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The POPULAR

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EVERY TUESDAY.

THE POPOLAKI



The Call in the Forest!

"BWANA!"

Bobo, the Kikuyu gun-bearer, whispered softly.

But the softest whisper was enough to awaken Lyn Strong, the boy guide of Masumpwa, and patrol leader of the Popolaki Patrol of Boy Scouts.

The burning heat of midday shimmered over the Central African forest.

Bird and beast slept in the drowsy heat; only the mosquitoes hummed and buzzed in the shafts of sunlight that fell through the foliage.

With his head leaning on the thick trunk of a tree, Lyn lay in the shade; his sinewy legs, in khaki shorts and flexible mosquito boots, stretched out; his wide-brimmed scout hat tilted over his face.

His rifle lay by his side, his hand resting on it.

For he was many a long mile from Masumpwa, and the plantations of the Popolaki River, and the white man who ventured into the primeval forest without his rifle, was likely to leave his bones there.

Bobo sat squatting, peeling bananas with his black fingers, and slicing them with his long knife.

With the pride of a Kikuyu, descendant of the lordly Maasi, Bobo disdained such menial tasks as cooking, and only for one white man in all Africa would Bobo have condescended to prepare a meal.

Lyn was the exception.

For had not the Bwana, in the muddy waters of the Popolaki River, dragged him from the gigantic jaws of a crocodile, and given death to that crocodile that had so nearly given it to Bobo?

Not that Bobo remembered the incident clearly. African memories are short. His devotion to the Bwana survived the memory of its cause.

THE POPOLAKI.—No 588.

But if Bobo had forgotten why he was loyal to the Bwana, he did not forget his loyalty, and any day Bobo would have stood between his lord and a trampling elephant or a man-eating lion.

Suddenly, as a sound came to him from the forest, Bobolobo, the Kikuyu, ceased on the instant to be a cook-boy, and became at once the wary warrior.

"Simba!" murmured Bobolobo.

But the next moment he shook his dusky head, with a click of the two white-and-gold teacups that hung from the lobes of his ears.

It was not a lion.

At that drowsy hour, of tropical heat and breathless stillness, the lions lay sleeping in shady lairs. Not even a hungry hyena walked abroad in the shimmering aisles of the forest.

It was the faint sound that came from the far distance, a faint moaning sound that rose and fell.

Lyn Strong awakened at the whisper, and he was on his feet, his hat pushed back on his head, his rifle in his hand, within a split second of awakening.

Lyn glanced round him quickly, and then fixed his eyes inquiringly on the giant.

"What is it, Bobo?"

"Bwana, it is the calling of one-that-crim-in-pain!" said Bobo.

Bobolobo had learned English more thoroughly than it is usually learned by the natives of the region, but he spoke it with his own idiom.

But the strange sound had died away as Lyn started up, and he listened in vain.

"My ears hear nothing, Bobo!" he said.

"Bwana, it is gone!" said Bobo. "Perhaps he-that-crim-in-the-forest does not desire that a white lord should hear his voice."

Here's a Story of the Congo!

With—

Man-eating Lions
Savage Natives
Slave Dealers

And—

Five Fearless Boy
Scouts
Giant Native Chief

Bobo was puzzled.

It was not the voice of any beast that he knew, and Bobo knew the voice of every beast that roamed the forest or the desert, from Zanzibar to Boma.

A trace of alarm came into his dusky face.

As likely as not—more likely than not, in Bobo's opinion—it was the howl of one of the innumerable demons that haunted the depths of the African forest.

Bobo knew all about the ghosts of the forest, from the terrible storm ghost that brought the rushing wind and shook mighty trees in his fury as if they were mere reeds, to the small, sneaking ghosts that brought pain and sickness after the drinking of njoha.

He sat for some moments, his head bent, listening, while the strange sound rose and fell—sometimes loud and full of pain, sometimes sinking away into silence.

