

**HOW TUBBY MUFFIN KEPT THE SECRET OF THE NAMELESS BOY!**

According to Muffin it was a lucky day for him when he overheard the conversation between Smythe and his father concerning the Nameless Boy of Rookwood. To Smythe it was an unlucky day, for he knew that that secret would cost him a great deal of "hush" money!



# Tubby In Clover!

By Owen Conquest.

(Author of the famous tales of Rookwood now appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

Another Wonderful, Long Complete Story dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., and "The Nameless Boy" of Rookwood.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Lovell's Luck!

**C**ARKER?"  
"No."  
"Cecil?"  
"No."  
"Chinkins?"  
"No?"  
"Chungum?"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
There was a roar of laughter in the end study in the Fourth Form passage at Rookwood. It interrupted Arthur Edward Lovell. The string of questions came to a stop.  
"Chuck it, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver, in a tone of patient remonstrance, as Lovell glared at the laughing juniors. "You're making the Kid tired, and the study tired. Give us a rest!"  
"Yes, leave the list till to-morrow," suggested Raby.  
"To be continued in our next!" remarked Newcome.

And the Kid grinned.  
The "Kid" was the new fellow in the Rookwood Fourth; he was called the Kid because there was nothing else to call him. The lost youth, whom Jimmy Silver & Co. had found wandering on Coombe Heath, had picked up wonderfully during the week he had now spent at Rookwood.

He looked well and cheerful and bright, and he was quite at home in the end study, and on the best of terms with the Fistical Four. Only the one shadow still hung over him—his lost memory had not returned.

The Rookwood fellows, very curious and interested at first, had got used to him—the schoolboy without a memory had fallen into his place in the Fourth Form, and was taken for granted, as it were. It was hoped that his memory would come back in time, as he recovered his health after his rough experiences, and then he would be able to tell his name and his identity.

But Arthur Lovell had his own ideas on that subject. He was assured that if the nameless junior heard his name mentioned he would recognise it—and the trick would be done.

And Arthur Edward had been compiling a tremendous list of names, in alphabetical order. He had arrived at C—having taken the Kid through all the A's and B's that he could possibly think of.

Ordinary names, extraordinary names, super-extraordinary names figured in Lovell's list. And at any moment Lovell was liable to turn upon his new chum, and shoot a

question at him, in class or in the quad, in the study or on the football field.

Sooner or later, Lovell was convinced, he would hit on the right name, and all would be calm and bright, so to speak.

The Kid was grateful for Lovell's kind efforts—though it is possible that he found his friend a little bit of a bore at times. He was too polite to say so, but Lovell's older friends weren't. They often said so.

But Lovell was a stickler.  
After bestowing a crushing glare upon his irreverent chums, he went on regardless.

"Is your name Chumpey?"  
"Oh gad!" Mornington of the Fourth looked in at the doorway of the study. "Is that a game, Lovell?"

"No, it isn't!" snapped Lovell. "Don't interrupt! Is your name Choodles, Kid?"

The new junior chuckled.  
"I hope not!" was his reply.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Sooner or later," said Lovell, with a glare at the grinning Mornington, "we shall hit on it. Then the Kid will know it, and we shall be all serene. When he knows his name his memory will come back all right, I believe. If you're going to cackle, Morny—"

"Not at all," answered Mornington, with a grin. "I say, Kid, is your name Rumpelstilchen?"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up!" roared Lovell. "I tell you I'm on the right track, and I'm going to find out the chap's name!"

"Suppose his name happens to be Zeno or Zadkiel?" suggested Morny. "At this rate you'll have worn him out before you get to it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Will you dry up, Morny? Go and play footer or marbles' or something. Is your name Cecil—no, I've done Cecil! Is it Charley?"

"Oh!"  
It was a sudden startled exclamation from the Kid.

He started to his feet.  
All eyes in the study were upon him at once.

"Charley!" shouted Lovell triumphantly. "Is it Charley?"

"Yes!"  
"Oh, my hat!"  
"Hurrah!"

"Well, wonders will never cease!" remarked Newcome. "Fancy that ass Lovell scoring a bullseye like that!"

"Charley!" said Arthur Edward with great

satisfaction; and the Kid smiled and nodded.

Lovell beamed with triumph.  
There was a buzz in the end study—even Mornington was impressed with seriousness at last.

Lovell's wonderful method, which had been a standing joke in the Form for a week, had succeeded—so far as the Christian name was concerned, at least.

The new junior was quite pale for the moment. There was conviction in his face. His first name, at least, was found.

"Well, my hat!" said Mornington. "Lovell isn't such an ass, after all. Is your name Charley, Kid, really?"

"I am sure of it," said the new junior breathlessly. "I—I was sure I should know it if it was spoken to me. It's the same in other things. I had forgotten Julius Cæsar and all the school work, but the moment I saw the Gallic War again I remembered all I knew of it. It's as clear as anything—now I hear it. My name's Charles!"

"Charles what?" asked Lovell eagerly.

The new junior shook his head.  
"I don't know!"

"Doesn't the first name suggest the second?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"No."  
"Never mind!" said Lovell complacently. "We'll have it sooner or later. We've got the front name, anyhow."

"Good egg!"  
"I think I've pretty nearly got through C," added Lovell. "I'm beginning on D now. Now, then—Dale—Dunkley—Dinwiddie—Dixon—Dodd—"

Jimmy Silver & Co. left Lovell to it. And "Charley" bore it with great patience, giving Lovell his head, as it were. But Lovell got through his list of D's by tea-time without any further discovery being made.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Tubby Goes!

