

THE PAPER FOR QUALITY AND QUANTITY!

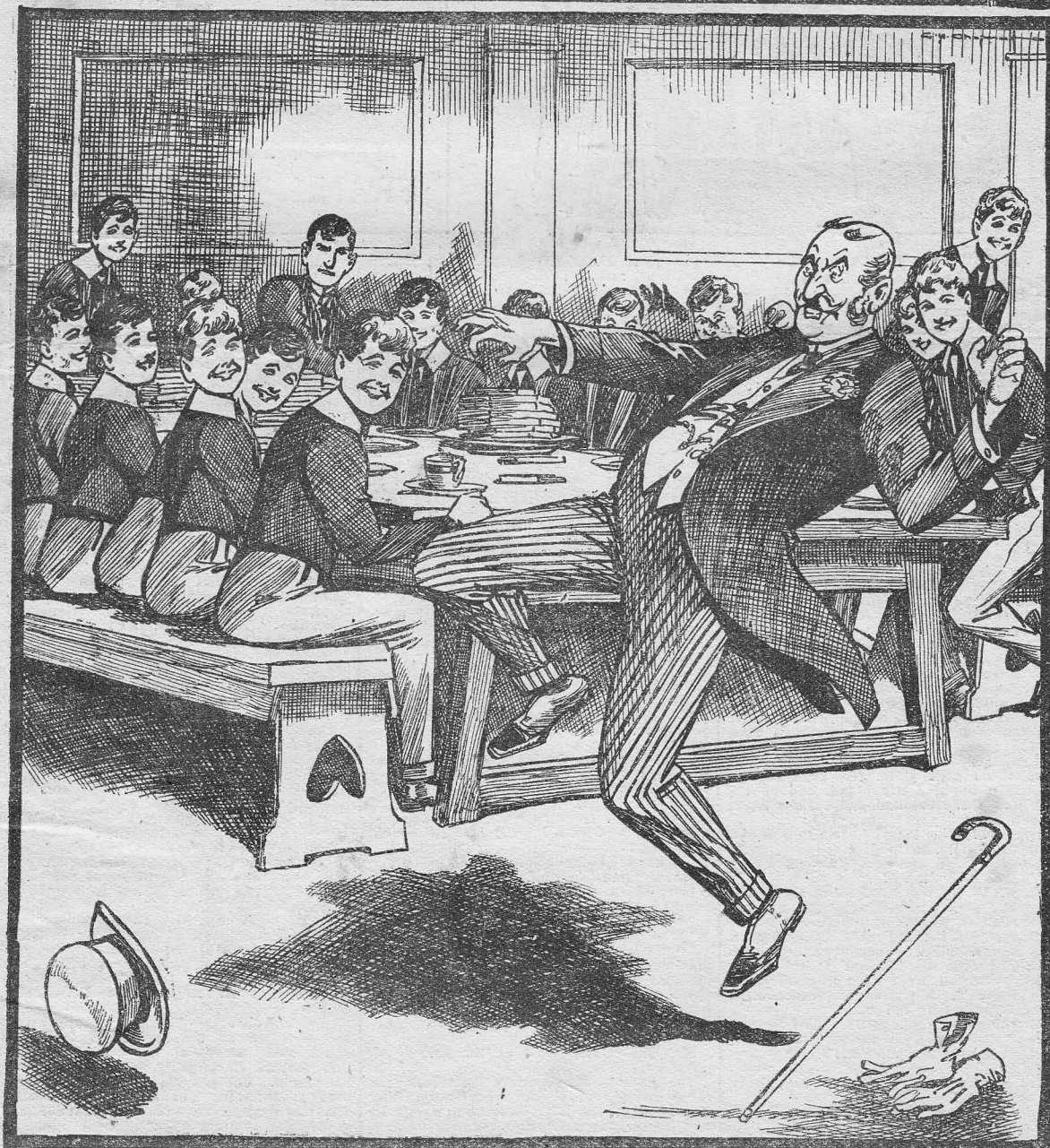
The Penny **1½^D**
Popular

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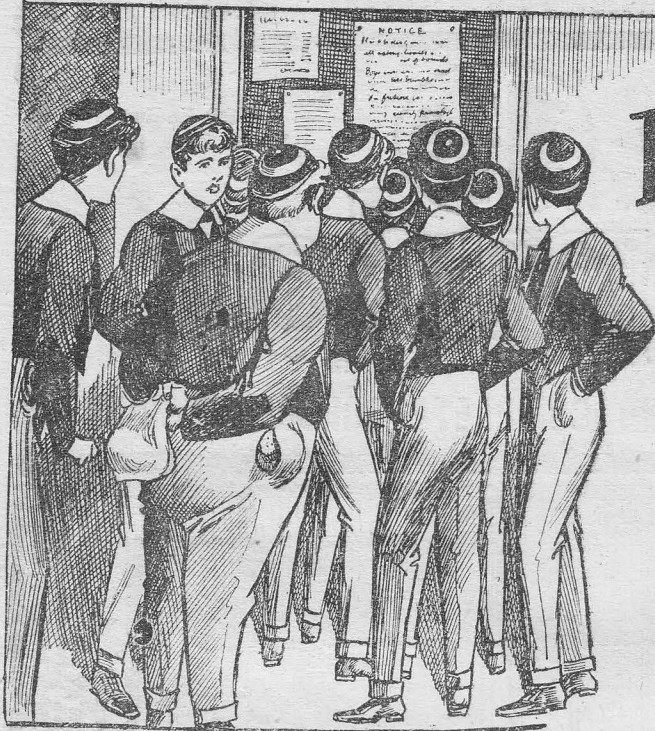
20 PAGES.

GRAND CINEMA SERIAL AND COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES.



SIR HILTON POPPER IN A RAGE!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)



Ructions at Greyfriars!

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.

.. By ..

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Shock for the School.

BOOM!
"There goes the brekker-gong!" said Bob Cherry.
"About time, too!" growled Johnny Bull.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove had risen early on that spring morning, and they had been improving the shining-hour by playing football in the Close.

The sound of the breakfast-gong was most inviting, and the juniors trooped into Hall with sharpened appetites.

"My only aunt!"

That startled exclamation burst from the lips of Dennis Carr as he seated himself at the Remove table.

Similar exclamations arose from the rest of the juniors.

And the commotion was not confined to the Remove table.

The fellows in the Sixth and the Fifth were exchanging glances of dismay and asking each other what it all meant. And from the fags' tables came a shrill uproar.

"This is the absolute giddy limit!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"It makes a fellow wonder if he's properly awake," said Peter Todd.

For, instead of the usual eggs and bacon and toast and marmalade, the breakfast fare consisted of a peculiar and shapeless mass of what appeared to be dried fruits.

A portion of this unappetising food appeared on each plate. On each fellow's left was a hunk of dry bread, and on the right was a cup containing a curious liquid concoction.

"This beats the band!" exclaimed Squiff. "What does it all mean?"

"Looks like a practical joke on cook's part," said Dick Russell.

