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1923.
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No. 250.

Twenty-eight
Pages.

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The Story Book
for Boys.

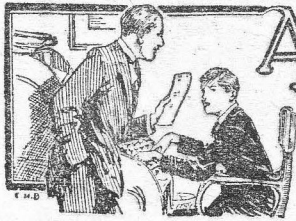
EVERY
TUESDAY.

THOUSANDS
OF
POUNDS
OFFERED
IN
PRIZES
TO
ALL
READERS
INSIDE!



"MORGAN O' THE MAIN!"

OUR GRAND NEW PIRATE SERIAL IN THIS ISSUE!



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

THE BIG COMPETITION.

JUST a few points about our famous Footballers' Names Competition, which has enormously increased the popularity of the POPULAR. You can start at once, thanks to the small reproductions of the first sets of puzzle-pictures, and I should be glad if you would inform all your pals about this. Get your solutions ready, and just remember the cheery fact that if you do not happen to get in with the very first group of winners, there are hundreds more prizes, all of the best. There has never been a competition better worth going in for with all the enthusiasm that you can muster. It has a tremendous appeal to all sport-lovers, and this term fits in well with all Popularites. I have stuck at nothing to make this grand competition a real top-hole success, and that's how it will go down on the record—not a doubt of it. So wire in and see what you can do in the matter. It is worth a big effort.

"MAULY—SWOT!" By Frank Richards.

The first story in next week's programme is a Greyfriars one, from the always reliable pen of Frank Richards. Probably you have frequently noticed the quaint little circumstances that an author sometimes scores his biggest triumphs just by turning things topsy-turvy. So it is here. There is something absolutely upside down when you find the urbane and the leisurely dignified Mauly turning to and swotting. His lordship is led to believe that there is a grim necessity for work. His chums want to test his real sporting spirit, and for the good of the "one-time"

millionaire nobleman they manage to weave a chain of circumstances which go to prove that Mauly has scarcely a "stiver" to his name. What happens? Is Mauleverer going to get the wind-up over this insignificant happening? The splendid yarn for next week proves no end. Mauly may sleep and slack, but when the need for other tactics arises—well, just look out for a giddy surprise!

"THE SHADOW OF DISGRACE!"

Number two in our big budget of completes for the next issue of the "Pop" runs up the curtain on a gripping situation at the Backwoods School. Frank Richards is under a cloud. There is a terrible accusation levelled at the well-liked leader, and he has to play up to a series of difficulties which are fraught with tremendous danger. Behind all this lurks a mystery which seemingly cannot be pierced, for the invisible foe who is working for the downfall of Frank Richards remains unseen. His victim is forced to carry on as best he may in this sinister shadow of disgrace. The upshot of this powerful and admirably worked out story is as novel as it is ingenious. Cedar Creek's popular leader has often been up against it, and has come out with flying colours. Just see what happens here.

"GLYN'S SPECTROSCOPE!" By Martin Clifford.

Bernard Glyn has been a bit in the back-ground, but he comes into his own in the ripping yarn of St. Jim's for next week. You will be keen as mustard on the weird and wonderful incidents resultant on the

uncanny invention Glyn turns out. There has never been anything to equal it. But you cannot give a forecast of a thing like a spectroscope. It has got to be met to be credited, and the best thing to do is to read about the oddity on Tuesday.

"A FAQ'S MISFORTUNE!"

By Owen Conquest.

The further adventures of that rare hand-ful, Lovell minor, will be read with interest next week. The younger Lovell is a "hummer" and no error! His major has reason to regret the presence of the troublesome junior, for it all means a weight of worry, and precious little relief from just the kind of thankless responsibility which gets on a fellow's nerves, supposing he has any. Lovell major is a good chap, and possesses resource, but his patience is tried. See the coming yarn. It is right on the line.

"MORGAN O' THE MAIN!"

By Tom Stenner.

Fighting against the Spanish Dons is the great speciality of that prince of freebooting buccaners, Morgan of the Spanish Main. The author makes the whole epoch of cut, thrust, and daring raid live again. We see what sort of a fellow Morgan really was, though in his days nobody got the measure of his boat. Morgan stood for fair play, which the Irishman rightly said was a jewel. He was served as few commanders ever were, but this was due to the fact that Morgan stood by his followers.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

You should look up all the many POPULAR favourites who make their bow in the new issue of the "Holiday Annual." The prize book will be a good friend for months. Mind you do not let the golden opportunity slip for securing a copy!

If you want to give a pal a present, send him a copy of the great "HOLIDAY ANNUAL"—the best that money can buy.

Your Editor.

Mee, Moody, Musgrove, Malcolm, Morton, Manderson, Meiklejohn, Muirhead, Moffat, Mutch, Meredith, Marriott, Mackie, Menlove, Mitton, Marks, Marsh, McIntyre, McNeil, McKinlay, McNabb, McIntosh, McDonald, McCall, McGrovy, McCluggage, McLean, McCandless, McColl, McLacklan, McStey, McAlpine, McKenna, McNally, McNair, McMin, McBain, McCracken.

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

CONCERNING OUR GRAND

"FOOTBALLERS' NAMES" 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, Bolam, Breisford, Blenkinsopp, Beedie, Birch, Bellamy, Bainbridge, Bowen, Buraham, Boyle, Blackwell, Bennie, Ballantyre, 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, Crockford, Campbell, Crown, Chance, Chipperfield, Crompton, Charlton, Conner, Craig, Cosgrove, Cherrett, Crossley, Carter, Clarke, Cotton, Cunningham, Cairns, Chnas, Connolly, Cassidy, Carr, Cowan, Chapman, Chambers, Clay, Cresswell, Dunn, Dickson, Dorrell, Dawson, Davies, Donaldson, Dinsdale, Dimmock, Duckett, Duncan, Dombly, Davison, Duckworth, Dockray, Danksin, 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. 250.

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

Grimshaw, Gill, Gilchrist, Gough, Gillespie, Grimsdell, Gittins, Gibson, Graham, Goldthorpe, Grundy, Gallogry, 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, Harold, Howie, Henshall, Hodges, Halstead, Huggall, Hogg, Henderson, Harper, Hulton, Hillhouse, Hair, Hart, Haines, Hole.

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

Linfoot, Longworth, Low, Lindsay, Little, Lonsdale, Lockhead, Longmuir, Lea, Lievesley, 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, Mehafty,

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

A STUPENDOUS SUCCESS! Our Grand New Pirate serial has already taken the world by storm. That it will increase the tremendous popularity of the **POPULAR** is certain from the letters of praise which have poured in. Tom Stenner has created some fine characters in the jolly crew of the *Venture*—he well deserves our congratulations!



Being the Amazing and Thrilling Adventures of the Famous Burganeer,
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!"

THE admiral followed, and on the threshold paused.

"Senor governor," he said curtly, "see to it!"

Don Diego turned to leave the cabin, and, as he went, Morgan called after him:

"Good dog, do as thy master saith!"

In that narrow room—if room it could be called—the daylight filtered through a grated window in the side. Don Jose drew Morgan's attention to it.

"A glance through yon port should show you Carthage," said he meaningly.

As Morgan looked he saw that the *San Salvador* lay half a mile from the shore, and in the gathering dusk he noted great bustle on the harbour side. There came to his ears the faint sound of hammering. He turned to the Spaniard with a smile.

"You do me too great an honour, senor! 'Tis indeed a most noble gallows that you build to hang my poor body!"

"Look again," came the cold tones of the admiral, and there was no mistaking the menace behind the words, "and you will see not one, but three gallows that they build."

As he did so Morgan saw that the don was speaking truth. But ere he could turn to question him further, a boat left the *San Salvador*, and in it was Don Diego. Around him were men bound hand and foot. And at the side of each sat Spanish soldiers, armed to the teeth.

Eyes aflame, Morgan turned to the admiral, for the bound figures were the men to save whose lives he had surrendered.

"How now, senor!" he cried, in a great voice. "What means this?"

But in a flash one of his guards had a pistol to Morgan's head, and, a mocking smile on his thin lips, the admiral confronted him.

"So it moves you, does it, you dog?" he sneered. "Gaze your fill! An hour will see the end of your rogues!"

Morgan's face was as a mask.

"You gave me your word," he said slowly, "that my lads should be spared."

"There can be no talk of honour between a heretic and a true son of Mother Church!" snarled the don. "I have sworn to rid the seas of you and your pirate crew!"

Heedless of the threatening pistol, Morgan took a step towards the Spaniard.

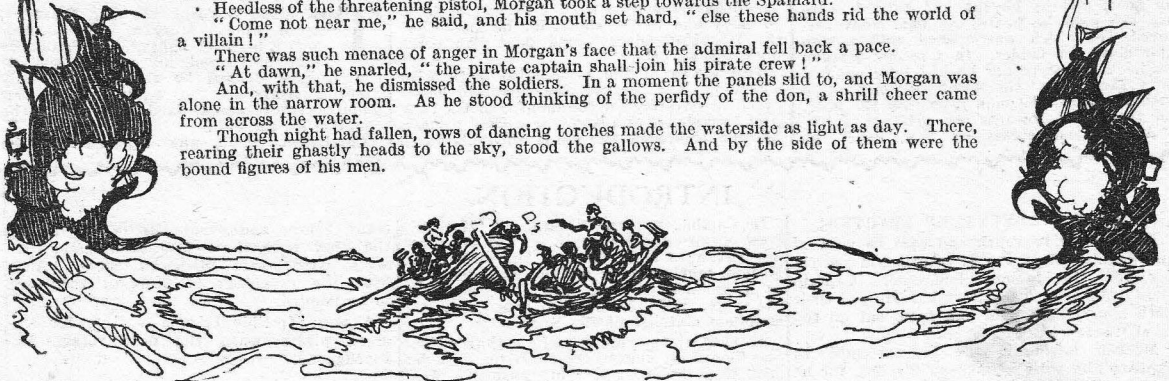
"Come not near me," he said, and his mouth set hard, "else these hands rid the world of a villain!"

There was such menace of anger in Morgan's face that the admiral fell back a pace.

"At dawn," he snarled, "the pirate captain shall join his pirate crew!"

And, with that, he dismissed the soldiers. In a moment the panels slid to, and Morgan was alone in the narrow room. As he stood thinking of the perfidy of the don, a shrill cheer came from across the water.

Though night had fallen, rows of dancing torches made the waterside as light as day. There, rearing their ghastly heads to the sky, stood the gallows. And by the side of them were the bound figures of his men.



Morgan clenched his hands as he realised how helpless he was to aid them. With a refinement of cruelty the admiral had imprisoned him there to see his brave lads die without being able to lift a hand to save them.

He saw them place halters round their necks as they stood on the raised platform. Then, as he watched, came the sound of a lusty singing far above the shrill cheers of the Spaniards. And the song they sang had to its chorus:

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

The listener's eyes grew wet as he heard, and when the mists had cleared away he saw nine bodies swinging in the air. And around the foot of the gallows danced the Spaniards, waving torches, till the whole water-front seemed a living belt of flame.

With a groan, Morgan turned away. "So you see, Morgan," came a sneering voice, "how we deal with pirate dogs!"

Morgan looked up sharply, and on the threshold stood Don Jose, smiling a crooked smile. Behind him were the four soldiers.

Morgan spoke once and once only. "Liar and perjurer!" he said softly. "Better to die than live to become such as thee!"

But the admiral only laughed. "You shall have your wish at dawn!" said he grimly, then curtly ordered Morgan to be taken away.

Instead of the cabin he had occupied before, they chained him in a noisome hole close to the bilge, and, despite his struggles, one thrust his right foot into a steel trap held by a chain to the side. The cruel teeth bit into him; but, though the agony was intense, Morgan made no sound.

"See if the Devil, your master, will free you, pirate dog!" they jeered, as they went up the ladder to the deck above.

Then, with a dull thud, the hatch-cover was flung to and bars placed across it.

The moment they had gone Morgan drew a flint and steel from his coat, and striking a light, was able to see what manner of thing it was that held him in its grip. He was caught in a steel trap the like of which the Spaniards used to catch their runaway slaves. The dons set them in plenty in the grounds of their estates and in the surrounding woods, and many a poor Indian had blundered into one of these fiendish man-traps when trying to escape from a cruel master.

Morgan stooped to see if, by any chance, he could free himself; then, as his fingers groped for the vice that held him fast, he laughed softly. For, in their haste, the dons had clamped the trap upon his foot without thinking to see how it had caught. And the teeth had fastened upon those diamond shock-buckles of his, and so not penetrated his foot!

But still he was held prisoner fast as any rat in a trap. As he once again struck flint and steel, he spied a rope flung over a beam of the low roof just above his head.

In a moment he had tied an end to the teeth that held him fast; then, seizing the other end as it hung across the beam, he hauled with all his might, at the same time keeping his trapped foot on the floor. Gradually the iron clutch relaxed. Then, with a snap, the cruel teeth fell back, and he was free!

He could not bear to place his foot to the floor, and as he sat and rubbed it to ease the pain he heard the bars above removed, the hatch was opened, and a man came down the ladder. In a second Morgan was back in the corner he had been chained to. There was the faint glimmer of a lantern, which the man placed on the floor, and then came towards the prisoner.

"A thousand curses on you, dog!" he



BARNEY, the Mate of the "Venture."

growled. "And upon the admiral, too, for sending me here at such an hour to see that you are safe!"

"I'm safe enough, good sir!" said Morgan lightly, all the while crouching to spring when the man came near.

The soldier stopped and laughed harshly. "I have heard, you pirate dog," he gloated, "that the admiral hath many notable tortures to try on thee before you hang!"

"And doth Don Jose desire my presence now?" asked Morgan, with dangerous quietness, all the while watching the man closely.

"At an hour before the dawn his Excellency will send for you!" retorted the don. "But the thought of what you have to suffer may cheer the waiting hours!" And, laughing cruelly, he came a pace nearer.

Then he caught sight of the empty trap and stopped.

Ere he could open his mouth to give the alarm Morgan was upon him with a wild spring. The Spaniard fought like a wild cat, but Morgan had him by the throat and was slowly forcing his head back.

"Mercy, señor! I yield!" gasped the don.

But even as Morgan relaxed his grip the treacherous Spaniard buried a knife in the fleshy part of his arm. The next moment Morgan caught the guard full on the jaw with his fist and felled him like a dog. Heedless of the wound in his left arm, Morgan seized the rope he had found so useful before and bound the unconscious don hand and foot. Then with a piece of cloth he gagged him.

Then he bound up his wounded arm as well as he was able, and saw that it was already beginning to stiffen, and in a little while would be useless. His foot, too, was throbbing painfully, and he realised that it would be utterly impossible to swim that half-mile to the shore even should he escape from the ship. Lantern in hand, he searched the place to see if there were aught he could make use of to bear him to the land.

In a dark corner were two large earthenware jars that had once held wine, but were now empty. In a flash Morgan saw a way of escape. He had but to cover the mouths of the jars to make them watertight, and he would have ready to hand a lifebelt of sorts to carry him to the shore, for he knew that the jars themselves would float like corks upon the water.

Two pieces of the same oiled cloth with which he had gagged the Spaniard made excellent covering for the mouths of the jars. And though an arm was worse than useless, Morgan tightened the cords with his teeth

till he was satisfied that the unwieldy contrivance would support him in the sea.

Then, tying the jars together by means of a strong cord—the hold must have been a store place of sorts, for there was rope and cord in abundance—he stooped and hoisted them over his right shoulder, so that one was in the front and the other at his back. With the Don's knife in his teeth, he crept silently up the ladder to the deck above. As he reached the top, Morgan carefully raised the hatch and, peering around, found the coast clear.

As quietly as possible he let the hatch cover fall to, then, rushing to the side, he leaped into the sea. And at the splash there came the sound of men running, and then hoarse shouts and challenges.

For a moment Morgan sank beneath the surface, but the two air-tight jars quickly rose and bore him up with them.

Pop, pop, pop!

A fusillade of shots came from the watch on the San Salvador, but luckily the night was as black as pitch, and none touched him. As he gently floated on his improvised raft he caught the sound of the Dons' voices.

"Thou art a fool, Manuel!" said someone surlily. "It was but a shark thrashing the water with its tail, or perchance a porpoise. This pirate Morgan hath driven the wits from thy thick head."

There was no more firing from the carrack, and Morgan soon drifted out of sight of her. He kicked out with his legs as well as he was able, and with the wounded arm over the jars, paddled with the other. Presently an indistinct mass loomed in front of him, and he knew that he had come safely to land. Then as his feet touched bottom he cast off the jars he had found so useful, and flung himself upon the sandy shore.

A moment's rest and he was on his feet once more, for there was no saying how soon the Dons would discover his flight. He strained his ears to listen, but, save the lapping of the waves, the water front was as silent as the grave. Both foot and arm seemed easier for their immersion in the sea, and, bearing to the left, he made for the dark woods, which he knew lay in that direction.

Suddenly there came a loud halloaing from over the water. Hoarse commands were shouted, and the San Salvador became a blaze of light.

The Dons had discovered his escape!

Keeping always to the left, Morgan proceeded as quickly as he could, and as he went lights broke out in castle and port, and men ran to the harbour to see what had happened. From the carrack great flares were sent up that made the place as light as day.

As he walked a curious creaking sound came to his keen ears from near at hand, and when those on the San Salvador sent up another flare he knew what that creaking meant.

For the red glare showed him hideous gallows which reared their heads to the sky. And the mournful creaking he had heard was the bodies of his lads swaying in the fitful breeze.

Beneath where his men hung in their chains, Morgan o' the Main turned to the blaze of light that was the San Salvador.

"Don Jose de Firando," said he solemnly, "of your hands will I require their blood!"

Pursued by Hounds.

THE giant warship, the San Salvador, from which Morgan had escaped, was a blaze of lights. The Spaniards had discovered his escape, and as the fugitive looked he saw them busily lowering boats to the water. In a few minutes they would land to scour the countryside for him.

Carthagera itself was aroused by the

INTRODUCTION.

HOW THE ADVENTURE STARTED!
From north to south and east to west of the Spanish Main the Spaniards are searching for the famous buccaneer, Captain Henry Morgan. The latter has crossed their path many times, and had come out on top in all the encounters.

Morgan hears of the big attempt to capture him with a smile on his lips, for he is not called "Cock o' the Main" for nothing.

In Carthagera are several of Morgan's crew awaiting their death. The Governor has sworn to burn them at the stake; but Morgan receives news of this, and, disguised as a Spanish admiral, Don Jose, he visits the port, and rescues his men from the merciless clutches of the Dons.

As they are moving out of Carthagera the real Don Jose unexpectedly arrives with his feet from Spain, and there ensues a fight in which the pirate ship is outnumbered

many times, and eventually captured. All the crew save three—two sailors and the mate Barney—are made prisoners. And, with the exception of Morgan, they are to be hanged.

A more terrible fate is waiting for the great pirate when the fleet returns to Carthagera.

(Now read on.)

flares from the fleet, and was alive with hurrying soldiery. The dark woods Morgan hoped to reach were some distance away, and though his wounded arm hurt less than it did, and the foot, bruised by the teeth of the steel trap into which the Dons had thrust it, was much easier, he realised that his chances of ultimate escape were but faint.

With a last farewell to the bodies of those who had once been gallant lads of his—the bodies which swung in their chains on the rude gallows beneath which he stood—the buccaneer crept stealthily away towards the friendly shelter of the woods.

But hardly had he moved when his keen ear caught the sound of oars on the water close at hand. Standing still as a statue, he strained his eyes to pierce the gloom. But as he stopped the splash of oars ceased, too, and, save for the mournful creaking of the bodies of his men as they swung in their chains, all around was quiet again.

Then another huge flare went up from the San Salvador, making the spot where he stood as light as day, and instantly he caught sight of a boat lying on the surface of the sea barely a dozen yards away. Morgan flung himself full length to the ground, in the wild hope that they had not seen him, for in the boat were Spanish soldiers!

Hardly daring to breathe, the buccaneer lay like a log. Then, to his amazement, he heard a low whistle come from over the water. And as he listened Morgan could hardly believe his ears, for the whistling took shape in a tune—and the tune was none other than the chorus of his crew, "Morgan, who is the yellow dogs' bane; Morgan, the Cock o' the Spanish Main!"

Raising his head, Morgan whistled in reply; then, as he rose to his feet, muffled oars were thrust into the water and strong arms urged the boat towards him. It came to the water's edge, and he saw with amazement that in it were none other than his trusty mate Barney, and the mighty twain, Jo and Jupe, all of whom were clad in the morion breastplate of Spanish soldiers.

"I thought 'twas ye cap'n," came Barney's exultant whisper, as the buccaneer seized his hand. But hardly had Morgan greeted him when there was a vigorous splashing of oars from near at hand, and the sound of Spanish voices.

Another flare went up revealing boatloads of the Dons rowing furiously to land, some a bare cable's length away. But

luckily the boat in which Barney had come lay in a dark patch out of reach of the lights sent up by the fleet. And further along the waterside boats had already discharged cargoes of shouting Dons who were halloaing to each other in the chase for the escaped prisoner; while from fort and castle came the tramp of marching men. At once he saw that it would be worse than useless to attempt to make for the woods.

"In the boat wi' ye, cap'n," said Barney, hoarsely. "We must put through their fleet and so to sea."

Then as Jo and Jupe once more took to their oars he handed Morgan the helmet and breastplate of a Spanish soldier.

"Put it on, cap'n," said he, "and they will take the four of us for Spaniards."

And as the boat was rowed towards the open sea Morgan was told how Barney had come so opportunely to his aid.

"When ye cut the rope that held us to the Santa Maria," began the mate, "I cursed myself for a coward to leave ye to perish. But Jo and Jupe paid no heed to me, for they said they did but obey your orders, and, seizing the oars, rowed away from the ship. Luckily, they were so engaged wi' ye that they took no note o' our cockle-shell, and we managed to escape them."

"A mile or so away we laid on our oars, and when I saw Black Roger come down from the mizzen I knew ye were taken, and I knew, too, that the Dons would take ye to Carthagena. So I bade the lads make for land, for we made up our minds to rescue ye or perish in the attempt. The wound in my leg was but slight, and as we got to land a mile or so from the town, four Jack Spaniards set upon us."

"We soon put paid to Master Don," chuckled Barney, "and possessing ourselves o' this armour, donned it, at the same time reserving a suit for ye, if we had the good fortune to free ye. Then at dusk we came round the headland to this bay, and"—Barney's voice grew grim—"I saw them hang my mates. But I saw ye were not among them, so, though my heart was hot against the brutes, I determined to wait till the Dons were asleep, and board the carrack to rescue ye. But even as we came to the warship great flares were flung to the air, and we knew ye had escaped their clutches. Then Jupe saw ye as ye stood beneath the gallows."

Barney had spoken all the while in a hoarse whisper, and silently the boat was rowed past the Spanish fleet to the open

sea. By careful steering none of the Dons saw her.