And at last he whispered "Bwana!" and woke the white lord.

Lyn grinned. "Perhaps it was a signal from one of the fellows," he said.

"Siyel!" said Bobo. "No, Bwana! It was not the voice of one that lives."

Lyn listened. No sound came through the hush of the tropical forest.

Five members of the Popolaki Patrol were on trek, hunting for the spoor of a man-eating lion who, for a year past, had taken toll of the native cattle and native babies of Masumpwa.

The trek had lasted three days now, and it had led the scouts of Popolaki far afield.

Early that morning they had separated, to trail in different directions, arranging to meet at sundown at the main camp.

Lyn's brow clouded a little with anxiety, as he listened to a repetition of the sound that had alarmed Bobo.

"Kumbe!" ejaculated Bobo suddenly, Lyn started.

From the depths of the forest the sound came again, and now he heard it clearly.

It was a sound that made him shiver. It came from the distance, like a long-drawn moan of pain, rising and falling, and dying away like a sob.

"My hat!" breathed Lyn. "Was that what you heard, Bobo?"

-PATROL!



"Naam, Bwana!" muttered the Kikuyu. "Yes, lord!"

"That's a human cry!" said Lu. "One of the patrol hurt, perhaps. Follow me, Bobo!"

Without a second's delay, the leader of the Popolaki Patrol plunged into the forest, forcing a rapid way through the thick lianas.

Bobolohe did not hesitate. He seized his shield and spears, and, leaving the cooking-pot where it lay, heedless of what happened to it, he followed his master through the forest.

towards the helpless black stretched between the stakes.

A cruel grin curved the lips of Zirafi ben Said.

Many eyes were watching the scene, as well as the cruel eyes of the Arab slave-trader.

Halting in the glade was a long line of blacks—twenty men or more, of various tribes of the Congo basin.

Their hands were shackled, and a long, thick grass-ropes fastened them one to another.

Zirafi ben Said was on his way north with his collection of "black ivory," bought from various chiefs in the wild lands on the Belgian side of Tanganyika.

Several tribes were represented in that hapless crew of captives; but the men who lay stretched between the stakes was the only bushman.

On the earth, at a little distance, lay a form that did not stir—that of an Arab in turban and burnouse. There was a spreading blot of crimson on his torn burnouse. As he lay the hilt of a knife could be seen sticking out above the folds of stained linen.

There had been three Arabs in the party, but only two of them would go onward when the march was resumed. A blow of a stick had been followed by the snatching of a knife, and the bushman's swift vengeance. And now Mpoko the bushman was stretched out for punishment.

Mpoko was doomed to the torture well known in Central Africa—of being torn and devoured piecemeal by the soldier-ants.

The bushman, small as he was in stature—scarcely over four feet—was strong and muscular, his limbs like masses of knotted muscles. As the ants began to crawl along the trail of honey he exerted his strength on the ropes that held him.

But he was bound with cruel care, and the stakes were driven deep into the earth. He could scarcely stir.

His eyes turned wildly on the trail of honey and the creeping ants. Then he looked up again at the cruel visage that stared down.

"Dog of a kafir," repeated Zirafi. "I leave you to the ants."

The bushman showed his white teeth in a snarl.

"O man," he said, speaking in Swahili, "leave me to the Small Ones! But I have slain Aahmet."

"Kafir dog!" repeated Zirafi.

And he turned away and gave the signal to march.

The tall Arab, his white linen garments glimmering against the dense

green of the tropical forest, led the way.

A curse in Arabic, and a slashing of the whip, drove the string of blacks after him; and Bou Hamid brought up the rear with a curse or a blow of the whip ready for any wretch who lagged.

The bushman's rolling eyes followed them as they disappeared by a narrow path in the forest.

Mpoko was left alone—alone, save for the Small Ones, who crept and crept by the trail of honey, and drew nearer and nearer to the doomed bushman.

