was only one football that remained in its owner's possession.

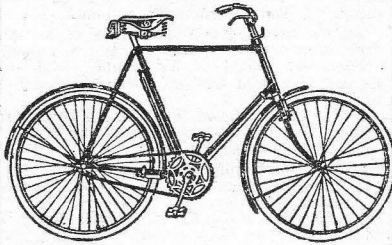
Tom Merry had very wisely hidden his football in his locker in the Shell dormitory.

"We shall want that ball to-night," he confided to his chums.

"To-night, Tommy?" echoed Monty Lowther. "Why?"

"There's going to be a footer match, if I can manage to fix it up with Gordon Gay. It seems a shame to disappoint the Grammar School chaps. We ought to play them, if it's humanly possible."

THERE'S A CLEAR ROAD AHEAD—100 PRIZE BIKES!



Get Busy with the Simple
Footballers' Names Puzzle-

Pictures on pages 14-15.

There Are Stirring Times at St. Jim's Next Week!

"But it's not possible, fathead!" said Manners. "Footer is taboo—you know that!"

"True, O King! But if we play at midnight—"

"At—at midnight?"

"Yes; only the other week we played a footer match at midnight. And that time it was with Gordon Gay."

"Of course, I remember, now!" said Monty Lowther. "If we have torchlights all round the ground, and a fair amount of moonlight, we shall be able to see what we're doing. It won't be as good as daylight, of course; but we can't have everything we want in this imperfect world."

The moon wouldn't help the players much, for it was on the wane. But with flaming torches placed round the ground at intervals, there would be quite sufficient light for the purpose.

Of course, there was a big element of risk. But this only added spice to the proposed adventure. And besides, what they had done before they could do again.

"By Jove!" said Manners breathlessly. "This is a great wheeze of yours, Tom! I didn't think of torchlights."

"I hope we shall be able to arrange everything," said Tom Merry. "But we mustn't build our hopes too high. I've got to see Gordon Gay first, and find out if he can possibly manage it."

"When are you going to see him?" asked Manners.

"Right now! In fact, we'll all go together." The Terrible Three fetched their bicycles from the shed, and pedalled down to the village.

Gordon Gay was at tea in his study, with Wootton and Frank Monk. They welcomed their visitors cordially enough, and when Tom Merry & Co. outlined their novel scheme, the Grammarians threw themselves into the venture with eager zest.

The matter was discussed in every detail; and Gordon Gay cheerfully undertook to bring his team over to St. Jim's at dead of night.

It will be no easy matter for eleven of us to break bounds again," he said. "But I think we shall work the oracle all right. If we don't turn up within half an hour after midnight, you'll know that there's been a hitch somewhere; in which case, we shall have to postpone the match till another night."

The Terrible Three cycled back to St. Jim's in great spirits. And that evening, every member of the junior eleven was secretly informed of the forthcoming match.

If all went well, the kick-off was to be at midnight. And eleven hearts beat high with excitement.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Fellow Who Sneaked!

ST. JIM'S lay still and silent in the misty moonlight.

It was nearly midnight, and the old school was wrapped in slumber—to outward appearance, at all events.

No lights gleamed from any of the study windows. Even the more studious of the masters, who often sat up far into the night, had retired to their bed-rooms.

In the Shell dormitory five fellows were up and doing. The Terrible Three and Talbot and Harry Noble were donning their footer garb.

In the Fourth Form dormitory, Jack Blake and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy were similarly engaged. And over in the New House Figgins & Co. and Dick Redfern were astir.

The St. Jim's junior eleven were preparing for the fray!

A few moments later they all met together, by arrangement, in the sleepy quadrangle.

Tom Merry ran his eye over the jersey-clad figures.

"All here?" he asked.

"Yaas—all pwsent, deah boy!" said D'Arcy.

"We shall have to get a move on," said Tom Merry. "It's nearly midnight. The torches are in the woodshed. Let's come and get them. We won't light them till we're on the ground."

"Lead on, Macduff!" murmured Monty Lowther.

The footballers trooped away to the woodshed in an orderly procession. They made as little noise as possible, but their faces were flushed and excited. The spirit of adventure had them in its grip.

The torches were obtained, and carried



FOOTBALL BY NIGHT! Talbot was in the very act of shooting for goal when a stern voice caused him to pull up short. "Stop!" The game ceased as if by magic. A lean figure in a dressing-gown stepped into the glare of the lights, and Mr. Ratcliff stood blinking angrily at the players. (See Chapter 3.)

down to Little Side. The sticks were planted into the ground at intervals around the touchline, and then the torches were lighted. The field of play was illuminated by the flares, beyond which lay dark shadows.

The footballers moved to and fro like weird phantoms.

Boom!
The old clock in the school tower started to strike the hour of midnight.
Tom Merry looked rather anxious.
"Hope those fellows are going to turn up," he said.

"Give 'em a chance," said Jack Blake. "They've had a jolly sight farther to come than we have."

"Here they are!" said Talbot suddenly. Eleven jersey-clad forms emerged from the semi-darkness into the full glare of the light.

"Punctual to the minute!" said the cheery voice of Gordon Gay. "By Jove, it's as light as day on the playing-pitch! How long will these torchlights last out, Merry?"

"For an hour, at least," said Tom. "We'll play half an hour each way, if you fellows are agreeable?"

The Grammarians consented to this arrangement, and the ball—the one and only football which Mr. Ratcliff had not confiscated was placed in the centre of the pitch.

Then the strange midnight drama began. The teams lined up, and Tom Merry kicked off for St. Jim's.

The juniors felt fairly safe. Little Side was situated at some distance from the school building, and it could not be seen from any of the masters' bed-rooms.

The Grammarians attacked hotly at the start, but they found Fatty Wynn very safe in the St. Jim's goal. And Figgins and Kerr kicked strongly at back.

In the lurid glow of the torchlights play proceeded at a terrific pace.

Both goals were visited in turn, and Fatty Wynn had to throw himself full length to save a smashing drive from Gordon Gay. At the other end, Talbot fired in a great shot, which went just wide of the upright.

It was a ding-dong tussle. The Grammarians thoroughly enjoyed it, but not more than Tom Merry & Co.

After ten minutes' play St. Jim's drew first blood.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy put in a thrilling run on the wing. He feinted past a couple of opponents, and then tapped the ball on to Blake, who took a hard first-time shot which found the net.

"Goal!"
Jack Blake's comrades surged round him with their congratulations. Then the teams lined up again, and Gordon Gay rallied his men for a fierce attack on the St. Jim's goal.

For the next few moments the Saints had a bad time. The Grammarians made ground by means of long, swinging passes from wing to wing, and the St. Jim's defenders could not cope with them. After Gordon Gay had hit the crossbar with a great drive, Frank Monk fastened on to the ball and drove it in, with Fatty Wynn well beaten.

"Level!" panted Tom Merry. "Now for the giddy tug-of-war!"
The game was in such an exciting state, and the juniors were so absorbed in it, that they had almost forgotten the strange circumstances under which they were playing. They had quite adapted themselves to the novel conditions.

Dick Redfern sent Talbot away with a perfect pass, and Talbot cut in swiftly towards the goal. He was in the very act of shooting, when a stern voice caused him to pull up short.

"Stop!"
The game ceased as if by magic.

A lean figure in a dressing-gown stepped into the glare of the lights, and Mr. Ratcliff stood blinking angrily at the players.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" murmured Monty Lowther, in dismay. "Ratty's here!"

Mr. Ratcliff's fury was terrible to behold. Instead of exercising self-control and speaking quietly, but sternly, to the delinquents, he raved and stormed at them, almost incoherent with anger.

Mr. Ratcliff gathered up the ball which lay at Talbot's feet.

"As for you," he added, turning to the Grammarians, "I shall place a full report in the hands of your headmaster! You have broken out of your own school, and broken into this one, entirely without permission!"

It is outrageous—it is altogether unheard-of!"

After Mr. Ratcliff had let off steam, so to speak, the torches were extinguished, and the footballers dispersed—the St. Jim's fellows to their dormitories, and the Grammarians to their own school.

"We're in for it now!" said Tom Merry. "Wonder who gave us away?" growled Manners. "Somebody must have told Ratty what we were up to. He wouldn't have caught us by accident."

The juniors were soon to learn who had sneaked.

Aubrey Racke, the precious president of the Anti-Football League, admitted, under cross-examination, that he had gone to Mr. Ratcliff's bed-room, and awakened him and told him what was afoot.

"I don't believe in sneakin', as a rule," said Racke, "but I had made up my mind that football was to be stopped, an' I'm backing up the authorities."

"You can!" said Tom Merry contemptuously. "It's you and your rotten league that's made all this mischief. We'll show you what we think of sneaks. Toss him in a blanket, you fellows!"

Racke looked alarmed.

"If you dare to touch me—" he began. The juniors did dare. And they touched Racke so effectively that he lay grovelling on the floor by the time they had finished with him.

Next morning a painful drama was enacted in Big Hall.

Tom Merry and the members of his eleven were flogged in turn in the presence of the whole school.

They faced the ordeal unflinchingly; but they felt far from happy when it was all over.

The last football had been confiscated; the last blow had been struck by that objectionable spoil-sport, Mr. Ratcliff. And during the next few days there was much heart-burning and a host of gloomy faces in the school without football!

THE END.

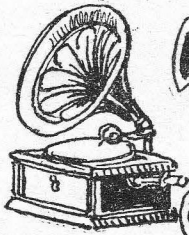
(There will be another splendid new 16ag complete story of St. Jim's in next week's bumper issue.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

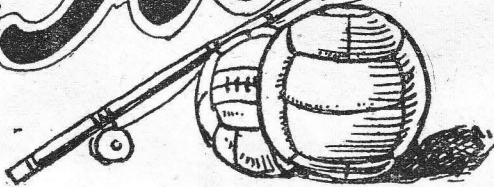
"Restoring Their Rights!"—a St. Jim's Story You Must Look Out For Next Week!

THESE WONDERFUL PRIZES MUST BE

GRAND NEW



Football



Bank of £100

**First Prize,
£100**

**30 MAGNIFICENT "JAMES"
MOTOR-CYCLES**

(Complete with Lamp, Horn, and Licence-holder).

10 Two Wirele

20 GRAMOPHONES. 40 FOOTBALL OUTFITS (Boots, Stockings, Shorts, and Shirt).
50 Pairs of BOXING GLOVES. 100 Pairs of ROLLER SKATES.

250 BOOKS
Consolati

RULES AND CONDITIONS

which must be strictly adhered to.

1.—The First Prize of £100 in cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or nearest correct, solution of all eight sets of the pictures according to the Editor's official solution.

2.—The Second Prize of £50, and the others in the splendid variety of prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

3.—All the prizes will be awarded. If two or more competitors tie, however, the prize or prizes, or their value, will be divided, and the Editor reserves full rights in this respect.

4.—No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of the pictures and the necessary coupon have been published. Full directions will then be given.

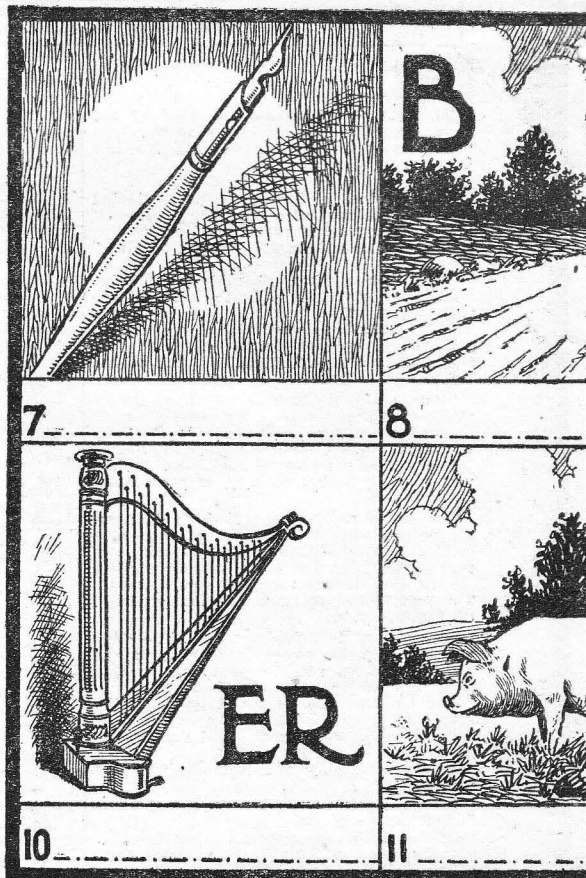
5.—The names under the pictures must be written IN INK.

6.—Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

7.—Entry to this competition is on the full understanding that the Editor's decision is final and legally binding throughout.



Set No. 2.

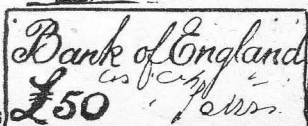
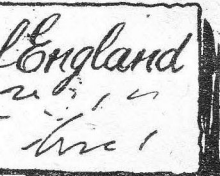


DON'T LET SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY. NOW LOOK OUT FOR

WON! NOTHING DIFFICULT HERE, BOYS!