Once around the headland Morgan hoisted the rag of sail she carried, and when there came a lightening of the sky towards the east, with the water dancing merrily under her prow, the boat was put on a course towards Jamaica, for it was there Morgan intended to rejoin his ship, the "Venture."

It was when the castle was but a speck in the distance that Barney, who had been looking to see what store they had in the locker, gave a sudden shout.

"Rot me, cap'n!" he said excitedly, pointing to the bottom of the boat, "this boat is leaking like a sieve."

Morgan gave a start as he looked, for the sea was coming through the boards to such an extent that there were quite four inches of water in the boat—and every moment more was pouring in.

"Off with these helmets," he cried, "and bale for your lives."

Tearing off their helmets, they used them as buckets, and strove to clear the boat. And as they baled Morgan searched to find the leak; but, though he searched every nook and corner, he could not. The sea oozed through the floorboards, and through the seams of the boat.

"Back to the Dons again," said Morgan, and the boat was laid for the shore. He saw that, bale as they might, it was only a question of time before the sea would prove the victor and they would drown like rats.

For hours they kept at their baling; then, as the noonday sun was at its fiercest, they found themselves off a low, sandy shore. Barney stood up from his task and looked at the coastline.

"At least, cap'n," he said, "we be some distance from Carthagena. If these eyes deceive me not we be off La Casa, in the Bay o' Darien."

"And not so far from Nombre," was Morgan's answer. "So there should be Jack Spaniards in plenty to greet us."

When the boat was a bare hundred yards from the sandy shore she gave a shudder, like a living thing, and, without further warning, sank like a stone. Casting off their breastplates and other encumbrances, the four of them leapt from the sinking boat and managed to swim safely to land.

"A curst desolate hole this," growled Barney, as they stood and looked about them.

As far as the eye could see was a stretch of low-lying sand dunes covered with sparse

TRACKED DOWN BY THE SPANISH BLOODHOUNDS!



The four pirates raced along the narrow track that wound in and out among the morass, the deep baying of the bloodhounds growing ever nearer. Morgan turned half-way across, then saw a great brute a few yards behind him. (See page 6.)

vegetation. Some of them rose to the height of a hundred feet, and as Morgan made to climb one the better to spy out the land, there came a faint shouting from the distance.

Turning his head, he saw on the summit of a low hill, a mile or so away, a score or more of Spanish soldiers.

"The place be full o' Dons," Barney said disgustedly.

The Dons were waving signals for them to approach.

"We'd best away as quickly as we can," said Morgan hurriedly. "For now we have lost our armour we can no longer pretend to be one of them. Though we should have the foot of them, Barney's leg is none too sound, and, what is worse, we have no weapons but our daggers."

They hurried off in the opposite direction to the Dons. The Spaniards shouted louder than ever, and fired a futile volley after them. But the buccaner and his men were well out of range.

"Keep as near to the coast as we can," was Morgan's order. "We may have the fortune to find a boat to replace the one we have lost."

They soon lost sight of the Spaniards, and as they trudged along under the blazing sun, Barney, who had been lagging somewhat, gradually sank to the ground.

"This curst wound o' mine ha' burst out again," he muttered, clenching his teeth. And as Morgan knelt at his mate's side he saw Barney's leg a smother of blood. Tearing off a strip from the cambric shirt, of which he was so proud, he bandaged the wound as well as he was able, and, much as his hurt pained him, Barney could not repress a grin.

"Sink me, cap'n," he chuckled. "But there be some use in dainty linen after all."

As he bent to help Barney to his feet, Morgan stopped and held up a hand for silence.

"Jo," he said, after a moment's pause, "place your ear to the ground and tell me if you hear aught."

Amid a tense silence the man did as he was commanded, and when he raised his

head his usually stolid face was alive with excitement.

"I hear the baying o' hounds," he said hoarsely. "The Dons ha' set them on us!"

The Meeting of Morgan and the Knight of Polruan.

THE four looked at each other in dismay. Too well they knew the peril they had to face, for the fierce brutes—bloodhounds all of them—would tear a man to pieces in the twinkling of an eye. The cruel Dons used them to track down their Indian slaves.

Yet how could the dogs have tracked them? They must have some scent to go upon. As their eyes asked each other the question, Barney lit upon the solution.

"The rag which bound my wound came off when we got to land," he cried. "The Dons would not be long in finding it."

Then away in the distance came the unmistakable deep baying of a hound, then an answering bay from further off.

A mile or so away a wood gave promise of shelter; if they could reach it they might escape both Dons and dogs. To stay and fight was impossible, for they had only daggers wherewith to defend themselves.

Disdaining the help of Jo or Jupe, Barney made shift to walk by himself, and as the woods grew more distinct they saw that they were of considerable size, reaching at places almost to the shore.

Again the savage baying came to their ears, and Morgan, climbing a sandy hummock, looked out over the sand dunes and saw in the distance a bloodhound following on their track. As he watched he saw the brute throw up its head and give a long-drawn howl. Then once more it came towards them.

In a moment Morgan had rejoined the others.

"One of the brutes is loosed!" he cried. And, urging them to greater efforts, he kept at Barney's side in case the wound should break out afresh.

The baying of the hound came nearer. He could be but a short distance to the

A STRANGER IN THE LAND!



As the pirates came to the open sea they stopped in astonishment. Not more than a hundred yards away was a ship careened on the sandy shore, and by her side, round a blazing fire, sat a dozen or more strange figures.

rear, and the belt of trees was still half a mile away. Then there came to Morgan's ears the howl of the brute's companions, and fainter still the distant shouts of pursuing men.

As they ran a huge, unwieldy brute with foam-flecked jaws, came lumbering round a turn in the track barely two hundred yards behind, and close upon the dog came the Spaniards, with another hound in leash. With a yell of triumph the Dons loosed the brute they held, and at a speed truly amazing he flashed after his companion.

The woods were invitingly near now; another few minutes and they would reach its shelter. There was but a piece of marshy land to cross.

"We'll beat the yellow dogs yet!" panted Barney exultantly; and then Jo gave a sudden shout.

"Ware ye, cap'n! This be naught but a slough!"

For the marshy ground which lay between them and their hope of safety had but a narrow path which wound this way and that across it.

On each side of the path were banks of slimy mud, dotted here and there with pools of filthy water. The mud heaved and sank as if alive—one false step and they would be sucked down to a fearful death.

"On with you, Barney!" cried Morgan. "There is not room for two to run abreast."

The mate in front, the four ran their hardest down that rude track. The belt of trees was invitingly near, but there was that deadly morass to cross ere they reached them. And at their heels came death in the shape of Dons and hounds.

A kind of sedge-grass grew on the edges of the pools, and from the heaving mud rose a noisome smell. In narrow channels that ran from pool to pool were tiny fish and insects, and above all floated a misty vapour. A more desolate hole could not be imagined, and as they ran along the track that wound in and out among the morass, the deep baying of the dogs grew nearer and nearer.

Would the hounds dare face the slough? Morgan knew that sometimes animals were wiser than men, and would not venture upon a doubtful place. But even as he wondered a hail of bullets whipped up the pools around them. Turning his head as he ran, Morgan saw the Dons kneeling on the edge of the slough, firing and reloading their muskets.

And bounding fiercely towards them was a huge beast that looked like a fiend straight from the pit. With its deep-sunk eyes, its pendulous, overhanging cheeks, and its great yellow tusks, the hound was enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

A bare ten yards behind it came another monster as fearsome as the first!

"On with you," cried Morgan. "A moment and we'll reach the woods!"

Then Barney once more began to falter. Every foot his stride began to shorten, and as they were forced to slacken speed to keep up with him, the dogs closed fast upon them. There was no mistaking the patter, patter of the brutes, as they came on, and interspersed with the patter was their hoarse breathing and a hideous coughing noise in their throats.

The Dons, roaring encouragement to their dogs, rushed on the path close behind them.

"One last effort, Barney!" called Morgan; and, as he cried, the track of a sudden widened and they were able to run at the mate's side. Then to their horror they saw a broad stretch of evil-looking mud right in front of them!

The noisome slough heaved and bubbled like a witch's cauldron. To leap it was impossible, and the great bloodhounds were panting at their heels!

"Keep straight on till I give the word!" gasped Morgan; and right to the very edge they sped; and then when but another stride would plunge them to the seething depths, he gave the order.

"On your faces!"

As they hurled themselves to the ground, a hound, taking them in its stride, hurtled over their prostrate forms into the heaving slough; and in a flash its companion followed! Scrambling to their feet they saw the brutes struggling desperately to free themselves, whilst from the pursuing Dons came a very howl of rage as they saw what had happened.

Then kneeling, the Spaniards poured a

fresh hail of shots, which spattered the leaves of the trees; but luckily none was hit. The great dogs, as if blaming each other for their plight, floundered about striving to seize one another, yet with every movement they but sank lower in the sea of mud. Morgan bit his lip to think that they were caught like rats in a trap, with the shelter of the woods so tantalisingly near—just a few feet across the heaving morass.

As the Dons, finding their shooting to be of no avail, renewed the chase, the fierce brutes, wallowing in the mire, got at each other's throats. And Morgan saw that their great bodies, stretched end to end as they were, reached almost to the other side, and there the branches of a tree hung within reach.

"Jupe!" he cried. "The dogs will make a bridge for you."

And at the word Jupe stepped lightly upon the nearest hound, and before the astounded brute knew what he was to do, he was upon its fellow, and, grasping the branches, had swung himself to safety.

Jo sprang across the living bridge as well, then, hoisting Barney to his back as if he were a child, Morgan prepared to follow. For he knew that the mate would never be able to cross unaided. The Dons yelled for him to stop. One hurled a dagger, but it only grazed his cheek.

"Hold tight, Barney!" said Morgan lightly, as he placed a foot on the nearest hound. But hardly had he touched the brute when, with a fearsome howl, it loosened its grip of the other and strove to turn upon the buccaneer. But, thanks to the clinging mud, it could hardly move its body, and though he swayed and nearly fell, Morgan kept his footing, and in a moment clutched the friendly branch, when Jo and Jupe drew them both to safety.

From behind a mighty tree they watched the baffled Dons rush to the edge of the slough. But none were bold enough to venture across the still living bridge. As some began to load their muskets, Morgan showed himself for the space of a second.

"Tis the dastard pirate, Morgan," yelled the Spaniards, literally dancing with rage.

"At your service, senors," said the buccaneer. "And when you see Don José, your admiral, pray tell the dog that Morgan o' the Main lives to found him from the earth."

Then, as they raised their guns to fire, he stepped lightly behind the sheltering tree. The Dons, after hurling futile threats, set off along the winding path to find a way across.

"I think we've seen the last of them," said Morgan, as he watched them go, "for the path leads back into the centre of the slough; but to take no chance we must start forward."

For the space of an hour the fugitives forced a way through the tangled undergrowth till the shouts of the Spaniards had died away in the distance.

The day was far advanced, when, coming to the edge of a clearing, they heard the distant sound of waves upon the shore. Where the clearing took a turn to the right Morgan stopped.

"I hear men talking," he said quietly. The others grasped their daggers, and Barney gave a grim chuckle.

"I said this place was full of Dons, cap'n."

"Tis not the voices of Spaniards, Barney mine," retorted Morgan, "but good English voices; or I'm much mistaken."

The others looked up in surprise. English voices on this coast? The thing was unbelievable, for the only ships hardy enough to encroach on a territory where the Dons were in such force would be the ships of the buccaneers themselves; and these, too, gave the mainland a wide berth, unless they were in great force.

"Surely ye be mistaken, cap'n?" said Barney; and then, as they came to the open sea, he stopped dead in astonishment. For there, a few hundred yards away, and almost indistinguishable in the gloom, was a ship careened on the sandy shore. By the side of her were a dozen or more fires, and around the fires were men drinking. Some of them were singing English songs.

"Tis plain to see they be none o' us," said Barney contemptuously. "The Brethren o' the Coast keep better watch than this.

Why, the Dons would be upon them before they knew what was doing."

"It intrigues me, I must confess," answered Morgan. "And now, while I think of it, it would be best that we were four shipwrecked sailors, and not Morgan o' the Main and three of his doughty crew."

As they came to the glare of the fire the figures rose to their feet. It was plain to see they had been drinking. Some drew cutlasses, but, bidding his men take no notice, Morgan went up to them.

A huge fellow with a bristling red beard barred Morgan's path.

"And who, in the name o' Old Nick, may ye be?" he demanded truculently.

"The captain of an English ship wrecked on this coast, and these are three of my men," replied Morgan quietly.

Red-Beard gave a loud guffaw.

"That be hanged for a tale!" said he rudely. "Ye be a fine scarecrow to call himself captain."

Despite his anger at the man's insolence, Morgan had to admit that in his tattered finery he looked anything but what he claimed to be; but, mastering his resentment, he demanded to be taken before their captain.

The big man placed a massive hand on Morgan's shoulder.

"Looke, my fine fellow," said he menacingly, "I want none o' your mouth. I ha' a mind to twist that skinny neck o' thine." And as he spoke, with his other hand he made to take the buccaneer by the throat.

But in an instant Morgan seized both those massive paws as in a vice.

"Keep your vile hands from me, you dog," cried he, as he flung the man from him. Spluttering with rage, Red-Beard scrambled to his feet, and, snatching a knife from his belt, sprang at his adversary.

Morgan, stepping lightly to one side, avoided the bull-like rush, and shooting out his right fist as the man hurtled past, caught him full on the jaw, and Red-Beard went to the ground like a felled log. With a bellow of rage his companions made to cut Morgan down, and, as Barney and the other two sprang to their captain's side, there came a sharp command:

"Stop!"

With muttered imprecations the men fell back, and a figure detached itself from the gloom and came into the glare of the fire.

He looked at Morgan and his men curiously, then, turning to Red-Beard, who was struggling to his feet, he beckoned to him.

"You drew a knife on the stranger," said the newcomer accusingly.

"An' what if I did, Sir Robert?" was the impudent retort. "It be nought to do wi' Je!"

"Sir Robert's eyes flashed fire at the man's tone.

"You'll answer me, you dog?" cried he. "Here, some of you, tie the fellow up!"

For a moment the men hung back, as if in dread of Red-Beard; but, drawing a pistol, Sir Robert placed it at the head of the nearest.

"Do as I say!" he thundered.

Without a word the men seized Red-Beard, and, despite his struggles, took him away.

Morgan saw that Sir Robert was a man well past the middle age—a gentleman obviously by his manner and appearance. But what was he doing on such a coast, and with such a wild crew?

"I ask your pardon," said Sir Robert, when the men had disappeared.

HOLDING BACK THE MUTINEERS!



Red-Beard led the mutineers up the gangway to the poop, with shrill cries: "On, my bully men!" he roared. "We have them at our mercy!" They came swarming up the ladder like savage men, but Morgan and his companions were calm and collected as they met the rush. (A thrilling incident from next week's long instalment.)

Then he motioned to Morgan to follow, and, leading the way, showed them to a small tent a hundred yards or so from the careened ship. Bidding a man see that Jo and Jupe had refreshment placed before them, he led the others inside.

Both did full justice to a most excellent repast which was placed hurriedly before them, and washed it down by some rare Burgundy. When they had finished—and not till then—Sir Robert turned to him.

"I think you said you had the ill-fortune to be wrecked on this coast?" he began.

And the buccaneer told him what he had told Red-Beard, adding the story of their escape from the hounds. All the while he called himself Captain Henry, and made no mention of his real name.

"My name is Trevoze—Sir Robert Trevoze, knight, of Polruan, in the Duchy of Cornwall"—volunteered the old man when Morgan had finished speaking. "My ship, the Carolus, became so foul with weeds on her voyage from England that I had to clean her on the first sandy shore I could," he continued. "But think you, Captain Henry, that the Dons will pursue here?"

Morgan shook his head smilingly.

"I think not, Sir Robert, for it should be dark ere they find a way from the swamp; then, as their dogs are dead, they know not in which direction we went. Even should they track us it will be dawn before they come."

"And by then," broke in the knight, "the Carolus will be afloat, for we sail at the first tide."

"Tis a strange coast, this, on which to find an English ship, and that no pirate," said Morgan, as if to himself.

Before Sir Robert could answer, Barney, who was dead tired with the day's exertions, yawned openly, and the knight rose to his feet.

"You must be fatigued," he said, with a glance at the mate, "so I will have quarters prepared for you."

But even as he was about to leave the tent, someone thrust the flap aside and entered. At the sight of strange faces the newcomer paused in confusion; but, placing a hand on his shoulder, Sir Robert turned to Morgan.

"My son, Harry—Captain Henry!" he said quietly.

(There will be another long thrilling instalment of our powerful new pirate serial in next week's issue.)

TOM MERRY & CO.'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

St. Jim's has been in a perfect storm of trouble since Mr. Ratcliff commenced his reign of terror and placed a ban on football. To say that the fellows are indignant would be putting it mildly. Trouble was prophesied, and trouble there is!



RESTORING THEIR RIGHTS!

ANOTHER EXCITING LONG COMPLETE STORY OF TOM MERRY & CO'S ADVENTURES AT ST JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the *St. Jim's* stories appearing in the "Gem" every week.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Shock for the Slackers!

"WHAT'S the programme, Tommy?" asked Monty Lowther.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the Terrible Three of the Shell were in their study. They were looking unusually glum, and Lowther asked his question in a listless tone.

Tom Merry frowned. "Personally, I don't feel like doing anything, or going anywhere," he growled. "Now that they've stopped footer, life isn't worth living."

"Old Ratty's the biggest tyrant un-hung!" said Manners. "The Head would never dream of interfering with the school games. Neither would Railton. As for stopping footer—well, it's the biggest bit of tyranny the school's ever suffered. Ratty's name will go down to history as a sort of Nero."

"The Head will be back soon," said Monty Lowther, "and when he does turn up, let's hope he restores our rights."

"Yes, rather!"

While the Head was away, Mr. Ratcliff held supreme sway over St. Jim's. And he had thrown his weight about very considerably.

Mr. Ratcliff was a typical sample of Shakespeare's "man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority." And his actions, although they had not made the angels weep, had certainly brought the St. Jim's fellows to the verge of tears.

The grand old game of football had been forbidden. All footballs had been confiscated. The playing-fields lay silent and deserted.

Mr. Ratcliff had banned football on the ground that it was a rough, brutal, and ungentlemanly game.

This view had been forced upon Mr. Ratcliff by the Anti-Footer League, which had been formed by Aubrey Racke, the schemer and slacker of the Shell.

Moreover, Thompson of the Shell had had the misfortune to break his leg in a House match. Mr. Ratcliff had witnessed the accident, and he had become more strongly convinced than ever that football was not a game for the sons of gentlemen.

And so, making full use of the power he possessed in the absence of the Head, Mr. Ratcliff had banned football. And those

who had set his orders at defiance had been severely dealt with.

Small wonder that the Terrible Three felt unhappy, and moped in their study instead of getting out into the fresh air.

They were not the only long faces in the School House on this particular Saturday afternoon. All the athletic fellows were in the doldrums. The only people who were merry and bright were the slackers—the members of the Anti-Footer League.

Aubrey Racke's plot to get football suppressed had succeeded beyond his wildest expectations.

Racke was feeling very pleased with himself and the world in general; and to celebrate his triumph he decided to hold a study banquet, to which all the members of his League had been invited.

Racke's followers were already making their way to his study.

Crook and Mellish, Trimble and Skimpole, Serope and Clampe, were looking forward to a gay time. With the exception of Trimble, they had eaten no dinner in Hall, so as to be "in form" for the great banquet which was about to take place.

Aubrey Racke was reclining at full length on the couch when his guests arrived.

There was a pleasant odour of cooking, and a couple of Second Form fags were busily engaged in preparing the banquet.

Racke nodded amiably to his guests.

"Trot right in!" he said.

The visitors cheerfully obeyed.

Baggy Trimble lifted his nose and sniffed like a war-horse scenting the fray.

"What a ripping smell of sosses!" he exclaimed. "You can hear 'em sizzling, too. Hope these fags of yours don't burn 'em, Racke."

"Don't worry," said Racke. "These kids know their job; otherwise I shouldn't have hired them for the afternoon."

The guests made themselves comfortable. Racke's study was tastefully furnished, and it was quite a haven of rest for slackers on a half-holiday.

"Isn't it topping, to think they can't drive us down to the footer-ground, like Kildare did a fortnight ago?" said Crooke.

"No more compulsory footer; no more interference with our freedom. Hurrah!" The slackers echoed the cheer. Anything for a quiet life, was their motto. Compulsory football had been a very painful ordeal to them, and they were glad it was

over. Henceforward, their half-holidays would be periods of pleasure and leisure. There was no fear of them being driven down to the footer-ground, where the slackers ceased from slacking, and the weary found no rest.

Racke ordered the fags to "dish up," and they did so.

The elegant Aubrey took his seat at the head of the table.

"Gentlemen of the league," he said, with a flourish of his hand, "pile in!"

The guests needed no second bidding. They had aching voids in their interiors, and the smell of the sausages was savoury in the extreme.

Baggy Trimble had already dined; but Baggy was never averse to having one meal on top of another.

The feasters "piled in" with alacrity. The clatter of the knives and forks made merry music.

Before the slackers had made much progress with the meal, however, there came a dramatic interruption.

The door was thrown open without ceremony, and Kildare of the Sixth looked in.

"Sorry to disturb your orgy," he said, "but I'm acting under orders. All juniors are to parade in the quadrangle at once."

"Oh, crumbs!"

The feasters looked dismayed.

"What's up, Kildare?" asked Racke.

"You're going to be drilled."

"Drilled—on a half-holiday?" gasped Crooke.

Kildare nodded.

"It's Mr. Ratcliff's idea," he said.

"Now that football has been stopped, he finds that there's a great deal of slacking going on; and he's not going to allow it. He's engaged a retired sergeant-major from Wayland to drill all the juniors of both Houses."

"Oh, my hat!"

"The awful tyrant!"

"What's the school comin' to?"

Kildare frowned.

"You are not to call Mr. Ratcliff a tyrant in my presence," he said. "A dose of physical jerks will do you a power of good. You've got flabby and out of condition. Come along!"

Kildare held open the door, and stood waiting for the slackers to pass out.

Baggy Trimble hastily bolted a whole sausage. It wasn't a very big one, but it had the effect of making Baggy's cheeks

"Glyn's Spectroscope!"—Next Week's Thrilling and Amusing Story of St. Jim's!

bulge out, as if he was suffering from toothache.

Baggy would have consumed that sausage and started on another, but Kildare gave him no chance. He dealt the fat junior a sharp cut across the shoulders with his ashplant.

"Get a move on!" he commanded. "Yaroooooo!"

The slackers reluctantly wended their way to the quadrangle. They found a whole crowd of juniors assembled there. Mr. Ratcliff was present. He was in conversation with a powerfully-built man in civilian clothes—a man with a prominent and aggressive jaw and a curling moustache.