**T**UBBY!"  
Putty Grace of the Fourth stood in the doorway of No. 2 and shouted.

It was tea-time, and, wonderful to relate, Tubby Muffin had not turned up in Study No. 2.

Tubby Muffin was seldom punctual in other matters, but he could always be depended upon at meal-times. But on this

THE POPULAR.—No. 262.

occasion Tubby Muffin was conspicuous by his absence.

Grace of the Fourth was naturally exasperated. When Tubby Muffin wasn't wanted—which was nearly always—he was there! Now that he was wanted, he wasn't there!

Jimmy Silver & Co., coming in from the footer, passed along the passage, and Grace called to them.

"Seen Muffin?"

"Tubby?" said Jimmy Silver. "Yes, he's downstairs with Smythe of the Shell. Tubby seems quite chummy with Smythe lately."

"Bother Smythe! We've got kippers for tea, and it's Tubby's job to cook them!" growled Putty Grace. "I thought he'd scented out those kippers long ago. I'll give him chumming with Smythe, the fat bouncer!"

And Grace headed for the stairs wrathfully.

Tubby Muffin's abilities as a cook were some compensation in Study No. 2 for Tubby's voracious appetite, and for the fact that he seldom, or never, stood his "whack" in the study tea. Indeed, when Higgs or Jones minor complained on that score, Tubby was wont to point out that he was chef, and did most of the cooking, and to remind his study-mates that they should not muzzle the ox that trod out the corn, as it were. As there was little doubt that Reginald Muffin would drop in in time to annex the lion's share of the kippers, Putty naturally did not see any reason why he should not cook them. So he started in search of Tubby.

Muffin was not to be seen below, and Putty headed for the Shell passage, to look in Smythe's study.

Of late Tubby Muffin had been seen a good deal with Adolphus Smythe of the Shell. They seemed to have struck up a friendship, which was rather remarkable, for there was little in common between Adolphus, the elegant dandy of the Shell, and Tubby Muffin, the glutton of the Fourth.

Adolphus had never concealed his lofty contempt for the fat and grubby Muffin—till of late! Now he was frequently seen walking with him, and Tubby sometimes dropped into his study.

And there Putty Grace found him now. Adolphus Smythe was reclining in his armchair, with a dark and moody expression upon his face. Tubby Muffin was seated on the corner of the table, with his fat little legs dangling.

"If you don't want me to tea, I—" he was saying, as Grace arrived at the door.

"You know I don't!" muttered Smythe. "Oh, very well! I'll drop in and see Jimmy Silver."

"You can stay if you like."

"That's not good enough!" answered Tubby Muffin independently. "I hope I'm not the kind of fellow to go round the studies cadging for a tea."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Grace, staring in at the open doorway in astonishment.

Tubby's hope, as he stated it, was certainly ill-founded; for he was, in point of fact, celebrated for his little way of going round the studies cadging for a tea.

"If you want me here," went on Tubby, "you can put it politely and hospitably, and I may decide to stay. Most certainly I shall not remain where I am not welcome!"

Adolphus Smythe bit his lip hard.

"You can stay!" he mumbled. "I—I mean, I hope you'll stay to tea, Muffin, old chap!"

Tubby smiled sweetly.

"As you're so pressing, I don't mind!" he said.

Grace strode into the study.

"You're wanted, Fatty!" he announced.

"Eh?"

"Kippers to cook!" explained Grace.

Tubby Muffin glanced at his study-mate over his shoulder with an expression of lofty contempt.

"Kippers!" he repeated derisively.

"Yes, kippers!"

"Do you think I'm going to cook kippers for you?" demanded Tubby Muffin scornfully.

Grace stared.

"What do you mean, you fat idiot?" he inquired politely. "If you don't come and cook them, you jolly well won't eat them!"

Sniff!

"Are you coming?" demanded Grace.

"Certainly not!"

"Well, you fat rotter," exclaimed Grace,

"I don't like cooking kippers. I shouldn't

have got them, only you can handle them. Don't you want to come to tea?"

"No."

"Not come to tea!" said Putty dazedly.

"You!"

"I'm having tea with Smythe," answered Muffin. "I'm rather fed-up with your measly teas in Study No. 2, Grace! I don't care for 'em! Keep your mouldy old kippers! The fact is, I've been too obliging to you fellows in Study No. 2. I've never received proper thanks. I'm not going to do any more cooking for you!"

"Then you won't have any more free feeds in the study!" hooted Grace, in great wrath.

Tubby sniffed again.

"Keep your mouldy old feeds!" he answered.

"You're sticking Smythe for a tea to-day!" said Putty. "I suppose Smythe isn't going to have you to tea every day, is he?"

"Oh, Smythe's my pal now!" answered Muffin airily. "Smythe's always glad to have me here, ain't you, Smythe?"

"Yes!" gasped Adolphus.

"Well, my hat!" said Grace. "I always thought you were a silly ass, Smythe; but you're a sillier ass than I ever thought, if you stand that fat clam when you're not bound to. We wouldn't have him in our study a minute if we could help it!"

"Look here, don't you be cheeky, Putty Grace!" roared Tubby Muffin. "You buzz off, and don't worry! I tell you I'm fed-up with your mouldy Fourth Form feeds!"

Grace looked from one to the other. That Adolphus Smythe was not really yearning for Tubby's society was pretty clear from the expression on his face.