But this theory was dismissed at once. The cook was a staid and serious person, and not at all addicted to playing practical jokes.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "this is a scandal! Fancy expecting us to thrive on beastly dried fruits! Ugh!"

Harry Wharton broke off a piece of bread and sampled it. A peculiar expression came over his face as he did so.

"Anything wrong, old man?" asked Nugent.

"Yes," spluttered Wharton, "it's this bread. I believe it's poisoned!"

"My hat!"

"Try some yourself, and you'll be able to bear me out."

"On a stretcher?" inquired Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no laughing matter!" said the captain of the Remove. "There's certainly something

jolly queer about this bread. You fellows sample it, and see!"

But the other fellows left the bread severely alone, with the exception of Bolsover major, who dissected his hunk, and was not satisfied with the look of the interior.

As for the dried fruits, nobody appeared to relish them. Even Billy Bunter, who was not usually particular what he ate, blinked at them in disgust.

Nobody had yet had the courage to taste the curious-looking liquid contained in the cups. Presently, however, Dennis Carr heroically raised his cup to his lips. The next moment he nearly choked, and probably would have done had not Johnny Bull thumped him on the back with great vigour.

"Bull!" rumbled Mr. Quelch, arriving on the scene at that moment. "How dare you!"

Johnny Bull looked up.

"I was afraid Carr was going to choke, sir," he said.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"What is the matter with you, Carr?"

"Groo! I happened to swallow some of this horrible stuff, sir!"

The Form-master's frown deepened.

"It is not horrible stuff, Carr. It is Mildew's Malted Milk, an exceedingly nourishing and sustaining beverage!"

"My hat!"

"If there is any more unruly behaviour on your part, Bull, I shall award you an imposition."

So saying, Mr. Quelch seated himself at the head of the table. He picked up his fork and spoon, and started operations on the dried fruits. The Removites watched him curiously. They expected to see him pull a wry face and leave the dried fruits alone.

Mr. Quelch, however, appeared to relish what was set before him. He had taken two or three mouthfuls, and was about to sample a piece of bread when Bob Cherry uttered a word of warning.

"Sir!"

"Well, Cherry?"

"Don't touch that bread, sir! I believe it's poisoned."

"Boy! How dare you make such an insinuation! This is the new Government bread, and its hygienic properties are beyond dispute."

"Oh crumbs!"

Mr. Quelch ate some of the bread and showed no signs of distress.

The juniors, however, sat back from the table and glared at the food. Even Billy Bunter could not bring himself to tackle it, and Bunter was not fastidious.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the two rows of untouched plates.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "Why are you not eating, my boys?"

There was no answer.

"Bunter!"

"Yessir!"

"Why are you ignoring your breakfast?"

"It's too awful for words, sir!" replied the fat junior, with unusual candour. "I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole!"

"You are grumbling at good food, Bunter!"

"No, sir; at the lack of it!"

This was quite a smart retort for Bunter, and there was a chuckle from the Removites.

"You will take a hundred lines, Bunter, for impertinence!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Sit up to the table properly, and eat your breakfast!"

The fat junior's face fell.

"I don't mind doing the lines, sir," he said, "but please let me off the other punishment!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors laughed irrepressibly, and a stormy scene would doubtless have ensued had not the Head come into the Hall at that moment.

Dr. Locke frowned when he caught sight of the untouched plates.

"I am sorry to see that the new food does not appear to be popular!" he remarked.

"I venture to think, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "that it will be popular in time. At present the boys have a prejudice towards it."

The Head nodded.

"My boys!" he exclaimed. "Doubtless you are wondering why this sudden change in the school fare has come about. I will tell you. At the last meeting of the Governors Sir Hilton Popper proposed the change."

"Confound him!" muttered Johnny Bull. "He's always barging in like this!"

"Silence!" said the Head sharply. "Sir Hilton considered that the food which you have been having in the past was not sufficiently nourishing. He therefore suggested that it should be substituted by hygienic foods of highly nutritive value. I have no reason to doubt the wisdom of Sir Hilton's proposal, and neither had the Governors, for they were in cordial agreement with him. Did I hear somebody groan?"

There was no response, so Dr. Locke continued.

"Drastic changes of this kind are never well received at the outset. I have no doubt that many of you feel a certain amount of hostility towards the new innovation. But you must realise, my boys, that your health will benefit enormously. This new food produces bone and muscle, and is excellent in every way."

The fellows generally were not impressed by the Head's statements. They looked



"Buck up, Buntly!" said Bob Cherry. "You'll be late for lessons." "I don't care," murmured Bunter. "I'm jolly well going to finish this bun!" Unless it finishes you!" chuckled Bob, hurrying out of the shop. (See page 4.)

"What are you going to do about this new grub, Wingate?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Nothing."

"You're going to take it lying down?"

Wingate nodded.

"These new food regulations are about the most unpleasant thing we've had thrust upon us for whole terms," he said. "But orders must be obeyed."

"Personally, I feel like mutiny," said Johnny Bull.

"I dare say you do," said Wingate. "But let me warn you that if there's anything in the nature of a rebellion I shall come down heavy. I hate this new grub as much as you do, but I mean to maintain discipline."

So saying, Wingate quitted the tuckshop. His words of warning had a sobering effect upon the Removites, who might otherwise have got seriously out of hand.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Shock Number Three.

NOW for a first-rate feed!" Bob Cherry made that remark as the juniors streamed out of the Form-room at the conclusion of afternoon lessons.

"Sounds all right," grunted Johnny Bull. "But where's your first-rate feed coming from?"

"We've got no grub in the study," said Wharton.

"And the tuckshop's closed," added Nugent.

"But," said Bob Cherry, with the air of one who was about to play a nap hand, "there's the bunshop in the village!"

"Oh!"

"I'd quite forgotten the merry old bunshop," said Dennis Carr. "Let us wend our way thither."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, in feeble tones. "I don't believe I can muster up sufficient strength to walk down to the village."

"Well, we're not going to carry you, if that's what you're driving at," said Squiff.

"Bunter's more fortunate than we are," said Mark Lisle. "He's able to roll!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Linley!"

"Come on, you fellows," said Dennis Carr.

"The sooner we fill these aching voids of ours the better."

"Hear, hear!"

The whole of the Remove Form, with one exception, set out for the village.

The exception was Lord Mauleverer. That languid aristocrat was feeling decidedly hungry; but he was feeling lazy as well, and he didn't see the fun of tramping down to the village.

Friardale was enlivened a few moments later by the sight of forty famished juniors marching down the village street.

Harry Wharton called a halt outside the bunshop, and he and Bob Cherry stepped inside.

"Tea for forty, please!" said the captain of the Remove.

The proprietor smiled rather regretfully.

"I am sorry, Master Wharton—"

"If you haven't enough accommodation for forty," said Bob Cherry, "p'raps you'll take half that number? The remainder can go somewhere else."

The proprietor shook his head. His next words came as a bombshell.