COMPETITION!

Boys' Names!



9-Valve
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100 SPLENDID "JAMES" COMET BICYCLES (Complete with Lamp, Bell, etc.)

Second Prize, £50

and Other Prizes.

6 "RILEY" BILLIARDS TABLES. 100 FISHING RODS. 100 MATCH FOOTBALLS. 20 MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVES (With Rails, etc.)

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

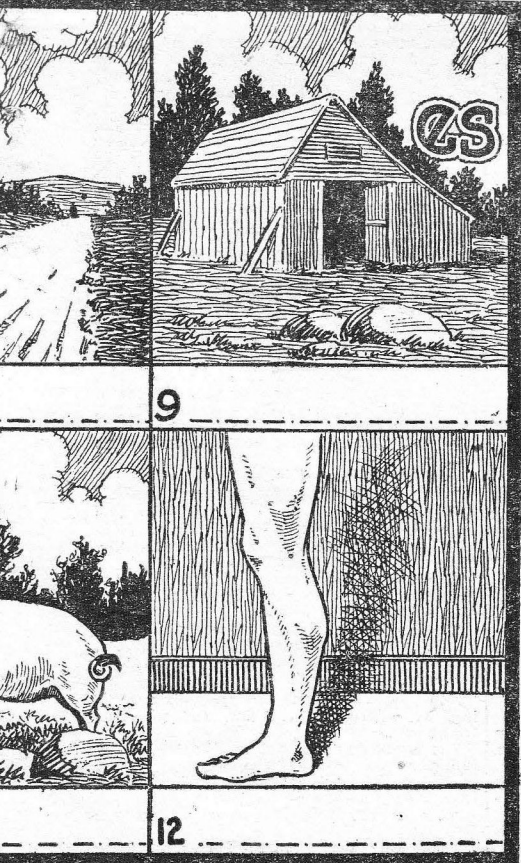
is to write IN INK in the allotted space under each of the puzzle-pictures the name of the Footballer which you think the picture represents. Thus with No. 1, in the first set of pictures given again below, the picture clearly means BALL. In the same way you have to discover the names indicated by the other pictures.

In all there will be EIGHT SETS OF PICTURES, so keep your solutions until the other sets appear.

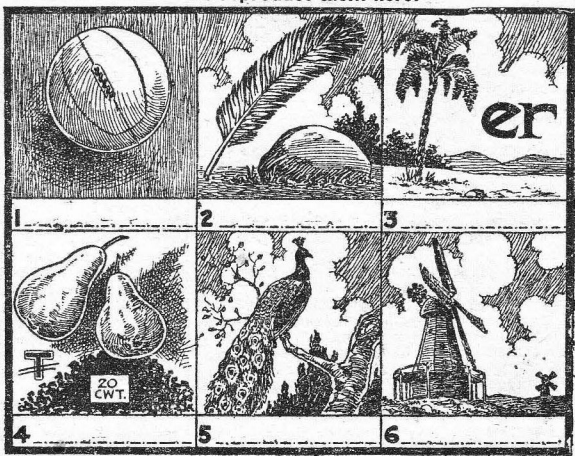
DO NOT SEND YOUR ENTRIES YET.

To help you still further there is a list containing the names of prominent footballers to choose from on page 2, columns 2 and 3.

For the benefit of those who missed the first set of pictures we reproduce them here.



Readers of "The Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Pluck," "Boys' Cinema," "Young Britain," "Gem," "The Magnet," "The Rocket," and "Nelson Lee Library" are also taking part in the Contest, so that additional attempts may be made with the pictures from these allied journals.



FOR THE THIRD SET OF PICTURES WHICH APPEARS NEXT WEEK!

STIRRING TIMES AT GREYFRIARS!

Everyone prophesied trouble when Horace Coker started his career as prefect, and they were not far wrong. The duffer of the Fifth in his new post of authority walks into a hornets' nest, and soon discovers that it is not all roses being a prefect.



Coker's Reign of Terror!

A Rollicking, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., introducing Horace Coker, the Duffer of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars.

By

Frank Richards.

(Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars in the "MAGNET.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Fagging for Coker.

"**C**HERRY!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"You're wanted!" said Tubb of the Third, grinning as he looked into Study No. 13, where Bob Cherry and Mark Linley, Hurree Singh, and little Wun Lung, the Chinese, were busy preparing tea.

"Sorry!" said Bob. "Can't come!"

"Coker wants you."

"Blow Coker!"

"You've got to fag for him."

"What!"

"That's what he says," grinned Tubb. "You're to go to his study at once and get his tea ready. Ha, ha, ha!"

And Tubb of the Third departed, chuckling.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. "This takes the cake!"

"The carefulness is terrific!"

"Of course, I ain't going!" said Bob.

And he didn't. The juniors went on getting tea. The rest of the Co. were expected to tea, and they were busy.

They knew that Coker was giving his very special attention to the Remove, with the idea of teaching those unruly juniors their place. Coker was dissatisfied with the methods of the other prefects, and was not slow to say so. Coker meant to make improvements all along the line, and the Remove had been expecting something from Coker; but they had not been expecting this. That Coker would have the awful cheek to expect any of the Remove to fag for him had not entered their heads.

It was established that the Remove did not fag—at least, for anybody except prefects. Those great and important personages had all kinds of privileges; but since there had been a row on the subject—and a very considerable row—even the prefects had waived their rights of fagging the Lower Fourth. But Coker, with his brand-new authority, was evidently bent on reviving that old custom as a lesson to the Remove. He could have fagged the Third and the Second to his heart's content; but that did not satisfy Coker. He meant to fag the Remove, and he had picked out Bob Cherry as the most unruly and independent member of that Form, to begin with.

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"The awful cheek!" said Bob, as he went on extracting jam from a large jar, to be placed in the soap-dish that adorned the study table. "Fag the Remove! Fag me! My hat!"

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Harry Wharton, as he came into the study with Nugent and Johnny Bull and Squiff.

"Message from Coker! Wants me to fag for him!" snorted Bob.

"Phew!"

"I'll fag for him—I don't think!" growled Bob.

Wharton looked serious.

"By Jove! As a prefect he can order you to, you know."

"Loder's tried that, and it didn't work!" growled Bob Cherry. "Fancy fagging for Coker! Bow-wow! I'm to go and get his tea! My hat!"

Tubb of the Third put his head into the study again. He was still grinning.

"Coker says—"

"Blow Coker!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Blow him as much as you like," agreed Tubb; "but he says if you don't go and get his tea at once you're to stay in to-morrow afternoon and write out five hundred lines of 'Virgil.'"

And Tubb departed again.

The chums of the Remove looked at one another. The following afternoon was a half-holiday, and there was to be a football match between the Remove and the Fourth. This was serious.

"I won't fag for him," said Bob determinedly, "and I won't stay in to-morrow afternoon! It's been settled a long time ago that the Remove don't fag. As for his being a prefect—Rats! Loder's a prefect, and we don't fag for him. Walker's a beastly prefect, and we don't fag for Walker. Coker can go and eat coke!"

Squiff burst into a chuckle.

"There's more ways than one of fagging for Coker," he remarked. "If he'd sent for me, I'd go. You see, though we won't fag, Quelchly might back Coker up—you never know. I'd go!"

"You would!" roared Bob.

"Yes, and I'd make Coker fed up with Remove fagging before I'd finished."

Bob Cherry started, and then a grin spread over his face as he caught on to the Australian junior's idea. Then he chuckled.

"Blessed if I don't go!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Bob Cherry, more eager to get Coker's tea now than to get his own, now that he had a plan of war in his mind, left the study and hurried to the Fifth Form passage. He looked into Coker's study. Coker was there, with Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald. Potter and Greene had succeeded in making their peace with their old study-mate. All Coker required was to be treated with great respect, as a prefect, and Potter and Greene were prepared to treat him with any amount of respect, so long as Aunt Judy's remittance lasted.

"Please, I've come!" said Bob Cherry meekly.

"Trot in!" said Coker gruffly. He cast a glance of triumph towards the other Fifth-Formers. Potter and Greene and Fitzgerald had been of opinion that Cherry of the Remove wouldn't come. And they doubted very much whether Coker's new powers as a prefect would enable him to gate the junior for his refusal. But here was Bob Cherry, as meek and mild as could be desired—looking, indeed, as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

Bob Cherry trotted in.

"Jolly good thing for you you came!" growled Coker. "I'm going to teach you Remove kids manners, Cherry!"

"Thank you, Coker!" said Bob humbly. "It's very kind of you, I'm sure!"

Potter chuckled slightly, and Coker cast a suspicious glance at Bob Cherry. But Bob's face was perfectly solemn.

"Well, buckle to and get the tea!" said Coker. "Poach those eggs, fry the rashers, make the toast, and then make the tea!"

"Certainly, Coker!"

Bob Cherry's manner was certainly promising. He stirred up the fire, and took the frying-pan.

The frying-pan was set on the fire. Then Bob proceeded to break the eggs preparatory to frying them. There was a yell of wrath from Potter as the first egg was broken. A stream of the yolk had spurted over his trousers.

"You silly ass!" roared Potter. "Look what you've done!"

Bob Cherry looked.

"Accidents will happen," he said gently.

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"You—you—clumsy chump!" Potter mopped at his egg trousers furiously with his handkerchief. "I—I—I'll break the eggs over your silly head! I'll—"

"Yaroooh!" roared Fitzgerald, as the second egg was broken, and spurted into his neck. "Sure, I'll scalp you, you clumsy spalpeen!"

"Dear me!" said Bob. "Accidents will happen—"

"I'll 'accident' you, fathead!"

Bob Cherry picked up an egg in either hand as Potter and Fitzgerald jumped towards him. They jumped back again. They had had enough eggs.

"Now then, Cherry, be careful!" said Coker, frowning. "If there's any more of that you'll get my ashplant round you!"

"Accidents will happen! I'm not used to fagging, you know," explained Bob.

"You'll get used to it in time!" grinned Coker. "And if there's any more accidents I'll warm you! Buck up with those eggs!"

"Certainly!"

Fitzgerald and Potter, breathing wrath, mopped the egg off themselves, and Bob Cherry cheerfully proceeded with his work. Coker had picked up the ashplant, so there were no more accidents with the eggs. Bob pitched them into the frying-pan, added a liberal allowance of butter, and began to fry. Coker looked at the sticky-looking mess in the frying-pan and growled.

"Is that the way you fry eggs, you fat-head?"

"They're frying, ain't they?" said Bob.

"You silly chump! You're making toffee!" howled Coker. "That isn't the way to fry eggs!"

"It's my way," said Bob. "Now I'm going to fry the bacon."

He cheerfully pitched the rashers into the already loaded frying-pan. A wave of melted butter and eggs flowed over into the fire, and there was a terrific crackling and fizzing, and a horrible smell of burning pervaded the room.

"Hold mother av' Moses! I've had enough of this!" snorted Fitzgerald; and he stalked out of the study and slammed the door after him.

Coker grabbed the ashplant again.

"You're doing that on purpose, you young sweep!" he roared.

"You told me to fry the bacon and eggs, didn't you?" asked Bob innocently.

"Not that way, you chump! Take that frying-pan off the fire! My hat! We shall be suffocated!"

Bob took off the frying-pan, sending another wave of its contents into the fire. The fizzing and burning were getting terrific now. The smell in the study could almost have been cut with a knife. Nice garrison rashers were frying in the midst of the coals, and certainly would never be eatable.

Thwack!

The ashplant came down across Bob Cherry's shoulders, and Bob gave a roar. He swung the frying-pan round, and there was a shower of melted butter and eggs and bacon over the study. Potter and Greene roared as they caught some of it. It was hot!

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Yaroooh!"

Coker, quite infuriated, rushed at Bob, with the ashplant aloft. Bob promptly defended himself with the frying-pan. The rest of its contents streamed over Coker. There was a clang and a crash as frying-pan and ashplant met in the air. Potter and Greene dodged out of the way of the combatants.

Crash! Clang! Bang! Crash!

Bob Cherry was a fencer, and he fenced very well with the frying-pan. His weapon was shorter than Coker's, but it was hot, and it was sooty. Coker really had the worst of it. Bob dodged round the table, drawing the sooty frying-pan across Potter's coat as he went, and then dabbing it on Greene's trousers. He retreated to the door, still defending himself with the frying-pan.

"Collar him!" roared Greene.

"Squash him! Lick him! Oh, my hat!"

Crash!

Bob Cherry had the door open now. He hurled the frying-pan across the study, and the clock disappeared from Coker's mantelpiece, and was distributed in fragments in the fender along with the frying-pan. Then Bob Cherry slammed the door and fled.

He had finished fagging for Coker!

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.
The Order of the Boot!**

"O H crumbs!"

"Ow! Look at my coat!"

"Look at my bags!"

"I'll skin him!" roared Coker.

"I'll scalp him! Look at me! I'm smothered! My clothes are ruined! And look at the study! Oh, my hat!"