Why he should endure Tubby's company when he didn't want to was a deep mystery.

"Well," said Grace, at last, "you can please yourself, Tubby!"

"I should jolly well think so!" said Tubby Muffin loftily.

"But you can be civil about it."

"Eh?"

"Otherwise, you're liable to be mopped off that table and bumped on the carpet!"

"Look here—"

"Like this!" explained Putty.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Tubby Muffin, as Putty Grace demonstrated what was likely to happen in case of incivility.

Tubby landed on the carpet with a bump.

Then Putty strolled out of the study. Tubby sat on the carpet and gasped for breath.

"Yow-ow-ow! Grooogh! Why didn't you pitch into him, Smythe?" he howled.

Smythe was grinning. Apparently the bumping of Tubby Muffin afforded him some satisfaction.

The fat Classical scrambled up, still gasping, and shook a fat fist at the Shell fellow's nose.

"You rotter! You think it's funny!" he gasped. "I've a jolly good mind to go to Jimmy Silver at once, and tell him—"

"Shut up!" panted Smythe hastily.

Howard and Tracy came into the study. Both of them looked rather grimly at Reginald Muffin of the Fourth.

"That fat slug here again!" growled Tracy.

"He—he—he's staying to tea!" said Adolphus feebly.

"Is he?" said Howard. "You've had that fat cad twice to tea in a week, Smythe. That's twice too often. We're not standin' it!"

"No jolly fear!" said Tracy.

Tubby Muffin eyed Smythe's study-mates uneasily. Adolphus had his own reasons for conciliating the fat junior, but Tracy and Howard did not share them, or even know of them.

They were astonished at the elegant Adolphus having taken up Tubby Muffin at all, and they certainly did not intend to allow Tubby to make himself at home in their quarters.

Howard threw the door wide open.

"Travel!" he said curtly.

"Look here, Smythe asked me to tea!" said Muffin.

"Smythe can come to tea in your study if he likes. He's not goin' to have you here."

"I—I say—" began Smythe weakly.

"What do you want him to tea for?" demanded Howard.

"I—I—"

"Because I'm his pal, you know," said Tubby.

"Well, Smythe can pal with you somewhere

else, not here. Are you goin'?" snapped Howard.

"N-n-no!"

"Then you'll be put!"

Howard grasped the fat Classical, and spun him towards the doorway. Tracy landed a kick behind the hapless Tubby as he went. Tubby rolled into the passage with a roar.

"Come back, and we'll shove your head in the coal-locker," said Howard warningly, as he closed the door.

Tubby Muffin did not come back.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Adolphus Puts his Foot Down!

"DANGLE, Dunkle, Dinkle?" Arthur Edward Lovell was at it again.

There was a tea-party in the end study. The Fistical Four, and their new study-mate, and Putty Grace, and Jones minor. There was no tea in Study No. 2 that evening.

Higgs was gone down to tea in Hall, and Grace and Jones dropped in at the end study as guests. Lovell was furnishing a little entertainment at the tea-table with his list of "D's" for the benefit of the new boy, when Tubby Muffin's fat face looked in at the door.

"Scat!" said Jimmy Silver, as the fat Classical looked in with his most ingratiating smile.

"I—I've been looking for Grace!" said Tubby.

"Buzz off!" was Putty's reply.

"I—I'm ready to cook the kippers, you know," said Tubby. "I—I was—was only joking, you know, old chap."

"Smythe booted you out, after all?" grinned Putty.

"I'd like to see Smythe boot me out!" said Tubby Muffin truculently. "No fear! Smythe wouldn't jolly well dare!"

"I don't see why he shouldn't, if he doesn't want you in his study," said Jimmy Silver.

Tubby winked mysteriously.

"That's all you know!" he answered. "Smythe won't quarrel with me; he knows better!"

"What the thump do you mean, you fat duffer?"

"Oh, nothing! Smythe was jolly keen to have me, of course, but those cads, Howard and Tracy, cut up rusty. I—I say, Putty, about those kippers—"

"Too late!" chuckled Putty. "I've traded off those kippers to Rawson, and I'm having tea here. So you can travel!"

"Oh, I don't mind having tea here, too!" said Tubby.

"There are a good many others who mind, though!" remarked George Raby. "Every chap in the study, I think!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Where will you have it?" continued Raby, picking up a loaf and taking aim.

Tubby Muffin hastily retired from the end study.

He rolled away disconsolately down the passage, and looked in at Study No. 4, where he found Mornington and Errel at tea. Mornington made a dive for the poker as Muffin looked in, and once more Reginald Muffin retired hastily. He gave a snort as he rolled away to the stairs. There was nothing for it but tea in the Hall, unless he ventured back into Smythe's quarters.

And that he did not care to do while Smythe's study-mates were at home.

Tea in Hall was not worth much to Tubby Muffin. It was plain, but good, and there was plenty of it, such as it was. But it was not what Tubby Muffin wanted. Tubby liked living on the fat of the land, and since he had chummed with Smythe of the Shell he had succeeded fairly well in doing so. The plain school fare was exceedingly unpalatable to Reginald Muffin, after what he had grown accustomed to of late.

He rolled out of Hall with a frowning fat face. He was labouring under a sense of injury. The sight of Tracy and Howard going into the Common-room relieved his mind, and he made his way to Smythe's study once more. He found the great Adolphus alone there.

Smythe of the Shell did not give him a welcoming look. The look that he gave him was a very dark one, but Reginald Muffin did not mind. He rolled cheerfully into the study.