Most of the fellows were looking angry and rebellious. And it was hardly to be wondered at.

Mr. Ratcliff had stopped football. That, in itself, was an act of the grossest tyranny. But to interfere with the juniors' liberty in this manner—why, it was unheard-of!

It was a half-holiday, and the fellows were free to do as they liked. So they thought. Mr. Ratcliff thought differently.

"Call the roll, Kildare," said the House-master.

The captain of St. Jim's obeyed, and the juniors sullenly answered their names.

"All present, sir," said Kildare, when he had finished.

"Very good," said Mr. Ratcliff. And then he addressed the assembled throng. "I regret to say," he began, "that since I suspended football there has been a great deal of slacking. You have been spending your half-holidays within doors, lazing and loafing in your studies. Such a state of affairs is most unsatisfactory. I have therefore arranged for Sergeant-Major Burns to drill you for two hours."

Somebody started to groan. The sound grew in volume, until a deep and mournful chorus of groans floated across the quadrangle.

Mr. Ratcliff frowned. "Silence!" he thundered. "How dare you indulge in this hostile demonstration?" The groaning died away.

"I will now leave you in charge of Sergeant-Major Burns," said Mr. Ratcliff. "I have given him full authority to punish any boys who are troublesome or disobedient. You will find it a wise policy to behave yourselves."

So saying, Mr. Ratcliff swept away with rustling gown. And the St. Jim's juniors were left to the tender mercies of the man with the aggressive jaw and the curling moustache.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Racke Changes His Views!**

PARADE—"shun!" The deep-throated voice of Sergeant-Major Burns boomed across the quadrangle.

The juniors came sullenly to attention. "This is absolutely the giddy limit!" muttered Monty Lowther. "Fancy being left to the mercy of this brute for a couple of hours!"

"I shall begin to wonder soon whether this is really a public school or a reformatory!" murmured Tom Merry.

"Silence!" thundered the sergeant-major, in a roar that made Tom Merry jump. "If there's any more torkin' in the ranks, I'll give you a taste of my drill-stick!"

The drilling then started in earnest. The juniors were numbered off and formed into fours and marched up and down the quadrangle.

From their study windows the seniors of St. Jim's watched the strange spectacle, and wondered what the school was coming to. They were hungering for the Head's return. Surely such a state of affairs would not be permitted to continue when Dr. Holmes came back?

"Lef', right, lef', right, lef'!" The raucous voice of the sergeant-major boomed in the juniors' ears as they marched along.

Racke & Co. were in the rearguard. They shuffled along anyhow, not troubling to keep in step. And they soon came under the ban of the sergeant-major's displeasure. "Piffy up, there!" he roared, glaring at Racke.

"Eh?" gasped Aubrey. "Piffy up!"

"What on earth's the man talkin' about?" muttered Racke.

Crooke acted as interpreter. "He means 'Pick your feet up,'" he said.

"My hat!" The sergeant-major thrust his jaw forward more aggressively than ever.

"There's a lot of slackin' goin' on in the rear!" he shouted. "I shall form an 'awkward squad' presently, an' put the slackers through the 'oop!'"

The sergeant-major was as good as his word.

Racke and Crooke and Baggy Trimble—and all the members of the Anti-Football League, in fact—were ordered to drop out of the ranks, and they were formed up in a separate squad. The sergeant-major then sent for some heavy dumb-bells. When they arrived, he distributed them amongst the slackers. He then beckoned to Tom Merry.

"You seem to be about the most sensible kid 'ere," he said. "Keep the others on the march, while I deal with the awkward squad."

Tom Merry did not relish the position of drill-instructor. He felt half-inclined to refuse to do the sergeant-major's bidding. But he caught sight of Mr. Ratcliff, glaring down from his study window, and he decided that it would be useless to rebel.

The main party were kept on the march, with an occasional rest of five minutes.

But there was no rest for the slackers. The sergeant-major saw to that. He drilled them with the dumb-bells until they were in a state bordering on collapse.

"In, out; in, up; in, out; in, down!"

The sergeant-major repeated the words like a monotonous chant. And the dumb-bells were thrust forwards and upwards and sideways and downwards until they felt like ton weights.

"Ow! I—I can't stick this much longer!" groaned Baggy Trimble.

The fat junior was panting and perspiring. It was as much as he could do to raise the heavy dumb-bells above his head.

Baggy paused for a moment, in order to recruit his strength. The sergeant-major was upon him in an instant. And the expression on his face was so terrifying that Baggy Trimble dropped one of the dumb-bells.

The sergeant-major sprang back, but he

was too late. The heavy dumb-bell descended with a sickening thud on to his toes.

"Yarooooooh!"

A wild yell of anguish rang out. The sergeant-major hopped to and fro like a cat on hot bricks. He clasped the injured member and roared like a wounded lion.

Baggy Trimble looked scared. "I—I'm awfully sorry!" he muttered.

"It was a pure accident, you know," his gyrations. He glared at Baggy Trimble in a most ferocious manner.

"I'll learn yer!" he growled. "I'll learn yer to pelt me with dumb-bells! Jest you wait a minute!"

When the acute anguish had passed, the sergeant-major picked up his drill-stick, which had fallen to the ground, and strode towards Baggy Trimble.

What followed was like a scene from a pantomime.

Baggy Trimble bolted in terror, and the sergeant-major pursued him, lashing out with the drill-stick.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Yaroooop!" yelled Baggy. "Rescue, you fellows! Stop him! Keepimoff! He's half-killing me!"

The sergeant-major was certainly doing great execution. He kept at Trimble's heels, hitting out savagely. And Baggy's yells of anguish fairly awakened the echoes.

Tom Merry & Co. saw what was passing, and their eyes gleamed with indignation.

"I say, we can't allow this!" muttered Tom Merry. "That brute seems to have lost all control of himself."

Manners and Lowther looked at their leader. They did not speak, but their eyes asked the question, "Shall we interfere?"

"Come on!" said Tom Merry grimly.

And the Terrible Three rushed to the rescue of the luckless Trimble.

The sergeant-major had indeed lost all control of himself. He was hitting out wildly, and blows were rained upon all parts of Baggy Trimble's anatomy.

The seniors, at their study windows, were shouting to the irate martinet to desist. But he did not seem to hear their shouts; nor would he have heeded them had he heard them. He was in a royal rage. That dumb-bell had fallen on his pet corn; and he did not stop to reflect that it was



THE SPORT THAT TOOK THE PLACE OF FOOTER! Baggy Trimble was perspiring freely after a few minutes of the unusual exercise, and he paused for a moment to recruit his strength. The sergeant-major was upon him in an instant. "Yaroooop!" Baggy dropped the dumb-bell in his anguish, and it descended full upon the man's toes. (See Chapter 2.)

a pure accident. He laid about him with great vigour.

The Terrible Three came sprinting on the scene, and they did not stand on ceremony. They hurled themselves with one accord at the sergeant-major. Manners wrenched the drill-stick from his grasp, and the other two grappled with him and bore him to the ground. He was a giant of a man, and he struggled fiercely. But Jack Blake & Co. rushed to the assistance of the Terrible Three, and the sergeant-major was pinned to the ground, with a crowd of juniors sprawling on top of him.

"You—you—" he spluttered. "Lemme gerrup!"

"Not just yet, my tulip," said Monty Lowther. "You've got to promise that you'll let Trimble alone before we allow you to rise."

"Yaas, wathah!" panted Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Until you solemnly promise not to molest Twimble again, you'll stay where you are!"

It was an amazing spectacle.

The sergeant-major lay prone upon the ground, but his body was almost hidden from view. He was like Gulliver, trapped by the Lilliputians, who swarmed over his body.

Mr. Ratcliff was leaning from his study window, and shouting.

"You young rascals! How dare you? Release Sergeant-Major Burns instantly!"

The juniors were conveniently deaf. They continued to pin the sergeant-major down, until he gave his solemn promise that he would not molest Baggy Trimble any further. Then, and only then, was he permitted to rise.

Mr. Ratcliff was still storming at the juniors.

"I have taken your names," he roared, "and I shall punish you severely for this outrage!"

Tom Merry looked up fearlessly at the fuming Housemaster.

"We only did what was right and fair, sir," he said. "This man had no right to go for Trimble like that over a pure accident. And if you punish us, sir, we shall appeal to the Head on his return!"

"You—you—"

Mr. Ratcliff was almost incoherent with rage. But he realised that the juniors were in the right. The sergeant-major had behaved with Hunnish ferocity; even Mr. Ratcliff had to admit that—to himself, at any rate. And the juniors had felt bound to interfere. Moreover, their interference was justified.

When the vials of his wrath had been expended, and Mr. Ratcliff was calmer, he wisely decided to let the matter drop. If it came to the ears of the Head, there would probably be a scandal.

Order was restored at length, and the drilling continued.

At the end of the two hours the slackers were in a sorry plight. They felt—to quote the words of Crooke—as if they had been through a mangle, under a steam-roller, and mixed up with an earthquake. They were aching in every limb, and it was as much as they could do to crawl away into the building.

"Ow, ow, ow!" moaned Baggy Trimble. "If this is going to happen every half-holiday, I'd sooner go back to compulsory football!"

In saying this, Baggy was voicing the views of every member of the Anti-Football League.

Racke and his followers hated football, and they had gone out of their way to get it stopped. But they hated "physical jerks" even more. Football was the lesser of the two evils.

The unpleasant experiences of the afternoon had wrought a complete change in Aubrey Racke's views. He had been a staunch anti-footballer; he was now longing for football to come back again.

That evening the Anti-Football League held its last meeting.

Racke proposed that a big effort should be made to bring football back again. Crooke seconded the proposition, and it was carried unanimously.

The slackers had had quite enough drill and discipline to last them for a whole term; and they were longing to get back to the old routine. Compulsory football was not nearly such a hardship as compulsory drill.

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And so, from that time forth, the Anti-Football League ceased to function.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Revival of Football!

SUNDAY passed quietly at St. Jim's, and on Monday the word went round that the Head was expected back in the evening.

Dr. Holmes had been away only a fortnight; yet it seemed months to the St. Jim's fellows, who had chafed and groaned under the tyrannical rule of Mr. Ratcliff.

"I think we ought to see the Head directly he gets back, and tell him about the footer being stopped," said Tom Merry. "Yes, rather!" agreed Manners.

"Why not draw up a petition, pleading that footer should be revived?" suggested Monty Lowther. "I reckon everybody in the school would sign it. And that would give us a strong case."

"Good!" said Tom Merry. "Let's put our heads together, and get out the giddy petition right away."

The Terrible Three were very busily occupied for the next half-hour. Had Mr. Ratcliff known the nature of their occupation, he would have been very angry. But Mr. Ratcliff was in blissful ignorance of what was going on in Study No. 10 in the Shell passage.

Tom Merry laid down his pen at last with a sigh of satisfaction.

"There! I guess that will do the trick," he said.

"Read it out, Tommy," said Lowther, "and let's hear how it sounds."

Tom Merry recited the petition.

"To the Headmaster of St. Jim's. Sir,—We, the undersigned, beg to bring to your notice the fact that all football has been stopped at St. Jim's, by order of Mr. Ratcliff.

"We wish most emphatically to protest against this interference with our rights.

"Mr. Ratcliff contends that football is a dangerous and a brutal game. We, sir, contend that it is one of the finest and healthiest sports ever devised. Unfortunately, Thompson of the New House had the misfortune to break his leg during the House match. It was a pure accident, but it seemed to lend colour to Mr. Ratcliff's view that football was brutal.

"You, sir, having been a great footballer yourself, in your younger days, will understand how we feel about the matter. All our footballs have been confiscated, and we are having drill on half-holidays instead of football.

"We feel very keenly that this is a rank injustice; and we ask you, sir, with due respect, to remove these restrictions and to allow football to continue as heretofore."

"Bravo!" said Monty Lowther. "That hits the nail right on the napper! If the Head can listen to that petition unmoved, I shall be jolly surprised!"

"Same here," said Manners.

"Now, what about getting the signatures?" said Tom Merry. "We'd better let Kildare sign first, I think, to give it a good start-off."

"Splendid!"

The Terrible Three conveyed the petition to Kildare, who was in his study, chatting with Darrel and Rushton.

"What do you kids want?" asked the captain of St. Jim's, not unkindly.

"We've drawn up a petition to the Head, Kildare," said Tom Merry, "and we should like you to sign it."

"Let me see it."

The petition was handed over, and Kildare perused it with a smile.

"Rather presumptuous of you kids to get this up on your own," he said. "It ought to have been left to the Sixth. However, you've made quite a good job of it; and as I'm heartily in favour of footer being resumed, I'll sign."

The captain of St. Jim's produced his fountain-pen and wrote "Eric Kildare."

Darrel and Rushton added their signatures, and, with three of the most influential fellows in the school having signed, it was not a difficult matter to get more signatures.

Everybody in the Sixth signed the petition, with the exception of Knox. And Knox didn't count.

The Fifth signed to a man. So did the Shell and the Fourth. And then the ink-fingered fags added their sprawling signatures.

Tom Merry required several sheets of foolscap to accommodate all the names. And when the petition had been signed by practically everybody in the school, it looked a most imposing document.

The amusing part of it was that all the Anti-Footballers had signed the petition.

The very fellows who had helped to bring about the stoppage of football were now only too eager to get the game revived.

"I think we ought to go down to the station and meet the Head, and present the petition to him there and then," said Tom Merry. "If we wait till he gets up to the school, old Ratty might get in his say first; and that would spoil everything."

"That's so," said Manners. "I expect the Head will be arriving on the six-forty at Rylcombe. That's a good train."

"We'll chance it, anyway," said Monty Lowther. "And if the Head doesn't turn up by that one, we'll wait for the next."

Quite an army of fellows marched down to the station that evening.

Mr. Ratcliff, watching the exodus from his study window, wondered where they were all going. He also wondered what it was that Tom Merry carried in his hand. Little did he dream that all those fellows were going to waylay the Head, as it were, and put in their petition before Mr. Ratcliff had a chance to justify his high-handed actions.

Shortly afterwards the little platform of Rylcombe Station was swarming with St. Jim's fellows.

There were no seniors present; but there was a fair sprinkling of Fifth-Formers, and the Shell and the Fourth were there to a man. So were the fags. They stood in massed formation on the platform, waiting for the Head's train to arrive.

"Pity we didn't bring a brass band with us," chuckled Monty Lowther. "The reception would be complete, then."

"I'd have brought my cornet along if I'd thought of it," said Herries of the Fourth. "Oh, help!"

"She's signalled, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy excitedly.

Gussy always spoke of trains in the feminine gender.

Presently the train swung into view round a curve. And the hearts of the waiting throng beat faster than usual.

Everybody would be glad to see the Head again. His fortnight's absence had made them realise what a kind and wise ruler he was. How very different from Mr. Ratcliff, who ruled by ruthlessness rather than by kindness, and whose methods savoured of the mailed fist and the iron hand!

The train rumbled slowly to a standstill. From a first-class compartment stepped the headmaster of St. Jim's.

Tom Merry whisked off his cap and whirled it above his head.

"Three cheers for Dr. Holmes!" he shouted.

And such a volume of cheering rang out as had seldom been heard on the little station before.

"Hurrah!"

The startled faces of the passengers appeared at the carriage windows. The Head himself looked startled, and a little dazed. He had not been prepared for this tumultuous reception.

When the cheering had died away, Tom Merry stepped up to the Head.

"We're awfully pleased to see you back, sir!" he said.

Dr. Holmes smiled.

"Thank you, Merry. I confess I am rather overwhelmed by this totally unexpected demonstration. What does it mean?"

"It means that we're ever so glad to see you again, sir. It really seems as if you've been away for months!"

The Head smiled round at the sea of faces, and he could not doubt the sincerity of the reception. It was an eloquent tribute to his popularity.

"I trust everything has gone well in my absence, Merry?" he said.

Tom's face clouded a little.

"I'm sorry, sir, but things haven't gone at all well. In fact, we've found it necessary to draw up this petition and present

(Continued on page 26.)

THE REFORMATION OF THE SLACKER! Harry Wharton & Co. come to the conclusion that Lord Mauleverer, the slacker of the Remove, wants waking up, which they proceed to do very effectively!



Waking Up Mauly!

A Grand, Long, Complete story dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Lord Mauleverer of the Remove Form, Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Not Having Any!

BOB CHERRY and Frank Nugent, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, stood on the steps of the School House, and looked out across the murky Close towards Little Side. They were in footer togs, and Bob Cherry had a ball under his arm.

"Footer practice—in this drizzle!" grunted Bob. "Lovely!"

"Well, it's no good grumbling," said Nugent. "We've got to go through it. Once we get started we sha'n't notice it so much."

"You chaps ready?" asked Johnny Bull, coming out of the School House.

"No!" said Bob Cherry. "It's too rotten for footer! I vote we chuck it up and play leap-frog in the common-room, or something!"

"Dry up, you ass," said Johnny Bull. "You'll make us all dissatisfied. We've got to put in a couple of hours at practice, and it's no use grumbling."

Harry Wharton suddenly appeared. "Hallo! What are you chaps doing here?" he asked.

"Waiting for you, ass," replied Bob Cherry.

"Well, there's no need to hang about here," said Wharton. "Buzz on to the ground, and get ready for business. I'll be there in a jiffy."

"Why can't you come now?" asked Nugent.

"I'm looking for that ass Mauleverer. Got a letter for him. As soon as I've found him I'll join you."

"A game of chess—" began Bob Cherry. "Eh?"

"A game of chess wouldn't be bad just now," said Bob reflectively. "Just think of sitting in the study, nice and comfy. Footer's all right in its place, but—"

Harry Wharton grinned.

"None of that bizney, my son," he interrupted. "We've got to practise this afternoon, rain or no rain. There'll be heaps of time for chess afterwards; and we shall enjoy it a lot more."

And the captain of the Remove went back into the House. His chums looked at one another, and Bob Cherry made a very grimace.

"Unreasonable chap, Wharton," he said, looking up at the frowning sky. "Well, I suppose we've got to get a move on."

And the juniors went out in a body.

Harry Wharton was anxious to get out, and he walked through the passages, with an impatient expression upon his face.

"The duffer isn't in his room," he murmured; "and he doesn't seem to be about the House. He can't be out cycling, or walking in this drizzle. I say, Brown."

Tom Brown, the New Zealander, looked round.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Have you seen Mauly anywhere about?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, I spotted him in the passage five minutes ago," said Tom Brown. "He'd got a book under his arm, so I suppose he's slacking somewhere, as usual."

"Thanks!"

Harry went downstairs. But a thorough search of the common-room did not reveal the elegant figure of Lord Mauleverer, of the Remove. Harry Wharton gave it up.

"I sha'n't waste any more time!" he muttered. "I'll give him this letter at tea-time. I don't suppose it's anything important, anyhow."

The letter had been given to Wharton by the postman, whom the junior had met at the entrance-gates. He had not placed it in the rack because he thought that the schoolboy earl was about the House.

Harry walked briskly to the football-ground.

He passed Snoop, the sneak of the Remove, who was leaning against one of the old elms, where it was practically dry, for the leaves were still thick upon the branches, watching the Third Form match.

"Seen Mauleverer knocking about?" asked Wharton.

"No," said Snoop. "Why?"

"I wanted him, that's all," said Harry; and he walked on.

Snoop looked after him, and grinned.

"Silly ass, playing footer in this rain!" he muttered. "I'll bet he wanted Mauly to practise. Mauly playing footer! Oh, my hat!"

He chuckled at the very thought. And it certainly was humorous, for Lord Mauleverer was the prize slacker of the Remove. The schoolboy millionaire was one of the best fellows breathing—generous to a degree, and sunny-tempered. But there was no denying that he disliked work exceedingly. Anything that required exertion was not in Mauleverer's line at all.

Even in the very cold weather, when snow was on the ground, and when brisk exercise would have warmed him up, Mauleverer

preferred to remain in his own luxurious study before a blazing fire.

Snoop moved after a few minutes, and lounged across the Close, just in time to see Mauleverer coming towards the Cloisters.

"Mauly!" he shouted. "Hi, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer stopped, and looked round.

"Did anyone call me?" he asked listlessly.

"Yes, I did!" shouted Snoop. "Come over here, old man!"

"Begad, it's too much fag," replied the dandy of the Remove. "If you want to speak to me, come here."

Snoop approached.

"I don't want to speak to you," he began.

"Good!"

"I mean, I only want to give you a tip," said Snoop.

"My dear fellow, I don't want it!" exclaimed Mauleverer, in a tired voice. "I've got heaps of money of my own!"

"You ass! I don't mean that kind of tip!"

"Begad, I thought you didn't, somehow!"

"It's a word of advice," went on Snoop. "If I were you, I should steer clear of the playing-fields. Wharton's looking for you!"

"Looking for me?" said his lordship.

"What the deuce for?"

"He wants you to play footer for him," he said. "He and those other duffers are practising in this rotten rain, and they want you as well. They want you to keep goal!"

"Begad!"

Snoop's word of advice wasn't exactly truthful, for he didn't know what Harry Wharton had wanted Mauleverer for—it was only guesswork on Snoop's part. But Lord Mauleverer wasn't to know that, and he looked at Snoop in dismay.

"Begad, is—is Wharton looking for me now?" he asked.

"Yes, and Bob Cherry as well," answered Snoop untruthfully; he was enjoying the effect of his words upon Mauleverer's aristocratic face. "If I were you, I'd make myself scarce—I'd lock myself up somewhere."

"Yaas."

Lord Mauleverer looked up and down anxiously.

"Awfully good of you to give me the tip, my dear fellow," he said. "I'll bunk indoors and lock myself in my bally study!"

And the dismayed slacker proceeded to "bunk" indoors. Probably he didn't know the literal meaning of the word "bunk," in the sense he had used it, for his progress to

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Tell Your Pals That Next Tuesday's Greyfriars Yarn Will Take a Lot of Beating!

the School House was a languid stroll. Even the dire fear of being forced to work did not make Mauleverer hurry himself.

But he arrived at his study without adventure, and turned the key in the lock with a sigh of relief. Then he took off his mackintosh, and lowered himself into a luxurious lounge before the fireplace.

"Footer, in this weather!" he murmured, with closed eyes. "What silly asses, begad! Thank goodness they didn't collar me. I shall be undisturbed—"

Lord Mauleverer paused, and opened his eyes as a brisk footstep sounded in the passage. Next moment the sounds ceased—outside his study door!

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Nothing Doing!

LORD MAULEVERER held his breath. "Begad, it's Wharton, come to lug me out!" he murmured, in dismay. Tap!

Somebody knocked, and tried the door-handle.

"Hallo, locked!" the visitor exclaimed. "The awful slacker's locked himself in! Mauly, you lazy bounder!"

The last three words were shouted loudly, and the schoolboy ear recognised the voice as that of Peter Todd of the Remove. But Peter Todd was a friend of Wharton's, and it was quite on the cards that Peter had come along to haul him out.