Certainly Bob Cherry's fagging had not improved the aspect of Coker's study. It looked a great deal as if a hurricane had struck it. Coker was almost foaming with wrath. So were Potter and Greene, but their wrath was mainly directed against Coker. There was no prospect of tea now, and they were smothered with soot and blacks and melted butter and eggs and bacon fat, and they were naturally wrathful.

"You silly chump! Is this the kind of feed you've asked us to?" howled Potter. "Didn't I tell you not to fag the Remove, you fathead?"

"You might have expected it, you chump!" yelled Greene. "It's all your fault! Why couldn't you let the little beasts alone?"

"Oh, go and eat coke! If you'd collared him—"

"Pretty perfect you are!" howled Potter.

"Yah! Rats!"

"I tell you——"

"Fathead!"

"Silly ass!"

Coker glared at his study-mates, and seemed inclined to use his famous ashplant on them. But he refrained, and pursued Bob Cherry instead. With the ashplant gripped in his hand he rushed away to the Remove passage in hot pursuit. The fellows who saw him pass howled with laughter. His clothes were smothered with soot from the frying-pan, his coat reeked with eggs and butter, his furious face was spotted with bacon fat and blacks. But Coker did not heed. He dashed into the Remove passage, breathing vengeance, and kicked open the door of Study No. 13 and glared round for Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at him as he rushed in. Bob Cherry was not to be seen.

"Where's that young villain?" roared Coker.

"Eh?"

"Where's Bob Cherry?"

"Bob Cherry?" said Squiff. "Isn't he in your study? I thought he was fagging for you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker glared at the juniors, and glared round the study, and even under the table. But Bob Cherry was not there.

Johnny Bull had picked up the poker, and Wharton a cricket-stump, and Hurree Singh a ruler, to be prepared for eventualities, as it were; and Coker, instead of licking them all round, retired from the study to seek his fag elsewhere.

A roar of laughter followed him. The enraged prefect searched up and down the Remove passage; but Bob Cherry was not to be discovered in any of the studies there. Apparently he was imitating Brer Fox, and "lying low."

Coker returned, raging, to the Fifth-Form passage. There he met Potter.

"The young rotter's in Wingleat's study!" growled Potter. "I've just seen him there. He's fagging for Wingleat."

"I'll 'fag' him!"

Coker dashed off to Wingleat's study. He wrenched the door open, and rushed in. Bob Cherry was there. Wingleat and Yates were having tea, and Bob was cheerfully kneeling before the fire and making toast. He looked round with a ruddy face as Coker tramped into the room. Wingleat jumped up.

"Coker, what the deuce do you mean by rushing into my study like that?" he exclaimed angrily.

"I'm looking for that young villain!" roared Coker, making across the study at Bob Cherry.

Bob jumped up and dodged behind Wingleat.

"Keep him off, Wingleat! He's dangerous!"

"Hold on, Coker——"

"I'm going to smash him!" bellowed Coker.

"You're not going to do any smashing in my study!" said Wingleat coolly, planting himself in the way of the irate Fifth Form prefect. "How dare you rush into my room in this way! Get out!"

"I tell you——"

"Outside!"

"Bah! Rats! Piffe! Bosh!" roared the infuriated Coker. "I'm going to lick that young villain before I get out, and if you chip in I'll lick you, too!"

That was too much for the head prefect of Greyfriars. He was fed up with Horace Coker already. That was the finishing touch.

"By Jove, will you?" said Wingleat.

"Outside!"

And Wingleat's powerful hands were laid upon Coker, the ashplant went whirling into a corner, and Coker went whirling through the doorway. He landed in the passage with a bump and a grunt.

Three or four of the Sixth came out of their studies in surprise, and they grinned at the sight of the new prefect sprawling in the passage. Coker sat up dazedly.

In Wingleat's study Bob Cherry went on cheerfully making toast.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Coker is too Good!**

NOTHING more was heard of fagging the Remove.

Coker was very obstinate—or, as he called it, firm—but he did not say anything more on that subject.

He confided to Potter that, with the rest of the prefects against him, it was difficult for a new prefect with a strong sense of duty to make much headway.

The next day was Saturday, and, being a half-holiday, there was a football match in the afternoon. The Remove were playing the Upper Fourth. It was not what the Removeites called a first-class match, as they were accustomed to making hay of the Upper Fourth on the playing-fields. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth had more "side" than skill in their footer. There was much rivalry between the two Forms, but on that special Saturday afternoon they were united in almost a brotherly bond, and the reason was Coker.

And when the Remove and the Fourth went down to the footer-ground on Little Side that afternoon, and Coker appeared on the scene, the juniors were prepared for trouble. Evidently the next "fantastic trick" was coming.

Coker was very affable, however. He seemed to have forgotten the unfortunate incident of the fagging in the study. His intention was to be kind—with firmness, of course, but still to be kind.

"Hallo!" said Coker. "Playing footer—what?"

"Yes," said Wharton. "Going to look on, Coker? No objection at all. You can pick up a lot of knowledge of footer by watching really good players."

Coker looked a little less affable.

"None of your cheek, Wharton!" he said wrathfully. "You're not allowed to cheek prefects. I'm trying to make that clear to you. Now, as a prefect, I take some interest in your little games. I'm going to help you on. No reason why a fag team shouldn't be encouraged. I'll referee the match for you."

"Will you, Coker?"

"Certainly—and give you some coaching!"

"What!"

"Some coaching!" explained Coker. "No reason why even fag football shouldn't be improved by some good coaching by one who knows what's what."

The juniors stared at Coker. He had refereed matches for juniors before. But to give them coaching, Coker!

"Well," said Wharton, as soon as he recovered his breath—"well! Thank you very much, Coker! This is really very kind of you, but——"

"The kindfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Singh, "but the butfulness is also very terrific, my esteemed Coker!"

"Play up!" said Coker. "At every point in the game where you go wrong or slack I'll stop you and show you how the thing should be done. See?"

"No, I don't quite see," said Wharton. "We don't want to learn how to kick the ball through our own goal, or how to get off-side the greatest number of times in the shortest space of time. In fact, we don't want to learn your sort of footer, Coker."

"I'm not going to argue with you," said Coker, who was always made more obstinate by opposition. "I'm going to referee this match, and teach you kids how to play."

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You'll see the benefit afterwards. Anyway, I don't want any jaw."

"Look here, I'm refereeing this match!" said Hobson of the Shell.

Coker raised his hand.
"Get off the field, Hobson!"
"What?"

"Get out! If you don't go instantly, I'll give you five hundred lines!"
Hobson gasped. But Coker, as a prefect, certainly could give him five hundred lines if he liked. Hobson, breathing fury, walked off the field. There was no help for it.

"Now I'm referee," said Coker.
"Look here—" roared Bob Cherry.
"Do you want to be sent into your Form-room to write out lines, Cherry?"
"Nunno!"

"Then hold your tongue," said Coker. "I'll teach you kids to respect a prefect, or I'll know the reason why!"

"But we don't want you for a referee, Coker!" shouted Wharton.

"The don't-wantfulness is terrific, my esteemed and ludicrous Coker!"

"Mind your own business, Coker!"
"Run away and play!"
"Of all the blessed cheek!" exclaimed Temple of the Fourth. "I think this takes the whole cake! Get out!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "We really don't want you, Coker! Run away and play!"

"Have you tossed for ends?" asked Coker, unheeding.

"Not yet!" growled Wharton.
"Then buck up! I may not be able to stay all the time. Still, I'll give you as much time as I can spare. Buck up!"

"Look here—"
"Enough said!" rapped out Coker. "I've told you I'm not going to argue with you. I'm doing this for your own good. I've seen your play often enough, and it's rotten—simply rotten!"

"Why, you—you—" gasped Wharton. "You don't know whether play is rotten or not! You don't know anything about it! You can't play for fool's! You couldn't coach the Second Form! You couldn't—Why, you ass—"

"Take a hundred lines, Wharton!"
"What! Why, I—I—"

Words failed Wharton.
"And if you jaw any more, I'll send you into the School House to do em now!" said Coker.

"M-m-my hat!"
"Now toss for ends, and get to business!"

The juniors looked at one another speechlessly. Dismay was in every face. It was true that Coker meant well; he mistook his desire to meddle and swank for a desire to do the junior footballers good.

But to have their Form-match turned into an exhibition of Coker's knowledge of the game—or, rather, his want of knowledge of it—was a little too "thick."

It would not be a match at all—it would be a "gassing" match, with Coker as sole performer. It was not to be borne. Even if it had been Wingate, whose coaching would have been valuable, the juniors would not have cared to have their match turned into a course of instruction.

And as it was Coker, who knew really as much about footer as he did about flying—well, there was nothing in the English language strong enough to express what the juniors thought on the subject.

"Look here," mumbled Temple, at last, "we'll let you referee, Coker, if you'll agree to keep your silly head shut, and not jaw—"

"Take a hundred lines, Temple!"
"Oh crumbs!"
"Another word, and I'll send you to your Form-room!"

"M-m-my word!"
"Now get to business!"

Harry Wharton thought wildly of an appeal to Wingate. But he remembered that Wingate was playing away that afternoon with the First Eleven. To take the matter before their Form-master was not an attractive way out of the difficulty—besides, Mr. Quelch knew little about football, and he would probably think it was kindness itself on the part of Coker to devote an afternoon to the instruction of the juniors. He would look upon the juniors' objection simply as a new example of the general opposition to a Fifth-Form prefect. Probably he would refuse to hear anything about it at all. And, anyway, it was against the rules of the Removites to drag a master into their

disputes. They were accustomed to depending on themselves.

"I'm waiting for you," said Coker.
"We—we won't have it!" howled Bob Cherry. "You're not going to muck up the match in this way, you thundering ass—"
"Go to your Form-room, Cherry, and remain there!" rapped out Coker.
"Blessed if I will! I—"

"Hold on, Bob!" said Wharton. "Cheese it! Look here, Coker, we'll—we—we—we'll agree! Go ahead!"
Coker nodded benignly.

"Very well! You can stay, Cherry; but if there's any more of your cheek, I'll detain you for the afternoon!"

Bob Cherry choked back his wrath. Temple and Wharton tossed for ends, and then the teams lined up. They were looking furious. But a whisper from Wharton passed down the ranks, and the Removites grinned. The whisper passed to the Fourth-Formers, and they grinned too.

Coker did not hear the whisper. If he had heard it, perhaps he would have changed his mind about refereeing and coaching the juniors. For what Wharton said was:

"The match is mucked up, anyway! Don't play the game—play the referee!"

And the Removites and Fourth-Formers welcomed the scheme joyously. An active referee on a football-field does sometimes get "played" when the players are excited. And when twenty-two exasperated youths were determined to make matters warm for the referee, that referee was most certainly booked for a high old time.

Coker blew the whistle—and the two teams proceeded to play the referee.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Playing the Referee!

HORACE COKER was an active referee. He believed in keeping up with the game. No "mooning" about on the touchline for Horace Coker! He was as energetic as a referee as he was in performing his duties as a prefect.

The kick-off fell to the Remove, and the ball went rolling, and the Remove followed it up with an active rush. The Fourth Form forwards fell back, and there was a tussle, and Coker rushed up to keep an eye on it. The ball came out of the mass of players like a pip from an orange. It came from Harry Wharton's boot, and might have been expected to travel in the direction of the Fourth Form goal. But it didn't! It travelled in the direction of Horace Coker.

"Oh! Ah!" roared Coker, as the football caught him on the chin with a sounding thump.

"Goal!" roared Bob Cherry.
Coker staggered back, and the football dropped at his feet. There was a wild rush of the players at the ball, and half a dozen of them overshot the ball and bumped into Coker. The referee went to the ground with a loud concussion.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Temple, of the Fourth, fell over him.

The ball seemed to be forgotten, and the number of players who accidentally fell over Coker was surprising. The referee disappeared under a heap of them.

"My only hat!" gasped Bolsover major, who was looking on. "Is that football? They'll want a new referee soon! There can't be much left of Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Groooh! Gerroff!" roared Coker, struggling wildly under the mass of juniors. "You young asses! Gerroff!"

Coker struggled out of the heap, and the players jumped up, and rushed in pursuit of the ball. Coker gasped for breath. His Norfolk jacket was smothered with mud, and his face was muddy, and his cap gone, his hair wildly tousled. And he was furious. He blew a loud blast on the whistle.

"You young asses! Do you call that football? Talk about coaching! I should think you want coaching! You ain't fit to play a girls' school!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Stop when I whistle!" roared Coker. "Don't you even know that, you young duffers?"

Apparently the juniors did not know it, for they did not stop. They had rushed the ball away towards the Remove goal, and Coker rushed after them, still blowing the whistle. He came up with the footballers, panting

behind them, and then there was a sudden turn in the game. The players, who had been streaming towards the goal, spun round, and streamed down on Coker in a resistless rush.

Coker blew the whistle again, and yelled: "Stop! Oh, my hat!"