"I am forbidden to serve any young gentlemen from the school," he said.

"Great Scott!"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry exchanged glances of dismay.

"Who on earth forbade you to serve us?" gasped the captain of the Remove at length.

"The headmaster."

"My hat!"

"Can't you give us something to eat, just for this occasion?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I'm sorry, Master Cherry, but it wouldn't do. I don't want to get into bad odour with the school authorities."

From the crowd in the street came an impatient murmur.

"Buck up, you two!"

"Haven't you fixed up the feed yet?"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry emerged from the bunshop looking very crestfallen.

"There's nothing doing, you fellows!" said the captain of the Remove.

"What?"

"The proprietor has had orders from the Head not to serve any fellows from Greyfriars."

"Oh, help!"

"Faith, an' if this is a leg-pullin' stunt, I should advise ye to go aisy, Wharton, darlint!" said Micky Desmond.

"I'm not leg-pulling," answered Wharton, rather huffily. "You can ask the proprietor yourself."

"Sure, an' I will!" said Micky. And he stepped into the bunshop.

The Irish junior reappeared almost immediately, looking very disconsolate.

"It's a fact that we can't be served, you fellows," he said.

"Of course, it's a fact!" snapped Wharton. "The question is what are we going to do now?"

"In my younger days," said Bob Cherry reminiscently. "I used to patronise a place in Courtfield known as the Elysian Cafe. They do you well there."

"They seem to do you everywhere these days!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter plaintively, "have we got to tramp all the way to Courtfield?"

"Yes—or go hungry!" said Nugent.

It was in a far from merry mood that the Removites continued their quest for tuck.

The action of the Head in preventing the fellows from patronising the village bunshop was regarded as extremely high-handed.

Had the juniors looked more deeply into the matter, they would have realised that the Head was not to blame. He was merely an agent of the Governors. It was upon the Governors that the blame rested; and Sir Hilton Popper was the offender-in-chief.

The Removites reached Courtfield in various stages of exhaustion.

The sight of the Elysian Cafe cheered them up, just as an oasis cheers a parched traveller in the desert.

even at that occupied by the dignified members of the Sixth. But the fellows at the Remove table made more noise than the rest of the school put together.

"I shall write to my pater about this," declared Skinner, "and get him to withdraw me from Greyfriars and send me to a school which believes in fattening up its pupils."

"Hear, hear!" said Stott. "We can't possibly get fat on this beastly diet!"
"I can see Billy Bunter dwindling down to a skeleton shortly!" said Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I say, you fellows," protested the Owl of the Remove, "it's no laughing matter! I can feel all the symptoms of wasting disease already!"

"Dry up, porpoise!" growled Peter Todd. "It's no worse for you than it is for us."
"The question is," said Dennis Carr, "how long are we going to stand this sort of thing? The seniors don't seem to be taking any action, and I therefore consider that it's up to us to make the first move."

"But what can we do?" asked Wharton, helplessly. "We can't very well sling the Governors out on their necks and get a fresh set."

"Ha, ha! No!"
"It's Popper who is at the bottom of the whole business," said Bob Cherry. "We were very ratty with the Head yesterday, when we found that the bunshop was out of bounds; but it isn't the Head's fault. It's the fault of that silly old buffer, that interfering old tyrant—"
"Popper!"

A score of juniors shouted the name with fierce indignation. And as they did so, who should come striding into Hall but Sir Hilton Popper himself!

The baronet had paid a surprise visit to the school in order to see how it was flourishing under the new system which he had introduced.

The crusty old gentleman had doubtless imagined that the new fare delighted the hearts of the boys. But he was rudely disillusioned when he entered the Hall and saw the scowling faces of the fellows, and heard a fierce shout of indignation.

Sir Hilton advanced a few paces, and then halted. His face was working convulsively.

"Young rascals!" he snorted, glaring in the direction of the Remove table. "How dare you utter my name in that disrespectful manner! How dare you, I repeat!"

"How dare we?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Be silent!" roared the baronet. "I think I may say, in all modesty, that I am one of the school's best benefactors. I have recently introduced a new and valuable system—"

Somebody started to groan. Instantly the groan was re-echoed on every side.

Then the fags, in order to introduce a little variety to the proceedings, started hissing.

Sir Hilton Popper clenched his hands and stamped and fumed as the mingled groans and hisses fell upon his ears.

"Stop it!" he roared. "Stop it, I say! How dare you? Are you not aware of my identity? I am one of the—"

"Biggest tyrants who ever breathed!" shouted somebody.

"Hear, hear!"

"Yah!"

"Get out!"

The baronet's face was livid with fury. Turning abruptly on his heel, Sir Hilton strode to the door, intending to acquaint the Head with the full facts of the outrage.

The crowning incident occurred just as the baronet was about to open the door.

A lump of margarine, hurled with unerring aim by Bolsover major, smote Sir Hilton on the point of his rather prominent jaw.

There was a whoop of delight from the Removites and the fags. But the seniors looked grave. This, they reflected, was carrying things a bit too far.

"Who threw that?" spluttered Sir Hilton. "I insist upon knowing the name of the young rascal who has thus wantonly attacked me!"

There was no response.

"Very well," said the baronet. "I am aware from which direction the missile was thrown, and I will make the offender feel heartily sorry for himself."

And with this Parthian shot Sir Hilton Popper stamped out of the Hall.

Bob Cherry gave a low whistle.

"Things are warming up!" he ejaculated. They certainly were.

The sequel to the events in Hall was not a pleasant one for the Remove.

Dr. Locke ordered the entire Form to be gated for a week, Sir Hilton Popper being positive that the lump of margarine had been hurled by one of the Removites.

Bolsover major volunteered to own up, but Harry Wharton & Co. would not hear of it. They knew that if Bolsover confessed he would probably be expelled from the school, for it was no light offence to pelt one of the Governors.

In the Remove studies that evening there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. Never before had feeling run so highly against Sir Hilton Popper.

"It's going to be war," said Dennis Carr. "War to the knife, to put it melodramatically."

"The school versus the Governors!" said Vernon-Smith.

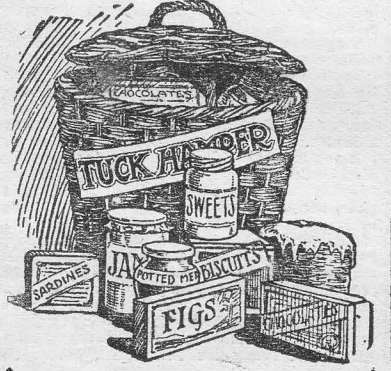
"And the school's going to win!" declared Bob Cherry.

But that remained to be seen.

THE END

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "THE REBELS OF THE REMOVE!" Order your PENNY POPULAR early!)

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TAGGLES IN TROUBLE!
A Short Tale of St. Jim's.

BANG!
A loud report rang out on the quiet midnight air. Practically everyone at St. Jim's was fast asleep, but many started up suddenly in their beds, awakened by the sound.