The schoolboy ear remained still. Peter Todd knocked again—with his boot. "Are you in there, Mauly?" he shouted, with his mouth to the keyhole. "It's no good, you awful slacker, I know you're inside. I saw you come into the House just now. If you don't answer I'll bust the giddy door down!"

"Begad!"

Peter Todd, outside, grinned. "Oh, you're inside, right enough!" he exclaimed. "Are you going to open this door?"

"Yaas."

"Good! Look sharp about it!"

Peter stood in the passage and waited; but there was no movement inside the study. Todd banged on the door again.

"Mauly!" he roared.

"Yaas?"

"I thought you said you were going to open the door, you blighter?"

"Yaas, so I am!"

"Then open it, ass! I want to come in, fathead!" said Peter politely.

"Sorry, I can't open it now, my dear fellow," drawled Lord Mauleverer. "I meant I would open it when I came out!"

"You—you frabjous joser!" shouted Todd. "I want to speak to you!"

"You are speaking, my dear fellow!"

"You—you— I want to come in!" roared Todd.

"Sorry!"

"Are you going to open this door?"

"Yaas."

"When?"

"At tea-time, my dear fellow!" said Mauleverer languidly. "I wish you'd go away! You're disturbing me!"

"My hat, I'll disturb you in a minute!" he exclaimed. "If you don't open this door immediately, I'll pulverise you when I catch you outside!"

"I'll risk it, old chap!"

"But what's the idea?" shouted Todd. "What the dickens have you bolted your self up for? Do you think I shall commit murder if you let me in?"

"Yaas—I mean, no—but it's too wet!"

"Too wet?" ejaculated Peter.

"Yaas."

"Too wet for what, you thundering jabber-wock?"

"Football!"

"Football?"

"Yaas."

"Who's talking about football!" roared Todd, in exasperation.

"Begad, I wish you wouldn't shout!" said Lord Mauleverer plaintively. "You might let a chap get some rest! It's no good, Toddy—I'm not going to let you lug me out!"

Peter Todd stared at the closed door as he heard Mauleverer sigh after that lengthy utterance.

"Footer—lug you out!" ejaculated Todd.

"I'm blessed if I know what you're talking about, Mauly. Did you think I came to make you play footer?"

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"Yaas. Wharton sent you!"

"Well, I'm blessed!"

"I was warned, you see, my dear fellow," yawned Mauleverer. "So I've locked myself in. Please go away; I'm beastly tired. All this talking has made me quite weak!"

"But—but you silly ass—you fatheaded cuckoo—I haven't seen Wharton!" roared Peter Todd. "I haven't come here to make you play football! I want to borrow some tin off you!"

"Begad!"

"So open the door, and don't be an hour about it!"

"Haven't you come from Wharton—really?"

"Of course I haven't!" shouted Peter. "And you don't want me to play?"

"No!"

"Honour bright?"

"Yes, you chump! Honour bright!" exclaimed Todd sulphurously. "Now will you open the door?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Mauleverer mildly.

"What do you mean?"

"How can I open the door?" asked his lordship wearily. "I'm on the lounge before the fireplace, and I can't reach the door from here, my dear fellow!"

Peter Todd glared at the door panels with a concentration of expression that ought to have bored a hole in the wood.

"Can't you get up?" he bellowed.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Tired!"

"I'll give you one more chance, Mauly," said Peter thickly. "If you don't open this door in one minute, I'll get a hammer and bust the lock! After that I'll haul you out, drag you across the Close, and duck you in the fountain!"

"Begad!"

"You've got five seconds left!"

"Begad, those fifty-five seconds have gone quickly!" said Mauleverer. "All right, I'll open the door! It's a beastly nuisance, though. Why can't you let a fellow rest in comfort?"

The key turned in the lock, and Todd grasped the handle and stamped into the schoolboy ear's luxurious study. He faced Mauleverer and gazed at him with an almost homicidal glare.

"You lazy, slacking bounder!" he said wrathfully. "I've a jolly good mind to chuck you out in the passage with all your furniture on top of you! That would give you a bit of work to do!"

"Work!" gasped Mauleverer. "Begad!"

"Yes, work!" growled Todd. "You could work all right if you set your mind to it. You're a decent sort in the main—one of the best—but you're the laziest slacker in Greyfriars! You want waking up, my son!"

"My dear fellow, you haven't let me sleep yet!" complained his lordship.

"You ass, you're asleep all the time! You want a couple of dynamite bombs shoved under your giddy waistcoat! Perhaps they'd make you move a bit."

Peter Todd wiped his brow, for his little vocal exercise in the passage had made him quite breathless.

"Now then, my son, I want to borrow ten bob, please," he said, holding out his hand. "Study No. 7 is hard up at the moment, and we've got nothing in for tea. Dutton's stony, and Bunter spent his last halfpenny before dinner. So I've come to you to help us over the giddy stile."

Lord Mauleverer nodded and yawned. "Right—ho, my dear fellow! I'll lend you ten bob with pleasure—"

"Good biz!"

"I'll make it a quid if you like—"

"Better still," said Peter genially. "In spite of your faults, you're not a bad sort, Mauly."

"Yaas; but—"

"Hand out the tin!"

"I'm sorry—"

"Eh?"

"But I haven't got any cash at present," said Lord Mauleverer. "You wouldn't let me tell you. I've only got one-and-a-tanner."

Peter Todd stared at the slacker of the Remove.

"Only got one-and-a-tanner!" he repeated blankly. "And you've kept me messing about here all this 'time to tell me that? You—you—"

Mauleverer looked distressed.

"I'm awfully sorry, Toddy, but it's not my fault!" he said. "You see, I'm expecting a letter from my uncle, Sir Reginald Brooke, and it ought to have come this morning. It's bound to be here before tea—perhaps it's in the rack now. Directly it comes I'll lend you as much as you want."

Todd calmed down again.

"Right—ho! Then I'll look you up later on," he said, moving towards the door. "And look here, if you refuse to let me in again I'll yank you out, skin you by inches, and boil you in oil!"

And with that dire threat the chief of Study No. 7 walked out, and left Lord Mauleverer in peace and quiet.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Hot Time For Mauly!

PETER TODD was thoughtful as he walked down the Remove passage. He was wondering how he could make Lord Mauleverer rouse himself out of his accustomed apathy. It was a pretty stiff task to contemplate. Bob Cherry had made the attempt on more than one occasion, but Mauly had never profited by it. Perhaps Bob's methods had been a little too drastic.

Peter strolled out into the Close, and made for the playing-fields. The rain had stopped now, but the autumn air was still damp and chilly. Todd was thinking of Mauleverer still.

"I want to get hold of some subtle scheme," he murmured—"something that'll make Mauly jump out of his skin, so to speak, and show what he can do."

Todd paused to look at the Removites practising. Harry Wharton had the ball, and he sent it spinning into the net with a well-directed kick.

"Goal!" said Temple of the Upper Fourth.

"Rats!" said Peter. "It's only practice, you ass!"

"Well, the goalie was beaten, anyhow."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney, of the Fourth. Harry Wharton came off presently. He was warm, in spite of the dull weather.

"Phew! I'm off for a drink of ginger-pop at Mrs. Mimble's!" he said. "Hallo, Toddy, what are you looking so thoughtful about?"

"Oh, I was only thinking about Mauly," said Peter.

"Do you know where he is, then?"

"Yes; in his study, locked in," replied Peter Todd.

"Locked in? What on earth for?" asked Harry.

"He thinks you're after him," chuckled Todd. "I went there just now, and had a terrific job to get in. He thinks you're going to haul him out here to practise. Have you been on the giddy warpath?"

"No; I haven't seen Mauly since dinner," replied Wharton. "That rotter, Snoop, has been stuffing him up. I told Snoop I wanted Mauleverer, and I expect Snoop has spun a yarn that I wanted him for footer practice."

"Yes, Snoop isn't particular about sticking to the truth."

"Well, I'll have my ginger-pop, and then go and explain things to Mauly," said Harry Wharton.

And he went off to Mrs. Mimble's little shop in the corner of the Close. Having regaled himself on ginger-beer, he entered the School House and went to Lord Mauleverer's study in the Remove passage.

Before knocking on the door, he took Mauly's letter from his pocket.

"From his uncle," he murmured, recognising the handwriting. "A giddy remittance, I expect. If I wasn't in funds I'd ask Mauly for a loan for causing me all this blessed trouble."

He tapped on the door, and tried the handle; but it was still locked.

"Mauly!" he shouted.

"Eh? HaHo! Who's that—what?" came a drowsy voice from within.

"It's me, you ass!" exclaimed Harry ungrammatically.

"Oh, my hat! It's Wharton, begad!"

"Yes; open the door, you lazy bounder!"

"Yaas—I mean, no fear!" exclaimed Mauleverer hastily. "You can't come in, my dear fellow. I was warned, you see, and I've made myself safe. Go away, there's a good chap. I—I'm tired!"

"It's all right, you chump! I'm not going to hurt you!" he said. "I've got a letter for you from your uncle."

"Oh, good!"



A VICTIM OF THE REFORMERS! At top speed Harry Wharton & Co. rushed Mauly up and down the field, until he could run no longer. Utterly spent, he leaned against the goalpost regaining his breath. "Oh, ow!" he groaned. "I'm finished, you fellows!" (See Chapter 4.)

"Well, open the door!" said Harry impatiently. "I can't stand out here all the afternoon! Todd tells me you've been playing the same trick on him, and kept him waiting ages."

"I—I can't open the door—I really can't, my dear fellow!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer. "Push the letter under the door, will you?"

"No, I jolly well won't!" exclaimed Wharton. "Come and open the door, you lazy, slow-moving tortoise! You needn't think I've come to haul you out to footer practice. That was only Snoop's tommy-rot."

"Oh!"

Just that one exclamation, but no sound of movement. Harry Wharton's eyes began to gleam, and he thumped hard on the door. Bang! Thump! Bang!

"Look here, Mauly, if you don't—" "Oh, you are a bother, Wharton!" interrupted Mauleverer plaintively. "I'm trying to get a nap, you know! Do go away!"

Harry Wharton breathed hard. "I tell you I'm not going to touch you," he said. "I've got a letter for you, and I'm not going to shove it under the giddy door. If you're too lazy to unlock it, I'll take your rotten letter away again!"

"Oh, good!"

"Ain't you going to let me in?" asked Wharton.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Too much fag."

Harry Wharton gazed at the door wrathfully for a moment, then his expression changed, and he chuckled under his breath. It was obviously impossible to get into Mauleverer's study by the door, but there were other means of entrance, and Wharton decided to teach Lord Mauleverer a lesson.

Without wasting any more time, he hurried out into the Close, and made his way to the football ground. Bob Cherry and Nugent were in the pavilion watching the practice, and Johnny Bull was just coming in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You look as if you're on the warpath!" said Bob Cherry.

"So I am," replied Harry grimly. "I've just been up to Mauleverer's study, and the frightful bouncer's actually too lazy to get up off the couch and unlock the door! I vote we teach him a lesson!"

Bob Cherry shook his head. "Might as well teach a lesson to my giddy footer boots," he said. "We've done everything that's humanly possible for Mauly, but he's past all earthly aid."

"Well, I'm going to shove Gosling's ladder up against the window, get in, and haul Mauly out," said Wharton firmly. "I suppose you chaps'll join in?"

"Rather!"

"Anything to oblige!"

"You can count me among the number," said Peter Todd, who was standing near by. "I've had trouble with Mauly this afternoon, too, and I should like to see the bouncer shoved through the mill!"

"Right-ho! Follow your uncle!" said Wharton cheerfully.

And the five juniors set off in search of Gosling's ladder. They found it leaning against the wood-shed, and, without any waste of time, proceeded to carry it across the Close.

The juniors halted beneath the window of Lord Mauleverer's study. The ladder was quickly hoisted, and Harry Wharton set his foot upon it.

"I'll go first, and you two had better follow," he said, indicating Peter Todd and Bob Cherry. "You other chaps cart the ladder back, and then lend a hand with Mauly after we've hauled the bouncer out!"

"Good enough!" said Bob Cherry. "Lead on, Macduff!"

Wharton mounted the ladder nimbly, and Todd and Bob Cherry followed close behind. They stepped into the study, and looked round. Lord Mauleverer was reclining gracefully on the luxurious lounge, sleeping peacefully. Bob Cherry grinned.

"Now for the giddy surprise!" he muttered. "I vote we all take a running jump at him, and land on his chest! I should think that would wake him up!"

"Well, it ought to!" grinned Peter Todd. But Mauleverer awoke before any such drastic measures could be taken. He had only been dozing, and the low voices aroused him. He opened his eyes, blinked at the invaders, and sat up with a start.

"Begad!" he gasped.

He gazed round in alarm, and saw that the door was still locked. The three Removites regarded him with fixed, concentrated stares. "Begad! How—how the deuce did you fellows get in?" his lordship ejaculated. "The door's locked, and— By Jove, the window!"

"Yes, we got in by the window, my son," said Bob Cherry sternly. "We've come to teach you a lesson—to show you the error of your ways. Ten minutes ago you refused to open the door to Wharton, because it was too much fag. We will now proceed to sit on you, bump you, and commit slaughter generally!"

Lord Mauleverer lay back and gasped. "Now, don't be silly asses!" he exclaimed. "I'd have opened the door to Wharton in a moment if I hadn't been so beastly tired!"

"Well, you'll get up now," said Harry Wharton grimly. "And by the time we've finished with you, you may have adequate cause to feel tired. We're going to run you out to the footer-field!"

"Begad!"

"And make you perspire from every pore!" said Peter Todd.

"Poor old Mauly!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, my dear fellows, you're not serious?" asked Mauleverer faintly.

"We are!" said Bob. "We is!"

"Yaas; but—"

(Continued on page 16.)
THE POPULAR.—No. 250

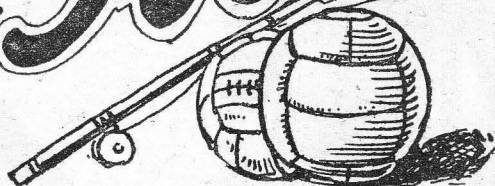
Don't Miss "Mauly—Swot!"—Next Week's Greyfriars Tale!

MANY HUNDREDS OF WONDERFUL PRIZES

GRAND NEW



Football



**First Prize,
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**30 MAGNIFICENT "JAMES"
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(Complete with Lamp, Horn, and Licence-holder—Value £50.)

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

250 BOOKS
Consolation

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.

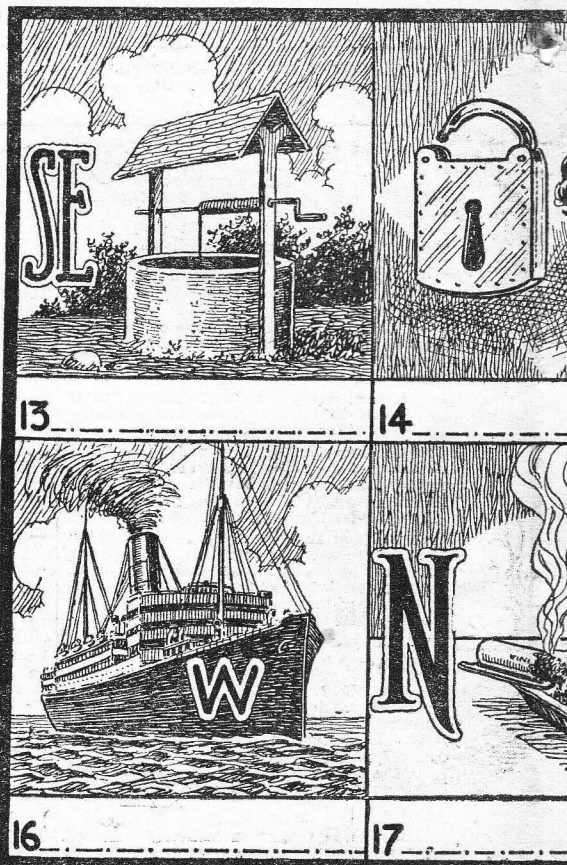
5.—The names under the pictures must be written IN INK.

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. 3.

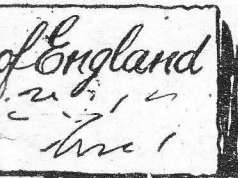


DON'T LET SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY. NOW LOOK OUT FOR T

LES! NOTHING DIFFICULT HERE, BOYS!

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Boys' Names!



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100 SPLENDID "JAMES" COMET BICYCLES

(Complete with Lamp, Bell, etc.)

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

Five More Sets to Come!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

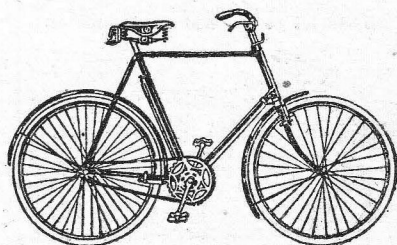
is to write IN INK in the allotted space under each of the puzzle-pictures the name of the Footballer which you think the picture represents. Surely a simple enough task—only six names to discover each week!

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 at the foot of page 2. The correct names represented by the puzzle-pictures are *all* contained in this list. It is only a matter of fitting the right name to each picture.

Readers of "The Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Pluck," "Boys' Cinema," "Young Britain," "Gem," "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.



	<p>21. Il fit tomber la corbeille de la femme et les hommes roulèrent sur la chaussée.</p>

THE FOURTH SET OF PICTURES WHICH APPEARS NEXT WEEK!

"WAKING UP MAULY!"

(Continued from page 13.)

"No 'buts' about it," said Harry Wharton briskly. "Collar him, chaps!"

"Begad! Now, don't act the giddy—Ow! I say, I—I'll go quietly!" gasped his lordship, as he was yanked off the lounge. "I'll walk quietly, without trying to escape, you know!"

"No good, my son—you've got to run!" said Bob Cherry. "That's the object of this visit. We're going to make you hot!"

"But I am hot already!" howled Mauleverer, who was perspiring with alarm.

"Cold to what you will be!" said Todd cheerfully.

"Begad!"

Lord Mauleverer was bundled out of his study into the passage. He was looking somewhat alarmed, but he made no attempt to free himself. In the first place, it would have required too much exertion, and in the second place he knew that the effort would be useless. So he allowed himself to be propelled downstairs at a dizzy speed.

In the entrance-hall Nugent and Johnny Bull stood waiting, grinning broadly.

"You've dug the boulder out, then?" said Nugent.

"Rather!" panted Bob Cherry. "If you come with us to the playing-fields, you'll have the pleasure of seeing murder done!"

"Begad!" gasped Mauleverer. "I say, you fellows, have pity on a chap! Rescue me!"

Johnny Bull grinned.

"Yes, we'll rescue you, Mauly, but not to-day," he said cheerfully. "We're going to see the fun!"

"Fun!" howled his lordship.

"Exactly," chuckled Bull. "It may not be funny from your point of view, but from ours it's downright humorous!"

Mauleverer had no time to answer, for he was shot through the doorway with unceremonious haste. At breakneck speed he was hustled across the Close. For once in a while the schoolboy earl was exerting himself, and the change wasn't to his liking at all. But it was Hobson's choice—he simply had to run!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. No Remittance!

THERE, I think you'll do now, Mauly!" said Harry Wharton breathlessly.

"Begad, I'm done up!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

"Yes, 'nuff's as good as a feast!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I'm beginning to feel somewhat fagged myself, so it's quite time we put the giddy brake on. You can buzz indoors now, Mauly—if you've got enough energy left!"

The Removites had almost exhausted themselves in giving Mauleverer his lesson. At top speed they had rushed his lordship up and down the football-field. Times innumerable Mauly had fallen flat in the wet grass, to receive the Famous Five on top of him. But again and again they had forced him to get up and run again, until now he was a sorry spectacle.

Utterly spent, Lord Mauleverer leaned against a post, regaining his breath. The perspiration was running from his cheeks, and his face was red with exertion. His elegant clothes were muddy from top to bottom, his collar was hanging down his back, and his necktie had disappeared completely.

"Ow! Begad, I'm finished!" he groaned. "Yaas, my dear fellows, I'm finished. I—I think I shall go to bed—what?"

"If you do we'll come and haul you out again," said Harry Wharton grimly. "You're too lazy to live! Go indoors and clean yourself, and then spend the evening as usual—or else in gymnastic exercises. If you like, I'll have a round or two with the gloves after tea—"

"Begad, no!" ejaculated Mauly in alarm. "I don't feel up to it to-day—I don't really, my dear fellow!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

And his lordship hurried away at quite a smart pace, in spite of his exhausted condition. But Wharton called him back, and gave him his letter—which had been the cause of all the trouble.

Mauleverer wasn't at all cross with the Famous Five for handling him so roughly.

He was altogether too spent to be cross with anybody, and his one thought was to get changed as quickly as possible, and then lie down in his study.

The Removites watched him disappear into the School House with amused smiles. They had exerted themselves on his account, but they did not mind that.

"He ought to be treated that way every day for a month," said Bob Cherry. "Then, perhaps, he'd pull himself together!"

"A month of it would finish him!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "The poor chap would be ready to lie down and perish!"

"The perishfulness would be terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, who had taken an active part in the ragging.

"Rats!" exclaimed Peter Todd firmly. "Mauly can be as energetic as any of us if he only chooses!"

"No fear!" said Nugent. "He isn't built that way!"

"Well, I'll bet anybody a quid—"

"Show us your money!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Well, threepence, then," amended Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some drop, as Fishy would say!" chuckled Bull.

"Oh, don't be funny!" went on Peter. "I'm serious. I believe that if Mauly liked, he could work like a giddy Trojan! We ought to think of some plan to make him!"

"All right, think of it; we shan't stop you," said Wharton cheerfully. "But it'll give your brain a pretty twisting, Toddy. Mauly isn't made to work, and it's my belief he'll remain a confirmed slacker until his dying day."

"Well, he's got it in him to work if he wants to," declared Peter Todd. "It only wants bringing out—that's all."

"And a blessed big all, too!" said Nugent. "Well, I want to talk about something else. Blow Mauly!"

"The blowfulness of the esteemed Mauly is terrific," murmured Hurree Singh.

"It was terrific when we'd finished with him, anyhow!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Peter Todd suddenly remembered that it was nearly tea-time, and that he had to obtain a loan from Mauleverer. So the leader of No. 7 Study hastened indoors.

"That letter was from his uncle," murmured Todd. "There's sure to be a remittance enclosed; two or three fivers, I expect. He can easily spare a quid for little me."

Peter found Lord Mauleverer in the Remove dormitory alone. He had washed, and looked vastly better for it. When Todd entered, his lordship was sitting on his bed, half-dressed, reading the letter from his uncle.

"How do you feel, old chap?" asked Todd cheerfully.

Mauleverer looked up languidly.

"Rotten!" he said.

"Sort of achy and tired?"