The first of the worm soon reached him. A sharp and bitter pain, like that of pinners, warned him that the first of the soldier-ants had found the prey the slave-trader had left.

The bite was followed by another and another.

Mpoko writhed in his bonds, and his black face sweated great drops. Over his helpless limbs the ants crawled, biting at first in dozens, then in scores, then in hundreds. And ere long they would be crawling in thousands.

From the bushman's lips came a long, wailing cry. It was the first sound of pain that had been forced from him.

He lay in sweltering heat, the fierce sun blazing down on him. The grass-ropes bit his limbs cruelly, and he was parched with thirst. But these things he did not heed.

He heeded the jaws of the soldier-ants—the tiny but terrible creatures that in a night may pick white the bones of a horse.

Hours, perhaps, the torture would last, but in the end there would be nothing left of the Congo bushman save the skeleton glistening in the sun.

Cry after cry pealed from his lips.

Sometimes it faded away into silence as he lay almost swooning, and then again the sharp pain roused him and he cried again, and his wailing echoed eerily through the forest.

And then suddenly came a sound of heavy crashing, and he knew that someone was approaching the sun-corched glade.

Whether it was Simba, the lion, or Fisi, the hyena, or Ndovu, the elephant, the bushman little cared, so long as the newcomer put him out of his pain.

"Good heavens!"

Black Ivory!

ZIRAFI BEN SAID, the slave-trader of the Bahr-el-Gazelle, smiled grimly as he looked on the figure stretched at his feet.

In the open glade the fierce sun beat down on unsheltered baked earth, and on the face, black as the ace of spades, that was turned up towards the pitiless visage of the Arab.

Four stakes were driven into the earth, and to the stakes the wrists and ankles of the black man were securely tied with grass ropes.

"Dog of a kafir!" said Zirafi Ben Said. "I leave you here to die. You will not die soon."

The bound man, though of the pygmy bushman race, evidently understood the Arabic.

His black eyes gleamed up at the slave-trader.

But his glance turned from Zirafi to another Arab, who was moving along, stopping with a calabash in his hand.

From the calabash dripped honey.

Honey, too, was smeared on the black face of the bushman.

"Hasten, Bou Hamid!" snapped Zirafi Ben Said.

"Effendi, it is done!" said Bou Hamid.

He poured the last of the honey upon an earthy mound, at a little distance from the prisoner, and stirred the earth with the tip of his sandal.

From a crack came swarming the inhabitants of the mound, for it was an anthill of the terrible soldier-ants.

The pygmy's eyes dilated as he saw them.

The trail of honey lay from the prisoner to the dwelling of the soldier-ants. And in a few moments a swarm of ants were crawling along the trail

Mpoko started and shuddered.

It was not a beast of the forest that came—it was a man, and a white man! He shuddered with the revulsion of feeling—the hope that was born in his breast, as he heard that startled voice in English.

A white Swana—not a man, but a boy—was at his side, staring down at him in amazement and horror and rage. Following him from the forest into the burning light of the open glade came a Kikuyu warrior, in black-and-white monkey-skins, shield on arm, and spear in hand.

"Bobo!" shouted Lyn Strong. "Quick!"

"Bwana, it is a bushman," said Bobolobo, with an eye of disdain on the dwarf stretched between the stakes.

"Quick, cut him loose!" snapped Lyn. With a bunch of grass in his hand, Lyn was already brushing the soldiers from the black limbs of the bushman.

Bobo stooped, and with the cutting edge of his spear, sliced through the grass rope that fastened Mpoko to the stakes.

The bushman rolled free.

The Patrol Takes a Hand!

"LYN'S late!"

Pip Parker of the Popolaki Patrol made that remark.

The sun was setting, and with the sunset came a breath of coolness.

Four members of the Popolaki Patrol met by the giant baobab which was the agreed meeting-place of the patrol.