Coker was right in the way, and he had no time to get out of it. The rush swept him off his feet, and six or seven juniors tumbled over him, and piled on him. There were yells of laughter from the spectators now. They had tumbled to the juniors' little game, and they laughed and cheered uproariously.

"Go it!"
"Pile in!"
"Give him beans!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Grooh! Gerroff my neck!" mumbled Coker. "Cherry, you clumsy young villain, get off!"

"Can't!" said Bob, who was sitting on Coker's neck. "Morgan's on me!"

"Get off, Morgan!"
"Somebody's on my feet!" said Morgan.
"Lemme gerrop!" howled Coker. "I'll smash you! You're doing this on purpose, you young scoundrels! Ow, ow! Stop jumping on my legs! Yow-ow-ow!"

Coker looked like a wreck when he finally struggled out of the heap of fellows on the ground. His jacket was torn at the back, his collar was gone, and he was smothered with mud.

Coker did not referee any longer, and he did not feel up to dealing with the footballers. He retired from the scene hastily.

And the Removites and the Fourth, as soon as they had recovered from their merriment, lined up again for the game, and Hobson of the Shell came back to referee. And the Form match was played out without any further assistance from Horace Coker.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Lines Galore!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came in after the Form match in the greatest of spirits. They had beaten the Fourth by two goals to one; but that was not so important as the fact that they had beaten Coker of the Fifth. It was not likely that Coker would insist upon refereeing for them any more. Indeed, they thought it probable that Coker would insist upon not refereeing for them any more. They thought it probable that Coker, even as a prefect, would be getting fed up with the Remove.

It was an interesting question whether Coker would take it "lying down." If he sought to avenge his defeat on the football field, the Remove was ready for him. And it soon became clear that Coker did not mean to do any lying down.

The prefect of the Fifth met the juniors as they came in after the match. He was looking a little better than when he quitted the junior football ground. He was, as Bob Cherry said, clothed, if not in his right mind. He was looking lofty and stern, and the inseparable asphalt was in his hand.

"Stop!" rapped out Coker.
The juniors stopped.

"You will take two hundred lines each" said Coker. "All of you who were on the football ground—Remove and Fourth! Do them before tea."

"Anything else?" asked Wharton.
"If you don't bring them to my study in an hour, I shall double them!"
"Thanks!"

Coker struggled out of the heap, and the away. The juniors smiled.

"I don't think I'm doing any lines before tea," remarked Temple. "I'm hungry."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.
"Same here," said Bob Cherry. "Coker can whistle for his lines. Let him double 'em! Come on, you chaps!"

And the juniors dispersed to their studies to tea. The Remove had sworn a solemn swear, as they described it, not to do lines for Coker, whatever came of it; they would not so far recognise his status as a prefect. They had their tea, and the lines remained undone.

Harry Wharton & Co. were just finishing tea in Study No. 1 when Coker looked in.

"You haven't brought me my lines!" he rapped out.

"Ask for 'em again next week," suggested Squiff, "and if they ain't done then, mention



PLAYING THE REFEREE! Horace Coker was right in the way of the forwards as they rushed down the field. They swept him off his feet and tumbled him over. "Go it! Give him beans! Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 4)

it to us next term. We'll see what we can do for you in the vac."

"The lines are doubled!" said Coker sternly.

"Good!"

"And if they're not shown up by half-past six, they'll be doubled again!"

"Hear, hear!"

Coker gripped his ashplant, and the juniors jumped up and looked round for weapons. Coker retired without using the ashplant.

"That's four hundred lines each," said Johnny Bull. "When they're doubled again, it will be eight hundred! Phew!"

"And after that, it will be one thousand six hundred," said Mark Linley, laughing; "and after that, three thousand two hundred."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The doublefulness will be terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the esteemed lines will not be done!"

"No jolly fear!"

The Removites awaited the doubling and redoubling of their lines with equanimity. They would, at any rate, soon reach such a tremendous figure that they could not possibly be done. And they knew it would be very awkward for Coker to report to a master that he had given the juniors lines by the thousand.

Sharp at half-past six Coker came along again. No lines had been done, and they were promptly doubled, making eight hundred each for the delinquents. Coker added a threat that at half-past eight he would redouble them.

"I say, this isn't a game of bridge, you know!" said Bob Cherry.

Coker made no reply to that remark. The Fifth Form prefect visited all his victims in turn, and found no lines done. At half-past eight Coker was in his study waiting for the lines to be brought in. Nobody appeared.

Coker was beginning to feel restive. Potter and Greene were in the study grinning. They had heard of the lines.

"Those young beggars don't seem to be coming!" growled Coker.

"How many lines have they got?" inquired Potter.

"Eight hundred each."

"Great Scott! They couldn't do that lot in one day!" ejaculated Potter, in astonishment.

"Ahem!" said Coker, who had overlooked that rather important point. "I—I suppose they couldn't! Still, it's their own fault! I can't very well go round licking twenty-two of 'em, one after another."

"Ha, ha! It would be a big order!"

"So I must make it lines! If they don't bring 'em in, I'll double 'em again."

"Oh, pile 'em on," said Potter. "There won't be enough lines in 'Vigil' to go round if you keep on like this."

"Oh, you cheese it!" said Coker. "I don't want any criticism from you. You don't understand the responsibilities of a prefect. It's my duty to teach those young rascals discipline. I'm going to do it, too, or bust something."

"Then I fancy something will bust," grinned Potter.

"Oh, rats!"

Coker did not see the Remove again till bed-time, when he went to see lights out for the cheerful juniors.

"You haven't done the lines—what?" Coker snapped.

"Not yet!" said Bob Cherry.

"They're doubled again, then," said Coker.

"Lemme see," remarked Squiff, pretending to count on his fingers. "How many does that make, Coker? I'm losing count."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sixteen hundred each!" rapped out Coker.

"Good! When have they got to be done?"

"By tea-time on Monday, or they'll be doubled again."

"Are you willing to make it double or quits?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Blessed if he isn't seeing double,"

remarked Nugent. "I hope the ginger-beer hasn't got into your head, Coker."

"Turn in!" shouted Coker. "If you're not all in bed inside one minute, I'll double your lines now, anyway."

The Removites grinned, and they were not all in bed inside one minute. Far from it. All the "lined" juniors made it a special point to exceed that limit. And Coker had no choice but to keep his word; and when he quitted the dormitory, the Remove eleven were the richer by three thousand two hundred lines each.

"Piling up, ain't it?" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "We'll keep Coker on this game, and when he reaches his top figure, we'll appeal to the Head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next day was Sunday, a very quiet day at Greyfriars, and the heroes of the Remove refrained from ragging Coker. They had till Monday tea-time to do their enormous impositions, but they had not touched them. Neither had Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth. The two Forms had quite forgotten their old rivalry, now, in their united stand against Coker, the prefect.

On Monday Coker looked at the recalcitrant juniors with a morose eye. He was determined to keep on till they knuckled under. That was Coker's way. A Prussian war-lord wasn't in it with Coker! Tea-time came round; but no lines! Coker frowned over his tea-table in his study, and Potter and Greene smiled. They were wondering what would be the outcome of the campaign.

After tea Coker pounced on the Removites in the junior Common-room. Temple, Dabney & Co. were also there. Coker strode in, majestic, ashplant in hand.

"Have you done those lines?"

"What lines?" asked Harry Wharton innocently.

"The lines I gave you. You know very

Maully is a Slacker, but He Makes the Fur Fly Next Tuesday!

well what lines, you young rascal! Have you done them, or have you not?"

"Oh, those lines!" said Wharton, with a yawn. "No!"

"Then they're doubled again!"

Wharton took out a notebook and pencil. He wetted the pencil thoughtfully, and appeared to ruminate.

"Lemme see—how many does that make?" he asked. "Does it run into millions yet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Six thousand four hundred each!" snapped Coker.

"Is that all? Hardly worth while asking for a few like that," said Wharton. "These trifles slip the memory. Wait till it's a billion, and ask again."

Coker breathed hard through his nose. He felt that the position was getting absurd. Six thousand lines was a staggering total, and yet, if the juniors declined to do them, he had no resource but to keep on doubling them—or else licking the juniors instead. And licking twenty-two juniors was a big order, too. Coker had not realized that the authority of a prefect depends, largely, upon moral force—like all authority. Respect was required—in fact, was indispensable. And the juniors didn't respect Coker. It was a great failing on their part, but they didn't!

"Now, I don't want any more of your cheek!" said Coker. "I'm fed-up with this—"

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry heartily.

"Why don't you chuck it, Coker?"

"The fed-upfulness is terrific, my esteemed Coker."

"You'll start on those lines at once, or I shall lick you instead," said Coker, with a flourish of the ash-plant.

Then from all the juniors came, in a sort of chorus:

"We appeal to the Head!"

Coker started.

All the fellows had the right of an appeal to the Head, even from the decision of a master, let alone a prefect. Such an appeal, of course, was seldom made, as the Head's business was to back up proper authority.

But in this case the juniors had a shrewd idea that the prefect wouldn't be backed up by the Head. Impots of six thousand lines were not likely to find favour in Dr. Locke's eyes.

"Look here—" began Coker, taken aback.

"We appeal to the Head!"

"I tell you—"

"We appeal to the Head!"

The juniors roared it out in chorus. Coker gripped his ashplant, and looked inclined to run amuck. He could imagine the feelings of the Head if he marched twenty-two juniors into the great man's study to argue it out. Prefects were supposed to keep order "on their own," not to bother the Head. That was, in fact, what they were for. Coker with all his new and improved ideas of "prefecting," was failing to do it.

"We appeal to the Head!" chorused the Remove and the Fourth. "We'll come to the Head with you, Coker. We appeal to the Head! Lead the way, Coker!"

"Come on!" shouted Squiff. "If Coker won't come, we'll go without him."

"Hurrah!"

"Stop!" shouted Coker. "I warn you, if I take you to the Head, you'll get into trouble. You'd better do the lines."

"Rats! We appeal to the Head!"

And the juniors started for the Head's study; and Horace Coker had no choice but to accompany them. After all, he reflected, he was doing his bounden duty, and the Head couldn't fail to approve—even if it bothered him a little. And Coker, upheld by the consciousness that he deserved well of his country, rapped at the Head's door, and in response to Dr. Locke's "Come in!" entered, with a mob of juniors at his heels.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

After Pride Cometh a Fall!

DR. LOCKE laid down his pen, and gazed at the invading army in astonishment.

The study was a spacious apartment, but there wasn't too much room for twenty-three visitors, and they seemed to swarm.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "What does this mean?"

"These young sweeps, sir—" began Coker lightly.

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"What!"

"Ahem! I mean, these juniors—"

"We appeal to you, sir," said Bob Cherry meekly. "We think six thousand lines is a rather heavy imposition, sir."

The Head almost jumped.

"Six thousand lines!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Six thousand four hundred, to be exact. It seems to us a little heavy, sir, so we appeal to you—it's our right, sir."

"You have not imposed six thousand lines upon these juniors, Coker?"

"Only on the Remove kids, sir. The Fourth-Form kids have three thousand two hundred each," said Coker.

"Absurd!" exclaimed the Head.

"Let me explain, sir—"

"Punishments, to be effective, should be moderate, Coker," said the Head severely. "It would be impossible for the juniors to write out so many lines. The imposition is absurd. I cancel it."

"But, sir—"

"If the juniors have transgressed, an imposition of a hundred or two hundred lines would be nearer the mark, Coker."

"It's because they didn't do their lines, sir," explained Coker. "It started with two hundred, and it's been doubled, and doubled, and—"

"Until it has reached a ridiculous total," said the Head drily. "Certainly I cannot approve of anything of the sort. However, you juniors should have done the first imposition. You must obey the orders of a prefect. Yet it is odd, to say the least, that it should be necessary to punish so many juniors to write out so many lines. The imposition is absurd, extraordinary, Coker! For what were these juniors punished?"

"Check, sir."

"What!"

"I mean impertinence, sir, to a prefect."

"Which prefect?"

"Me, sir."

"Ahem! Boys, you will write out your original impositions—a hundred lines, did you say, Coker?"

"Two hundred, sir."

"Very well! You will write out two hundred lines each. The rest are cancelled. You may go. Wait here, Coker; I wish to speak to you."

The juniors marched out of the study. Coker remained, wondering what the Head had to say to him alone. He soon discovered.

"Coker," said Dr. Locke, "I made you a prefect on the recommendation of Mr. Prout. I understood that you were a fit person for that rank."

"I hope so, sir," said Coker confidently.

"Ahem! Since then I understand that you have had trouble with the other prefects—and especially the head prefect—"

"They don't back me up, sir. I'm improving on their methods, and they don't quite like it," Coker explained.

"Ahem! The school certainly seems to have been in a turmoil since you were made a prefect—"

"Oh, I'll soon bring 'em to order, sir! You leave it to me!"

"That is precisely what I am doubtful about doing, Coker. A prefect should be able to make himself respected to such an extent that his orders are obeyed without question; without even a thought of opposition. Otherwise he is not a suitable person to be a prefect. You have not accomplished this, Coker. Unless you can accomplish this, I shall have to reconsider my decision. That is all, Coker."