"Yaas."

"You'll soon be all right," grinned Peter.

"Of course, you know what I've come for, don't you?"

"Yaas—I mean, no. What have you come for?"

"Didn't you promise to lend me a quid?"

"Begad! So I did!"

"What is it this time—ten or twenty?" asked Peter.

"Begad! I—I'm awfully sorry, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Mauly. "I can't—"

"Can't what?"

"Well, you see, there's no remittance," said Mauleverer, in a tired voice.

Peter Todd jumped.

"No remittance!" he shouted.

"No. It's beastly awkward, isn't it?"

complained his lordship. "I haven't got any tin to speak of, and I shall be in a frightful hole until nunky—"

"But how about my quid?" shouted Todd.

Lord Mauleverer looked surprised.

"My dear fellow, you can't have it!" he said lazily. "I can't make quids, can I? I'm frightfully sorry, you know; but nunky says that he's fearfully worried over business matters, or something, and can't bother to send me any money—or something like that."

Peter Todd glared.

"Is this a wheeze to get out of lending or—"

"Begad, what a thought!" interrupted Mauly, in a hurt voice. "Read the letter, my dear fellow, and see for yourself."

Peter Todd, looking indignant, took the letter. It was only short, and had obviously been written in a hurry. It ran:

"My Dear Nephew,—Your letter reaches me while I am greatly worried over important business matters. Surely you do not want more money just yet? I am sure it is not urgent; and as I have no cash at hand I cannot do as you wish. I will probably send a cheque within a few days.

"UNCLE REGINALD."

Todd handed the letter back.

"I don't like the look of that 'probably,' " he remarked.

"Oh, it's all right, my dear fellow!" said Mauly. "Nunky is worried, and he's put it like that because he knows he might forget all about it. It's a beastly nuisance, all the same!"

"But—but I thought you were a giddy millionaire?" said Todd.

Mauleverer yawned.

"Yaas, I believe I am—something of the sort," he replied.

"And yet you can't have money when you want it!" exclaimed Peter. "I thought you had charge of your own giddy tin, Mauly? You haven't got to ask your uncle for every penny you want, have you?"

Mauleverer lay back on the bed.

"You don't understand, my dear fellow," he said sleepily. "I'm bothered if I understand myself exactly. But just at the present time the lawyer jonnies who have control of my money are away, or ill, or—I'm blessed if I know where they are! Anyhow, for a few weeks nunky is looking after me. That's how matters stand—or, at least, I believe they do. Nunky wrote and explained it all to me, but I forgot it in ten minutes."

Peter Todd regarded Mauleverer as though he were some zoological specimen.

"Well, I'm blessed if you don't take the giddy pancake!" he exclaimed in exasperation. "What's the good of having an uncle if he won't let you have tin when you want it? It's not his tin either!"

Mauly yawned.

"I know that," he said; "but he's got charge of it. Perhaps nunky's worried more than we know—"

"Perhaps he's been speculating with your fortune, old man," grinned Peter, "and has lost it all! Then you'd have to work for a living!"

Todd looked thoughtful after he had said that, and a sudden gleam came into his eyes. But Lord Mauleverer didn't notice it; he was lying back on the bed, with closed eyes.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass, Toddy!" he said wearily. "I'm awfully sorry about disappointing you. But it can't be helped, can it? It's not my fault, you know. Can't you borrow a quid off some other chap—Vernon-Smith or Wharton?"

Todd moved towards the door.

"I'll try," he said absently. "I expect I shall be able to raise a few bobs if I can get on the right side of somebody."

And Peter left the dormitory, much to Mauleverer's satisfaction, for the schoolboy earl wasn't feeling much like conversation just then.

As Todd sauntered downstairs the thoughtful expression still remained upon his face, but it was intermingled with a sly, mischievous smile. He had thought of some scheme, evidently, and was mightily pleased with it.

"My hat!" he murmured. "It'll be the wheeze of the year! And it'll be a test for Mauly, too. We'll see if he comes up to the scratch in times of stress and tribulation! It'll need careful handling; but I don't

There is Another Long Story of the Chums of Greyfriars in This Week's "Magnet" !

think there's another chap at Greyfriars who could manage it better than P. T."

And with that modest thought Peter went off in search of some kind person who could be prevailed upon to part with half-a-sovereign—or more.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. A Terrible Shock.

VERNON-SMITH, being flush, as usual, readily forked out a sovereign upon being approached by Todd; and Peter went off to the tuckshop in high good-humour, telling himself that in some ways the Bounder was a thundering good sort.

Peter was thoughtful during tea, and Billy Bunter's usual chatter fell upon deaf ears, for to-night Todd, as well as Tom Dutton, was extremely hard of hearing. At least, he heard, but Bunter's talk went in one ear and came out of the other.

For Peter was thinking of his scheme. He walked off briskly to the Sixth-Form passage, and sought out the youngest brother of Coker of the Fifth. Reggie Coker was in the Sixth, a fact which Horace Coker greatly disapproved of. The great and mighty Coker considered it infra dig to have a minor in a higher Form than himself, and it was rather a sore point with him. But what Coker lacked in brains—and that, according to most Removites, was a very considerable amount—he made up in muscle and sinew. Reggie Coker was a quiet boy, studious and modest.

Peter Todd would have felt rather nervous had he been interviewing some other member of the lordly Sixth; but Coker minor was different; he was more like a junior than a senior.

Reggie was at home, and listened attentively as Peter Todd outlined his wonderful scheme. At first he was inclined to demur, but Peter was a wonderful chap when he got arguing, and at last Coker minor gave in.

"All the same," he said doubtfully, "it's rather—well, it's a bit thick, Todd. I don't say that it's forgery."

Peter Todd grinned. "My dear chap, there's nothing wrong in the wheeze whatever," he said easily. "If I had written and signed the letter it would have been forgery. But your name's Reginald, so what's to prevent me writing to Mauly, and advising him to do certain things? If he chooses to think the letter's from his uncle, that's his funeral! It's settled, then—you'll sign it?"

"Well, yes, if you think it's all right," said Coker minor.

"Of course it is!" said Peter. "The letter will want careful writing, but I'll do that. I'll go and draft it out now, and pop down to Friardale and have it typed. Then I'll bring it to you to sign."

Reggie Coker smiled. "I say, it's rather a rich jape," he said. "Mauleverer will go off his dot when he reads the letter!"

"That's the idea of it!" chuckled Peter. "It'll prove whether I was right or not in saying that Mauly could work if he wanted to. This'll be a giddy test. I suppose I shall find you here in about an hour's time?"

"Yes, I shall be here!"

"Good!"

And Peter hurried out, mightily pleased with himself. To his great relief, No. 7 Study was empty; he wanted to be quiet for the next ten minutes. He sat down at the table, and thoughtfully nibbled a pencil.

Fifteen minutes later he crossed the Close, and got out his bicycle. The rain had stopped now, and the autumn sky was fairly clear. Todd whizzed down to Friardale, and stopped at a stationer's shop, where he knew the proprietor owned a typewriter. The job was not a long one, and Peter was on his way back within twenty minutes.

As he entered the School House, flushed from his ride, he met the Famous Five. They paused to look at him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Toddy looks mightily pleased with himself!" said Bob Cherry. "What makest thou so joyful, O noble Todd?"

"Some jape on, I expect!" said Nugent. Peter shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "Jape?" he echoed. "Rats! I've

borrowed a quid this evening, and it's made me light-headed!"

And he passed on, leaving the Famous Five satisfied. But Peter straightened his face as he walked up the Sixth-Form passage.

"I mustn't let the others see that there's anything on," he told himself. "After this letter's signed, and I've posted it, I'll stroll down to the common-room, and mix with the chaps."

He found Coker minor in his study. The youthful Sixth-Former read the typewritten concoction of Peter's and regarded it critically.

"Yes, that's all right," he said. "There's nothing in it to say that it comes from Sir Reginald Brooke. If Mauleverer takes it for granted that it is from his uncle—well, it's nothing to do with me, is it?"

"Nothing at all!" grinned Todd. "Simply sign it 'Reginald.' Mauly's a careless sort of ass, and he'll never notice that the 'Uncle' is missing. Better make a copy of it on a piece of scrap-paper first. Might as well make it look a bit like nunky's own fist!"

"Yes, but that's forgery!"

"Rot!" said Todd. "Can't you write your name as you like? I remember distinctly how Sir Reginald signed his name. Long, slanting letters, with a thick pen, and the 'R' had a funny twist in it."

Coker minor made one or two attempts. "That's it!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "Ripping! Sign your name on the letter just like that last attempt. My hat, that's simply terrific! Old Mauly will never guess the truth!"

"I hope there won't be any trouble over this, Todd," said Reggie Coker. "If it came out that I signed the letter—"

"Well, what of it?" asked Peter. "There's nothing in it. You don't make any statement—you only advise Mauly to do certain things—things that the Head would heartily agree with. Besides, there's no question of trouble about it. It's only a harmless little joke."

And Peter Todd went away, leaving Coker minor satisfied that he had done nothing wrong in signing the letter, as, indeed, he hadn't.

Todd hastened down to Friardale on his bicycle, and posted his precious missive. He arrived back only just in time, for Gosling was in the act of closing the gates. There was the difficulty of the Friardale postmark to contend with, but Todd had already formed a plan.

Next morning he took care to have Lord Mauleverer up in good time. It was fine and sunny, and Todd made this an excuse to invite Mauly to a stroll round the Close. His lordship objected at first, but Todd had his way after a little persuasion.

"It's O.K.," he thought; "the postman hasn't come yet—By jingo," he added, aloud, "here he is!"

"Eh?" said Mauleverer. "Did you speak, my dear fellow?"

"Only said the postman was here," replied Todd easily. "Let's see if he's got anything for us."

They intercepted the postman as he made for the School House.

"Anything for us?" asked Peter. "I'm expecting a few hundred quids!"

"Nothing for you, Master Todd," said the postman, looking through his letters.

"There's one for his lordship, though!"

"One for me?" said Mauleverer languidly. "Begad, I wonder who it can be from?"

"Your uncle, perhaps," suggested Peter. "Yes, it's typewritten; and you've often had 'em typed from nunky. Shall I open it?"

He held out the letter for Mauleverer's inspection, and carelessly laid his thumb over the postmark. If Mauly saw that it came from Friardale he would know at once that it was not from Sir Reginald.

"Yaas, my dear chap, open it!" said the schoolboy earl. "It's from my uncle, by the look of it. Begad, perhaps he's sent a remittance."

Peter Todd tore the envelope open, and handed the contents over, absently screwing up the envelope, and dropping it into his pocket. Mauleverer was looking at the letter, and did not see the action.

"Begad, there's no cash!" said Mauleverer. "Yaas, it's from nunky right enough. I wonder—Great Scott!"

His lordship stood rooted to the spot, and he stared at the letter with a bewildered expression on his face. All the colour had left it, and he was pale and drawn. He looked round, and saw that Todd had strolled off, and was talking to Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

"Begad!" gasped Mauleverer faintly. "Oh, begad!"

He realised that he was looking bowled over, and Billy Bunter was just rolling across the Close towards him. So Mauly crushed the letter in his hand, and hurried into the House.

Once in his study he dropped into a luxurious arm-chair and straightened out the letter. He stared at it as though he could not believe his eyes; as though it were all some horrible nightmare.

"My dear boy," it ran, "what will you say if I have to impart some terrible news to you? You must take it calmly and without panic. I cannot explain fully in this letter as you will readily understand. But you would be dumbfounded if I told you that, instead of being a millionaire, you were practically a pauper. I cannot state it in cold, bold type; it would be too cruel. Later on, perhaps, you will realise the truth of it. You must work, my boy—work very, very hard. Strenuous labour is the only way to prepare a boy for a life of constant struggle. Live frugally and without luxury. I understand there is a scholarship at Greyfriars about to be entered for by a number of juniors—the Holton Scholarship. It provides free tuition and board at Greyfriars for a year. You must win it, lad, and prove that you are able to work as well as your schoolfellows. Say nothing of this to a soul, but just make up your mind to do as I suggest. I cannot say more at the moment, but you will understand. I am quite sure that you will be willing to do anything in your power to please your uncle."

"REGINALD."

Peter Todd was proud of that literary effort. He had ended the letter in such a way that it almost looked as though it were signed "Uncle Reginald." Yet, read with the full knowledge of the facts, it could be seen that it was only signed with the bare Christian name.

Reggie Coker, as a matter of fact, was certainly quite sure that Mauly would have done anything to please his uncle. And there was not a single definite statement in the letter; it merely suggested that Mauleverer would be astounded if he found himself a pauper instead of a millionaire; as, indeed, Mauly would.

But the precious concoction was so worded that, to Lord Mauleverer, it seemed absolutely positive that he had lost all his money.

"Oh, gad! Oh, gad!" muttered Mauly dully. "The scholarship? Oh, gad!"

The scholarship would have to be swotted for. There was no doubt about that. Mauly hated swotting.

He was quite overcome for at least half-an-hour, worried more by the prospect of having to swot than because his millions had gone.

But at the end of that time, Mauly suddenly rose to his feet, a set, grim expression on his face. Two minutes later he was hard at work at his table, and for once the luxurious settee did not claim his noble form.

What the Remove would say when they knew did not trouble Mauly. He was going to win that Scholarship, and stop at Greyfriars somehow.

THE END.

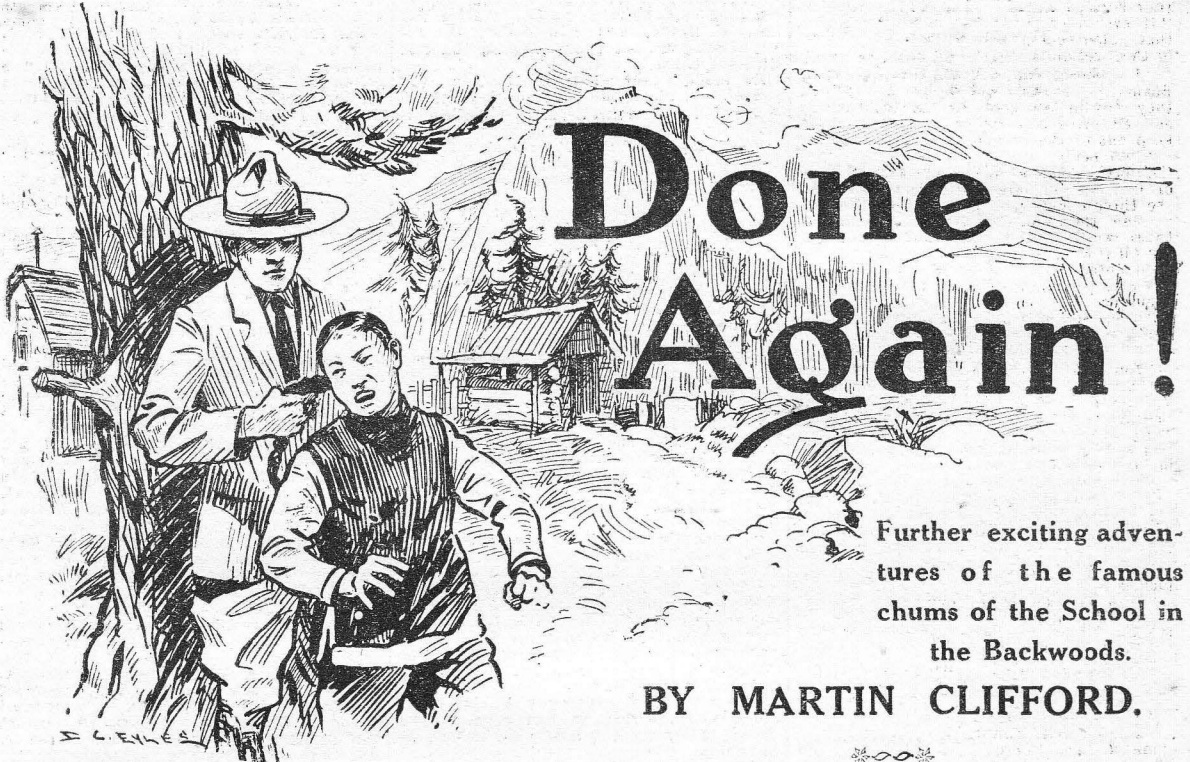
(Next week's splendid story of Greyfriars is entitled "Mauly-Swot!" and deals with Lord Mauleverer's fight against adversity—kindly provided by Peter Todd! Don't miss this story, boys, for Peter Todd's plot was to have results which even he did not look for!)

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ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

Can You Imagine Lord Mauleverer a Swot—and a Pauper? See Next Week!

THE RASCALITY OF YEN CHIN! More than once Frank Richards & Co. had helped the wily Chinee of the Lumber School out of scrapes, and made allowances for his apparent inability to distinguish between right and wrong—but there comes a time when there can be too much of this wasted leniency!



Further exciting adventures of the famous chums of the School in the Backwoods.

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Black Louis!

BOB!" Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, called out, as Bob Lawless and Frank Richards came trotting down the trail on their way to school in the sunny spring morning.

The ranch foreman met them half-way to the timber, through which the trail ran to Cedar Creek School.

The two schoolboys drew rein. "Hallo!" called back Bob Lawless.

"Anything up, Billy?" Billy Cook's bronzed, rugged face wore a very serious expression. He nodded in reply to Bob's question.

"Yep!" he said. "Kootenays on the war-path?" grinned Bob.

"Nope! But I reckon you'd better keep to the trail, and not go cavorting around in the timber," said the ranch foreman. "There's a gang of half-breed traders from the North-West camped in the timber, and the less you see of them, the better it will be for your health, I guess."

"Traders from the North-West?" repeated Frank Richards, with some interest. "They won't hurt us, I suppose."

"Waal, they call themselves traders," answered Billy Cook. "Hoss-thieves and bulldozers would be a better description, I reckon. There's six or seven of them, and every one of the crowd looks as if he'd be better inside a calaboose than outside. If you don't want to lose your hosses, you steer clear of that crowd. They're camped between the trail and Thompson, right in the timber, and if you see them, you take my tip, and vamoose the ranch."

And, having given them that weighty warning, Billy Cook rode on, leaving the chums of Cedar Creek to pursue their way.

Bob Lawless glanced at his English cousin and smiled as they cantered on towards the timber. The sturdy Canadian schoolboy was not alarmed.

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"I'd rather like to see that crowd, Bob," Frank Richards remarked.

"Well, Billy's right," answered Bob Lawless. "If they're a gang of half-breeds, the farther off they keep the better. I've heard of them already—some of them were mixed up in a row at the Red Dog in Thompson yesterday. They're more bulldozers than honest traders, I reckon—judging by what I've heard of Louis Leronge, their leader. I guess we'll keep clear of them, Franky!"

The schoolboys rode into the timber, towards the fork of the trail where they were accustomed to meet their chum, Vere Beauclerc, on the way to Cedar Creek School.

Beauclerc was generally early, as the meeting-place was only a short distance from his father's shack on the creek; but on this especial morning he was not in sight when Frank and Bob came trotting up to the fork.

"The Cherub's late for once," remarked Bob. "I dare say we shall sight him from the corner, though."

The thick timber hid the branch trail from their sight as they rode up; but as they neared the fork, the sound of a sharp voice came through the trees.

"Let my rein go at once!" "Hallo, that's the Cherub's voice!" exclaimed Bob. "He's landed into trouble with somebody."

"Come on!" answered Frank, touching his horse lightly with the whip.

The two riders came round the bend in the trail at a gallop, more than ready to go to their chum's help if he needed it.

Vere Beauclerc, mounted upon his big black horse, was halted in the middle of the branch trail. A dusky hand was on the rein. A tall, slim, dark-faced half-breed was holding it, his eyes glittering at the schoolboy from under his beetling black brows.

"Let go!" Beauclerc was not at all alarmed, but he was angry. "How dare you stop me?"

The half-breed laughed softly. "There are few things that Louis Leronge does not dare, if he chooses, mon petit!" he answered. "Get down into the trail!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" answered Beauclerc angrily. "And if you do not release my rein at once, I shall use my whip, I warn you."

The half-breed's eyes gleamed.

He dropped one hand to his belt, where the haft of a long hunting-knife was visible. Whether he intended to draw the weapon or not, he had no time. Frank Richards and Bob Lawless came dashing up, and Bob reached out with his whip, lashing at the half-breed's arms with the heavy butt.

Crack! Louis Leronge uttered a howl of pain, as he received that sudden and unexpected crack on the elbow. His arm dropped to his side, and he released Beauclerc's rein and spun round. Bob and Frank drew in their horses.

"Just in time, old scout!" said Bob. "I guess this is one of the half-breed gang Billy Cook warned us about, Franky. Keep your distance, you scoundrel, or you'll get hurt!"

The half-breed was staring at the rancher's son with a blaze in his black eyes, quivering with rage and pain. The three schoolboys drew closer together. The ruffian was armed and he looked furious enough to attempt to use his weapon.

"Corbleu!" he muttered, between his teeth.

"Do you want any more?" asked Bob disdainfully. "You can't frighten us with your black looks, Mister Leronge. And I warn you that if you play any tricks in this section, you'll hear from the sheriff at Thompson."

"What did he want with you, Beau?" asked Frank, as the sullen half-breed did not speak.

Beauclerc shook his head.

"I don't know—unless he's taken a fancy to my horse," he answered. "He had only just stopped me when you came up."

The half-breed stepped back from the trail, muttering to himself. Frank Richards and Co. set their horses in motion again, the trader watching them as they went with glittering eyes. Whatever had been his

You Will Meet the Jolly Chums of the Lumber School Again Next Week!

intentions, he apparently did not consider it worth while to try conclusions with the three.

The trio rode on up the trail towards Cedar Creek, and the timber hid them from the eyes of the muttering ruffian.

"I guess you came jolly near to losing your horse, Cherub," remarked Bob Lawless. "If ever a galoot looked like a horse-thief, that galoot does. He won't find it healthy in this section, if that's his game."

"I suppose that was his game," assented Beauclerc. "They will get into trouble if they stay in this section, I fancy. We may as well give the fellows at school a tip to keep out of the timber on this side."

"You bet!" Chunky Todgers was adorning the gates of Cedar Creek with his fat person, when the three chums rode up. He seemed to be waiting there for Frank Richards and Co. to arrive.

"All O.K., you galoots?" he asked, as they dismounted.

"Why shouldn't we be?" answered Frank Richards.

"Then you haven't seen anything of the half-breeds?"

"Oh, you know about them, do you?"

"You bet!" answered Chunky Todgers. "There's a lot of talk about them in Thompson's Black Louis—man named Leronge—is the king-pin of the gang—they're down from the North-West ranges, and they're a tough crowd. There's talk of hosses missing already."

"Velly bad man!" chimed in little Yen Chin, the Chinese. "Playee poken at Red Dog, kickee up shindy, you bet. Playee poken in camp in timbee— Oh, velly bad man, oh yes!"