"Anything left for me?" he inquired.

"Nothin'!" answered Smythe shortly.

Tubby's eyes gleamed.

"I'm afraid this won't do, Smithey!" he



said. "I've made friends with you, but it was understood that I was to be treated decently in your study! I've been chucked out by your study-mates!"

"I can't help what Howard and Tracy do," muttered Smythe.

"You'll have to help it somehow," said Tubby Muffin in a bullying tone. "I'm not going to stand it, Smythe!"

Adolphus' eyes glittered, but he did not reply.

"You'll have to manage Tracy and Howard somehow," said Tubby. "If I'm not treated civilly in this study I shall have to drop your friendship."

"You sneakin', blackmailin' cad!" said Smythe, between his teeth. "Don't talk about friendship to me! You've practically given the thing away already! A dozen fellows have noticed it! Tracy's just asked me whether I'm under your rotten thumb in any way! What do you expect them to think, when you plant yourself on me as you do?"

"Look here—"

"You've been hauntin' me like a shadow for a week!" said Smythe, with a malevolent look. "You've had four pounds out of me already!"

"You have made me some small loans," said Tubby Muffin, with dignity. "I suppose it was of your own accord."

"I'm not goin' to stand it any longer!" said Smythe. "What you're doin' is blackmailin'!"

"And what you're doing—what's that?" asked Tubby Muffin. "If Jimmy Silver knew about your missing cousin—"

"I'm comin' to that!" said Smythe, between his teeth. "You've made up a yarn that that nameless cad is a relation of mine. I don't want that yarn spread about Rookwood—"

"Because it's true, and because there's a fortune at stake!" grinned Tubby Muffin.

"Never mind that! I've paid you to hold your tongue!" said Smythe, his eyes glittering. "I've thought it out! If you say a word about that yarn now, you'll have to let it out that you've been blackmailin' me! I can prove that you had the currency notes from me—it don't want much provin', as all the fellows have noticed that rotter, been in funds lately! Now, you fat rotter, I'm not handin' out any more—not a shilling! And you're not comin' to my study to tea again! If you speak to me in the quad, I'll cuff you!"

"Will you?" said Tubby defiantly.

"Yes, I will—hard! Go and spin Jimmy Silver the yarn, if you like, and when it comes before the Head I'll spin mine!" said Smythe venomously. "What do you think the Head will do with a blackmailer—a fellow extortin' money to keep a secret? You'll be kicked out of Rookwood."

Tubby Muffin started.

That view of the matter had not presented itself to his fat mind before, indeed. Tubby had hardly realised that he was extorting money from Smythe of the Shell. Tubby was a good deal more fool than rascal. He had simply considered that he was on a "good thing," and decided to make the most of it, without reflecting further.

There was something like dismay in his fat face, and Adolphus Smythe grinned as he noticed it.

"You say one word about my cousin that's missin' from Lynton School," he went on, "just one word, and see what happens! You wouldn't know anythin' about it but for your sneakin' eavesdroppin'! Just one word, and I'm down on you, and the Head will know what you've been doin'."

"You—you wouldn't be rotter enough to make out to the Head that—that I've been extorting money from you!" gasped Tubby.

"What do you call it, then?"

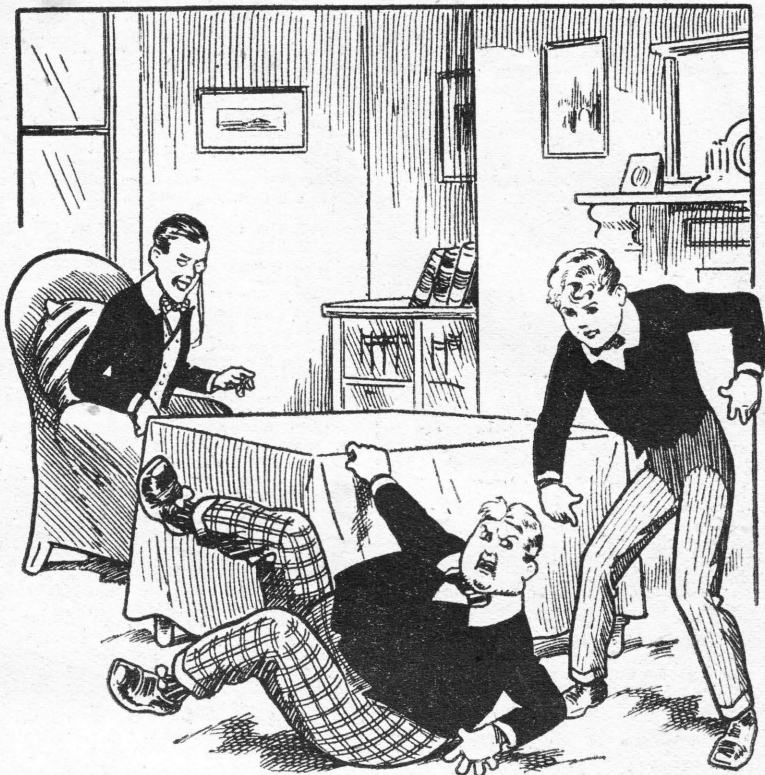
"You—you've made me some small loans—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"You're an awful cad, Smythe!" said Tubby Muffin indignantly. "Making out that I've extorted money, just because I've had a small loan or two from you! Low, I call it! I shall refuse to accept another loan from you, I can tell you that! If you offered me a pound note at this moment I should refuse to touch it!"