"What was that, deah boys?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy quickly, as he sat up in the Fourth Form dormitory.

"Ask us another!" said Jack Blake, who, with Herries and Digby and several other Fourth-Formers, had been awakened by the report.

"We'd better go and investigate!" exclaimed Blake, slipping out of bed. "It's no good sitting up here and talking about it." "It was an awful explosion—"

Bang!

"My hat! There it is again!"
The Fourth-Formers stared at each other with startled faces as the second heavy report rang out.

"Come on, chaps!" cried Jack Blake, hurrying towards the door.

The juniors had slipped their trousers and jackets over their pyjamas, and were soon hastening to the head of the stairs. There they met Tom Merry & Co. of the Shell and several other juniors.

As they all started downstairs two or three masters and several prefects appeared upon the scene, and a moment later Dr. Holmes, the Head, came hurrying along.

"What ever has happened, Lathom?" he asked quickly of the Fourth Form master.

"Really, I cannot imagine," answered Mr. Lathom nervously. "The—er—explosion seemed to be in the direction of Taggles' lodge."

"Yes, yes," said the Head. "I do hope the man has not left the gas turned on in his careless manner, and now blown the place to pieces."

"I don't think it's as bad as that, sir," said Mr. Linton quietly.

"I sincerely hope not," murmured Dr. Holmes. "Let us go and see at once."

The juniors were already well ahead, and when they got down to the quad they saw that a small light was glimmering in the porter's lodge.

"Anyway, the house is still there!" said Jack Blake, with almost a sigh of relief.

"Yes, wather!" muttered Gussy.

The Shell and Fourth juniors hurried to the porter's door, and knocked sharply upon it. Almost immediately Taggles slithered along the little passage and opened the door a little way. He was carrying a lighted candle.

"What's up, Taggy?" cried Tom Merry.

"What I says is this 'ere! I've 'ad 'ad the fright o' my life this night, I 'ave, an' no mistake!" mumbled the old porter tremblingly. And as he spoke he turned into the house again.

At that moment the Head and the masters arrived upon the scene, and without any hesitation Dr. Holmes walked into the lodge, and through to the kitchen. The masters and juniors followed, crowding in until the little place was packed.

Then a sight met their eyes which almost struck them dumb with astonishment.

Taggles was mopping up from the floor a strong-smelling brown liquid, which had spread nearly all over the kitchen.

"Intoxicatin' drink, deah boys!" exclaimed Gussy at last.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "A couple of bottles of beer gone off!"

An angry frown appeared on the brow of Dr. Holmes.

"Taggles, I am sorry you find it necessary to keep this stuff in your house at all!" he exclaimed sternly. "If you must, however, you will have to keep it in a—er—another form. The whole school has been aroused and alarmed by these—er—bursting bottles, and I warn you that such a thing is not to occur again."

"Well, sir—" began Taggles.

But the Head had gone.

The tension now relieved, the juniors burst into a hearty roar of laughter.

"Ever been had?" cried Jack Blake.

"Wathah, deah boys!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.



MICKY OF THE MOVIES!

Our Grand New Serial, dealing with the Adventures of a Young Acrobat who Rose to Fame and Fortune as a Cinema Star.

By STANTON HOPE.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Micky Denver, an orphan lad, is an acrobat in Beauman's Gigantic Circus. One night, in Liverpool, he is accused unjustly by the bullying proprietor of having stolen a gold watch. Micky is arrested, but escapes to the river-front and stows away on a tramp-steamer. In New York Harbour Micky gets through an open port and swims ashore. There he meets a slim, red-headed American, Alec P. Figg, who is also anxious to get out West. With him Micky jumps the "Chicago Flyer," and by stages they beat their way to Kansas City. Figg, known as Smart Alec, is one of the most expert crackmen on the continent, and he attempts to crack the hotel safe. Micky frustrates him, and makes the rest of his way to Los Angeles alone. Once in the city he loses no time in trying to get taken on at the cinema studios, but without success. One

day he visits Santa Monica, on the coast, and there he rescues Mary Maidstone from the surf. In consequence, Micky is given a job as assistant to Buddy Gaylord, the property-man, in the great K. N. Broadworth's cinema company. One day Micky receives an anonymous letter, warning him of impending trouble. Curious to learn more, he sets off on the evening appointed for the address given in the note. The place is an opium den, kept by a Chinaman, Li Chang Foo, and Micky is escorted into the presence of Alec P. Figg. The crook attempts to blackmail him, and a general fight results. Reggie Eton, the "dude of the films," who has followed Micky to the place, comes to the lad's rescue. Together they fight their way out, taking with them Floyd Unwin, the Broadworth star, whom they find smoking opium in the den.

(Now read on.)

A Journey to the Coast.

"SAY, Unwin is in an ugly mood this morning. You'd better keep clear of him, Micky!"

It was Buddy Gaylord who tendered the advice as he and Micky were at work outside one of the store-sheds at the Broadworth studios.

Although Buddy knew it not—for both Reggie Eton and Micky had agreed to keep their own council about the adventure in Li Chang Foo's opium den on the previous night—Floyd Unwin, the daredevil star, was suffering rather more than usual from his spell of "hitting the pipe."

He had arrived early on the lot that morning, and seemed bent on making himself a general nuisance. It was not a good augury for the day's filming.

The programme for a portion of the company was an interesting one. They were to proceed by rail to a point on the coast opposite Santa Catalina Island—away to the south of Los Angeles—where two scenes for the great new production, "The Mysterious Pearl," were to be filmed.

In addition to Mary Maidstone, Floyd Unwin, Reggie Eton, the dude of the films, Jeff Romery, the chief director, and many others, the party was to be accompanied by the great K. N. Broadworth himself.

It was always an event when "K. N."—or the Big Noise, as he was sometimes called among the studio people—accompanied the cinema party. Each member of the company was more than ever on his or her mettle, for the personality of the big man in the tortoiseshell spectacles dominated the whole proceedings and demanded the very best that each could give.

Micky, who by assiduous work was fast becoming Buddy's right-hand man, had been told off for duty with the company on location, and the genial little "Props" himself was going in charge of the numerous properties which would be required.

Chapple, Micky's four-footed little friend, had been left that morning to the care of Ah Mee, the old Chinese servant of the Gaylords, for the day, much to the small dog's disgust, for he had been recently in the habit of accompanying his master to the studios.

When all was ready, some of the fleet of motor-cars owned by the company conveyed the cinema party to the station, whence they made the rest of their journey to the coast by train.

Arriving at their destination, they were guided to the exact spot selected for the filming of the scenes by the "location hunter."

This individual, who was an important member of the Broadworth staff, knew every inch of the great State of California—or, at least, he appeared to do so. His job was to find suitable locations for filming purposes, and he had a card-index system of

thousands of cites for almost every kind of scenery likely to be required for the cameras.

If the scenario of a photo-play called for a scene showing seven cottonwood-trees on the crest of a loaf-shaped hillock, the location-hunter would know by reference to his index-cards where such a place scene could be found, whether it was on private property or not, how far it was from the studios, the best way of reaching the place, and a host of other carefully collected information about it.