Bob Lawless gave the little Chinese a suspicious look.

"How do you know they play poker in their own camp, you young rascal?" he asked. "Have you been there?"

Yen Chin shook his head.

"No goey—no goey!" he exclaimed, in a great hurry. "Me, Yen Chin, good boy! Guntée tellee me!"

"Oh, so Gunten goes there, does he?"

"Guntée velly bad boy!" said Yen Chin. "Me no likee Guntée. No speakee to him. Me good boy."

"Blessed little humbug!" growled Bob. "If I catch you hanging round their camp, I'll give you the trail-ropes, Yen Chin. You've given us trouble enough with your heathen tricks!"

"Me solly!" murmured Yen Chin. "Me velly good boy now!"

"Oh, rats!" said Frank Richards. "Very good boy till the next time, I suppose. Don't forget the trail-ropes!"

The chums led in their horses to the corral. Yen Chin blinking after them with a glimmer in his almond eyes. For a few days, since his gambling escapade with Kern Gunten, of Hillcrest School, Yen Chin had been on his best behaviour—at all events, so far as Frank Richards and Co. had been able to observe. But it was very probable that the little heathen's repentance was not much more than skin-deep.

Frank Richards and Co. found that the traders were the subject of a good deal of talk at the lumber school that day. Black Louis and his crowd had camped in the timber on their way back to the North-West, after a trading round of the settlements, and they were not the kind of neighbours the good folk of the Thompson Valley desired. And all Cedar Creek agreed that the sooner Black Louis and Co. took the trail for the North-West the better it would be for everybody concerned.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Yen Chin's Confession!**

"FLANKY!" "Hallo, kid!" "Good-bye, Flanky!" Frank Richards looked curiously at Yen Chin, the little Chinese of Cedar Creek School.

Yen Chin's little yellow face wore the most lugubrious of expressions, and his almond eyes were sad and sorrowful.

He seemed to be in the lowest depths of doleful dumps.

"Good-bye, Flanky!" repeated Yen Chin. "Where are you going, then?" asked

Frank. "The bell will be going for classes in a few minutes."

"Me go dlownee in cleeek."

"What?" yelled Frank.

Yen Chin nodded sorrowfully. He looked as if his mind was fully made up.

"Dlownee in cleeek," he said. "Pool lil' Chinee soon be deadee. Me say good-bye to handsome ole Flanky befole dlownee in cleeek."

And Yen Chin turned on the path that led from the school gates towards the creek and started.

Frank Richards stared blankly for a moment or two, and then he darted after the little heathen and grabbed his pigtail. Whatever might be the trouble on Yen Chin's mind, Frank Richards certainly did not intend to let him drown himself in the creek.

"You young ass!" shouted Frank.

"Stop!"

"Lettee go, ole Flanky. Me go dlownee and—"

"You silly young ass!" said Frank wrathfully. "Are you trying to pull my leg?"

"No pullee Flanky leg. You pullee my pigtail!" wailed Yen Chin. "Hurtee pool lil' Chinee. You lettee go. Oh, yes!"

"Hallo, what's the row?" asked Bob Lawless, coming along with Vere Beauclerc towards the gates.

Frank Richards kept a tight grip on Yen Chin's pigtail.

"Allee light," answered Yen Chin. "Me go dlownee in cleeek. Me say good-bye to handsome Bob."

"Let me catch you drowning yourself in the creek!" answered Bob wrathfully. "I'll give you a jolly good fambasting with a trail-ropes! What have you got in your silly heathen noddle now?"

"Chinee velly bad boy," said Yen Chin tearfully.

"We know that already."

"Too badee to live," said the Celestial.

"Missy Meadee velly mad with Yen Chin when findee out. So me go dlownee in cleeek. Oh, yes!"

"What's the matter, kid?" asked Beauclerc.

Yen Chin sighed deeply. It was evident that something weighed very heavily on his conscience, which was not a new experience for Yen Chin of Cedar Creek. The heathen's ways were not as the white man's ways, and Yen Chin, though he had his good points, was a pretty thorough young rascal in a good many respects.

"Get it off your chest!" said Frank Richards encouragingly. "Have you been gambling again, you young rascal?"

"Playee piecee card," confessed Yen Chin.

"You young scallywag!" growled Bob.

"Didn't I promise you the trail-ropes if you played poker again?"

"You promised not to, Yen Chin," said Frank.

"Chinee keepee plomise," said Yen Chin.

"No playee poken. Playee euchre."

"Well, that comes to the same thing. Does Miss Meadows know?"

"No knowee yet."

"Well, she needn't know," said Frank.

"We'll keep it dark; not that you need have told us. And don't do it again!"

"Never no mole!" said Yen Chin.

"Dlownee in cleeek. Chinee velly bad boy. Playee euchre, and losee all money. Stonee bloke!"

"Serve you right!"

"Me knowee," said the little Celestial.

"Chinee velly bad. Me tief!"

"What?"

"Stealee piecee dollee."

Frank Richards and Co. became very serious as the little Chinese made that startling confession.

"You've stolen somebody's dollars?" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc aghast.

"Me velly bad boy."

"You awful young rascal!" said Frank.

"Me velly solly; go dlownee in cleeek."

"You won't drown yourself in the creek, but you'll get a jolly good hiding!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "And you'll take the dollars back at once! Do you hear?"

"No can!"

"And why not?"

"Losee dollee; playee piecee card."

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

It was no wonder that the little Chinese was in a lugubrious and repentant mood if he had stolen dollars and lost them at cards. The Oriental passion for gambling seemed a part of Yen Chin's nature, and although Frank Richards and Co. had done their best

to cure him of it—even to the extent of a friendly application of the trail-ropes—Yen Chin was always sure to break out again sooner or later.

"Whose money was it?" asked Frank at last.

"Missy Meadee."

"You—you've stolen money from the schoolmistress?" gasped Frank, in almost helpless dismay.

"Me velly bad boy."

"How much?" asked Bob.

"Twentee dollee."

"And you've lost it?"

"Losee allee lot."

"Great gophers!" said Bob Lawless.

"Blessed if I don't think we'd better take him straight to Miss Meadows!"

Yen Chin gave a howl.

"No takee to Missy Meadee. Allee light if me go dlownee in cleeek."

"Shut up, you little idiot!" said Frank impatiently. "Where did you get the money?"

"Missy Meadee desk."

"Miss Meadows always keeps her desk locked," said Beauclerc.

"Me findee key."

The chums of Cedar Creek looked at one another blankly.

More than once—many times, in fact—they had helped Yen Chin out of scrapes, for, little rascal that he was, they made allowances for his heathen training, and for his apparent inability to distinguish between right and wrong. And he had sometimes shown good qualities in his character. Frank Richards had not despaired of making him honest, with plenty of effort, in the long run, though it was an uphill task.

But this confession was really the limit; actual theft of money was a thing that could not be condoned, even in a heathen who "sat in darkness."

"Better take him to Miss Meadows!" said Bob Lawless at last. "I—I suppose he will be turned out of the school. Poor little wretch!"

"No goey to Missy Meadee!" wailed Yen Chin. "Dlownee in cleeek if go to Missy Meadee in face; me velly wicked, bad boy."

"Come with me, you little idiot!" answered Frank Richards. "We'll see what can be done."

"You no tellee Missy Meadee!" pleaded Yen Chin.

Frank looked at his chums.

"No," he said at last. "We—we'll see what can be done, you awful little rascal. Come in now."

"Flanky velly good handsome ole boy—oh yes," said Yen Chin contentedly. And he trotted in quite cheerfully with the Co. to afternoon lessons.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
The Way Out!**

FRANK RICHARDS and Co. had plenty of food for thought that afternoon—not all furnished by the invaluable instruction they were receiving from Miss Meadows.

Yen Chin and his crime weighed heavily on their minds.

It was no wonder that Miss Meadows found them somewhat absent-minded in class, and was rather sharp with them that afternoon. They could not help thinking of what would happen if the schoolmistress went to her desk and missed the money.

Glad enough were the three when the class was dismissed at last.

They joined Yen Chin in the play-ground. The little Chinese was looking very lugubrious, but his eyes watched their faces with curious intention. He seemed to have forgotten his intention of "drowning" himself in the creek.

"You tinkee what-do, nicey ole Bob?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know what to do," answered Bob Lawless gruffly. "I suppose it was Gunten you've been gambling with?"

"Me velly bad boy," said Yen Chin humbly.

"Was it Gunten?" demanded Bob.

"Guntée velly bad boy."

"Will you answer my question, you heathen? Tell me whether it was Gunten won the money from you?"

"Oh, yes," said Yen Chin, driven to a direct reply at last.

"The awful rotter!" said Frank Richards, THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

setting his teeth. "Last week we made him hand back what he'd got out of this little idiot, and now—"

"We'll do the same again," said Beaulere.

Yen Chin looked alarmed.

"No speakee to Guntee!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?" snapped Bob.

"Me no wantee."

"It doesn't matter a rap what you want. If Gunten's got the money, he's got to refund it."

"But—but—" stammered Yen Chin.

"Well, but what?"

The Chinese blinked helplessly at the chums. Evidently he was nonplussed, and dismayed, too, at the idea of Gunten being asked for the money.

"Suppose—suppose—" he stammered.

"Well, suppose what?" grunted Bob.

"Suppose Missy Meadee goee desk, fudee money, goonee!" mumbled Yen Chin. "Velly angly."

Bob knitted his brows.

"I suppose she might miss the money any time," he muttered. "Oh, you awful little villain! There may be no time to get it back from Gunten before—" He paused.

"Me go dlownee in cleek—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bob irritably.

"Enough of that, Yen Chin," said Beaulere quietly. "Talk sense. The question is what's to be done?"

"Me knowee."

"Well?"

"Niecey ole Bob givee me twentee dollee, and me puttee in desk, allee samee," suggested Yen Chin. "Then allee light."

"We've not got twenty dollars," said Frank Richards.

"Borrow him," suggested Yen Chin.

The three chums looked at the Chinese and at one another. Yen Chin seemed to be satisfied that theirs were the right shoulders to bear the burden.

"Borrow the money!" repeated Bob.

"I suppose we could do that. But—but— Look here, Yen Chin, if we raise the money, and trust to getting it back from Gunten, will you go straight to Miss Meadows and confess what you've done, and hand her the dollars?"

"Missy Meadee velly angly with pool lil' Chinese."

"You've done wrong—awful wrong, Yen Chin," said Frank Richards quietly. "You don't seem to understand it, but what you've done is a crime. It's up to you to confess to Miss Meadows, and hand the money back. If we find the money, will you do it?"

The little heathen's eyes glistened for a moment.

"Flanky tinkee all lightee if do?" he asked.

"Yes, yes."

"Me do as nicey ole Flanky say."

"Well, I suppose that's good enough," said Bob Lawless. "Give Miss Meadows the money, and tell her you're sorry, and hope for the best. It's the only thing now. And we'll see you go into her room, too, you young rascal."

"Me goey."

"Wait here for us," said Frank.

The Cedar Creek fellows were starting for home, and there was no time to lose. In their own possession the chums had half the amount required, and it was necessary to borrow ten dollars.

Fortunately, their credit was good at the lumber school. Tom Lawrence, Dick Dawson, and Hopkins had the honour of making contributions—to be paid back the following week. And the chums rejoined Yen Chin, with the whole sum of twenty dollars in their possession.

The Celestial's almond eyes glittered at the sight of the money. Bob Lawless took him by the pigtail.

"Now you'll come to Miss Meadows," he said. "We'll see you as far as her door."

"Niecey ole Bob!" murmured Yen Chin.

"Oh, dry up with your soft sawder!" grunted Bob.

He led the Chinese into the lumber school; Yen Chin was not exactly to be trusted. Bob Lawless tapped at the door of Miss Meadows' sitting-room.

"Come in!" came the voice of the schoolmistress.

"Go in!" whispered Bob.

Yen Chin nodded, and entered the sitting-room, closing the door after him. Bob rejoined his chums outside the building.

"All right now," he said. "I've landed

him with Miss Meadows. We'll wait till he comes out."

And Frank Richards and Co. waited, somewhat troubled in mind by the heavy financial liability they had incurred, but feeling that they had done the best thing possible under the circumstances.

They would not have felt so satisfied on that point, however, if they could have witnessed the interview between Yen Chin and the schoolmistress of Cedar Creek. Well as they knew the deceptiveness of the little heathen, they were far from fathoming Yen Chin's duplicity on this occasion.

"What is it, Yen Chin?" asked the Canadian schoolmistress kindly, as the little Chinese presented himself.

"Yen Chin velly solly—"

"What have you done?"

"Me losee nicey ole book Missy Meadee givee me," said Yen Chin tearfully. "Lossee nicey ole book in cleek. Me velly bad boy."

Miss Meadows smiled.

"That is not very serious, my boy," she answered.

"Me velly bad boy. You givee me stickkee."

"Not at all. I shall give you another book," said Miss Meadows kindly. "You will take more care of this one, Yen Chin?"

"Me takee velly great care. Missy Meadee velly good to pool lil' Chinese."

"Which book was it, Yen Chin?"

"Jolaphy."

"Oh, geography."

"Niecey ole jolaphy bookee."

Miss Meadows rose, and selected a new schoolbook from a shelf and handed it to the Chinese.

"Me tanky Missy Meadee velly muchee!" murmured Yen Chin gratefully.

And he tucked the book away inside his loose garments, and left the schoolmistress' sitting-room. Outside the door he grinned and gave a silent chuckle. But his yellow face was very serious as he joined the chums, waiting for him in the porch. Arrived there, he rubbed his hands together hard, and sobbed a little.

"Well?" said Frank Richards.

"Allee light!" moaned Yen Chin. "Me givee money, and Miss Meadee velly mad with pool lil' Chinese. Givee me muchee stickkee!"

"Well, if that's all you've got, you've got off cheap," said Frank Richards, with a deep breath of relief. "You'd better keep straight after this, Yen Chin."

"Me keepee velly straight."

"And now we'll get off to Thompson and see Gunten," said Bob Lawless grimly. "He owes us twenty dollars. What are you grinning at, Yen Chin, you Chinese image?"

"Me feelee velly happy now allee light!"

"Better keep it all right, then, now it is all right. Come on, you chaps! You're going home our way, Yen Chin. Come on!"

"Me comee with nicey ole Bob!"

The four schoolboys rode away together,

last out of the gates ere Black Sam closed them for the night. They rode up the Thompson trail; but Yen Chin soon dropped behind. Frank Richards looked back at him.

"Get a move on, kid!" he called out.

"Pool ole boss tired," answered Yen Chin.

"Allee light, me follow!"

"Right-ho!"

Frank Richards and Co. rode on at a gallop, and the little Chinese was soon out of sight behind. When the Co. had disappeared, Yen Chin turned from the trail. His horse seemed lively enough now, and there was a grin on the little yellow face, as he followed a rough track through the timber, in the direction of the half-breeds' camp.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER

Light at Last!

"HERE we are!"

Frank Richards and Co. rode up with a clatter to the door of Gunten's store in Main Street at Thompson.

It was too late to catch Kern Gunten as he left Hillcrest School; but the business the chums had with him did not brook delay. They had determined to visit him at his home.

They left their horses tethered to a post outside, and strode into the store. There was the usual crowd in the store, and Old Man Gunten was at a counter. His son was not to be seen.

"Is your son about, Mr. Gunten?" asked Bob Lawless. "We've called to see him."

"I guess you'll find him inside," answered the storekeeper, without turning his head.

"Thanks!"

Frank Richards and Co. passed into the back parlour, where they found Kern Gunten at tea, with his chum Keller. Mrs. Gunten was not present, for which they were thankful.

Gunten jumped up in surprise at the sight of his visitors. Frank closed the door into the shop.

"What the thunder do you galoots want here?" demanded Gunten.

"I guess we've called for twenty dollars!" answered Bob Lawless.

Gunten stared at him blankly.

"Twenty dollars!" he repeated.

"Sure!"

"I reckon you've come to the wrong shop, then," said Gunten, with a laugh. "You won't get any dollars out of me."

"I'll put it plainly," said Bob. "Last week we made you give back the money you'd won from Yen Chin at cards. We're here now on the same stunt."

"Do you want it twice over?" sneered Gunten.

"Nope! We want twenty dollars this time, that you've swindled out of him. And we're not going without it. You can call in your father if you like, if you want him to know."

"I'll call in my father fast enough if you try to bulldoze me!" answered Gunten disdainfully. "I've not played with Yen Chin since that time, and not even seen him, except once at the half-breeds' camp in the timber. You won't bully twenty dollars out of me, I reckon!"

Bob Lawless started.

"You've seen Yen Chin at the half-breeds' camp!" he exclaimed.

"Yep. Some galoots go there to play poker with the traders—they're pretty well heeled!" grinned Gunten. "I saw Yen Chin there yesterday; he'd been playing euchre with Black Louis, and lost every cent he had. Louis Leronge is a tin terror with the pasteboards—I've found that out!"

"My hat!" murmured Frank Richards.

"Has he been raising money from you again?" asked Gunten, greatly amused.

"Ha, ha, ha!—and losing it at the half-breeds' camp. You've been finding money for Black Louis to spend in fire-water. Ha, ha, ha!"

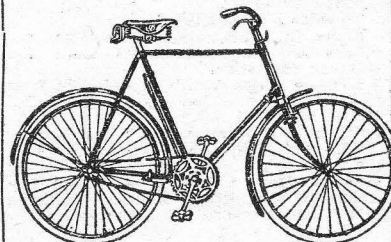
"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Keller.

Bob Lawless stood dumb.

He had not doubted for a moment Yen Chin's statement that he had lost the money to Gunten; the previous affair had made him take that much for granted. But he remembered now the hesitation the Chinese had shown in naming Gunten. And the manner of the Swiss was not that of a guilty party.

He evidently did not care whether his father was called in or not—and if he had been the

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There are Stirring Times at Cedar Creek Next Tuesday!

guilty party he would certainly have shrunk from that.

In fact, a glimmering of the truth was dawning on Bob's mind now. Once more the cunning little heathen had fooled the good-natured chums of Cedar Creek.

"We can't take Gunten's word," said Frank Richards, breaking the silence.

Gunten gave a sneering laugh.

"You can suit yourselves about that," he answered. "Keller here knows that I haven't played with the Chinese. You can ask Dicky Bird, if you like, whether Yen Chin has been anywhere near our school. If Yen Chin says I've won his money, he lies. By gum, he hasn't had any money for me to win that I know of—he only had a dollar about him when he played with Black Louis, and he lost that on the game."

"Only a dollar!" repeated Beauclerc.

"Sure!"

"He had twenty dollars——" began Frank Richards.

Gunten laughed again.

"He's been stuffing you," he answered.

"You made me give him back his ten dollars last week, so he's spun you a yarn about

"We've been done!" said Frank. "It's too late now——"

Bob Lawless' eyes gleamed.

"I know my way to the half-breeds' camp," he said. "Are you fellows game to come with me?"

"Phew! But——"

"We may catch Yen Chin there before he's gambled away our money."

"But the half-breeds——"

"I'll borrow a gun, and then I guess they won't chip in!" said Bob determinedly.

"I'm not letting that money go without a tussle. Hallo! Billy Cook! Billy Cook!"

The stalwart figure of the ranch foreman loomed up in the light of the store-front.

"Hallo, young Bob! What are you young scallywags doing in Thompson?" asked the ranchman, eyeing them.

Bob Lawless explained hastily. Billy Cook chuckled.

"You're a set of young jays!" he remarked. "I guess I'll come with you. I've got my rifle on my saddle, and I rather reckon Louis Leronge won't argify with

their horses, they caught sight of the Chinese. He was seated on a log near the fire, and a black-browed half-breed was seated on the other end of it, shuffling a pack of greasy cards.

The game did not seem to have commenced yet. Yen Chin had apparently found the half-breed traders at their evening meal. Some of them were still eating as Frank Richards and Co. came up.

Black Louis looked up, and scowled as he saw the Cedar Creek fellows. He evidently remembered his previous meeting with them.

His hand made a movement, which seemed instinctive, towards the hunting-knife in his belt.

Billy Cook dismounted, and carelessly lifted the rifle from his saddle. The ranch foreman was ready for trouble, if trouble arose.

"That's your antelope, I guess?" he remarked, jerking his head towards Yen Chin.

The little Chinese spun round on the log. His yellow face was the picture of dismay at the sight of Frank Richards and Co.

"Flanky!" he muttered.

"You heathen!" shouted Bob Lawless,



ROUNDING UP THE MEXICAN TRADERS! Black Louis made a savage stride towards Bob Lawless, the hunting-knife half drawn from his belt, but Billy Cook thrust forward his rifle. His finger was on the trigger. "Go slow!" said the rancher. "I guess you'll find trouble if you don't let Yen Chin come away quietly." (See Chapter 5.)

twenty dollars, thinking you could screw it out of me. You jolly well won't, though."

Bob Lawless shook his head.

"It's not that!" he said. "He didn't want to give us your name. I—I think now——"

"Where is he?" asked Gunten. "Let him come here and say to my face that he's played with me since that row last week."

"He was coming with us, but he dropped behind on the trail——"

"Most likely to go to the half-breeds' camp!" grinned Gunten. "If he's got any money about him, that's where he's bound for you bet!"

Frank Richards jumped.

"Bob——" he ejaculated.

"Oh, he has some money then, has he?" asked Gunten, grinning. "Have you been lending him any? Ha, ha, ha! Did you give him the twenty dollars you thought you were going to squeeze out of me?"

And Gunten roared.

Frank Richards and Co. looked at one another with sickly looks. The duplicity of the rascally heathen was dawning upon them at last. Gunten and Keller chuckled expansively.

that! Get on your horses, and I calculate I'll see you through!"

And in a minute more the three schoolboys and the ranch foreman were riding away into the timber, heading for the camp of Black Louis.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Caught in Time!

A FLARE of red flame danced on the dark foliage. In the midst of the timber, the camp of the half-breed traders was pitched in a little grassy glade. Half a dozen rudely-built shacks stood close by a trickling spring, and close by them a camp-fire blazed and roared.

Five or six figures moved about in the ruddy glare of the fire. As many horses and two or three pack-mules were tethered close at hand. It was a wild, picturesque scene that burst upon the view of Frank Richards and Co. as they came in sight of the half-breeds' camp.

A pony they knew well was cropping the grass in the glade, and it was evidence enough that Yen Chin was there. And as they came towards the camp-fire, walking

grasping him by the shoulder. "Get up! You're coming away with us!"

Yen Chin wriggled.

"No can come!" he gasped.

"And you'll give us the twenty dollars, you swindling little rascal!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

Bob Lawless dragged the Celestial to his feet, and there was a plaintive wail from Yen Chin:

"You lettee lone! You go away, ugly ole Bob! We wantee playee poken!"

"I'll give you playing poker!" growled Bob, shaking him. "You awful rascal——"

"Yaroo!"