"You won't have the chance, I know that," grunted Smythe.

"Of—of course, I don't want to quarrel with you," said Tubby, on further reflection. "I happen to be hard up at present, and if you like to hand over ten bob, and call it square, I—"



**BUMPING TUBBY!**—"If you are not civil to me," said Putty Grace, "I shall bump you on the carpet like so!" He gave Tubby a sharp blow which sent him with a bump on the carpet. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Adolphus Smythe. (See Chapter 2.)

Smythe of the Shell picked up a cricket-stump.

"I give you one second to get out!" he said.

Tubby Muffin gave him one blink and departed. Smythe kicked the door shut after him, with a smile of satisfaction.

"I've bottled up that spyin' cad, at any rate!" he murmured.

But Adolphus of the Shell congratulated himself a little too early. He had not quite bottled up Reginald Muffin yet.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**For Sale!**

**WORKING!** What's the matter?" Putty Grace made that genial remark, as he came into Study No. 2 after tea.

Tubby Muffin was seated at the study table, with a sheet of impot paper before him, a pen in his fat fingers, and a very thoughtful expression on his face.

He jumped up as his study-mate came in, and hastily caught up the sheet upon which he had been scribbling.

"Prep already?" asked Putty.

"Nunno!"

"Lines?"

"N-no!"

Grace looked at Muffin, whose face was crimson and confused.

"What have you got there?" asked Grace.

"N-n-nothing."

"You've been writing something."

"Only a-a-an exercise."

Tubby Muffin hastily crammed the paper into his pocket, and rolled to the door. Grace stared after him blankly. It was evident that Tubby did not want him to see what he had written on that paper, though what his reason for secrecy could be was a puzzle.

"What on earth is he up to now?" murmured Grace. "Tubby, you duffer, what silly game are you playing now?"

Muffin was deaf to that question; he rolled hurriedly down the passage. He stopped at the head of the stairs, and took the paper from his pocket, after a hasty glance back to make sure that Grace was not following him. In the gaslight Tubby read over the

paper he had written, and gave a nod of satisfaction.

"That's all right!" he murmured. "That'll do the trick! Awful rotter! Accusing me of extorting money! I'll show him!"

"Hallo! What are you mumbling about, Fatty?" asked Jimmy Silver's cheery voice, as he came along to the stairs.

Tubby Muffin jumped, and again the mysterious document was hastily thrust out of sight.

"N-n-nothing!" he stammered.

"What have you got there?"

"N-n-nothing—I mean, an exercise. I—I was just muggin' up some—er—deponent verbs!" stammered Muffin.

"Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver stared at Tubby. That podgy youth was about the last fellow at Rookwood to be mugging up deponent verbs if he could possibly help it.

Tubby realised that Jimmy was suspicious, which was so.

"I—I say, Jimmy—" he stammered.

"Well?"

"I—I—it's deponent verbs, you know," stammered Tubby. "I—I wasn't going to take it to Smythe—I mean—"

"Look here, you inquisitive worm!" said Jimmy. "You've been kicked up and down the passage lots of times for spying into fellows' letters. Is that somebody's letter you've got there?"

"Nunno!"

"What is it, then?"

"It—it— Look here, Jimmy Silver, you mind your own business!" gasped Tubby Muffin.

"This is my business, I think!" said Jimmy.

"Haven't I promised you a stumping next time you meddle with another fellow's letters?"

"I haven't!" roared Tubby. "It—it's deponent verbs—I mean, it's a letter from home! There!"

"Not much difference between deponent verbs and a letter from home, is there?" remarked Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

"Nunno! Exactly!" gasped Muffin. "I—I say, lemme pass!"

"Not just yet, old top! If you've not got hold of somebody else's letter, what are you telling lies for?"

THE POPULAR.—No. 262.

"I—I say, Jimmy—I—I'm not, you know! The—the fact is—"

"Well, what is the fact?" inquired the captain of the Fourth grimly.

"The—the fact, you know—" stuttered Tubby.

Tubby's brain worked rather slowly, and he could not, for the life of him, invent the required fact on the spur of the moment.

"Well, I'm waiting to hear the fact!"

"It's—it's a letter home!" gasped Tubby at last. "I'm writing to my pater, you know, and—and I was just reading it over, to—to see that the spelling was all right, you know. Look here, Jimmy, you're not going to see my letter to my pater! It's private!"

Jimmy Silver looked long and hard at Tubby's confused face. He did not believe a word of the fat Classical's explanation; but he was puzzled. If the mysterious document was, by any chance, a private letter of Tubby's own, Jimmy, of course, did not want to see it.

"Well," he said at last, "it's possible. But there's no need for you to tell whoppers, if that's the case. I'll ask the fellows whether anybody's missed a letter, and if there's one missing, I shall know where to look for it. Then you'll get warmed!"

"All right!" gasped Tubby, in evident relief.

And he scuttled away, Jimmy Silver making no further move to detain him. But he followed Tubby with his glance, and saw him disappear into the Shell passage. Tubby Muffin was calling on Smythe again, apparently. It looked as if the mysterious document was connected in some way with Tubby's new and inexplicable friendship with Adolphus. Jimmy Silver went on his way in a very puzzled mood.

Tubby Muffin, in great relief at his escape, rolled into Smythe's study, where he found Adolphus smoking a cigarette. The dandy of the Shell gave him a savage look.

"I've told you not to come here!" he said.