"But, sir—" began Coker.

"That will do, Coker. I am busy—you may go."

"But I say, sir—"

"Please leave my study, Coker," said the Head sharply.

And Coker departed, breathing vengeance on the Remove and the Fourth, and the Head turned again to his beloved Q. Horatius Flaccus.

Coker strode down the passage, breathing hard. He felt that he was cruelly misunderstood. Wasn't he to have a chance to try his improved methods, because of the recalcitrance of a gang of cheeky juniors? He felt that he had not been severe enough. A few more lickings would have made it all right. And with that thought in his mind, and the ashplant in his hand, Coker came upon the juniors, who were still in the passage, waiting to smile at him as he went by.

They smiled loudly—and Coker halted and glared.

"You young sweeps! I'm going to give you what you deserve in the future. You'll get more lickings than lines—"

"Bow-wow!" said Cherry politely.

"Hold out your hand, Cherry!" thundered Coker.

Bob Cherry held out his hand, and the ashplant came down—and Bob drew his hand back just in time. The stick came down on Coker's own calf, and Coker uttered a roar of anguish. It was a doughty blow.

"By George! I—I—I—I—I—" Coker rushed at Bob Cherry, and grasped him, and the ashplant made rapid play round Bob's person.

"Yow-ow! Rescue!" roared Bob.

"Rescue! Pile in!" shouted Wharton.

Removites and Fourth-Formers piled in at once. They forgot that Coker was a prefect—they forgot that they were within a few yards of the door of the Head's study. They collared Coker, and bumped him on the floor.

Bump, bump, bump!

Coker gasped at the juniors, and two or three of them rolled over with him. The passage was filled with the roar of conflict—trampling, and bumping, and shouting, and yelling. In the midst of the uproar, the door of the Head's study opened, and Dr. Locke appeared, frowning portentously.

"Cave!" gasped Squiff.

The juniors let go Coker as if he had become suddenly red-hot, and scooted pell-mell down the passage. It was a wild rush to escape. The fleeing juniors disappeared round the nearest corners as the Head strode upon the scene. All that remained was Coker—gasping on the floor, dusty and dishevelled and breathless.

"Coker!"

Coker sat up dizzily. "Oh, my hat! I'll pulverise them! I'll—" "Coker!" thundered the Head.

"Oh! Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Coker.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful disturbance outside my study door?"

"Grooh!" Coker staggered up, and blinked at the Head. "Those young rascals, sir—ragging me—me, a prefect—"

"Coker, there has been too much of this! After what I said to you in my study, you have immediately entered into a fresh disturbance with the juniors. There has been enough—too much—"

"'Twasn't my fault, sir!" gasped Coker. "I'll make 'em hop—I mean—"

"Coker!"

"I'll teach 'em, sir—I'll wallop 'em—I'll—"

"You will do nothing of the sort, Coker," said the Head severely. "I have had my doubt about your suitability for such a post, Coker, and my doubts are now confirmed. You are not fitted to be a prefect. You cannot keep order. A prefect's duty, Coker, is to keep order and maintain his authority by moral force—by making himself respected, and hence obeyed. You cannot accomplish this. I have no alternative, Coker, but to relieve you of the post."

"Oh, my hat! I—I mean—I'm a jolly good prefect, sir—quite the best going—much better than the old ones, sir—you'll see—"

"You may go, Coker. You are no longer a prefect. That will do. Go!"

And the Head swept back majestically into his study. Coker rubbed the dust out of his eyes, and blinked after him in dismay.

"He—he can't mean it!" he gasped. "I—I must point out to him—" Coker rushed to the Head's study and put his head in. The Head looked up almost furiously from Q. Horatius Flaccus. "I—I say, sir, let me point out—"

"Coker! Take five hundred lines!" Coker staggered.

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"And leave my study instantly, or—" The Head looked round for his cane.

Coker fled.

That evening there was great rejoicing in the junior Common-room.

Coker the prefect, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, had fallen from his high estate!

Coker was very cross. Potter and Greene found him very trying that evening. But in the Eower School there was rejoicing. In the junior Common-room Harry Wharton & Co. celebrated their victory with the usual amount of uproar—no longer in danger of a visit from Coker, whose reign of terror was now ended.

THE END.

(Don't miss next Tuesday's long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars. It's grand!)

THE HEROES OF ROOKWOOD!

Arthur Edward Lovell is worried over the coming of his young brother, and his short temper gets on the nerves of his chums to such an extent that relationship becomes a trifle strained. That is how the trouble is started!

Trouble in the End Study!

By Owen Conquest.

(Author of the famous stories of Rookwood now appearing in the "BOYS' FRIEND.")

A Grand Long Complete Story
of JIMMY SILVER & CO.,
the Chums of Rookwood.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.**News for Lovell!**

LOVELL!" Jimmy Silver's voice was calling in the Fourth Form passage on the Classical side at Rookwood.

"Lovell! Come on!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was seated on the corner of the table in the end study. The door was open, and Jimmy Silver's voice was plainly audible in the study; but Lovell did not heed it. He had a letter in his hand, and was reading it with a clouded brow.

"Lovell!"

"Why don't the duffer come?" It was Raby's voice now. "I know he's in the study."

"Deaf all of a sudden." This was from Newcome. "Lovell! Lovell! Arthur Edward Fathead Lovell! Come on!"

"Lovell, you ass!"

Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, appeared in the doorway of the end study, and bestowed a glare upon his chum.

"Lovell! You heard me—"

"Don't worry!"

"What?"

"Don't worry!"

"Why, you ass!" said Jimmy Silver warmly. "What the thump—"

"Don't worry!" said Lovell, for the third time.

"Are you asking to have your napper shoved into the coal-locker, old scout?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, dry up!"

"We're going to raid Peele's study—"

"Blow Peele!"

"He's got a smoking-party on—"

"Let 'em smoke, and be blowed!"

"We're going to raid them, and mop up their smokes," said Jimmy Silver. "Why don't you come?"

"Will you give a chap a rest?" bawled Lovell irritably. "I've got no time for fooling round with Peele and his silly smokes. Let 'em smoke till they burst their crops! Don't worry."

"My only hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver, staring at his chum in blank astonishment.

Arthur Edward Lovell's temper was sometimes hasty, but he was not often irritable. It dawned on Jimmy Silver that there was something wrong with his chum.

Lovell, turning his back on Jimmy, glued his eyes on the letter again. It was evidently that epistle that was worrying him.

"Are you coming?" called out Raby, from the passage.

Jimmy Silver glanced back.

"Never mind now," he said. "We'll call on Peele later. All serene!"

"Well, of all the asses!" said Raby.

"Of all the chumps!" remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and, without waiting to hear any more compliments from his chums, he stepped into the end study, and closed the door after him. Something was amiss with Lovell, and Jimmy wanted to know what it was.

Lovell did not look up.

"I say, old chap—" began Jimmy gently.

"I think I asked you not to worry!" grunted Lovell. "I tell you I don't want any fag games now. I'm worried."

"Yes; I guessed from your extra-polished politeness that you were worried," assented Jimmy Silver. "But what's the worry?"

"Oh, it's rotten!"

"What is?"

"You'll know soon enough, so I may as well tell you," growled Lovell. "It's Teddy."

Jimmy Silver tried to think who Teddy was, or might possibly be. He thought he had heard of Teddy somewhere, sometime.

"Oh, Teddy!" he said, as comprehensively as he could.

"Yes, Teddy!"

"Really?" asked Jimmy.

Lovell seemed to expect him to know who Teddy was, and Jimmy hoped to fish out the information without betraying his ignorance. Lovell crunched the letter in his hand.

"Yes, Teddy!" he repeated. "I hoped it wouldn't happen! The pater told me last vac, and he was coming with me here—"

"Your pater was?"

"No, you ass," roared Lovell; "Teddy!"

"Oh! Teddy was coming here with you, was he?" said Jimmy Silver.

"I told you so."

"D-d-did you?"

"Of course I did—I mentioned it, at least." Jimmy Silver cudgelled his brains. Now he came to think of it, the name of Teddy was familiar to him. Who on earth was Teddy?

"I mentioned it," said Lovell. "Didn't I say my pater had an idea of sending my young brother here?"

Jimmy Silver saw light at last.

"Oh! Teddy! Your minor! Exactly!"

"You've seen him," said Lovell.

"I—I remember!"

"Only once, I think," said Lovell. "I dare say you thought once was enough. He chucked a bike-pump at you when you were home with me one vac."

"I—I remember!"

Jimmy did remember now. He had not said so, and wouldn't have said so, but certainly he had thought that one meeting with Master Teddy Lovell was enough. Teddy Lovell was not a lovable youth.

"Is he coming to Rookwood?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Why didn't he come with you at the beginning of the term, then?" Lovell snorted.

"He didn't want to."

"D-d-d-didn't want to?"

"No."

Jimmy Silver rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"But if your pater had decided to send him here?" he observed.

"His name's been down here for two terms," answered Lovell. "But Teddy didn't want to come. He doesn't want to come now; I know that. I thought it would come to nothing when the pater mentioned it last vac. Teddy always has his own way."

"Oh, I see!"

"I don't know how the pater's fixed it now to make him come."

"My hat! Wouldn't his saying so be enough?"

Another snort from Lovell.

"You don't know Teddy! He winds the pater round his little finger. If anything is suggested that he doesn't like he has only to make a face. Then it's all changed."

"Ye gods!"

"That's Teddy!" grunted Lovell.

"Then it's a jolly good thing for him to come to Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver. "That sort of thing is bad for a kid. If a kid's coddled like that it's awfully rough on him when he has to turn out into the world. He won't get coddled here."

Lovell emitted a groan.

"That's what I'm afraid of," he muttered. "It will be awfully rough on poor old Teddy!"

Jimmy Silver blinked.

"Poor old Teddy!" he repeated. "Oh! You're fond of him?"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Lovell. "I suppose I'm fond of my own brother?"

"Ye-ss; I—I suppose so. You weren't speaking as if you loved him very much."

"Oh, you're an ass! You haven't any sense, Jimmy Silver. I always said you were a silly chump!"

Jimmy Silver smiled. If Lovell, in his worry and exasperation, found some solace in slanging his best chum, Jimmy did not

mind. He was prepared to bear it with great fortitude, hoping that it would do Arthur Edward good to let off steam a little.

"He's a good little chap," said Lovell argumentatively, apparently trying to convince himself, rather than Jimmy. "I know he chucked a bike-pump at you. You needn't owe him a grudge for that. He's only a kid."

"I don't, old chap."

"You needn't remember that."

"I didn't, till you reminded me."

"He's got a temper," said Lovell. "I know he's got a rather beastly temper. Wouldn't you have, if your pater and mater had been coddling you all the time, and never allowing you to be contradicted, and always letting you have your own way and turn the house upside-down if you wanted to?"

"Very likely," assented Jimmy. "A kid would have to be a born angel to stand that kind of training without turning out a bit of a rotter."

"Teddy isn't a rotter! I know he's wilful. But he's a really good little chap. He's got lots of good qualities. They—they don't show much on the surface. That's all."

Jimmy Silver was silent. His first impression—rather a natural one—had been that Lovell was worried at the prospect of having a petted, coddled, and troublesome minor "planted" on him at Rookwood. But it seemed that Lovell's worry was chiefly on Master Teddy's account. It was very loyal and brotherly of Arthur Edward, and Jimmy liked him all the better for it. But he foresaw trouble.

"So the kid's coming here?" he said at length.

"The pater's bringing him next Wednesday. I can't imagine how Teddy's come to let him."

"Let him!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Oh, my hat!"

"Teddy won't be happy here," said Lovell. "The fags in the Third won't give way to him."

"I—I rather think they won't! N-n-not likely!"

"It will be rotten for him, and rotten for me. Rookwood ain't the place for him."

"It may do him good, Lovell."

"He'll get into hot water at the start. And—and the pater's written me six sheets about it! I'm to look after him. I'm to bring him up in the way he should go. Of course, I'm going to do my best. But—but Teddy don't do what I tell him. He's independent. It's a thumping worry, that's what it is!" said Lovell, glaring at Jimmy Silver, as if he thought it was Jimmy's fault.

"I—I suppose it is, old chap. But what can't be cured must be endured, you know."

"Do you think I didn't know that?"

"Ye-es. Of course. But—keep smiling!"

"As if this isn't bad enough," exclaimed Lovell, in great exasperation, "without a silly idiot talking like a born dummy at a chap! For goodness' sake, let's get down to the footer. You make me tired, Jimmy Silver!"

"Come on, old fellow!" said Jimmy cordially.

He was very glad to accede to the proposal. Even "Uncle James'" sunny good-humour was beginning to feel the strain.

Lovell crammed the letter into his pocket, picked up his footer boots, and walked out of the study, followed by his chum. When they reached Little Side he proceeded to wreak his feelings upon the inoffensive football, which, fortunately, did not mind.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Trouble in the End Study!

DURING the next few days matters did not progress in the end study with their usual harmony.