Black Louis sprang to his feet, his eyes glittering under his beetling brows.

"Let up!" he rapped out savagely. "Let the Chow alone! What business is it of yours?"

"This much—that he's fooled us into handing him the money you want to win from him!" retorted Bob hotly. "And he's not going to lose a cent of it here! So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

(Continued on page 26.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

THE SCAMP OF THE THIRD! *Teddy Lovell makes his debut at Rookwood in a surprising and sensational manner. The Chums of the Fourth had been led to expect someone a little out of the ordinary—a spoiled child, in fact. But Lovell Minor is more than that, he is—but you will find out from the long, dramatic story below!*



ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL
of the Fourth Form.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Uncle James is Worried!

H ALLO! That's Lovell's pater!" Jimmy Silver stopped, as he made that remark.

Four juniors were tramping up Coombe Lane towards Rookwood, in a steady downpour of rain, when they met the village hack coming away from the school. It was a half-holiday at Rookwood, and the rainiest half-holiday the juniors remembered.

Jimmy Silver was enveloped in macintosh, leggings, and umbrella, and all were running with water. His three companions were in the same happy state. They were Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the Colonial juniors. Jimmy's own chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, were otherwise engaged that afternoon, and Jimmy had gone for a tramp on the heath with the Colonial Co.—in spite of the downpour.

The village hack came rumbling and splashing from the direction of Rookwood School, the driver muffled up against the rain. The windows were closed, and blurred with water; but Jimmy Silver recognised the stout gentleman sitting inside. It was Mr. Lovell, the father of his chum Arthur Edward, of that ilk.

Mr. Lovell did not glance at the juniors passing. He was sitting very upright, with a frown on his brow; even through the blurred windows Jimmy saw that Mr. Lovell was in a very cross temper. But it was necessary to salute Lovell's pater with respect, and Jimmy changed his dripping umbrella from his right hand to his left, and lifted his dripping cap with his right—a spot of rain running down his sleeve at the same moment.

And that respectful salute was wasted, after all, for Mr. Lovell did not glance through the blurred windows, and did not even see Jimmy Silver; at all events, did not recognise or heed him.

The hack splashed on and passed. "Lovell's pater, is it?" said Conroy. "Yes. He seems rather cross about something."

"The weather, perhaps!" grunted Van Ryn. "How you people stand your weather is a mystery to me. Now, in South Africa—"

"Or in Canada—" remarked Pons. "Cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Bad enough without you fellows grousing!"

"We're not grousing, you ass—only comparing—"

"Well, don't! I wonder what's the matter with Lovell's pater?"

"I wonder how you recognised Lovell's pater. I shouldn't have noticed him—"

THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

THE TWO LOVELLS!

A Top-hole, Long, Complete School Story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood.

By **OWEN CONQUEST.**

(Author of the famous Stories of Rookwood appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

"Well, I knew he would be at Rookwood this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver. "As soon as I saw the hack I guessed he was in it, and looked for him. He didn't see me, though. He looked waxy!"

"Oh, blow the rain!" said Conroy, evidently more concerned with the weather than with Lovell's pater, waxy or not. "Now, in Australia, it—"

"He was waxy right enough," said Jimmy Silver, following his own thoughts. "I hope there's been no trouble at Rookwood. He was bringing Lovell minor to the school this afternoon, you know!"

"Was he? Oh, I remember now—a new kid for the Third!"

"That's it!"

"Well, he ought to be looking pleased now!" remarked Conroy. "If the new kid is anything like the rest of the Third it must be a relief to land him at Rookwood and leave him there!"

"He wasn't looking pleased; he was looking waxy—"

"Blow the rain!"

"Bless the weather!"

"Oh, come on!"

Jimmy Silver quickened his pace, and the juniors tramped on through the dropping rain to Rookwood.

Jimmy was not feeling quite easy in his mind.

There had been some slight disagreement among Jimmy Silver & Co. of late. Arthur Edward Lovell's chums had found Arthur Edward a little exasperating. Jimmy would willingly have stayed in that afternoon, especially as it was raining, to help Lovell entertain his father and his young brother; but Lovell did not want him, and Jimmy had spent the afternoon out of gates with the Colonials.

But though there was, to a certain extent, a rift in the lute, Jimmy was concerned about his chum, and was a little worried by the grim, angry expression he had discerned on the face of Lovell senior. He wondered whether there was anything amiss at Rookwood, and was anxious to reach the school and ascertain.

The juniors arrived at the gates of Rookwood at last, and tramped in. Raby and Newcome were in the big doorway at the School House when they arrived there. They were waiting for Jimmy.

"Hallo! You look wet!" remarked Raby. "And feel it!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Well, you were an ass to go out in the rain, you know!" observed Newcome.

"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver took off his dripping mac and leggings in the lobby, and shook himself. He wrung out his cap and rubbed his face dry, and changed his drenched boots

for shoes. Raby and Newcome watched him. Jimmy was finished before Conroy & Co. were still drying themselves, and making remarks about the weather, when Jimmy left the lobby with his chums.

"Where's Lovell?" Jimmy asked.

Raby and Newcome exchanged a glance. "Don't know!" answered Raby, rather shortly.

"His minor's here, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"His father passed me in the hack, going back to the station," said Jimmy. "He was looking rather edgewise, I thought!"

"I suppose he would be!"

"Anything happened?"

"Ahem!"

Jimmy Silver stared at his chums. It was only too evident that something had happened during his absence.

"My hat! You chaps can't have been rowing with Lovell while his father was here!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no! No! Not exactly!"

"Is Lovell in the study?"

"I—I think not!"

"Well, I never saw such a pair of owls," said Jimmy Silver, mystified. "Let's get up to the study. I shall be glad to see a fire!"

Jimmy Silver started up the staircase, and Raby and Newcome followed him without a word. Tubby Muffin was in the Fourth Form passage, and he greeted Jimmy with a fat chuckle.

"He, he, he! What a lark!" he said. "Hallo! What are you burbling about, Tubby?" asked the captain of the Fourth.

"He, he, he!"

Jimmy Silver strode on to the end study. Tubby Muffin's fat chuckle followed him. The fat Classical was evidently highly amused.

Jimmy threw open the door of the end study.

Then he jumped.

That celebrated apartment was in a state of disorder that almost defied description. Everything that could be overturned or displaced, was overturned or displaced. The end study looked as if a cyclone had dropped in during the afternoon.

"Great Scott!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "Who's done this? Somebody's been ragging the study!"

"Looks like it!" agreed Newcome. "What a rotten shame, when Lovell's pater was coming!" exclaimed Jimmy hotly. "Was this done before Mr. Lovell came?"

"Yes!"

"It's rotten! Who did it?"

"Us!"

Teddy Lovell is Asking for Trouble, and He Gets It—Next Week!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Major and Minor.

JIMMY SILVER stared at his chums. He had been prepared to hear that the Modern juniors had raided his quarters, or that the rag had been perpetrated by Higgs, or Putty, or some other Classical fellow with a misguided sense of humour. The reply made simultaneously by Raby and Newcome took his breath away. "You did it!" he ejaculated, at last. "Little us!" said Raby, with a grin. "You thumping ass! What have you been ragging your own study for?"

"For Lovell!"
"What?"
"Pulling Lovell's leg, you know," explained Raby. "He's been jawing us for a week past about the study being untidy, because his precious minor was coming. We thought it was rather too thick, so while he was gone to meet his pater we got the study ready for him—see?"

"Rather effective—what?" remarked Newcome. "Lovell will think a bit before he lectures his old pals again about keeping the study tidy."

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, why don't you laugh, you sober old judge?" demanded Raby warmly. "Wasn't it a good jape on Lovell?"

"Jimmy Silver did not laugh, however. He looked very grave. He could quite understand his chams' exasperation with Lovell. For Fourth-Form fellows to be lectured and found fault with because a fag of the Third was coming, was really too much to be borne with patience. Jimmy Silver had borne it with patience, but Raby and Newcome had evidently run short of that great quality.

Jimmy could not exactly blame them, but he was worried.

"Lovell's seen this, I suppose?" he said. "Yes, rather. He came up with his pater and Master Teddy!" grinned Raby. "His pater went down to the visitors'-room to talk to him; they didn't go into the study, after all. Wasn't tidy enough."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Newcome. "Jimmy Silver smiled faintly. "That's why Mr. Lovell was looking cross, I suppose," he said.

"Very likely. He was slanging Lovell in the visitors'-room. Tubby Muffin listened at the door, and it's all over the Form now. Of course, we didn't mean that to happen. We never thought of that," confessed Raby.

"Where's Lovell now?"
"Don't know. He gave us a glare after his pater went, and stalked off with his dashed minor. Haven't seen him since, and don't specially want to!" grunted Raby.

Jimmy Silver became very grave. He was rather a more thoughtful fellow than his chums, as it befitted "Uncle James" of Rookwood to be.

"Look here, you chaps," he said quietly. "We don't want the Co. busted up over this Third Form kid. I know Lovell's jolly trying just now—he does make a fellow rather wild with his blessed minor. But we've been pals with Lovell for a long time, and we're not going to quarrel. We've got to bear with him, not because he deserves it, perhaps, but because he's a chum. Now, you can see that?"

"Oh, all right!"
"You chaps clear up the study, and get it in order, while I look for Lovell," said Jimmy. "We'll have his minor to tea, and make much of him."

"Oh, my hat!"
"We'll make this our self-denial week!" said Newcome sarcastically. "All right, Jimmy; go and hunt for Lovell, and bring his dashed minor along, and we'll fold him to our waistcoats, and weep over him. Come on, Raby!"

Raby granted, but he assented. The two juniors started work in the end study, undoing what they had done with such humorous intent. Ragging a study was rather easier to do than to undo; but the two juniors put their beef into it, and made good progress. Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver looked for Lovell and his minor.

Jimmy inquired up and down the Fourth Form passage for Lovell; but his chum was not there. He looked in at No. 4 first, thinking that Lovell might have gone in to tea with Mornington and Erroll, his own quarters being so inhospitable. Mr. Lovell, apparently, had not stayed to tea. But Morny and Erroll had seen nothing of him.

Some of the juniors were going in to tea in Hall when Jimmy Silver came downstairs. Jimmy joined them.

"Seen anything of Lovell, you chaps?" he asked.

"There he is, with his minor," answered Hooker of the Fourth, jerking his thumb towards a window recess.

"Thanks!"
Jimmy Silver turned towards the big, deep windows. Voices proceeded from the recess, as Jimmy came up.

"Oh, don't talk to me! It's a rotten place, and I hate it already!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy, as he heard that charming remark from Lovell minor.

"But, old chap—" came Lovell's voice.

"Ahem!"
Jimmy Silver coughed loudly. Lovell and his minor looked round.

"Here you are, old chap," said Jimmy Silver cordially. "I've been looking for you, Lovell. Tea's nearly ready. So this is your minor? How do you do, Teddy? You remember me?"

Arthur Edward Lovell had bestowed a rather grim look on his chum at first, but there was no resisting Jimmy's determined geniality, and Lovell's brow relaxed. Master Teddy shook hands with Jimmy in a very perfunctory manner. He remembered Jimmy certainly, but he did not take the trouble to pretend that he remembered him with pleasure.

"Quite a long time since I've seen you, Teddy," said Jimmy cordially.

"Is it?"
"You remember me coming down with Lovell for a vac. once?"

"I remember I chucked a bike-pump at you," said Teddy.

"Ahem!"
"So I would again!" said Teddy.

Jimmy Silver did not seem to hear that. He was engaged in restraining a deep yearning to take Master Teddy by the scruff of his neck, and knock his head against the wall.

"Shut up, Teddy!" muttered Lovell, flushing with vexation.

"Shan't!" answered Teddy.

"Look here—"
"Oh, don't jaw! I've told you before that I'm not going to stand any jaw!"

"We're getting rather a spread in the study," Jimmy Silver remarked casually.

"We want your minor to come, Lovell, if he would care to."

"I'm not coming to the study," said Lovell curtly. "Do you know what those rotters did—"

"Only a joke, old chap—"

"Nice joke for me!" said Lovell bitterly.

"I was trying all I could to make it nice for the pater when he was here, and then—" Lovell set his lips. "I had a good hour's jaw from the pater. He thinks I'm an untidy, slovenly pig, and don't care about him or Teddy, or—anything. He said he would have taken Teddy straight back home with him, only it was fixed up with the Head, and he couldn't. He said he had doubts now about leaving him in my charge. He's gone away in a bad temper, and feeling worried. And—"

"I'll come to tea if you like," said Teddy, interrupting his elder brother without ceremony. "I'm jolly hungry, and Arthur doesn't

care if I starve. He seems to want to quarrel with everybody, from what I can see. He's always like that—always rowing or something!"

"Oh!" gasped Lovell. "I'll come," said Teddy. "Arthur can please himself. I want some tea!"

"Come on, Lovell, old chap," said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell hesitated. But it was scarcely possible to keep up his offended dignity by staying away from the end study if Teddy went there as a guest.

He nodded with a rather black look: "All right!" he muttered.

"We'll go round to the tuckshop first," said Jimmy, as Lovell major and minor came out of the window recess with him.

Jimmy's idea chiefly was to give Raby and Newcome time to get the study in order.

"We've got some shopping to do—"
"All right!"

And the three juniors left the School House, and walked over to Sergeant Kettle's little shop, where Jimmy protracted the shopping as long as he could. But Master Teddy's emphatic repetitions of the remark that he was hungry drove them out of the shop at last, and they headed for the study.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Happy Tea-party.

RABY and Newcome had done wonders in a short time.

The end study was looking quite neat and nice by the time Jimmy Silver and his companions arrived there.

The two juniors were, in fact, feeling a little remorseful. Lovell had, in their opinion, fairly asked for the "rag" they had played on him. But on reflection they admitted to themselves that they had been rather thoughtless. They had not intended, certainly, to land Lovell in a scrape with his father, but that had been the result.

So their remorse, added to Jimmy Silver's persuasive eloquence, had brought them round to a friendly and even self-sacrificing mood, and they agreed to "stand" Lovell minor with all the politeness and patience they could possibly muster for the ordeal.

This was very fortunate, for Arthur Edward himself was hardly in a compromising mood. It required very determined patience and good-fellowship to get on with Lovell just then.

"Got the stuff?" asked Raby, as they came in. "Right! Hallo, is that your minor, Lovell? Glad to see you, Teddy!"
"Lovell minor coming to tea?" said Newcome effusively. "That's right. Come right in, Teddy! Glad to see you here! Take the armchair, kid, and warm your toes. Tea in a brace of jiffies!"

Lovell minor sat down in the armchair, and put his boots in the fender. He was rather pleased at being made much of in the end study; he took it as his due. He had always been made much of at home, and he would have been surprised if it had been otherwise at Rookwood. As a matter of fact, there were some surprises in store for Master Teddy!

Jimmy Silver unfolded his parcel from the school shop, and Raby and Newcome busied themselves with preparations. Lovell's brow gradually relaxed as he looked on.

After what had already happened, he was far from expecting this, and it pleased him and relieved him. The "rag" in the study ceased to occupy such a prominent place in his thoughts.

Jimmy Silver was thinking; and he drew Lovell aside, while Raby and Newcome were busy, and Master Teddy was warming his toes.

"I've got an idea, old chap," said Jimmy. "I suppose Teddy doesn't know anybody in the Third yet?"

"Not yet, Jimmy."

"Well, suppose I fetch my young cousin here to tea—young Algy, you know. He's in the Third, and if we can make him friendly with Teddy, that's a beginning, isn't it?"

To Jimmy's surprise, Lovell's brow clouded at the suggestion.

In the kindness of his heart, Jimmy had thought of that pleasant little scheme, to make things easier in the Third for the new fag. Apparently Lovell did not regard the suggestion with favour.



LOVELL MINOR, the Scamp of the Third.

"Don't you like the idea?" asked Jimmy in astonishment.

Lovell flushed.

"No, no! Thanks all the same—but—but—"

"But what?" asked Jimmy, still more surprised. "My young cousin will come if I ask him—you can generally get a Third Form kid to tea if you want to. It will break the ice!"

"I—I—"

"Algy isn't a bad little kid, and he will help to see your minor through if I ask him, Lovell."

"I—I don't want my minor to get friendly with him!" blurted out Lovell.

Jimmy started.

"Wha-a-at?"

"I—I don't want to say anything against Silver II., of course," muttered Lovell hastily, "but—but the pater's so particular about Teddy—"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

He could hardly believe his ears for the moment. He simply looked at Lovell.

Arthur Edward Lovell coloured more deeply, but he was evidently determined.

"Don't take this amiss, Jimmy," he muttered, "but—but you know—your young cousin—he smokes, and—and—"

"He doesn't!" said Jimmy, in a hard voice.

"Well, he used to. You know what a wild little scallywag he was when he first came here!"

"I know that. You know he's different now."

"Well, I dare say he is. But—but the pater—if Teddy did anything of the kind—dash it all, Jimmy, I know the kid's your cousin, but you know he ain't the fellow for Teddy to be friendly with!"

Jimmy Silver breathed harder.

It was true enough that Algy Silver had been an unruly little rascal when he first came to Rookwood—much given to kicking over the traces, though there was at bottom no real harm in him.

Algy Silver had become leader of the Third, and had immense influence in that important Form; and, unless Jimmy could gain his favour for the new fag, it was pretty certain that Master Teddy's airs and graces would earn him a thrashing from Algy before he had been twenty-four hours in the school.

Algy did not share his cousin Jimmy's exemplary patience; and, moreover, he had no motive for putting up with airs and graces from a cheeky fag. But Lovell's amazing answer quite took the wind out of Jimmy's sails.

In spite of Uncle James' great patience and real regard for Lovell, he came very near quarrelling with Arthur Edward at that moment. He restrained himself, but he could not help feeling bitterly wounded, and he turned away from Lovell abruptly without another word.

"Tea's ready!" said Raby, glancing rather curiously at Jimmy. The other fellows in the study had not heard what had been said.

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy, speaking as cheerfully as he could. "Come up to the table, young 'un!"

"Here's a chair for you, Teddy!" said Newcome.

"Oh, all right," said Teddy. "I say, this study isn't bad."

"Not at all, is it?" said Newcome amiably.

"Of course, it's small," said Teddy. "I suppose all the studies are rather small. I've got a big room at home."

"Oh!"

"My room's bigger than Arthur's," said Teddy. "I wanted it, though."

"Oh!"

"I've got an idea!" said Raby. "What about asking your young cousin up here for tea, Jimmy? He'd like to meet Lovell's young brother."

Jimmy crimsoned.

"Jolly good idea!" said Newcome heartily. "Might get Algy to bring a kid or two from the Third, and Teddy can make their acquaintance. I'll cut off and tell him if you like, Jimmy."

Lovell kept his eyes on his plate.

"No, thanks!" said Jimmy.

"But Algy would come like a shot," said Raby, puzzled. "Tell him we've got a cake and two kinds of jam, and you can rely on him, and all the Third Form, too, if you wanted them."

"No, no! Never mind Algy."

"Just as you like!"

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Raby dropped the subject, still puzzled, and the feed proceeded.

It was really a handsome spread, and Teddy was hungry, and he did it full justice. Raby and Newcome did most of the talking, for, to their surprise, Jimmy Silver was very silent. As for Arthur Edward Lovell, he uttered hardly a word if he could help it.

When tea was over, Raby and Newcome rose to clear away the tea-things, also to give a slight hint that it was time for guests to retire. Teddy sat down in the armchair, however.

"You fellows smoke?" he asked.

"Eh?"

Lovell jumped, and Jimmy Silver & Co. stared. Master Teddy gave them a very knowing wink.

"I do!" he said.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"The pater objects," said Teddy cheerily. "There was a row when he found my room smelling of smoke once. I don't see any harm in a fag or two. Do you?"

"Yes," grunted Raby.

"Oh, you're an old codger!"

To the intense astonishment of the Fistical Four, Master Teddy groped in his pocket and produced a packet of cigarettes. With a manner that he fondly imagined to be that of an experienced man of the world, the astonishing fag offered the packet round.

"Help yourselves!" he said.

"We don't smoke here!" said Newcome drily.

"What rot! You don't mind if I do, I suppose?"

Without waiting for an answer to that, Master Teddy lighted his cigarette, and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Well, my hat!" murmured Newcome, quite overcome.

Jimmy Silver restrained a smile. After Lovell's observations about Algy of the Third, his minor's conduct was rather entertaining. Lovell's face was crimson with vexation and chagrin.

"Stop that, Teddy!" he muttered.

"Stop what?" asked the fag, looking at him.

"Put that rubbish in the fire!"

"What rubbish?"

"That cigarette, you young ass!"

"What rot!" answered Teddy, blowing out smoke.

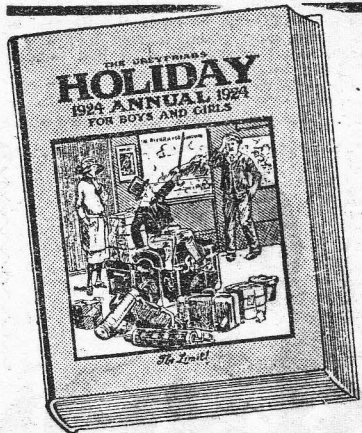
Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were silent. Lovell rose to his feet, jerked the cigarette from Teddy's mouth, and threw it into the fire. There was a howl of wrath from Teddy.

"What the thump are you up to?" he shouted.

"It's not allowed at Rookwood," said Lovell.

"Do you think I'm not going to smoke if I choose?" shouted Teddy furiously. "Mind your own business!"

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"You can't smoke here, anyway!" said Raby.

"I don't want to stop here. You asked me here, didn't you? I'm jolly well going to smoke, though!"

Master Teddy jumped up in great wrath and indignation, and started for the door. Lovell followed him out.

The three juniors looked at one another.

"Well!" said Raby, with a deep breath. "Precious little waster! Lovell will have his hands full if he's going to look after that kid!"

"He wants looking after," said Newcome.

"I say, Jimmy, why wouldn't you have your fag cousin here to tea?"

"Lovell was afraid he might teach Teddy to smoke!" replied Jimmy Silver drily.

"Oh, my hat!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Looking After Teddy!

"HALLO, kid!"

"Oh, my word!"

"Of all the cheeky cubs—"

"Shush!" murmured Peele.

Cyrl Peele was lounging in his study doorway when Lovell minor came quickly along the passage. Lattrey and Gower, his study-mates, were with him, and they stared at Lovell minor. For that hopeful youth had a cigarette in his mouth, plain for all to see.

Peele made a hasty sign to his comrades, and greeted Teddy Lovell with great politeness.

Lovell minor paused.

"Got a light?" he asked.

"A—a—a light!" stammered Lattrey. "Oh, crumbs!"

Lattrey & Co. were reckless young rascals, the blackest sheep in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. But certainly they never ventured to walk along the passage cigarette in mouth.