"I've called on business!" said Muffin loftily.

"You've got no business with me, you fat cad!"

"I—I want to sell you something."

"Rats! Clear off!"

"You'd better look at it, Smythe. If you don't buy it, I'm going to ask young Nobody to make me an offer for it."

"Wh-a-a-at?"

"Will you look at it?" grinned Tubby.

Smythe eyed him in silence as he drew the mysterious document from his pocket. Tubby spread it on the table, and Smythe glanced at it. It was quite an interesting document.

"THIS IS TO CERTIFY that young Nobody, who has lost his memory, is really Smythe's cousin, Charles Clare, who has been missing from Lynton Skool. Smythe is keeping it a secret because the money will cum to him if his cousin doesn't turn up."

Smythe's cigarette dropped from his lips as he blinked at that precious paper. Reginald Muffin looked at him with a bland grin.

"You've accused me of extorting money from you for keeping your rotten secrets, Smythe," said Tubby Muffin, with crushing dignity. "Any fellow who knows me knows that I would scorn the action. I shall refuse to accept a loan from you on any occasion after this; and I utterly decline to come to tea in your study any more, even if you ask me on your bended knees. I may say that I despise you."

"What have you written this down for?" hissed Smythe.

"I suppose I can write what I like!" said Tubby Muffin cheerily. "If I choose to write down something on paper, why shouldn't I? If you like to buy it, it's your look-out. The price is ten shillings."

Smythe gritted his teeth.

"Young Nobody would give me more than ten shillings for it, and you know it," said Tubby Muffin. "I'm really making you this offer out of friendship. You needn't chuck it in the fire, Smythe—I can easily write it out again, and if I do I shall offer it to Jimmy Silver first."

Smythe of the Shell seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"Mind, I'm not asking you to buy that paper!" said Tubby Muffin impressively. "You're not going to have any excuse for pretending that I'm asking you for money!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 262.

Not the slightest! You can buy that paper or not for ten shillings, just as you choose. I dare say I can find another market if you don't!"

Smythe looked silently at Reginald Muffin. If looks could have slain, there would have been a sudden casualty in Smythe's study then. Fortunately for Reginald Muffin, they couldn't.

Tubby rose briskly to his feet.

"Is it a bargain?" he asked.

Without a word the dandy of the Shell placed a ten-shilling note in Tubby's podgy hand.

"Mind, I'm not urging you!" said Tubby. "Buy or not, just as you like! Well, as you're determined, I'll accept the offer. The paper's yours."

Tubby Muffin rolled out of the study with a smiling countenance; and Adolphus threw the telltale document into the fire. Then he sat, with a dark and sombre brow, staring at the fire—a prey to troubled thoughts.

Tubby Muffin's essay as a merchant was likely to be followed by more, and Smythe of the Shell was beginning to wonder whether the game was worth the candle. He looked like having to keep Tubby in clover indefinitely.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### At the Judgment Bar!

"WHAT the dickens—"

"Leggo!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. rose to their feet in amazement as Tubby Muffin was propelled into the end study. Arthur Edward Lovell uttered an annoyed exclamation. It was a couple of days since the discovery that the new junior's Christian name was Charles, by Lovell's elaborate method. With all Lovell's untiring efforts, the surname had not yet been discovered. He had advanced as far as K now, and the chums of the end study were listening, with grinning faces, to the interrogatory, when the study door was pitched open and Tubby Muffin was propelled in, with Putty Grace's grip on his collar.

It was, perhaps, a welcome relief, as well as a surprise, to the occupants of the study—excepting Arthur Edward Lovell. It could not be denied that Lovell had made a discovery by his method already; but it was equally not to be denied that it was possible to have too much of a good thing. Even the Kid was growing a little restive as Lovell ran through his almost unending list of K's.

"Is your name Kenyon, Kent, Kingsley, Klondyke, Kummel, Klinker, Kooch—"

Then came the interruption.

"Sorry to intrude," said Putty Grace cheerfully. "I've brought this mafeactor to you, Jimmy, as captain of the Form."

"Lemme go!" roared Tubby Muffin. "I ain't a mafeactor! I'll jolly well punch your nose, Teddy Grace!"

"Look here, you clear off!" said Lovell.

"I'm nearly at the end of the K's now—"

"Oh, there is an end?" asked Raby, as if relieved.

"Just going to begin the L's," said Lovell.

"Help!"

"Look here, Raby—"

"What's the matter with Tubby?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Has he been raiding anybody's grub, or reading somebody's letters?"

"No!" howled Muffin.

"Worse than that!" said Grace. "Look here, you'd better look into it, Jimmy; it may be serious. You know what an idiot Muffin is—"

"I'm not an idiot!" roared Muffin.

"Of course, he's a little fat rascal," continued Putty. "But he's more fool than rascal. Ain't you, Tubby?"

"No, I'm not!" yelled Tubby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whether he's been robbing a bank, or robbing somebody in the studies, I don't know," said Grace. "But it ought to be looked into."

Jimmy Silver became grave.

"Suppose you explain?" he suggested.

"Give the K's a rest for a bit, Lovell, old chap."

"That's all very well—" began Lovell.

"Of course it is. Go ahead, Putty!"

"Lemme gerrou!" howled Muffin. "I'm not going to stay here. It's mine!"

"What's yours?" asked Newcome.

"My money!" snorted Tubby Muffin. "I'm jolly well not going to lend Putty any. I know that! That's what he wants! Yah!