They came in tired and unsuccessful from the trail. Not a man of the party had discovered the spoor of the man-eater, Simba, eater of goats and black babies, had vanished into the depths of the forest, and the patrol had hunted him in vain.

One by one they dropped in, tired, at the camp.

Fatty Page was the first to arrive. Fatty was the son of the storekeeper of Muzumpe. Fatty was a keen scout, as keen as any man in the patrol, but he was fat, and he was a little lazy, and he was hungry. Fatty was always ready for supper before the other fellows.

Pip Parker was the next. Dr. Parker's son was named Henry James Julian, but he was never called anything but Pip, perhaps because he was the smallest member. Pip was suspected by his comrades of putting elevators into his mosquito boots. Sometimes early house-boys would see him in the shamba at the doctor's house doing earnest physical jerks in the cool of the dawn, and there were marks on the wall of his room where he measured himself anxiously every day.

Next to arrive at the rendezvous was Smut the Dutchman. Smut threw his rifle against the baobab, and pitched down to rest, without a word. Smut was a fellow of few words, with a good temper, and a cheery grin. He was the son of a Cape Dutchman who had come up by way of the Zambesi and the Great Lakes to try coffee-planting in British East.

Last of the four was Stacpools, the dandy of the Popolaki Patrol. He was the nephew of a commissioner, and was better off in the way of cash than all the rest of the patrol put together.

THE POPOLAKI.—No. 598.

that cash counted for nothing in the Popolaki Patrol. "After a day in the bush, Cecil Stacpools looked as neat and clean as when he had broken camp that morning.

Fatty was already at supper.

If he had not found the spoor of Simba, he had found guinea-fowl, and he had brought in plenty for supper. By the time Stacpools lounged elegantly in, Fatty had cooked, and was eating.

"Where's Lyn, you fellows?" asked Stacpools.

"Not come in yet," yawned Pip. "Lyn's late! Jolly late! First time our mighty chief's been late!"

"floh snooks! If he's found Simba, be—"

"Lyn would put paid to Simba if he found him," said Fatty Page, with his mouth full. "Strong is all serene. Sit down to grub, you chaps. No good waiting."

"Bobo's with him," remarked Pip. "He's all right with that Kikuyu along with him."

Stacpools nodded and set down on a log. He had come in hungry, like the rest, but he was in no hurry to eat. He watched Fatty Page with an air of detached curiosity.

"Where are you putting it all, Fatty?" he asked.

"Oh, come off!" scowled Fatty, with a grunt. "I can tell you this is cooking."

"We ought to have brought a cook-boy along," remarked Stacpools.

"Bobo's cookin' is vile. And the cheery am turns up his nose at cookin', too."

Pip chuckled.

"Bobo's a descendant of the jolly old Maasi," he said. "Bobo's a pukka warrior. In the Mzungu hadn't come to this country, Bobo would be cutting off heads and sticking them over his hut. Bobo doesn't really think much of the Mzungu."

"Kneep Lyn Strong!" said Stacpools, with a faint trace of a sneer.

Little Pip looked at the tall, slim, elegant youth lounging on the log.

"Lyn saved him from a crocodile once," he said quietly. "That's why Bobo sticks to him like glue. Bobo's a good boy."

Stacpools yawned.

"Pile in, you fellows," said Fatty Page. "I keep telling you it's no good waiting for Strong. He won't want us to wait. Fact is, I couldn't wait. I came in famishing."

"You're generally famishing, old bean," remarked Stacpools. "Well, you'll be coffin' the lot if we don't chip in. Here goes!"

"Lots and lots!" said Fatty. "Help yourselves, dear old beans!"

The four scouts ate their supper while the sun sank lower behind the forest and disappeared.

The cooking fire that Fatty had lighted, between three stones in the native manner, danced and flickered against the gloom of the surrounding trees.

Strange lights and shadows moved and lurked among the thick trunks and heavy branches and the masses of hanging lianas.