It was only too clear that Master Teddy, so far, was blissfully ignorant of the manners and customs of Rookwood School.

"Step in!" said Peele graciously.

Peele had his own reasons for being gracious to Lovell's brother, but he was rather anxious to get the cigarette out of general view.

He closed the door rather quickly when Teddy was inside the study.

"Sit down, old chap," said Peele.

"Right, I will," said Teddy, dropping into the armchair Peele wheeled out for him.

"Thanks! You fellows smoke?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Here you are, old tops!" said Teddy.

He extended the packet of cigarettes. Lattrey & Co. exchanged glances, suppressing their mirth. Teddy's man-of-the-world air was almost too much for them.

Peele's chums understood what was in his mind, and they played up. It was very amusing to the black sheep to encourage Lovell's brother in proceedings of this sort.

It was "one up" against a member of the Fistical Four, and any chance of scoring over the Co. was not to be lost by the young rascals.

Teddy's cigarettes were of a cheap variety. The young rascal was not exactly a connoisseur in smokes. The nuts of the Fourth were accustomed to much more expensive brands.

But they accepted a smoke each with all the seriousness they could muster.

Master Teddy felt a good deal more easy now. He had fallen upon kindred spirits.

There was a quick and heavy step in the passage outside, and Arthur Edward Lovell's voice was heard calling:

"Teddy!"

Lovell minor put his finger to his lips with a grin.

"Don't let on that I'm here!" he whispered.

"My brother wants to jaw me!"

Lattrey grinned, and nodded.

As a matter of fact, the black sheep did not want Lovell to look in just then. It was great fun, from their peculiar point of view, to encourage Lovell's brother to "act the goat"; but it would not have been so funny if Arthur Edward had come raging into the study with clenched fists.

Much to their relief, Lovell's footsteps passed on towards the stairs.

"Make yourself comfy here, kid," said Peele.

"I will," said Teddy. "I say, I like this study. Do you fellows belong to my Form?"

"You young ass—"

began Gower warmly.

"Shurrup, Gower!" murmured Peele.

"No, young 'un; we're in the Fourth. You're in the Third, I understand."

"Yes," said Teddy. "I'd like to dig in this study. I could get on with you fellows."
 "I'm sure you could," assented Peele. "I hope you'll give us a look in sometimes."
 "Oh, I will, certainly! If my brother interferes with me, there's goin' to be a row," said Teddy independently. "I'm my own master, I suppose?"
 "Of course you are," said Lattrey. "I'd keep that up, if I were you."
 "I'm jolly well going to!"
 "Teddy!" came a voice in the passage.
 "There he is again!" grunted Lovell minor.
 "Can't let a fellow alone for a minute or two."

"Teddy! Where are you?"
 Lovell had been downstairs after his vanished minor, but had not found him, and he had returned to the Fourth Form quarters. He had stopped almost outside the first study to call his name, guessing that he had been asked into one of the studies. Peele & Co. regarded one another rather uneasily.

"I say, put that smoke out of sight, kid," muttered Gower.

"What for?"
 "Your major might look in."
 "Let him!"
 "But—but if he sees—"

"I don't care what he thinks."
 "Have you seen my minor, Muffin?" came Lovell's voice in the passage. "What are you grinning at, you fat frog?"
 "He, he, he!" came Tubby Muffin's fat chortle.

"What's the joke, you grampus?"
 "Look in Peele's study!" chuckled Tubby Muffin. "He, he, he! Young Lovell wanted a light for his cigarette—"

"What?"
 "He, he, he!"
 "Put it out of sight, kid!" gasped Lattrey, as Lovell's grasp was heard on the door-handle.

"Rats!" retorted Teddy. "I'm not afraid of my brother."

It did not occur to the fag for the moment that his three new friends were afraid of Arthur Edward. He was soon to make the discovery.

The door was thrown open.
 Lovell looked in, with lowering brows. His eyes glittered as he saw Teddy in Peele's armchair, smoking. The three Giddy Goats drew together, rather alarmed by Lovell's look.

"Teddy!" gasped Lovell.
 "Hallo!" said Teddy coolly.
 "Put that smoke away."
 "Sha'n't!"

Lovell's eyes gleamed at Peele & Co.
 "So you asked my young brother in here to smoke, you cads?" he shouted.
 "He didn't need much askin' to smoke," said Peele, with a sneer.
 "You rotter!"

Lovell strode straight at Peele.
 "Here, hands off, you fool! Back up, you fellows!" panted Peele, as Lovell assailed him.

Lovell was not in a good temper, and the discovery of the Fourth Form fellows encouraging the foolish fag in his folly was the last straw. Whether Teddy was to blame or not, there was no doubt that Peele & Co. were to blame, and Lovell "went for" the three at once, without thinking of counting odds. As a matter of fact, the three weedy Goats were not too much for a sturdy fellow like Lovell to tackle, especially when he was in a furious mood. Peele's defence was knocked aside in a moment, and Peele went to the floor under a terrific drive, yelling.

Lattrey and Gower "backed up" desperately as Lovell turned on them. They assailed Arthur Edward together; but their assault was feeble. Lovell's blows sent them spinning right and left.

"Oh! Yoocoop!"

"Ow! Get out! Yow-ow!"
 The three merry blades lay sprawling on the carpet, and they did not get up again. They were safer where they were until Lovell had gone. Lovell gave them a glare of angry contempt, and turned to Teddy, who had watched his warlike proceedings with wide-open eyes.

"Come out of this, Teddy!"
 "Sha'n't!" retorted Teddy.

What happened next surprised Teddy: in fact, it rather surprised Lovell himself. But his temper was at boiling-point now. He grasped the fag by the collar, and spun him out of the armchair.

"Now, come!" he said, between his teeth.
 "Ooocooch!" yelled Teddy.



ASKING FOR TROUBLE! Teddy Lovell sat down in the armchair and pulled out a box. He extended it towards the chums with a knowing wink. "You fellows smoke?" he asked. "I do!" (See Chapter 3.)

The cigarette had slipped into his mouth, and the warm end was not palatable.

Lovell minor spat out the cigarette furiously, and turned a passionate glare upon his brother, who still held him by the collar.

"Let go, you bully!" he shouted.
 "Come out of this!"
 "I won't!" shrieked Teddy.
 "You will!"

And Teddy did, for Lovell major exerted his strength, and swung the yelling fag clear through the doorway into the passage. Peele staggered to his feet then, and kicked the door shut after them.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Nice Boy!

LET me go! I'll kick your shins!" roared Lovell minor, struggling in the grasp of Lovell major in the Fourth-Form passage.

"Shut up, you little fool!" panted Lovell.
 "Let go!"

"Will you come with me quietly?"
 "No, I won't!"

"Then I sha'n't let go!"
 "I'll kick your shins!" yelled Teddy.

"By gad, what an interestin' scene!" yawned Mornington, looking out of his doorway.

"Who's that interestin' youth, Lovell?"
 "My minor!" snapped Lovell.

"Oh! Nice boy!"
 "You can mind your own business, Morny!"

"I'm mindin' it, old sport! I suppose I can look on at a dog-fight if I like!" said Mornington, shrugging his shoulders.

"Dry up, Morny, old chap!" whispered Erroll.

"What rot! This is quite amusin'!"
 "He, he, he!" cackled Tubby Muffin.

"Lovell don't like his minor smoking! He, he, he!"

Fellows were looking out of their studies all along the passage, and some were gathering round the brothers. Most of them were laughing. There had been some talk in the Fourth about Lovell's minor, owing to Arthur Edward's somewhat injudicious talk on the subject in the end study. The juniors were rather interested in the hopeful youth, especially after the information imparted by Tubby Muffin.

"Make him let go!" howled Teddy. "You bully! Let me go!"

"Come downstairs!" muttered Lovell.
 "You've got to see your Form-master!"

"I won't!"
 "You must, Teddy!"

"I won't!" yelled Teddy. "I'll write to father about this! I'll tell him you started bullying me as soon as he was gone! Let go my collar!"

"Let the kid alone!" said Higgs of the Fourth. "What are you bullying a fag for, Lovell? Let him alone!"

"What on earth's his row?" asked Conroy, coming out of his study.

Lovell did not answer. He was bitterly chagrined and humiliated by the scene. Nearly all the Classical Fourth had gathered round. Only the door of the end study remained shut. Jimmy Silver & Co. were judiciously keeping off the grass. Lovell, by sheer strength, forced the yelling fag away to the staircase, followed by laughter from the juniors.

But Master Teddy was by no means disposed to give in. He had been too spoiled at home to think of yielding up his own sweet will and fancy. He clung to the banisters and yelled, utterly regardless of the fact that his yelling was heard far and wide.

"Let go, you bully! Let go!"
 "Here comes Bulkeley, Lovell!" called out Putty of the Fourth.

Lovell set his teeth. He could not help it. It looked as if he was bullying his minor on the latter's first day at Rookwood, but he could not help it. He could not allow Teddy to smoke in the black sheep's study.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came up the stairs two at a time. His brow was grim.

"Now, then, what's this row?" he demanded gruffly.

"Leggo!"

"Let that kid go at once, Lovell!"
 Lovell, crimson and panting, released his minor. Teddy Lovell gasped for breath, glaring defiance at his major.

"Hallo, that's a new kid!" said Bulkeley, looking rather curiously at the fag.

"It's my brother!" said Lovell shortly.

"And what are you handling him for, please?"

"He—he—I—" stammered Lovell.

"Because he's a rotten bully!" howled Teddy shrilly. "I'm not going to stand it! I'm not going to be bullied! I won't stay at Rookwood! I'll go home!"

"Shut up, you little ass!" growled Bulkeley.

"Shut up, you little ass!" growled Bulkeley.

THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

"Lovell, this isn't the way to treat your minor, his first day in the school!"

"You—you don't understand—" stammered Lovell.

"No, I don't!" said Bulkeley sharply.

"What's he doing up here, anyway? Has he seen the Head?"

"Yes, yes! I—I just met Mr. Bohun downstairs, and he told me to bring my minor to his study."

"Well, that's not the way to take him—by the collar. Lovell minor, you can clear off, and go to your Form-master at once!"

Lovell minor looked at Bulkeley rebelliously. But there was something in the big Sixth-Former's manner that stopped the rebellious words on Teddy's lips. Teddy did not know who the Sixth-Former was, but he understood that he was not a person to be "cheeked."

"I don't know where he is," he answered sullenly.

"You might have shown your minor the way about, Lovell."

"I—I—"

"Well, I'll take him! Come with me, kid!"

Bulkeley went down the stairs again, and did not look back to see whether the fag was following. He took that for granted. But Master Teddy hesitated, in two minds whether to follow the prefect, or to return to Peel's study and finish his smoke.

"You'd better go, kid!" said Putty of the Fourth good-naturedly. "That chap is captain of the school, you know. Cut after him!"

Lovell opened his lips, and closed them again. If he had told Teddy to follow Bulkeley, it was pretty certain that the fag would have refused to go. Even after what had passed, poor Lovell was anxious to protect the obstinate fag from his own folly.

Fortunately for Teddy, he decided to do as Bulkeley had told him, and after a last glare at his major he trotted down the stairs after the Sixth-Former.

Bulkeley glanced round in the lower passage, and found the fag at his heels.

"This way!" he said.

He led the way to Mr. Bohun's study, and knocked at the door.

"Lovell minor, sir!" he said, opening the door.

"Thank you, Bulkeley! Come in, Lovell minor!"

Teddy Lovell entered the study, and Bulkeley closed the door and walked away. Lovell was looking over the banisters, anxious to see whether Teddy was in for more trouble, and greatly relieved to see him disappear quietly into Mr. Bohun's study. Bulkeley glanced up at him.

"Lovell!" he rapped out.

"Yes, Bulkeley!" muttered the Fourth-Former.

"That minor of yours is new here. It would be only decent to look after him a bit at first, and help him through!"

"I—I—"

"And taking him by the collar isn't the way to do it!" said Bulkeley gruffly. "Try to be a bit better-tempered with him!"

And the captain of Rookwood walked on, without waiting for a reply from the unfortunate Lovell. Lovell bit his lip hard, and came down the stairs to wait for his minor. It was some time before Teddy emerged from Mr. Bohun's study, and when he did so his face was dark and sulky. His eyes glittered as he saw his brother in the passage.

"How did you get on with your Form-master, Teddy?" asked Lovell, speaking as calmly and cordially as he could.

"Find out!"

"Teddy, old chap—"

"Oh, shut up! Let me alone!"

Lovell minor turned his back on his major and walked away. Lovell made a movement to follow him, and then desisted.

With a heavy heart he ascended the stairs and passed through a grinning crowd in the Fourth-Form passage to the end study. In that study he found Jimmy Silver & Co., who assumed an elaborate unconsciousness of the scene in the passage. Lovell gave them a grim look, pulled out his books, and started on his preparation, with a knitted brow. It was not a happy evening in the end study.

THE END.

(There will be another fine long complete story of Rookwood in next week's bumper issue.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

"DONE AGAIN!"

(Continued from page 21.)

"Hands off, I tell you!" growled the half-breed.

"You'll see!" answered Bob; and he swung the yelling Yen Chin towards his pony. "Get on that boss, you rascal!"

Black Louis made a savage stride towards Bob, the hunting-knife half drawn from his belt. Billy Cook thrust his rifle forward. His finger was on the trigger, and his steady eye gleamed along the barrel with a deadly gleam.

"Go slow!" said the Canadian ranchman laconically. "I guess you'll find trouble if you don't, my Injun friend!"

Black Louis halted, and the other half-breeds, with lowering looks, gathered round him. Billy Cook eyed them coolly.

"Nope, I reckon I wouldn't try a rush if I was you," he remarked. "Cause Why? Black Louis gets the first ball, and I reckon I've another for some of you! And the sheriff of Thompson has a rope for the whole crowd if there's bloodshed in this section. I reckon I'd go slow!"

Billy Cook's advice was too good not to be taken. The half-breeds went slow—very slow indeed. Black Louis jammed the knife back into his belt and turned away with a muttered oath.

The hapless Chinese was thrown upon his pony, with a woebegone face. Then Bob Lawless held out his hand.

"Twenty dollars," he said briefly—"and sharp, before I start on you with my whip!"

"Niecey ole Bob—"

Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Yen Chin. "Allee light! Me wantee payee niecey ole Bob!"

With a dolorous face, the heathen handed out the twenty dollars—fortunately, still safe in his pocket, owing to the prompt pursuit.

"Now, you goey 'way!" he said disconsolately.

"We're going," agreed Bob, "and you're coming, too!"

"Me stayee—"

Whack!

"Lettee up!" yelled Yen Chin. "Me comee! Me wantee comee!"

"Come, then!"

And Yen Chin came!

The next day, at the lumber school, Yen Chin was all repentance and pathetic looks. But his pathetic looks were wasted on Frank Richards and Co., and when he sidled up to them, Bob Lawless' heavy boot cut short his remarks, and he fled. The heathen Chinese had passed the limit this time, and there was no more forgiveness for him.

THE END.

(You simply must not miss next Tuesday's roaring Wild West yarn. It's the real goods! Tell all your pals about it!)

"RESTORING THEIR RIGHTS!"

(Continued from page 18.)

So saying, Tom Merry handed over the petition. A hush fell upon the assembly as the Head perused it. It was a hush of expectancy. What would the Head do? Would he be very angry? And, if so, would his anger be directed against the fellows who had signed the petition, or against Mr. Ratcliff?

Having read the petition the Head folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"You may leave this matter in my hands, Merry," he said quietly.

"Thank you, sir!"

The fellows on the platform formed a gangway for the Head to pass through. And a taxicab conveyed Dr. Holmes up to the school.

The St. Jim's fellows followed, excitedly discussing the petition, and the possible consequences.

When the Head arrived at the school the first thing he did was to send for Mr. Ratcliff.

Nobody knew what passed at that interview between headmaster and House-master. But it was observed that Mr. Ratcliff looked even more sour and ill-tempered than usual when he emerged from the Head's study.

"The Head's given him a jolly good dressing-down, I expect," said Jack Blake. "Serve him jolly well right—the old tyrant!"

"Yes, rather!"

Later in the evening an announcement appeared on the school notice-board—an announcement which sent the St. Jim's fellows into ecstasies of delight.

NOTICE.

"The ban on football has been removed; and those who have had footballs confiscated should apply to Mr. Ratcliff for their return.

(Signed) "RICHARD HOLMES, Headmaster."

That was all; but it was enough. Mr. Ratcliff's brief reign of terror had come to an end. That was one good thing. And the Anti-Football League had come to an end. That was another good thing.

The grand old game of football would be revived with renewed zest at St. Jim's, and—to quote a time-worn phrase of Monty Lowther's—everything in the garden was lovely!

THE END.

(Next week's splendid tale of the chums of St. Jim's has a laugh in every line. Don't forget—the title is "Glyn's Spectroscope!")

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THE END OF THE ADVENTURE!

TEN minutes later a company of infantry issued from the wicket, and, forming up, marched away into the slums that even then crept close up to the tower on the eastern side.

Jack Ketch had given the fugitives away. It was his revenge, and the public executioner waited with keen anticipation for the results.

The longboat of the "Seamew" crept slowly down the river an oar's length from the bank, and wherever a tavern window gleamed, there did the boat stay its course, and one of the seamen went ashore.

Four essays did they make, without success. There was no sign of the two missing conspirators.

"Master," quoth one of the seamen, "an' you will put into the creek ahead, I will seek the Bonaventure, which is kept by an old sweetheart o' mine. 'Tis a stone's throw from the wharf, but a likely spot to gain news if aught has been seen of the gentlemen."

Captain Absolom grunted, and turned the boat's nose into a slimy inlet.

The mariner picked his way over ropes and chains, and approached the window of an hostelry.

Through the bullseye panes he peered into the common-room, and there, at a table near the capacious fireplace, sat Captain Lavender, Peter Pouch, and the same little gentleman in green velvet who had so ably assisted the friends to gain a start of the Dragons.

The man was about to enter, when a sound made him turn, and he saw something that sent him back to the boat at all speed, knowing that one mariner could do naught against the twelve ruffians who came swinging down the street with links flaring and cutlasses gleaming in their hands.

"The Press is upon them!" cried the seaman.

"Two men for the boat! The rest follow me!" cried Captain Daventry.

"And now, gentlemen," said the little man in the green velvet, "we'll empty one more bumper to a merrier meeting, and then I will out upon the wharf to see if I can spy your friends; but first"—and he fell a chuckling mightily—"do you not recall me to mind?"

"I shall ever remember you as a true friend, sir," said Harry Lavender; "but, save for our two chance meetings on this day of sorrow, I do not know you."

"Think again; it is impossible for those who have seen me once." And the little man's face clouded with a trace of wounded vanity. "Come, I must help your memories. I am the officer who fought a long bout with a very excellent young gentleman of Monmouth's army in the West—Captain Oliver Partridge, of the Red Regiment of Dorset, now upon business of import in connection with my trade, which is that of ship's chandler."

Harry Lavender grasped his hand. "A brave foe is a good friend, sir," he said, "and I crave pardon for not remembering you again; but now 'tis different to those old days at Lyme, and we are in peril of no common sort, as you well know."

"Gad's life, you say truly!" exclaimed Oliver Partridge, pointing to the tavern door. "Here come as pretty a set of rascals as ever escaped the gallows!"

Ten villainous-looking ruffians entered as he spoke; their leader, Ketch, keeping in the rear.

"No matter," whispered the little gentleman, whipping out his rapier. "I have some skill in these matters, as you know, and I stand in with you. How now? What seek ye?"

"Rebels, my little turkey-cock!" laughed one of the gang. "And methinks we are in luck!"

"I think you are probably in the nether world, my friend, I never fail with that thrust," said Master Partridge, as the speaker tossed up his arms and fell lifeless from the rapier-blade. "This is assault on a loyal subject, and not to be borne. Back, you dogs, and know that I am a captain in his Majesty's Militia, and that killing is my sport and pastime!"

The fire-eating little man made two passes while he was yet speaking, and a brace of ruffians fell grovelling on to the sanded floor.

"Leave me to deal with them," whispered Master Partridge, restraining Lavender. "I can hold mine own against a score of such, and the watch will be here anon. Go by the back way. 'Tis death if you are discovered. Go, ere they recover themselves!" And Master Partridge made a sudden spring forward, while Peter and Harry Lavender bolted out into the night.

As they did so, Daventry, Dick, Ned, Captain Absolom, and four stalwart sailors took the rogues in the rear, and there was a tremendous fracas in the narrow doorway.

The back door of the tavern led the fugitives along the side of the house, and Ned and his father were within an ace of braining each other, but for the lantern swinging overhead.

"Father!" "What, boy, art here?"

"Ay, and so be the soldiers!" cried Captain Absolom suddenly, as the tramp of marching feet came down the street. "To the boat—to the boat, since we are all met!"

And Dick, hurling Ketch headlong into the room, the party headed for the wharf, which they gained in safety before the soldiers had reached the battleground.

As they came upon the quay a figure leapt out into their path. "Gilbert!"

Lavender started back as he recognised the dishevelled member of the League.

"Harry!" gasped the captain. "So I have found you at last, after many weeks of hunting."

The two friends shook hands in silence. A few strokes, and they were safe; but

as they settled into their places for the long pull to the ship, an appealing cry broke from the quay, and a haggard figure ran towards them.

"For mercy's sake, gentlemen, whoever ye be, take me off!" cried the man, in a voice that made five of the party start.

"This is stern fate, with a vengeance, Anthony Trevor!" said Harry Lavender, half rising from his seat. "Stay where you are, in the mess of your own brewing!"

The miserable man stared blankly for a moment, and then, with a whimpering cry, hid himself among the houses on the wharf-side.

Thames mouth melted into misty grey, and the stout ship Seamew rolled as she took the waves on her buff bows.

"Dick, lad," said Harry Lavender, passing his arm about Dick Trevor's shoulders, "yonder fades the old country from our sight for a time, and we seek a new home; but we are all here—Tom Daventry, Gilbert, Ned, and honest Peter, and while we have life and strength we will seek adventure elsewhere.

"The day will come when we may help to drag James from his throne, and avenge the tragedy of unhappy Monmouth. Boys, is there a moon to-night?"

"Ay, a merry moon to-night!" they shouted in lusty chorus; and even as they cried out came the moon in earnest, glinting upon their waving blades, as the League grasped hands against the world.

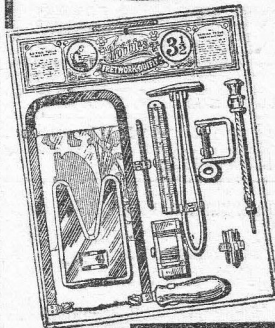
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on PAGE 2

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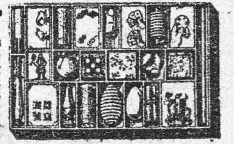
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