If you don't leave off shaking me, Putty, you rotter— Groooocoh!"

"Tubby's got another ten-shilling note,"

said Putty quietly. "He's had a ten-shilling note every day for the last few days. Before then he was sporting pound-notes. You fellows must have noticed how flush of money he's been lately."

There was a general nodding of heads in the end study. The Fistical Four had noticed that—indeed, it would have been difficult not to notice it. Tubby Muffin was generally so impecunious that it was quite a surprising state of affairs for him to be in funds. Undoubtedly he had been in funds of late; he had been, for a week past, the best customer at the school shop, the old sergeant who kept the shop having been astounded by the extent of his purchases, and still more by the fact that Tubby was prepared to pay ready cash for them.

Tubby in funds was quite a remarkable Tubby, and fellows outside the Fourth Form had observed his unusual wealth.

"Now he's got another note," said Putty. "I've been thinking about it for days—"

"None of your business!" sniffed Muffin.

"I don't want to see my study-mate expelled for stealing," retorted Grace.

Tubby Muffin breathed wrath.

"You—you awful rotter! Do you think I would steal?" he spluttered.

"Well, I hope you wouldn't! But you can explain to Jimmy Silver, as captain of the Form, where you get your money from."

Every eye in the study was fixed upon Reginald Muffin curiously. His sudden access of wealth really did need some explaining.

"You see, I've taken notice of the matter," continued Grace. "I've made certain that Muffin doesn't get it by post. It's not tips from his relations. I thought I ought to look into it, as Tubby's just the idiot to land himself into trouble without knowing what he's doing."

"Quite so!" assented Jimmy Silver.

"He hasn't had any letters for days. Yet he had a ten-shilling note yesterday, and spent it in the tuck-shop; and he's got another this afternoon. It's in his fist now."

Muffin's fat fist was closed tight.

"It can't be his own money!" said Grace.

"It ought to be explained, I think. But I leave it to you as skipper, Jimmy! That's why I ran him in here when I found he had a new note."

Jimmy Silver nodded. His face was very serious now. He had wondered a little about Tubby's surprising wealth; but not being the fat Classical's study-mate, he had not known quite how extensive that wealth was.

"Tubby—" he began.

"Look here, anybody would think I was a thief!" said Tubby Muffin, in an injured tone, blinking round the study. "Can't you fellows mind your own business? You don't jaw Townsend when he swanks about with a fiver!"

"Towny's people are rich, and they send him fivers sometimes," said Jimmy.

"Well, my people are rich!" said Tubby. "I've told you so often and often!"

"Gammon!" grunted Lovell.

"If anybody here doubts my word," said Reginald Muffin, with dignity, "I prefer to retire from the study."

"I dare say you do," remarked Putty, putting his back to the door. "But you're jolly well not going to, all the same!"

"Not till you've explained, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver. "Where have you got all those currency-notes from?"

"My people—"

"You haven't had any letters for two days?" snapped Putty.

"My pater sends me remittances by special messenger sometimes," said Tubby Muffin.

"Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly blinked at the fat Classical. Tubby was celebrated for the size and frequency of his "whoppers," but this special "whopper" was beyond Tubby's usual limit.

"You silly ass!" roared Lovell. "Do you think anybody is going to believe that?"

"If you can't take my word, Lovell—"

"Your word!" snorted Lovell.

"Look here, I'm not going to be insulted in this study! You let me pass, Grace!"

"Will you tell the truth?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "Can't you see that this is a serious matter?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you the exact facts, Jimmy, as I know you'll take my word. I won the money at banker!"

"Not at roulette?" inquired Lovell sarcastically. "You didn't buzz off to Monte Carlo last half-holiday?"

"Nunno!"

(Continued on page 28.)



**TUBBY IN CLOVER!**

(Continued from page 10.)

"And where did you win the money at banker?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"I—I was playing with Smythe!" said Tubby Muffin desperately. "Now you know!"

"Oh! You've been playing banker with Smythe of the Shell, and you've won money from him?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Ye-es!" gasped Tubby.

"What an awful whopper!" said Putty.

"Smythe plays banker, but he wouldn't lose to a silly dummy like Muffin."

"I—I say, I'm awfully clever at banker, you know! I'm really a dab at it, as—as at most things, you know!"

"If you're a dab at banker, as you are at most things, you must be a regular corker!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "But I'll cut along and ask Smythe."

"I'll come with you."

"Oh, you don't mind my asking Smythe!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in surprise.

"No."

The juniors stared at Tubby Muffin. Surprising as it was, it seemed that they had tracked out the truth at last.

"Keep him here till I've spoken to Smythe," said Jimmy Silver briefly; and he quitted the study.

Tubby Muffin made a movement to follow, but Putty raised his boot; and Tubby changed his mind. He sat down in Jimmy Silver's chair to wait. The chums of the Fourth waited rather eagerly for Jimmy's return. Lovell even forgot to finish his list of K's.

In five minutes the captain of the Fourth came back into the end study. There was quite a peculiar expression on his face.

"Well, Jimmy?"

"It beats me!" said Jimmy Silver. "Tubby's told the truth! Smythe owned up when I asked him whether Tubby had been winning money from him at banker!"

"My hat!"

Tubby Muffin grinned in great relief. He had wondered very uneasily whether Adolphus would have sense enough to take his cue. Evidently Smythe had guessed how matters stood when Jimmy Silver questioned him, and he had supported Tubby's version.