The spot selected for the action of "The Mysterious Pearl" was a portion of the coast unrivalled for grandeur anywhere along the Pacific slope. The sun shining from a cloudless sky on the rocky headlands, the waving palms, grassy slopes, and great stretch of rolling ocean provided a picture of California at its very loveliest.

No wonder this land of the Far West, with its magnificent scenery and clarified air, so suitable to photographic requirements, should become the first home of the world's cinema industry.

But whereas Micky drank in deep breaths of the salt-laden air, and felt his blood racing joyously through every vein, he had little time for admiring the scenery. Props had to be checked and re-checked and properly sorted for handing out to the various actors and actresses. It was all a tremendous bustle, for Jeff Romery was anxious to film one of the scenes of the photo-play before the sun reached its zenith.

Accordingly, make-up boxes were speedily got out, and the actors and actresses made themselves ready for their work before the cameras.

All had come on location garbed in the modern costumes in which they were to be filmed; so all Buddy and Micky had to do for this particular scene was to hand out the "etceteras" in the form of masks, six-shooters, a pearl pendant, and other props of like nature.

Floyd Unwin had no part in this scene, and Mary Maidstone and Reggie Eton had the bulk of the acting to do.

It was the first time that Micky had ever seen the famous dude of the screen at work before the cameras, and he mentally noted the wonderful ease and grace with which Reggie made every motion. It was ideal acting for the motion pictures, and the dude never failed to register convincingly on the films.

When the filming of the scene was finished, the cinema company were called to a sumptuous luncheon which was spread beneath a shady clump of palm-trees.

As the film folk trooped gaily away, Reggie Eton, streaming perspiration over the yellow grease-point on his cheeks, walked across to Micky, who was repacking those of the props which would not be needed again that day.

"Hello, dear boy!" cried the dude. "I am sorry I did not have the opportunity of speaking to you before. How are you feel-

ing after last night's thwilling experiences?"

"Not a bit the worse!" responded Micky heartily. "It's so topping out here that I had quite forgotten that rotten opium den."

But if Micky had not given any thought to Li Chang Foo and the opium smokers, he had not forgotten the threat of Alec P. Figg, the crackman.

The lad had not even told Reggie how the crook had attempted to blackmail him, for he felt that his friend, the cinema actor, could not have been able to help him any way.

So even as he worked busily in the bright sunlight amidst the perfect scenery of the Californian coast, he was uneasy in his mind, and dreaded the revelations which the crook was sure to make sooner or later.

For Micky to raise a thousand dollars in a week was little short of an impossibility; yet this was the sum that Figg demanded for his silence.

Micky had no intention of paying even a penny to the unscrupulous crook, but he was greatly worried at the position of things.

Once or twice he debated in his mind the advisability of informing the police about Smart Alec's blackmailing tactics; but this course, unfortunately, would necessitate his revealing the circumstances under which he—Micky—had left the Old Country.

This the lad had no desire to do, naturally, for whereas he knew himself to be innocent of the theft committed at the circus in Liverpool, the evidence had been black against him, and without doubt he was still "wanted" by the British police.

On the previous night Micky and Reggie Eton had been so busy discussing the police raid on the opium den and Floyd Unwin's folly in frequenting such a place that several questions the lad had wanted to put to the film dude had remained unasked.

Now, however, as Micky finished his job with the properties and strolled off to luncheon with his friend, he took the opportunity presented.

"I say, Reggie," he said, "it was jolly lucky you butted in when you did last night! Things were going rather badly with me in that scrap with the Chinks, and I should have been outed for a dead cert by the bounders if you hadn't shown up when you did. I take it your arrival at Li Chang Foo's place was something more than a mere coincidence?"

"Wight, my dear boy," said Reggie. "I had an ideal you would be silly ass enough to stwoll down to No. 13, West Canton Street, on the stwngth of that anonymous lettah you weccived, so I made it my business to be outside the beastly place to watch for you."

"So you saw me go in?"

"Just so, dear boy! I thought there was some wotten game afoot when I wead the lettah, and I pprovea to be wight. Eh, what!"

"Well, it was jolly decent of you to come

down to look after me," said Micky. "But when I saw that greasy sailor chap come slouching into the Chinese store I hadn't the foggiest notion it was you. By jingo, it was a corker of a surprise when you spoke to me! Ha, ha, ha!"

"An actor has to play many parts, Micky," said the film dude serenely, "and although professionally I only appear as a Society man-about-town or an English lord, I have had pveviously gweat expewience of othah charactahs, deah boy. By the way, that wottah, Figg, was not captured in the waid."

"Not captured?" echoed Micky. "Why, he was knocked out completely when we left, so how the dickens did he get away?"

"Weally, I have no ideah," replied Reggie. "Howevah, his name did not appear in the papah this morning with the west of the captured wascals."

"My aunt!" ejaculated Micky. "That crook's as slippery as an eel! I suppose, though, that Chink, Li Chang Foo, was caught, and will be put out of business?"

"He was caught all wight, deah boy," said the film dude, "and a gweat deal of opium-smoking appawatus was confiscated. He'll pwobably be fined heavily—as he has been before—and then will start his 'joint' again somewhere else. These Chinks are as slippewy as any Amewican cwook who ever lived, and, in my opinion, the police will never be able to stop opium fwom being smuggled and smoked in the United States."

As the two approached the luncheon-party they saw Mary Maidstone, the young cinema star whom Micky had saved from the surf at Santa Monica beach, beckoning to them.

"Come and sit with us, Reggie," she called out, "and bring Micky along, too!"

Micky had been about to join Buddy Gaylord, who was enjoying himself among a group of camera men and actors some little distance away, but he flushed with pleasure at the invitation accorded him by the young actress, and accompanied Reggie, despite the fact that he noticed the great K. N. Broadworth and Floyd Unwin lunching with her.

Reggie Eton was as much at home with the famous film producer and with the company's daredevil star, Unwin, as with anybody else. But Micky never felt quite comfortable with either, though for entirely different reasons.

Mr. Broadworth greeted the two Englishmen with a pleasant word of welcome, and made room for them to sit down near the dainty outspread tablecloth. Floyd Unwin scowled savagely. He liked neither Micky nor Reggie Eton, and he was uncouth enough to take no pains to conceal the fact at any time.

"You two must be famished!" cried the young actress. "Let me serve you some of this lobster mayonnaise."

"I hope there'll be enough for you," said Mr. Broadworth anxiously. "I know you Englishmen are in the habit of demolishing a whole joint of roast beef at a sitting when you're peckish!"

Reggie and Micky laughed, and set to with a will on the good things provided. The idea that there should be insufficient for anyone was a standing joke among the members of the Broadworth outfit, for the "snacks"—as Mr. Broadworth himself called them—which were provided for the personnel on location were repasts of the most sumptuous character prepared by the cinema company's own expert chefs.