Sitting by the glowing camp-fire, the four scouts talked of the day's tracking, excepting Smut, who seldom talked. But every now and then their glances wandered round at the blackness of the forest, and they wondered where their leader was, and what delayed him.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Pip Parker, at last, in a tone of great relief.

Lyn came out of the circling gloom, into the gloom of the firelight.

Following him came Bobolobo, and following Bobolobo came a dwarf figure that ambled along slowly.

"You're late, Strong," said Stacpools.

"Not my fault," said Lyn cheerfully.

"I had to slacken down for Mpoko—he can hardly walk."

"Who the merry dooce is Mpoko?"

"Here he is!"

The bushman ambled into the light of the camp-fire, and the scouts stared at him curiously.



Mpoko was clad in a dingy loincloth and his bare black limbs showed clearly the innumerable wounds left by the soldier ants.

"A jolly old bushman!" said Pip.

"Where on earth did you pick up that specimen, Strong?" drawled Stacpools, "and what the merry dooce are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to feed him, to begin with," said Lyn. "Bobo, give food to the small one."

"Na'am, Bwana!" said Bobo.

"You fellows have missed Simba?" asked Lyn.

"Yes, and it seems that you've missed him too, and found an unwashed bushman," yawned Stacpools.

"Go easy, he understands English," said Lyn, "and these bushmen are touchy. He killed an Arab to-day, for beating him."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Stacpools.

"You're taking him in as a prisoner?" asked Pip.

Lyn shook his head.

"No fear; the man he killed was one of Ziraf's best. Said a gang of slave-traders from up north."

There was a chorus of surprise from the scouts.

"Ziraf here, in British territory?" exclaimed Stacpools incredulously.

"Your friend, the bushman, has been pullin' your leg!"

"I'll tell you—"

"Supper first, dear old bean," said Fatty Page anxiously. "You must be frightfully hungry. Sit down, old thing, and eat. I can jolly well tell you that this chop isn't like Bobo's cookin'."

Lyn laughed.

"You're full of good ideas, Fatty," he said. "I'll talk while I eat. We haven't got a lot of time to waste."

"What's on?" asked Pip eagerly. "I've found the spoor of that jolly old man-eater, and we can follow him to his den—"

"The man-eater can wait," said Lyn. "We're going to follow the spoor of Zirafi ben Said; that is, if you fellows are game."

"Oh crumbs!" said Fatty.

"I fancy we're game for anything," drawled Stacpoole. "The Popolaki Patrol never backs out!"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the scouts.

"And you found him?"

"That's it! And here he is. He's rather damaged by the ants, and I had to slow down coming in; that's made me late."

"And we're following Zirafi?" asked Stacpoole, with a deep breath, and a gleam in his eyes. He picked up his rifle and examined it as he spoke. Stacpoole was a dandy; and he had some

the scouts started, and was asleep almost before they were out of sight.

Behind the scouts, as they trod in single file, the firelight flickered and danced, and died away into darkness. Bobolobo took the head of the little column now, treading on through the gloom without a pause, and the scouts followed in silence. They had had a long day; but they had rested, and they were hardened to fatigue. There was no pause in the march, till they reached the far-off glade where Zirafi ben Said had left Mpoko tied up for the soldier-ants. From that point, the track of the slave-trader and his string of blacks led away northward; and the least skilful of the Popolaki Patrol could have followed it easily, even in the gloom of night.



There was a volley of shots from the undergrowth, and one of the slave dealers fell screaming.

"Well, I know you're game, of course," said Lyn, eating while he talked. "But this is a job a bit outside our usual run—a bit thicker than tracking out a Kuke who's been stealing chickens; or hunting a wild pig who's been rooting up a shamba—or even tracking a man-eating lion. Zirafi is rather more dangerous than Simba, I fancy."

"But what—" asked Pip.