Jimmy Silver had exerted his eloquence upon Raby and Newcome, and persuaded those exasperated youths to "go easy" with Lovell, in view of the unusual circumstances of the case. But even "Uncle James" himself found it a little difficult to "go easy."

For there was no doubt that Arthur Edward Lovell was exceedingly trying in these days.

He was worried by the prospect of his minor arriving at Rookwood School. Whether he was the more worried on his minor's account or on his own was not easy to decide.

THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS—



20
GRAMOPHONES
MUST
BE
WON.

There's a Wonderful
Opportunity of Winning
a Splendid Portable
Gramophone in the
Simple Contest on
Page 14.

TRY YOUR LUCK!

Certainly the festive Teddy's arrival would mean a good deal of worry and responsibility for Arthur Edward. A spoiled, wilful, probably selfish fellow, would land himself into endless scrapes in the Third Form at Rookwood—a Form that was not remarkable for patience or forbearance.

Lovell major, in his mind's eye, could see himself landed in them, too, in the role of guide, philosopher, and friend to his minor.

It meant worry enough to him; but probably Lovell thought less about that than about the hardships for Teddy, the spoiled darling of an indulgent home, who was to rough it in a fag Form, and the change would be immense. And Lovell cared too much for his young brother not to be discouraged by that thought.

And he felt, in an aggrieved way, that even his own pals were not backing him up as he had a right to expect. They might have stood by him in this, he considered.

Naturally, the end study took quite a different view. If they were civil to Lovell minor they thought that was as much as any reasonable chap could expect. To be told that their quarters, which were good enough for them to live in, were not good enough for a Third Form fag to visit was a little too much. There was a very sore feeling in the end study on that subject.

If Lovell had let it rest there it would have blown over, but Lovell did not let it rest.

His new "stunt" of tidiness was carried to an extent that made his chums quite wild.

Lovell had been known to tip the boys' maid to leave the end study alone. Now he tipped her to give that celebrated apartment her very best and special attention.

The boys' maid earned her tips. Half-written lines, which had to be finished in a hurry, disappeared before they could be finished, and left no trace behind. Botanical notes, laboriously compiled by Newcome, vanished. Football boots, penknives, caps, books, odds and ends of all kinds eluded discovery when they were wanted, having been deposited tidily in mysterious corners and recesses by the faithful maid. Indeed, that energetic young lady was simply devastating.

Nothing could ever be found without a search, and so tidy did the end study become that life grew to be a burden within its walls.

Even that might have been borne, though with much suppressed feeling. But even that was not all.

Lovell groused at herrings being cooked at the study fire. He was afraid the scent

would linger. There was quite a scene when Raby made toffee. True, Raby upset some of the toffee in the fire, and there was a terrific smothering of smoke and blacks. But from Raby's point of view that disaster merited sympathy, not what it received.

And one evening Lovell wanted to know why Newcome persisted in resting his feet on a chair. It was Lovell's own favourite attitude, but he had dropped it of late. Newcome was not prepared to drop it at precisely the same moment.

"Do you call it graceful?" Lovell wanted to know.

Newcome's reply was:

"Shut up!"

Manners were beginning to deteriorate in the end study.

"When my minor comes—" said Lovell.

"Blow your minor!"

"Just like you, Newcome, to take a prejudice against a kid you've hardly seen."

"Lovell, old chap," said Jimmy Silver, "if he was a born angel you'd make chaps take a prejudice against him."

"Just because he chucked a bike-pump at you once!" said Lovell unreasonably.

"Well, he was a little beast to do it!" said Jimmy.

"So my brother's a beast, is he?"

"It seems to run in the family, I think," said Raby.

"My pater's coming down with him on Wednesday," said Lovell. "You chaps can't make any allowance for a fellow. My pater's awfully particular about Teddy. He will expect me to set him an example and look after him. Nice example—sticking hoofs up on a chair."

"Have I got to be an example to your thundering minor?" roared Newcome.

"Well, you'd be a good example to a wild hippopotamus," said Lovell, "not to my minor!"

"I'm yearning to pull his ears already!" remarked Raby.

"Let me catch you pulling his ears!"

"Lovell, old chap—" murmured Jimmy.

"You don't know my pater, when it's a question of Teddy!" said Lovell moodily. "If he sees the least thing out of order in my quarters he will think I don't care about the kid, and that I'm a slovenly rotter, and—and he will jaw me! I should deserve it, too, if I didn't do everything I could for Teddy. He's a jolly good little kid!"

Lovell's chums looked at him curiously.

From the description of Teddy, they would have supposed him to be anything but a jolly good little kid. In fact, they knew he was nothing of the sort, from the little they had seen of him. But there was something rather touching in Lovell's loyal affection for his young brother, and it disposed them to be patient with him—as patient as possible.

"We're not going to eat the kid," said Newcome. "But lecturing your old pals because of a blessed fag—well, you ought to be able to see for yourself that it's too thick."

"Teddy will be in here a lot."

"Oh, will he?"

"Of course he will. I shall keep him under my eye as much as possible. He's sure to have trouble in the Third, and this study will be a sort of refuge for him."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I want you fellows to be especially kind to him and friendly."

"You're going the right way to work for that, and no mistake."

"Look here!" said Lovell, after a pause. "Suppose you fellows keep out of the study on Wednesday?"

"Eh?"

"You can do down to the footer field—"

"Suppose it rains?"

"Well, then you can go for a walk."

"In the rain?"

"Yes. I'll tip the maid to give the study an extra rub after lunch. She's very obliging."

"Too jolly obliging, I think."

"And if you fellows don't come tramping in with your muddy boots the room will look fairly decent, and my pater won't find fault."

"I don't want to say anything disrespectful about your pater, Lovell," said Raby, "but I'd like to point out that we're not aiming wholly and solely at pleasing your pater. There's other objects in life."

"Well, we might keep out of the study if Lovell wants us to," said Jimmy Silver patiently.

What Do You Think of Teddy Lovell? Meet Him Again Next Week!

"It would keep the room a bit tidy," said Lovell.

"It's too thumping tidy now!" hooted Raby. "I can never find anything. That blessed maid has done something with my newspaper-cuttings. I had a whole bunch about my brother's regiment, and they've vanished, like everything else lately."

"Do you mean those silly scraps of paper you were always leaving about the study? I suppose they weren't of any value? If they were, I'm sorry I chucked them into the fire, of course."

Raby jumped up. "You chucked my cuttings into the fire?" "Well, the study couldn't be in a litter with fragments of old newspapers, when my minor— Yarooooogh!"

Lovell broke off with a roar as Raby rushed at him. It was the last straw, and George Raby's patience was exhausted.

Lovell's head was in chancery the next minute.

"Stop it!" yelled Jimmy Silver. Jimmy and Newcome rushed to separate the combatants. Lovell and Raby had both lost their tempers, and they were pommelling hard.

The united efforts of Jimmy and Newcome dragged them apart. They stood panting and glaring at one another.

"For goodness' sake don't let's have any slogging in this study!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Listen to that!"

"That" was the squeak of Tubby Muffin in the passage.

"He, he, he! This way, you fellows! They're fighting in the end study. He, he, he!"

The door opened, and Mornington of the Fourth looked in.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, glancing curiously at the flushed faces of the Fistical Four.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Lovell.

Morny started. "What! Why, you ill-tempered cad—" "It's all right, Morny," said Jimmy Silver, with a worried look. "Don't mind him. All serene, old top!"

"Sorry I came in," said Mornington shortly. "I won't again in a hurry!" He turned on his heel and walked away.

"Now you've insulted Morny," said Raby, "and you're the chap that's started teaching manners in the study."

"Hang Morny! What did he want to shove in for?"

"He, he, he!" Tubby Muffin's fat cackle floated in at the door. The fat Classical was staring into the study in great merriment.

Lovell made a rush at him. "You cackling fat rascal! I'll—"

"Yaroooooh!" Tubby Muffin fled for his life.

Lovell did not come back into the study. Jimmy Silver & Co. did their prep that evening without him, Lovell doing his in the Form-room by himself—like Achilles sulking in his tent.

The merry brightness seemed to have departed from the end study. It was all the fault—unconsciously perhaps—of Lovell minor; and the feelings of Lovell's chums towards that hopeful young gentleman were what Lovell might really have expected them to be.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Nice for Lovell!

WEDNESDAY was a rainy day. The rain came down in the old quadrangle of Rookwood with an irritating persistence, and the old beeches were weeping.

There was no footer that afternoon, and few fellows felt inclined for a tramp in the mud and the rain. Most of them remained indoors, and mooched about the passages or the studies, making remarks about the weather that were frequent and painful and free.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not feel inclined to turn out. Lovell wanted them to keep out of the end study, and his desire was so utterly unreasonable that it was not to be wondered at that it irritated the three juniors.

The boys' maid, duly tipped, devoted her special attention to the end study that morning. It shone like a new pin when she had finished with it.

Lovell surveyed the study after dinner with considerable satisfaction. That precise old gentleman, his father, could have found no fault with it, and even Master Teddy might have been satisfied. Lovell's chums were not so well pleased. With the rain pouring down in the quad, the juniors naturally wanted the study. There was no fire in the Form-room or the Common-room, and it was cold. The fire was laid in the end study, but not lighted. Lovell had explained to his licensed chums that he didn't want the grate stacked with ashes and cinders when Teddy arrived.

Newcome wanted to "mug up" botany, as there was nothing else on, and he naturally wanted to do it in his own study. He also wanted to get his botanical specimens in order; the maid had tidied them up with a vengeance. Raby had a book he wanted to read—before the study fire, in a comfortable chair, with his feet on another. But undoubtedly Lovell was right in considering that the newly-swept and garnished study would lose most of its polish if it was inhabited by a gang of careless juniors. He thought it quite reasonable to ask his chums to leave it alone till his visitors had come and gone.

Jimmy Silver acquiesced. Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the three Colonials, were going for a tramp on the moor in macs and leggings, and Jimmy arranged to join them. He vainly endeavoured to persuade Raby and Newcome to join the tramping party.

"Tramp in this thundering rain, because a thundering fag is coming to Rookwood!" breathed Raby. "Not if I know it!"

"But we as good as agreed to leave the study alone this afternoon!" urged Jimmy Silver.

"We won't go in the study if we're not wanted there," said Raby. "But we're not going out, are we, Newcome?"

"No fear!" said Newcome emphatically.

"The fact is, we've got something on for this afternoon," said Raby, with a glimmer in his eyes. "You cut off with the merry Colonials, Jimmy."

Jimmy looked rather uneasy.

"Well, what is it?" "Never mind, you cut off. There's Conroy hooting for you like a steamer's syren."

"Silver! Jimmy Silver!" bawled Conroy. Jimmy hurried off and joined the Colonials. He was in a rather troubled mood, but there was nothing he could do.

Raby and Newcome grinned as they watched the party go down to the gates in the rain.

"Just as well Jimmy's gone," remarked Raby. "He's such a patient old codger, he wouldn't like the little game."

"Just as well!" agreed Newcome. "I wonder what Lovell will say?"

"Let him say what he likes." George Raby breathed hard. "Are we going to be turned out of our study, and lectured and jawed as if we were inky fags in the Second, because a spoiled kid is coming to Rookwood! My hat! Lovell oughtn't to be surprised if we licked the kid the minute we set eyes on him."

"I daresay it would do the young cad good."

"Hallo, there's Lovell!"

Lovell came along in macintosh and cap. He was going down to the station to meet his father and young brother, and bring them to Rookwood. He glanced at his chums, and looked rather grim. Feeling was in a rather high state of tension among the old pals of the end study at present.

He did not speak to Raby or Newcome. They watched him pass out of the house, and tramp down to the gates, with his umbrella up.

"Any other chap would have asked his pals to go with him," said Raby. "It would have been rotten, but we'd have done it! But it appears that we're not the right quality for Master Teddy! Us, you know."

"Let's get up to the study," said Newcome. "The coast's clear now. We're not going to stay in it, as we've agreed not; but—"

"But the silly ass will wish we had by the time he sees it again."

And with grinning faces the two juniors repaired to the end study, where they were very busy for a considerable time afterwards.



A PLEASANT RECEPTION FOR MR. LOVELL. "Here's the study, pater," said Lovell, throwing open the door and standing back for his father to enter. "We've rather polished it up for you and Teddy!" Mr. Lovell seemed rooted to the threshold. "What—what!" he exclaimed. "Arthur! Is—is this your room?" (See Chapter 4.)

There was a considerable noise in the study as they busied themselves there, and it attracted the attention of a good many juniors whom the rain had kept indoors. Quite a crowd gathered outside the study to look in at the door, opened by the inquisitive Tubby Muffin.

"Well, my hat!" said Townsend. "What are you duffers doing?"
The sight was really an extraordinary one. Raby and Newcome were apparently occupied in wrecking their own study.

The table was up-ended, the chairs thrown over, the books scattered, the wastepaper-basket emptied in the middle of the floor, and firewood and coal littered about the grate and fender. There were ink-splashes on the windows and the looking-glass. Coal-dust was tramped into the carpet and the hearthrug.