"Why, Floyd, you're hardly eating a thing!" said Mary Maidstone to Unwin, who was sulking over the advent of Reggie and Micky. "You won't be fit for your big stunt if you starve yourself!"

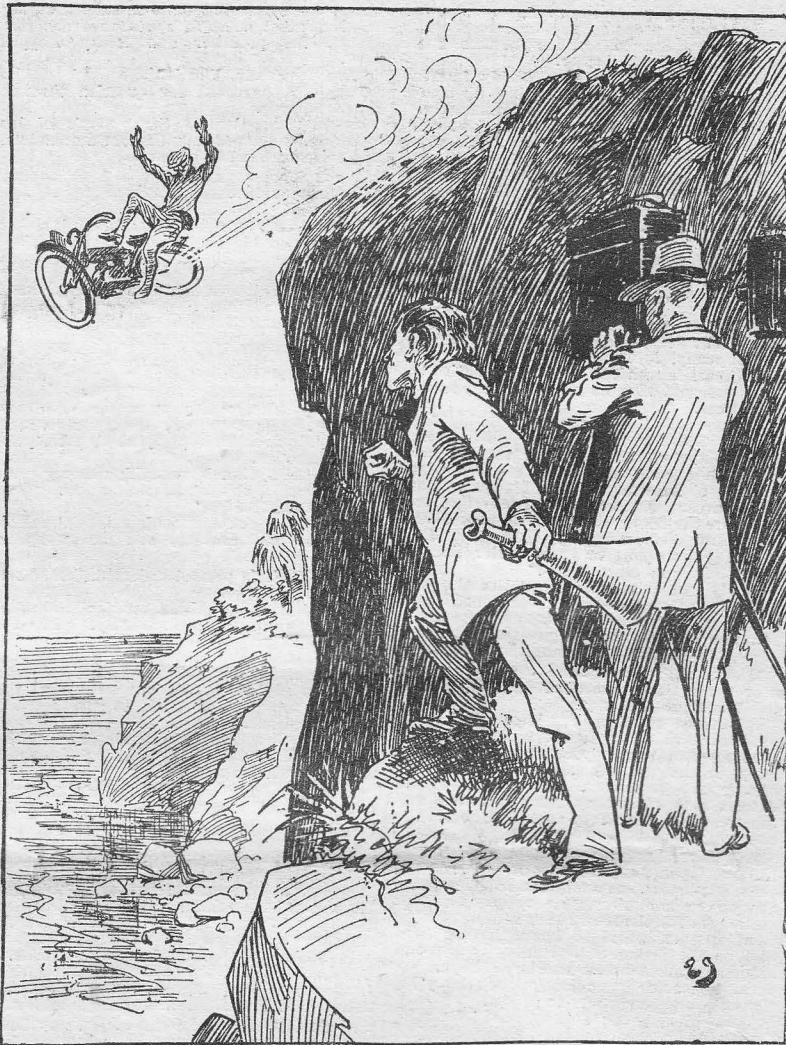
After this the actor pulled himself together somewhat, and made a fair pretence to enjoying a good lunch, keeping his conversation, however, almost entirely for the girl or Mr. Broadworth.

During the luncheon Micky heard for the first time the details of the astounding stunt that Floyd Unwin was to perform for the films.

This was no act in which a dummy could be substituted, but a daredevil feat, with more than an ordinary risk to life itself.

About a quarter of a mile from where the luncheon-party were sitting was a long, grassy slope leading right down to the edge of a rocky cliff. From the top of this cliff was a sheer fall of over a hundred feet to the rocks and sea below.

In the scenario of the new Broadworth production, "The Mysterious Pearl," the star actor was required to race to the sea-coast on a high-power motor-bicycle, chased by a posse of men in an automobile.



Like a shot from a gun the motor-cycle dashed over the edge of the cliff! As the machine heeled over, Micky gave a dexterous twist and shot clear of it. (See page 12.)

The actual race was to be filmed in various parts of the country on later dates—for scenes in a big production are seldom taken in their proper order—and on this afternoon the final dash when the pursuers were eluded was to be recorded.

Floyd Unwin, then, had the thrilling task of dashing on the motor-cycle down that grassy slope, and flying headlong over the edge of the precipitous cliff.

Both the bike and the car had been brought down from the studios by road, and were now on location, ready for the scene.

Directly after lunch Micky excused himself, and went across to Buddy Gaylord, who, with some mechanics, was overhauling the automobile and cycle.

"Get out all the props for the big stunt scene, Micky," said the property-man to his assistant, "and bring 'em across here. Jeff Romery will want to start 'shooting' almost immediately, I guess."

Micky darted away to his boxes, and by means of a list in his hand selected the various leather coats, goggles, gauntlets, revolvers, and other properties for the cinema scene. These things he took across to Buddy, ready to be handed out to Floyd Unwin and the other actors.

It was noticeable that an increasing excitement was being manifested among the film people. Jeff Romery, who had secured his favourite megaphone, was engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Broadworth, and the gossip generally as the luncheon was cleared away was of the daring feat to be performed that afternoon for the sake of imparting greater excitement into a photo-play film.

The only person who seemed to be free from any tense feeling was the central figure—Floyd Unwin.

The Big Stunt!

FEW of the cinema folk had any cause for liking the star actor, but none could help admiring the coolness with which he watched the preparations for the big stunt which might cost him his life.

Unwin, in fact, was adopting his usual attitude before the performance of one of his daredevil feats—an air of utter boredom. He remained seated on the grass in the shade of a palm, calmly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette, without apparently noticing the excitement the forthcoming feat was creating in everyone else.

Micky absolutely marvelled at the man who, after an evening spent in the nerve-wracking company of an opium-pipe in a foul Chinese "joint," could remain so cool and collected on the following morning in the face of a death-defying feat requiring the greatest courage and judgment for its successful accomplishment.

He remembered again Buddy's opinion that the film star's nerve would give out on some desperate occasion owing to his "hitting the pipe," but he called to mind also that Unwin had not shrunk for a second from entering the den of lions when the filming of the last great Broadworth production was in progress.

Would Unwin's nerve stand this fresh test?
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62.

Under Buddy's directions Micky handed out the necessary props to the four actors who were to play the parts of the pursuers in the motor-car in the big scene.

When this job was over Buddy inserted a wafer of pepsin chewing-gum into his mouth and patted the motor-cycle affectionately.

"This is a good old prop, Micky," he said, "and I'm mighty sorry to know it's going West. It seems a tarnation shame to ride a bike like this over a cliff; but there, the movie fans demand thrills for their money, and producers like K. N. don't mind spending thousands o' bucks to give 'em what they want."

At this moment Jeff Romery, breaking off his conversation with the producer, hurried across to where Buddy and Micky were standing.

"Are the motor-bike and the automobile ready?" he demanded.

"All ready, Jeff."

Jeff cast a critical eye over both the machines, and then he exploded in a torrent of reproof.