"Zirafi, as I make out from the bushman, has been buying slaves from the chiefs on the Congo side," explained Lyn. "Prisoners of war mostly, taken in tribal fighting. He's marching them north to sell in the Bahr-el-Gazelle, or perhaps among the Touaregs—goodness knows. Anyhow, he's got them; and among them he picked up Mpoko. You know the nature of the bushman—all teeth and claws. The other niggers took the stick quietly—but Mpoko snatched a knife and dug it into one of the Arabs."

"More power to his elbow!" said Fatty.

"And Zirafi left him tied up for the soldier-ants," went on Lyn. "You know that trick—it's common enough along the Congo."

ways that made him the least liked member of the Popolaki patrol; but he was game to the backbone, and the gleam in his eyes told them that he welcomed a tussle with an enemy more dangerous than the beasts of the forest.

"That's the big idea," said Lyn Strong. "We're going to set free the whole gang of slaves, and if Zirafi gives trouble, we're going to give him a lesson. You fellows are on!"

"What-ho!" chuckled Fatty Page. The scouts lost no time in preparing for the march.

Mpoko rose to his feet, his dark, shining eyes seeking Lyn's. Man as he was, the dwarf was the smallest of all; shorter even than Pip. He looked a strange, wild figure in the firelight.

"O Master, Mpoko come!" he said.

Lyn shook his head.

"You stop here and rest, Mpoko," he said kindly. "Camp here and wait till we come back. To-morrow we'll start you for your home and your tribe. Now sleep!"

The bushman hesitated, looked from face to face; and then made a sign of obedience. He curled up by the fire as

◆◆◆◆◆ A Lesson for Zirafi! ◆◆◆◆◆

DAWN was breaking in the African forest.

Zirafi ben Said looked out of his tent with a scowling brow. The blacks, awakened by the whip, and the guttural cursing in Arabic from Bou Hamid, were squatted, with dull faces, devouring the native cakes that formed their only fare, with vessels of water. The long grass-ropes still held them together, but Bou Hamid had freed their hands for feeding, and he waited impatiently for them to finish.

Zirafi scowled at them, and scowled at the surrounding forest. It was to avoid other dangers that he was taking a short cut across British territory; but he was not easy in his mind on ground where the British flag flew.

The slave-trader started, and caught his breath, as a figure stepped from the trees and walked towards the camp.

Bou Hamid, ceasing to curse the squatting blacks, stared at the newcomer, and moved swiftly towards the tree against which he had leaned his rifle.

Lyn took no heed of him. He walked on directly towards the slave-trader.

"Balam, Effendi!" said Zirafi between his teeth.

Lyn did not return the greeting. He looked steadily in the dark, bitter face of the Arab.

"You're Zirafi ben Said?" he asked. "I am Zirafi!"

"The slave-trader from the Bahr-el-Gazelle!"

Zirafi shrugged his broad shoulders. "I suppose you know you're breaking every law in Africa," said Lyn.

"In the forest a man is a law to himself!" said Zirafi. "Go your way in peace, boy, or I may be tempted to sell a white slave among the Touaregs."

"The Touaregs would find me rather a handful I think, if you got me so far!" said Lyn with a grin. "You slave-trading dog, let those niggers loose this minute. I'm not alone here—there are four rifles looking at you from the bush."

Zirafi glared round him. He could see no sign of the four rifles; the Popolaki Patrol were deep in cover.

"Effendi," said Zirafi softly. "You lie in the way of the Feringhees. I think, Effendi, that you will not live to tell the police-askaris where to look for Zirafi ben Said."

He made a sign to Bou Hamid, who had half-raised his rifle, and was waiting only for a sign.

The rifle leaped to a level.

Crack—ack!

(Continued on page 10.)

"That's not treating Greyfriars very well."

"That's my answer!" said Wingate curtly.

"I've done my best," said Loder, and he shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the study.

The rest of the deputation followed him from the study with clouded faces. The petition was left on the table unheeded.