All the painstaking efforts of that obliging lady, the boys' maid, were set at naught. The end study had sometimes presented an untidy appearance before. But it had never looked as it looked now.

Raby looked round with a grin at the grinning crowd at the doorway.

"Looks all right—what?" he remarked.
"But what on earth's the game?" asked Rawson.

"Preparations for a distinguished visitor."
"Oh, my hat!"

"You see, we've been bullied and jawed for nearly a week because Lovell's minor is coming," explained Newcome. "We're not tidy enough for him. We don't come up to the high standard of a Third Form rag. We're asked to keep out of our own quarters this afternoon, so that it will be spotless for him. So we're giving the room a finishing touch for the young gentleman."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"A little jam on the tablecloth will improve it, Raby."

"Yes, and some coal on the mantelpiece."
"A trifle of margarine round the bookcase—"

"And some marmalade on the gas-globe."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were howls of laughter in the Fourth Form passage as the great preparations proceeded. The Fourth-Formers were quite grateful to Raby and Newcome for providing that free entertainment on a rainy afternoon. By the time the two juniors had finished they were rather dusty and sticky, but they were feeling satisfied—they felt that they had done their work well.

What Lovell would feel about it was another matter. But it could not be denied that Arthur Edward Lovell had asked for it.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
A Little Surprise!**

"THIS way, father!"
There were a good many eyes on Lovell as he spoke.

Arthur Edward had returned from the station with his father and the new rag. Mr. Lovell had taken Master Teddy in to see the Head, and Lovell waited for them in the Hall. When they rejoined him he led the way up to the Fourth Form passage.

There were smiles on all the faces they passed.

Mr. Lovell, a stout gentleman of fifty, dressed with great precision, was known to some of the fellows, and they saluted him respectfully. But they could not help smiling as they thought of the study he was being led to. Master Teddy also attracted some attention. He was a slim youth, rather good-looking, in a pouting, petulant way. The expression on his face was not merry or bright. His brow was clouded—in fact, he looked sulky. It needed only a glance to discover that Master Teddy was not pleased at coming to Rookwood School.

"Cheeky-looking little cad!" murmured Higgs of the Fourth, when the party had passed. "If his pater wasn't with him, I'd give him a lick to take that scowl off his face!"

Lovell glanced round. The smiling faces he passed perplexed him a little. He had noticed Raby's and Newcome's amongst them. Raby and Newcome did not come forward to speak to his father.

"My study's at the end, father," said Lovell.

"Yes, my boy—I remember it," said Mr. Lovell. "I hope I shall find it a little tidier than when I last visited you. I spoke to you on that occasion about it. I am quite aware that boys will be boys, but you must remember now, Arthur, that Edwin will look to you for guidance."

"Yes, father, I thought of that!"

"I wish it were possible for Edwin to share your study—"

"That wouldn't be allowed, as he's in a lower Form, father."

"No; I made some reference to it in speaking to the Head, but it seems that it is not feasible."

"I don't want to," remarked Master Edwin, breaking his sulky silence. "I'm not going to be stuck in with Arthur."

"Wouldn't you like to, kid?" asked Arthur Edward, looking a little crestfallen.

"No, I wouldn't!" answered Teddy, with charming candour. "I'm not going to have you interfering with me."

"I'm not going to interfere, Teddy, and—"

They progressed up the Fourth Form passage, Master Edwin staring about him with sulky looks.

"Who's that fat bounder?" asked Teddy Lovell, staring at Tubby Muffin, who was grinning in at the doorway of Study No. 2.

Tubby Muffin heard the question, which Master Teddy did not trouble to ask in a subdued voice, and his fat face grew red and wrathful.

"Eh?" That's Muffin, of my form. Come on!"

"Looks like a giddy barrel, and no mistake!"

"Edwin, you must not make such remarks!" said Mr. Lovell.

"Well, he does look like a barrel," said Edwin.

"Silence, sir!"
Edwin pouted, and looked sulky again.

"I am sure you will like Rookwood, when you have been here a little while," continued Mr. Lovell.

"I sha'n't!"
"My dear boy—"

"Rotten place, I think!"

"You'll get on all right, Teddy, in the long run," said Lovell. "Rookwood's a splendid old show!"

"What rot!"
"Well, here's the study, pater," said Lovell, colouring with vexation. "We've rather polished it up for you and Teddy!"

He threw open the door, and stood back for his father to enter, without looking into the study.

But Mr. Lovell looked into it, pausing on the threshold.

He looked into it with an extraordinary expression on his face.

He seemed rooted to the threshold of the room.

"What—what!" he exclaimed. "Arthur, is—is—is this your room?"

"Yes, dad—"

"Is it always in this state?" thundered Mr. Lovell.

"Oh, no!" said Lovell, in surprise. "Of course, I'm always tidy—ahem! But we're a bit polished just now, on account of— Oh, oh! My hat!" Lovell was looking in now. "Why—what—what— Oh—"

Lovell fixed a frozen gaze upon the end study.

He had left it spick and span, like a new pin. And now—the hapless Arthur Edward could scarcely believe his eyes. Master Teddy burst into a loud giggle.

"I—I—I— What—" stammered Lovell.

He blinked helplessly into the study—at the coaly carpet, the overturned furniture, the inky windows, the dusty, scattered books and papers. It seemed like an evil dream.

Mr. Lovell's face was like a thunder-cloud.

"So this—this—this bear-garden is specially prepared for my visit!" he stuttered. "I should be glad to know what it is like in ordinary times, if this is specially tidy!"

"I—I—I—"

"This, when your young brother comes here for the first time—this! This is the example you are setting him. This is the room you receive him in, on his first day in the school!"

"I am ashamed of you, Arthur!"

"This—this— I—I—I—" babbled the hapless Lovell. "I—I—I— Somebody's been here. It's a rag!"

"A what?"

"A rag!" gasped Lovell. "Somebody's been ragging the study while I was out. Oh dear! Those bounders—Raby—I knew they were up to something! Newcome— Oh dear!"

"Your friends?"

"Yes, I—I suppose so. It—it's a rag! I'll—I'll— Oh dear!"

Words failed Lovell.

Mr. Lovell turned from the doorway with an angry snarl.

"I decline to enter a room in that state!" he snapped. "I am surprised at you, and ashamed of you, Arthur! I have brought Edwin here to be practically placed in your charge, and this—this is how I find you! It is undutiful! I refuse to step into the room! What I have to say to you I will say in the visitors' room! Not a word! Let us go down!"

Mr. Lovell whisked back along the passage with a purple face. Lovell followed him with Teddy, who was grinning.

"What a go!" whispered Teddy. "The governor's in one of his tantrums now, and no mistake. You're going to get a jaw! Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell made no reply to that sympathetic speech. He followed his father downstairs in utter dismay.

The door of the visitors' room closed on them, but a murmur could be heard from within, by fellows in the corridor; and Tubby Muffin, who ventured nearer the door, returned chuckling, to announce that Lovell's pater was "going it!"

Lovell's pater "went it" for quite a considerable time.

And when he departed at last, and some of the juniors gathered round Lovell with the kind intention of chipping him, the look on his face was quite sufficient to stop any thought of chipping.

Raby and Newcome exchanged a rather remorseful look as Lovell passed them. But Arthur Edward did not look at his old chums. Without a word he passed them, with Lovell minor.

THE END.

(You must not miss reading next week's topping long complete of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, entitled: "The Two Lovells!")

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A Lucky Escape!

HARRY LAVENDER craned his neck forward, and waved his hand.

He had understood, and wormed his way on all fours, counting the dormer-windows as he passed them.

"See!" whispered Stephen Mouse. The dragoons had ridden into the back alley, and were searching the houses with eager eyes.

A small boy, pushing his snub-nose where it was not wanted, spying the fugitive at that moment, gave a shrill whistle, and pointed to him.

Peter's fearful fist swept the urchin head-over-heels into a stagnant pool of malodorous sewage, where he would have suffocated, had not Stephen Mouse picked him out, and kicked him round the corner, a wetter and a wiser boy.

But the imp had done his work. The dragoons saw the top of Lavender's head as it disappeared round a chimney-stack, and raised a shout of savage triumph.

"He's safe if he gains old Isaac's house," said Stephen Mouse. "The dog has doors that would defy cannon, and he is deaf as a post."

"Summon the boys," said Peter Pouch. "Gather as many as you can set eye upon; we may want them!" And, with a nod, the broken soldier went off in the direction of Tower Hill once more.

"Ha! I fear me poor Stephen has been trying these same doors for his own ends," thought Peter, when his companion had gone. "These are sad times for such as he, but they had been sadder for Master Lazarus Isaacs' gold, I fancy, if the bolts had not held!"

As he stood, joined by a knot of onlookers, the troopers dismounted, and a corporal, by aid of one of his comrades' shoulders, got astride the garden wall.

Harry Lavender, looking down, saw him, and put his hand inside his coat.

He had been wrenching at the bars that secured the attic window, but they were too strong, and the casement was securely padlocked on the inside.

The corporal crouched on the wall, and was perhaps a little sorry for his own zeal, as the long barrel of the rebel's pistol slid into view over the coping of the roof above him.

Lavender was growing desperate, and his blood was up.

"Unslung your muskets!" cried the cornet in charge of the troopers. "Bring him down before he shows his teeth!"

Five of the Dragoons cocked their pieces and fired.

Lavender disappeared behind the coping, but a white puff of smoke floated out over the room as he did so, and the cornet squealed.

"Over the wall, men!" roared a stout captain, riding up, very red-faced and fierce. "Are we to be set at naught by one scurvy knave?"

The dragoons clambered up and dropped into the garden with a shout. The cornet spat out a mouthful of teeth.

"'Twill be joy to the heart of the Jew," said one of the crowd. "I would give something to see old Isaac's face when he returns to his stronghold! They say he hath his cellars full of coined gold, and jewels enough to deck all the kings of Christendom!"

"And yonder he comes, sure enough!" cried another. But their attention was diverted by a loud shout from the troopers.

The volley had shattered the fastening of the window, and the fugitive, showing himself for one moment, climbed in, and vanished from view.

Peter Pouch had looked sharply at Master Lazarus Isaacs, and, disengaging himself from the crowd, went over to the other side of the street, and stopped in front of him.

He was a lean, bent old man, with bright black eyes that had been cast upon the ground as he came slowly forward, leaning on his stick.

So deaf was he, that the tumult all about his dwelling had been lost upon him, and when he looked up Peter's burly figure blotted everything else out.

"Pon my soul, I don't know how I am to talk to a stone!" muttered Peter. "The more so, that my words must not fall on any other ear."

A brilliant thought occurred to him, and, diving into his pocket, honest Peter Pouch produced his sole wealth, ten golden guineas, which he displayed in the palm of his hand.

Lazarus Isaacs, disturbed in the midst of an elaborate calculation, by which some young blood of the Court would probably find himself temporarily the richer and ultimately very much the poorer, looked up with a start, and shrank for a moment from the huge man who confronted him.

Then his black eyes fell upon the sergeant's little treasure, and the usurer saw that robbery was not his object.

"Hush!" said Peter, laying a finger on his lips, and making mysterious signs. "I wish a word with you, Master Isaacs. Confound


(Continued on page 26.)

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your deafness. The affair won't keep. What in the name of patience am I to do with the Hebrew?"

Master Isaacs' eyes were blinking very rapidly, and his mouth opened wider and wider.

An expression—first of doubt, then of growing delight—overspread his visage, and he ended in grasping Peter's arms and laughing the strangest cackle of a laugh, to Sergeant Pouch's great astonishment.

"My friend—my friend!" exclaimed the Jew. "I have found you after many days, and you do not remember me! Ah! Folks do not remember poor Lazarus Isaacs, save when they want something!"

"I'll be hanged if I remember you!" muttered Peter. "I never had dealings with any of your brood, thank the stars, but I'd give something to make you hear for five minutes!"

"Ah, you may forget, but I never!" exclaimed the usurer. "You saved my life, and from that day to this I have not set eyes upon thee. Canst call to mind one night in Whitefriars—'twas the year of the Rye House conspiracy—and I, returning from the lodging of a lord who shall go nameless, and to whom I had carried money for his escape, was set upon hard by Fleet Ditch, and would have been slain but for a great man with huge hands, who did crack two skulls and fling the third rogue into the river, and afterwards would take no thanks."

"Zounds! I recall it now!" said Peter. "And thou wast that man!"

"I was that man," replied the usurer quietly.

"Hush!" whispered Lazarus Isaacs, smiling and twinkling his black eyes. "There are none so deaf as those who choose not to hear. What would you have with me? I see you wish speech."

Peter Pouch glanced over his shoulder, and seized Master Isaacs by the wrist.

"Listen to me," he said, "and if you wish to pay off your debt of gratitude there is opportunity. See, I trust you, Jew! There must be hiding-places in yonder house of thine. My friend is in peril of his life."

And, in a few hurried words, he placed Lazarus Isaacs in possession of things as they stood.