"D'you call this car ready, Buddy?" he fumed. "Look at this side which'll be turned towards the cameras! Some careless boob has been leaning against it and has wiped a patch o' the dust off with his coat. Now, would a car supposed to have travelled over a hundred miles be clean on one panel? Get a handful o' dust and make it look dirty again! You ought to know better than to have it in that clean state!"

Buddy had quite failed to notice the portion of the car's chassis which had been rubbed against, and it was with a tinge of red suffusing his ears that he gathered a handful of dirt to remedy the incongruous effect.

It was not often Buddy could be hauled over the coals by the chief director, and he felt the reproof keenly.

Jeff strode away, smiling hugely to himself at thus having caught the competent little property-man tripping for once, and set to work to instruct the actors who were to occupy the motor-car. Then he saw the camera man correctly placed to secure the best possible record of the dive over the cliff edge.

Returning, he made the actors climb into the automobile, and had three rehearsals of them chasing an imaginary motor-bike. When the actors had used their revolvers to his entire satisfaction, and knew exactly the right spot on which to bring the car to a halt on the grassy slope leading to the cliff edge, he walked across to Floyd Unwin.

The star actor immediately threw away his cigarette and came over to Micky.

"Now then, young Johnny Bull," he said, "quit standing about doing nothing, and jest give me a hand on with that leather coat and goggles. Come, get a move on!"

Micky took no notice of the surly manner in which the order was given, but set about to help the star to dress for the part he was to play in the great stunt scene.

"Now wheel that bike over to where K. N. is standing."

The motor-cycle was a heavy machine, but Micky's well-trained muscles made light work of the task of pushing it up the slope.

The automobile, with its four occupants, also took up its position at the point from which the start was to be made.

With the exception of the actual participants in the scene, Mr. Broadworth and Micky were the only two to remain at the starting point.

Jeff Romery joined the camera men at the bottom of the slope near the edge of the cliff at a spot a couple of hundred yards from the place from which Unwin was to make his daredevil dive.

The rest of the cinema folk, among whom were Miss Maidstone and Buddy Gaylord, fell back to a raised piece of ground, whence they could obtain a good view of the coming film thrill.

The cameras were so placed that the starting point was "out of the set," which meant that the start itself would not be recorded on the films.

When the pictures were finally shown on the cinema screens of the world, the motor-cycle and car would appear coming into view at full speed in continuation of other pictures of a mad ride through the countryside, the filming of which was to be undertaken later.

Mr. Broadworth chatted cheerily to the cinema star for a few moments, and then Floyd Unwin took over the motor-bike from Micky. As he did so, the lad noticed a curious tremor of the actor's hand on the handle-bar, which seemed to indicate that

Unwin was not feeling quite so calm inwardly as his general outward appearance denoted. Then the producer and Micky stepped back.

"Are you ready, Floyd?"

Jeff Romery roared the question through his megaphone.

Unwin tinkered with the controls of his motor-cycle, glanced round at the automobile, and waved a hand in assent.

A couple of seconds later a fresh volume of sound poured through the megaphone.

"Action!" Floyd Unwin ran his bike forward a few paces, threw his leg over the saddle, and the chugging of the engine sounded as he sped on his way.

Immediately Jeff turned to the camera men.

"Shoot!" he cried. But hardly had the motor-car started in pursuit when Unwin slowed up, and the chugging of the bike's engine died away.

Mr. Broadworth, Micky, and the motor mechanics hastened across to find Unwin tinkering with the starting apparatus of the machine. His face was deadly pale, and his voice quivered strangely as he attempted an explanation.

"I—I think there's something wrong with the goldurned thing," he stammered. "The petrol wouldn't feed."

The motor mechanics made a careful examination of the machine, and looked up in surprise.

"The bike's in perfect order, sir," said one of them.

"It—it must have been my fault, then, I opine," murmured Unwin weakly. "I'll—I'll try again."

Mr. Broadworth looked narrowly at the star through his tortoiseshell spectacles. He was about to say something, but he curbed the impulse, and walked back to the starting point in silence.

Micky had watched the mechanics test the motor-cycle, and even he could see there was no fault with the machine.

Whilst he was with Beauman's Gigantic Circus, Micky had had ample opportunity of learning a good deal about a motor-bike, for his acrobatic partner, Mike Megan, had owned an ancient specimen. Micky had been saddled with the job of keeping it clean and in order, and as he did the work for more kicks than ha'pence, he sought to find amusement by learning its mechanism and occasionally going for spins on the old creak, without, however, asking Mike's permission.

He now wheeled Unwin's mount back for a fresh start, with one big question in his mind: Was Floyd Unwin fudging the issue?

Again the motor-cycle and car took up their positions. Again came the boom of the director's order through the megaphone.

"Action!"

This time there was no doubt about the engine of the bike running well. Unwin mounted the machine as it gathered way, and sped off at a rattling speed down the slope. When he reached a point opposite a pair of twin palm-trees the automobile dashed off in pursuit.

Jeff Romery heaved a sigh of relief, and the camera men revolved the handles of their machines steadily. Micky and the rest of the spectators held their breath as they watched the daring actor speeding towards the cliff edge.

Another couple of hundred yards, and Unwin would fly into space. Then his safety would rest on his coolness in shooting clear of the motor-bike and diving far out beyond the jagged rocks into deep water.

No wonder the heart of each onlooker beat hard with excitement and apprehension!

The motor-car drew up at the spot appointed. The occupants alighted and ran down the slope, firing blank from their revolvers at the motor-cyclist with realistic effect. It was a great picture scene!

But suddenly a cry of surprise escaped the throats of the spectators. The motor-cycle was slowing up!

Even then it looked as though it must assuredly topple over the edge of the cliff. But Unwin swerved just in time, and rolled from the machine on to the grass.

"Cut!"

Jeff Romery gave the sharp order to the camera men, and, saying things under his breath to relieve his feelings, hastened up the slope to the cinema factor.

Mr. Broadworth remained at the starting point, slowly walking up and down, with his hands interlocked behind his back. Again Micky and the two motor mechanics went along to render any assistance they could.

Floyd Unwin picked himself up and stood ruefully regarding the fallen machine.

"What the blazes is wrong, Floyd?" demanded Jeff Romery as he arrived on the scene. "Had a puncture, or something?"

"N-no," growled the film star. "I—I ran into a small rock, or something, and it put me off!"

"Well, for goodness' sake get on with it again!" snapped Romery. "There's a couple o' thousand feet o' good film gone west already!"

With that remark Jeff stumped away back to his cameras.

Finding there was nothing wrong with the machine, the two mechanics also walked back to their former post, and Micky again had the task of pushing the heavy bike back to the starting point.

The great K. N. Broadworth said not a word as the little party arrived and made ready for the stunt once more.

As soon as Jeff, standing down by the cameras, saw that all was prepared, he again roared his order to the actors through the megaphone.

"Action!"

Floyd Unwin ran a few paces with the bike and stopped short. The machine fell from his grasp and dropped to the ground. With livid face, he turned towards the great film-producer.

"It—it's no use, sir!" he panted. "I can't do it! I—I'm not well!"