There was general astonishment in the end study. That Tubby had won money at banker was surprising enough, but that he had told the truth was more surprising still.

"So that's it?" said Lovell.

"I told you so, didn't I?" gasped Tubby.

"Why couldn't you tell the truth at first, then?"

"Well, you see, I—I—"

"I told Smythe what Tubby said, and he admitted it," said Jimmy Silver. "I thumped him for playing cards with a Fourth Form chap. I've barked my knuckles on his nose, blow him! As for you, Muffin—"

"You jolly well let me get out of this study!" said Tubby Muffin, in alarm.

"You've been gambling with Smythe—"

"I—I haven't—"

"What!"

"I—I mean, I—I have—"

"One dozen with the five-bat!" said Jimmy Silver. "And if you ever do it again, two dozen!"

"Look here— Leggo! Yoooop!"

The following five minutes were painful to Tubby Muffin. Lovell laid on the dozen with the five-bat, and he put his beef into it. Tubby Muffin was roaring as Putty led him from the study by one fat ear.

Jimmy Silver had a very thoughtful expression when he was gone. Lovell restarted after the interval, as it were, with his list of K's, but Jimmy did not heed him.

Smythe of the Shell had corroborated Tubby's statements, but Jimmy was not wholly satisfied. He felt that there was something more—something that had not been revealed—though he could not guess what it was. And it was long before he could dismiss the matter from his mind.

THE END.

(There will be a fine long tale of Rookwood in next week's issue of the POPULAR.)

**Yours for 3<sup>d</sup>. ONLY.**

The "Big Ben" Keyless Lever Watch on THE GREATEST BARGAIN TERMS ever put before the British Public by one of LONDON'S OLDEST-ESTABLISHED MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

**Free** An absolutely FREE Gift of a Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert, with Seal attached, given FREE with every Watch.

**SPECIFICATION:** Gent's Full-size Keyless Lever Watch, improved action; fitted patent recoil click, preventing breakage of mainspring by overwinding. **10 YEARS' WARRANTY**

Sent on receipt of 3d deposit; after approval, send 1/9 more. The balance may then be paid by 9 monthly payments of 2/- each. Cash refunded in full if dissatisfied. Send 3d. now to

**J. A. DAVIS & CO.**  
(Dept. 87), 26 Denmark Hill, London, S.E. 5.

**A MODEL STEAM ENGINE**

POWERFUL STEAM LOCOMOTIVE (complete), 12/6, 15/6 (in box with large track), 20/-, 25/6, and 30/- (with carriages and trucks), postage 9d., 1/-, and 1/6 extra.

Send 4d. (in 1d. stamps) for large, new Illustrated Catalogues and Lists.

THE MIDLAND SCIENTIFIC, 38P, QUEEN'S ROAD, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM (England).

Remember to give full postal address when writing. Please remit by postal order only if over 6d. in value.

**BLUSHING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY,**

Simple 7-day Permanent Home Cure for either sex. No Auto suggestion, drill, etc. Write at once, mention "P.R." and get full particulars quite FREE privately.

U.J.D., 12, All Saints Road, ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.

**CHOOSE 75 STAMPS FREE** from packet sent with Blue Label Approvals (from 1d.) Ask for Gift 5d and send postage.—B. L. CORYN, 10, Wave Crest, White-stable, Kent.

**MAGIC TRICKS,** etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/—.—T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

**2<sup>d</sup> 6 Weekly**

buys a superbly made No. 300A Mead Gramophone with beautifully coloured giant metal horn, extra loud soundbox, massive oak case and 40 tunes. 200 Model 39/6 cash to record buyers. Carriage paid 10 Days' Trial. 20 tunes worth 25/. FREE with Oak Table Grams. Portable and Mahogany Floor Cabinet models.

**HALF SHOP PRICES** Write for Catalogue. CO. (Dept. G105) Birmingham

**ARE YOU HAPPY**

Bright and Cheerful? It is impossible to be so if you suffer from Nervous Fears, Awkwardness in Company, Nervous Depression, Blushing, Timidity, Sleeplessness, Lack of Will-Power, or Mind Concentration. You can absolutely overcome all nervous troubles if you use the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. **GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED.** Send 3 penny stamps immediately for particulars.—**GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, LTD., 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.**

**HEIGHT COUNTS**

in winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Wonderful results. Send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.

**100 ALL UNUSED STAMPS FREE**

ALL DIFFERENT Send Postcard only requesting approval sheets. LISBURN & TOWNSEND, 201a, London Road, LIVERPOOL.

**DON'T BE BULLIED**

Special offer. **TWO ILLUS. SAMPLE LESSONS** from my Complete Course on **JUJITSU** for four penny stamps, or a Large Illus. Portion of Course for P.O. 5/6. Jujitsu is the best and simplest science of self-defence and attack ever invented. Learn to take care of yourself under ALL circumstances. **SEND NOW.** (Est. 20 years.)

"YAWARA" (Dept. A.P.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex.

**STOP STAMMERING!** Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK B HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C. 1.**

**YOURS for 6<sup>d</sup>.**

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain Free with every watch. Ladies' or Gent's Wrist Watches in stock on same terms. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to—**SIMPSONS (BRIGHTON) Ltd. (Dept. 122) 94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.**

**CHAIN FREE**

**FILMS, CHEAP!** 100-ft. Sample, 1/6, post free. Cinemas from 6/6. Stamp for list.—"RADIO" FILMS, 34, CHURCH STREET, WEST HAM, E. 15.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.