"Blessed if I understand Wingate!" said Bob Cherry, as he walked away with his chums. "He's not treating us well!"

"The treachery is not terrifically well!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "There will be an election, after all, to-morrow-finally. How are my esteemed pals going to vote?"

"Gwynne, I suppose," said Harry Wharton, but he spoke rather dubiously. Loder had succeeded in making his peace with the Famous Five, and they had altered their opinion of him very considerably. But they had not quite reached the point of deciding to vote for him, though a good many other fellows had.

"Well, I suppose we'd better stick to Gwynne," said Bob. "He's Wingate's pal, anyhow, and Loder's always been a bad egg. Up to now, at any rate. Not that I'm specially keen on Gwynne."

"Same here," said Johnny Bull. "I don't think I shall take the trouble to vote at all. I'd walk ten miles to back up old Wingate; but I'm not keen on Gwynne, especially as he never signed the petition. It's half-holiday to-morrow, and I'd give up a dozen half-holidays for Wingate, but I don't see wasting one on Gwynne. I'm going out for the afternoon."

"Same here," said Nugent, after some thought.

"Well, I think I shall stay in and vote for Gwynne," said Harry. "Please yourself, old scout."

Undoubtedly Gerald Loder had played his cards well. Even the Famous Five had forgotten their long-standing feud with him, and did not care to make any exertion to keep him out.

A good deal of electioneering was going on that evening. Gwynne was not keen on it, but Loder and his special friends were very keen. Billy Bunter was seen in a jammy and sticky

state, announcing that he was going to vote for Loder. Coker of the Fifth let all Greyfriars know that Loder was his man. Loder, without exactly saying so, had given Coker the impression that he would be played in the First Eleven under the new captaincy.

In the Third Form, George Tubb was Loder's enthusiastic backer. At the present time Loder's study was a land flowing with milk and honey for his fag, and George Tubb's opinion of Loder had completely changed. School-boys have short memories, especially in the Third Form. Tubb of the Third judged Loder as he found him—and he found him very kind and agreeable at present. Most of the Third were likely to follow their captain's lead, and Jack Wingate was now able to express in perfect safety his intention of backing up Loder—for which Tubb had punched him only a short time before.

Captain of Greyfriars!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
"Bow-wow!"
"Roll up, you know!" said Billy Bunter. "Election's at three!"

"Bother the election!" said Johnny Bull.

Johnny was wheeling his machine out of the bike-shed on Wednesday afternoon.

"Hally round, you chaps," said Bunter encouragingly. "Look here, I may be able to get you in at the celebration in Loder's study afterwards. I'll do my best. Follow my lead, and vote for Loder."

"Fathead!"
And the three juniors wheeled their bikes away, leaving William George Bunter frowning.

Many fellows were heading for the lecture-hall, now, where the election was to take place. But the crowd was not nearly so numerous as might have been expected on the occasion of a captain's election. Every fellow who chose to exercise the right had a vote; but there were a good many who did not choose. A candidate like George Wingate would have crammed the hall with Greyfriars men, senior and junior, big

and little. But there was no such enthusiasm for Gwynne of the Sixth. A couple of days before crowds would have rolled up simply for the purpose of keeping Loder out. But the plotting prefect had disarmed the hostility of the Lower School.

At three o'clock the Sixth were there almost to a man, and most of the fifth; but a great many juniors had failed to turn up.

When Loder came in with Carne and Walker, he glanced over the meeting, and smiled confidently. The smaller the crowd the better he liked it. His backers had soon to it that all his supporters were present, and the absence of fellows who might have favoured the other side was all to the good, from Loder's point of view.

Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch came in to conduct the proceedings. George Wingate came in with them, and was received in silence. His refusal to take any heed of the "petition" had left many Greyfriars fellows feeling sore, and they made no secret of it.