A spasm crossed the Jew's face as he saw the redcoats at the gate, and heard them hammering on the shutters; but it quickly gave place to a smile of extraordinary cunning.

"Come with me," he said. And he turned on his heel and passed out of sight of the ever-gathering crowd.

Down a narrow way went Master Lazarus Isaacs, walking softly, and he stopped before a miserable house in a street of miserable houses, quite deserted, since all the inhabitants had gone to see the execution; and, returning, had no doubt stayed to witness the new diversion of a rebel-hunt in London town.

"I have better than a hiding-place," whispered the usurer. "Yonder house, barred and bolted as it is, contains little but furniture, and not a gold piece for the seeking."

He drew forth a key, polished brightly by constant usage, and, holding it up, said:

"Wait, and ere long your friend shall stand beside you. You are a Christian, and you have trusted a despised Jew. 'Tis life for life, and my debt will be paid at last!"

The usurer fitted his key, and the door closed behind him. Peter stood listening to the confused murmur of shouting in the distance.

Five minutes, ten minutes—it seemed an age—and something like misgiving was beginning to find place in Peter Pouch's heart, when the door opened quickly, closed with a snap. Harry Lavender came out, and turned down the empty lane!

The Little Gentleman in Green.

"I HAVE been in some tight places, my Peter," said the captain, as they threaded the Minories, stepping sturdily along side by side, "but I never want to be so near capture again."

At the shop of a dealer in frippery and cast-off garments, Peter purchased a grey silk coat laced with silver, and in a secluded court Harry Lavender, the once gay officer of the Guards, changed his blue coat, which was not improved by his recent adventure.

"Now we might stroll into the fields about Finsbury," said Peter Pouch.

THE POPULAR.—No. 249.

So, talking over the terrible scene they had so recently witnessed, and discussing plans for the future, they walked along into the smiling country that in those days came right up to London Wall.

Daventry, when the Dragons had finally gained admittance to Master Isaacs' house, and ransacked it without gaining trace of their fugitive, hunted high and low for his companions, and, his search proving equally unsuccessful, took the way for Wapping, and went aboard the good ship Seamew with a sad heart and a troubled spirit, which was not improved when, a couple of hours later, the boat returned with no news.

"We will not give up hope, sir," said the master, "but when it is dusk row up to the bridge again; after which, an we find them not, I must e'en up anchor, or lose the tide."

Daventry sat long on deck, watching the movement all about him.

At length he could stand it no longer, and went below.

Captain Absalom was in his cabin, squinting painfully with his one eye at various well-thumbed papers that had reference to the cargo in the Seamew's hold.

"The sun is sinking," said Daventry, drumming upon the table with a set of very white knuckles.

"Well, my hearty, 'twill rise again tomorrow," chuckled the skipper, with a twinkle in his eye. "You shall see it pop up out of the sea, and 'tis a pretty sight, I promise you. But here you are, as a fine fume, and so we will away upstream, if 'twere only to set your mind at rest. Adam Ullathorne, six men for the long-boat, and let them carry their hangers. We may have tough work before we return!"

(Continued in the next column.)

**Cricket Competition Result
£300 Awarded!**

In this competition twenty-one competitors correctly forecasted the order in which the seventeen County Cricket Clubs finished up at the end of the season. The First Prize of £100 has therefore been divided among:

- Rosa Acworth, 8, Crieff Road, Wandsworth;
- E. Bees, 80, Old Street, Clevedon, Somerset;
- Leslie S. Brown, 16, Fulham Street, Beeston, Leeds;
- Arthur J. Collison, 70, St. Olave's Road, East Ham. E. 6;
- B. Cook, 17, Greenhill Avenue, Allerton, Liverpool;
- L. F. Dalby, 7, Spring Road, Ipswich;
- H. Edwards, Westminster Bank, Fishponds, Bristol;
- W. Fincher, 16, Bishop Street, Wolverhampton;
- William Hibbert, 9, Hardwick Street, Hunslet Carr, Leeds;
- Arthur F. Jones, 60, Beversbrook Road, Tuftnell Park, N. 19;
- Jack Kirk, 2, Weetwood Terrace, Far Headingley, Leeds;
- Wm. Milnes, 30, Dolly Lane, Newtown, Leeds;
- L. Oakley, 215, Warwick Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham;
- S. S. Perkes, 37, Back Street, Dudley;
- F. G. Pickwick, 9, Cicely Road, Peckham, S.E. 15;
- Arthur E. Tomlinson, The Common, West Hallam, near Derby;
- Charles Walter, 10, Curzon Road, Maidstone, Kent;
- Robert Ward, Old Post Office, Pontrhydyrun, near Newport, Mon.;
- Miss D. Welch, 103, Chesterfield Road, Bristol;
- A. N. Wells, 95, College Avenue, Gillingham, Kent;
- F. Whittington, The Cambria, Cambria Road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E. 5.

So many competitors qualified for the third and fourth grades of prizes that division amongst them of the amounts offered was impracticable. The Second Prize of £50, the Third Prize of £30, and the one hundred and twenty prizes of £1 each have therefore been added together and divided among one hundred and sixty-seven competitors whose lists contained two errors each. The names and addresses of these prizewinners can be seen on application at the POPULAR offices.

Correct Order of Finishing.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Yorkshire. | 10. Derbyshire. |
| 2. Nottinghamshire. | 11. Gloucestershire. |
| 3. Lancashire. | 12. Warwickshire. |
| 4. Surrey. | 13. Essex. |
| 5. Kent. | 14. Leicestershire. |
| 6. Sussex. | 15. Worcestershire. |
| 7. Hampshire. | 16. Glamorgan. |
| 8. Middlesex. | 17. Northamptonshire. |
| 9. Somerset. | |

Captain Absalom placed a pair of formidable pistols in his belt, drained his goblet, and followed the impatient officer up the companion, to find the west one blaze of gold, with a great red streak banding the horizon.

It was almost dark, and Tower Hill was once more lonely and deserted.

"Last night, when we came hither, we had a mission that has failed, Master Richard," said Ned Pouch in a low voice. "Now we have to save ourselves."

"When we have found our friends, Ned, I set no foot on shipboard if Captain Lavender remains ashore."

"First to the waterstair. They may be there," said Ned.

And the two friends traced their steps to the landing-place hard by the Tower.

Had they but known it, the captain and Peter Pouch were not five minutes gone, after a long wait, in hopes that the two youngsters might come hither.

The river was deserted. A few lamps quivered uncertainly here and there on the surface of the water, but there was no sign of a boat, and they were just turning away, when the splash of oars fell on Ned's ear.

"Whoever it be, they row with exceeding caution," he said. And, standing in the shadow of a wall, they watched with beating hearts.

Presently the rowers ceased, and all was silent again; only the gurgle of the water against the bank and the race of the tide under the arches of the bridge on the right.

"Let us stand forth and show ourselves," whispered Dick.

They emerged from the shadow, and stood on the topmost stair.

Instantly there came a flash of light from the river—a lantern had been held up and extinguished—and the sound of oars broke the stillness once more.

"Lavender!" The voice was beneath them, and the boat grated against the landing-place.

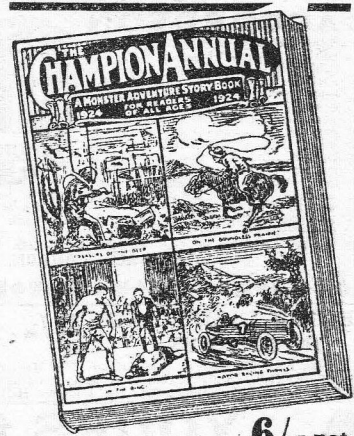
"The captain is not here; we are Trevor and Ned," answered Dick.

"Then step in," said Daventry. "We must try the taverns on the bank; and right thankful I am to have secured two of our number!"

The lads were speedily in the boat, and as they pushed off, a crouching man, who had been slinking in an angle of the wall, slipped forth.

"Yes; I thought I had made no mistake this time!" he snarled to himself, as he rapped impatiently on the same wicket in the Tower gate that had opened to admit Trevor to his last interview with Monmouth. "We'll try the taverns on the bank, and we'll try 'em with broadwords and bayonets, sure as my name's Jack Ketch!"

(There will be the conclusion of our splendid romantic serial in next week's issue.)



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"MORGAN O' THE MAIN!"

(Continued from page 6.)

over the stern, Morgan espied one of the boats they had not time to get aboard. It offered a chance for some to get away.

"Into yon boat, my bullies!" he gasped. "As many of you as can!"

But, to their credit, not a man of them made the move.

"Into it!" he roared again. "Into it, I say! Barney and I will hold the Dons!"

But as he spoke Barney went down with a bullet through the leg. In a flash Morgan had him up, and, ordering Jo and Jupe to the boat, he lowered his mate to their waiting arms.

"Rot ye, Morgan!" cried the wounded man, the tears running down his weather-beaten cheeks. "D'ye think I'll leave ye like a rat?"

And ere Jo or Jupe knew what was to do, with a stroke of the sword their captain cut loose the boat.

"'Tis a chance, at least," thought he.

Then suddenly a voice bade his enemies stay their hands, and where had been nought but fierce tumult fell a sudden silence. The admiral himself, a dark-featured Castilian, came forward.

"Yield thee, Morgan," said he shortly, "and the lives of your men shall be spared!"

But ere Morgan could reply, a roar as of wild beasts came from the survivors.

"Get ye to the devil, Master Don! We be not the men to leave Cap'n Morgan in your clutches!"

The Don smiled cruelly, showing his white teeth.

"As you wish," said he, almost indifferently. "The whole of you will make a pretty hanging."

But Morgan bade his men be silent.

"Senor," said he, with a bow, "I dislike this clemency of thine. There are but ten of us, and in but a little while your soldiers would make an end of all."

Don Jose looked at him through narrow slits.

"Perchance I wish no more bloodshed," he answered coldly, "and perchance"—he raised his eyelids for the fraction of a second, and there was no mistaking the hate in his eyes—"I wish to have you alive, Captain Morgan."

The buccaner saw the look, and knew that the Spaniard would make him suffer a hundred tortures before consigning him to the hangman. Yet there were his men. If he could save their lives by sacrificing his own, it was his duty so to do.

"Have I your sacred word, Senor Admiral," he asked, "that these lads of mine be spared?"

Don Jose raised his hand.

"On the honour of a nobleman of Castile," he said, "no harm shall come to them."

Morgan proffered the hilt of his sword.

"With that I am content, senor."

"And so, to save the lives of his men, Morgan o' the Main, for the first, and sadly like to be the last time, surrendered to the Spaniards.

At a word from the admiral the survivors were bundled over the side to the San Salvador, and as they went mariners thronged the bulwarks and shrouds of the Spanish ships, gazing in wonderment at those who had made so great a fight against overwhelming odds. Then the ship was cast loose from the Santa Maria, and, sails flung to the breeze, made her course for Carthagea.

Morgan was placed in a cabin with two at the door to guard him, and hardly was he there when soldiers threw themselves upon the nine of his men, and, binding them hand and foot, thrust them in the noisome hold.

"You will see the rogues have their due, Senor Governor?" said Don Jose meanelly.

"As soon as we cast anchor," replied the other, "I will send and tell them to build the gallows."

A dark smile showed on the admiral's face.

"'Twill be a pleasing sight for the dog to view, and will serve to remind him of what shall be his own end."

As the remnants of that once proud fleet sailed round the bluff to Carthagea, the guns on shore gave welcome, and the populace thronged the waterside, crying blessings on the head of the illustrious admiral. As the anchor sank into the sea, a boat went post-haste to the shore, and then Don Jose bade them bring Morgan to his cabin.

Four soldiers brought him to where Don Jose sat in state, with the governor at his side.

"Morgan," said Don Jose harshly, "you are a foul pirate, who hath done great harm to his Majesty of Spain these many years past."

"And, with your Excellency's permission," quoth Morgan, with a bow, "will do so again in years that are to come!"

Don Jose's brow grew as black as thunder.

"You forget yourself, pirate dog!" he cried. "Your life is forfeit to the law."

"'Tis a sweet death, that of the rope," quoth Morgan pensively. "For, look you, senor, what more can mortal desire than to dance his way to heaven?"

The admiral jumped to his feet and thumped the table.

"By the saints," he shouted, "I'll break that proud spirit of thine!"

Then, placing a hand behind him, he touched a spring, and the panels of the wall flew open, revealing a dark recess. At a word the guards laid hands on Morgan to force him to it, but, with as sudden vigour, he threw them off, and carefully brushed the sleeve where they had held him.

"Softly, good sirs," he said; "you spoil the shape of my coat." And with that he went before them.

(There will be another long instalment of our new powerful pirate serial in next week's issue. Do not miss it!)

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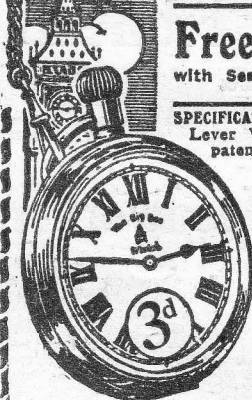
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