Wingate proposed Gwynne, and Tom North seconded; and Loder of the Sixth was proposed by Walker and seconded by Carne. On a show of hands both Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch were of opinion that Loder "bad it," but Gwynne's supporters called for a count, and the count was taken.

The two Form masters proceeded to count, amid a buzz of suppressed voices.

There was silence when the result was announced.

"G. Gwynne, sixty-seven votes."
"G. Loder, one hundred-and-two votes."

There was a hush.
"Gerald Loder, of the Sixth Form, is declared duly elected captain of Greyfriars School."

There was a roar of cheering from Loder's supporters. The plotting prefect's face blazed with triumph.

Captain of Greyfriars!
His long ambition had been realised at last. At long last he had downed his old rival, George Wingate, and taken his place! Captain of Greyfriars! Loder's cup of satisfaction was full.

THE END.
(Next week's story of Greyfriars is great! Don't miss "THE TYRANT SKIPPERS!")

"THE POPOLAKI PATROL!"

(Continued from page 5.)

Two shots sounded almost as one from the thick bush. Bou Hamid gave a fearful yell, and spun over, his rifle still undischarged, falling to the ground.

Ziraf's teeth were drawn back in a snarl, and his eyes burned under his knitted brows. His hand grasped convulsively at his scimitar. Lyn was not touching a weapon. He stood and looked coolly at the slave-trader, while Bou Hamid writhed and groaned with a bullet through his leg, and another through his shoulder. Both Patty Page and Pip Packer had "got" him.

"Are you giving in, you scoundrel," asked Lyn quietly. "Draw that sword, and you fall riddled with bullets."

"By Shaitin!" hissed Ziraf. "You have the upper hand now, Ferlinghee! But remember Ziraf—remember—"

"You're going to remember, you scoundrel," answered Lyn. "Bobo!"

Bobolobo came out of the bush. The four scouts followed him into view.

"Dissem that rascal, Dobo!" Ziraf ben Said stood shaking with rage, as the Kikuyu jerked away his

scimitar, his jewelled dagger, and his long-barrelled pistol.

Lyn pointed to the slaves.

"Cut them loose, Ziraf!" he said.

Under the threatening spear of the Kikuyu, Ziraf ben Said moved among the slaves, and freed them from the grass-ropes. The blacks, amazed, not understanding what was passing, scrambled to their feet, looking wildly round them. Lyn Strong called to them, and waved his hand to the forest, and the blacks understood the gesture. For some moments they hesitated, eyeing Ziraf with fear; and then, with a sudden scamper, they broke for the forest, and disappeared in every direction.

"Now seize that scoundrel!" said Lyn. And Ziraf, collared unceremoniously by the scouts, was flung to the ground, and Bobo picked up the whip that had been dropped by Bou Hamid.

The sinewy arm of Bobo rose and fell, and every time it fell a sounding blow rang on the Arab slave-trader. Blow after blow with all the force of the gun-bearer's strong arm, till the forest rang with the wild yells of Ziraf, and he gasped, and writhed, and squirmed,

and shrieked for mercy. What he had so often and so mercilessly inflicted on the victims of his greed was now falling to Ziraf's own share, and not till fifty strokes had fallen did Lyn give the Kikuyu the sign to stop.

Ziraf lay writhing like a wounded snake, his eyes glaring up at Lyn with the glare of a demon.

"O Ferlinghee, you shall remember this!" he hissed.

"O grandfather of five hundred swine," answered Lyn, "it is for you to remember that if I find you on British territory again, I will take you to the commissioner, who will hang you on a tree."

He turned to the grinning patrol.

"We're through here," he said. "Beat it!"

And the scouts marched, and as they disappeared into the forest, the groans of Bou Hamid, and the yelling curses of Ziraf ben Said followed the Popolaki Patrol.

THE END.
(The Popolaki Patrol are on the trail again next week. Look out for the story of their adventures, entitled: "THE SLAYING OF SIMBA!")