The actor was trembling from head to foot; his nerve had completely deserted him.

Micky turned away from the pitiable sight. He had never been treated well by Unwin, but the lad was of a generous and forgiving nature, and now he felt nothing but pity for this famous film star who had undermined his courage by his own folly in resorting to an insidious and deadly drug.

Mr. Broadworth gazed steadily through his large tortoiseshell spectacles at the actor as through searching the very heart of the man. Then he beckoned Unwin aside.

"It is not often I make a mistake, as you'll admit, Unwin," he said; "but I made one about you this morning. I happen to know you were smoking opium last evening; in fact, I learned for the first time this morning that you have been addicted to the vicious habit for some time."

Floyd Unwin started and clenched his hands. He dropped his eyes from the producer's gaze and furtively glanced round at Micky who was standing some short distance away out of earshot. The expression on the actor's face plainly showed that he believed the English lad had had some hand in conveying the information to the head of the cinema-company.

Mr. Broadworth noticed the look, and replied to Unwin's unspoken thought.

"Nobody connected with the company has breathed a word to me about your opium-smoking habit, Unwin," he said. "A police detective who has several times visited a certain Chinese 'joint,' in disguise, sent me the information. I had two minds about allowing you to come on location to-day, but I had no idea to what an extent your nerve had been undermined."

"I—I'm not well, I tell you!" growled the cinema star.

"I can see that," went on Mr. Broadworth, "and I can see clearly also that I should not have permitted you to attempt a feat to-day. Nothing is worse than opium-smoking for destroying a man's nerve, and it's a wonder to me you haven't broken your neck before."

"That's my business!"

The uppish change in Unwin's attitude was his undoing. It is probable that Mr. Broadworth would have contented himself with telling him to rest a while, and have given him another chance. Now the film-producer adopted a sterner attitude.

"You haven't been playing the game, Unwin," he said. "You are employed by this company for the purpose of performing daring athletic feats, and your duty is to keep fit. Your failure to do so is my business. The abandonment of the filming to-day, for instance, will cost me some thousands of dollars. For your previous services with the outfit I'll see you receive a handsome bonus, but I can guarantee you no further employment."

"What!" roared Unwin, his face livid with rage. "D'you mean to say you're firing me, you blamed four-flusher?"

Mr. Broadworth remained as cool as an iceberg under the insult.

"You can take the first train back to Los

Angels, Unwin," he said. "If you report at my office at the studios at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I will settle all obligations with you."

For a moment Floyd Unwin looked as though he were about to strike the film-producer, but apparently he thought better of the inclination. He tore off his leather coat and motor-goggles, and threw them to the ground. Then, with a hiss like a wounded rattlesnake, he turned on his heel and strode off in the direction of the railway-station.

Only Micky had heard the actual words shouted by Unwin and knew that the star actor of the great Broadworth Company had been ignominiously fired.

The remainder of the company could not understand the situation at all. Even the four actors in the motor-car remained in their seats awaiting developments.

Mr. Broadworth, lost in thought, walked away in the direction of his chief director,

Jeff Romery, who was still standing by his cameras.

Micky stooped to gather up the leather coat and the motor-goggles thrown down by Unwin, and as he did so a startling idea took possession of his mind.

The cameras were ready to film the big scene—the pursuing motor-car was waiting—Unwin had been fired. Why shouldn't he do the great dive over the cliff? It was the chance of his life!

His blood raced with excitement at the very thought.

It would not matter for filming purposes who should do the big stunt. Unwin would not appear in any more of the scenes for "The Mysterious Pearl," and even had he been going to, it would make no difference as the cameras were too far away to register any personal details of the performer of the stunt.

With trembling fingers, Micky donned the leather coat, adjusted the goggles over his

eyes, and ruffled his hair as he had seen Unwin do.

A loud exclamation from Buddy drew the attention of Mr. Broadworth and others of the cinema-company to the strange antics of the English lad.

"What the smoke is the kid up to?" Micky hastily yanked the motor-cycle from the ground, and waved to the actors in the automobile.

"Carry on with the stunt!" he shouted. "I'm going to do the dive!"

Mr. Broadworth, Buddy, and several other men started to run towards the lad, though they were hardly able to credit that he was really going to attempt the wild ride over the cliff edge.

"Stop! Stop!" roared the film-producer. "D'you want to break your neck, you crazy young galoot?"

But Micky was already running the motor-bike forward, and as the engine started he swung into the saddle.

The Greatest Sporting Story Ever Written!
A Famous Author's Masterpiece—

RODNEY STONE!



BY SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE

IN THE NICK OF TIME! It wanted but twenty seconds to the hour, when there was a sudden swirl in the crowd, a shout, and high up in the air there spun an old black hat, floating over the heads of the ring-siders and flickering down within the ropes. "I rather fancy," said Sir Charles calmly, "that this must be my man!"

IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF

"THE BOYS' FRIEND."

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"Shoot!" he roared to Jeff Romery and the camera-men.

Almost mechanically the camera men obeyed the familiar order, and the clicking of the machines announced that the daring stunt of the young English lad was being recorded for the films.

As Micky shot forward, the driver of the automobile started his car in pursuit. He and his fellow-actors had reloaded their revolvers with blank, under the impression that Floyd Unwin was going to make another attempt at the feat. It mattered not to them if the young property-man's assistant chose to break his neck—they were perfectly willing to carry out their part in the big scene.

Mr. Broadworth and Buddy, seeing it was hopeless to stop the foolhardy lad, halted and stood open-mouthed like the rest of the cinema-folk, watching Micky as he careered down the grassy slope.

The lad's heart bounded with excitement as he opened the controls and felt the motor-cycle shoot forward faster and faster. He heard the crack, crack of the revolvers behind him, and so realistic was the effect that he could hardly credit that this wild ride was only for the pictures.

Through his goggles he could discern the portion of the cliff edge to which Floyd Unwin had made as presenting the best take-off for the flying leap.

Micky opened his controls to the full extent; the motor-cycle bounded forward at breakneck speed. The green grass disappeared from his view, and the deep blue of the ocean, dotted with black patches of rock, showed far beneath.

Like a shot from a gun the motor-cycle dashed over the edge of the cliff!

As the machine heeled over, Micky gave a dexterous twist and shot clear of it. The bike went one way, the daring lad the other, hurtling over and over, down to the sea and rocki beneath!

ANOTHER LONG INSTALLMENT OF THIS MAGNIFICENT SERIAL STORY OF THE CINEMA WILL APPEAR IN NEXT FRIDAY'S "PENNY POPULAR."

READERS' NOTICES.

J. Leberter, 101, Priory Road, Gedding, Notts, with readers who are pit workers.

R. Cunningham, 58, Rosebank Street, Dundee, Scotland, with a French reader.

R. Cochrane, Wardrope Terrace, Howwood, Renfrewshire, Scotland, with Colonial readers.

W. Barr, Ayrshire, Normanby Street, South Oakleigh, Victoria, Australia, with readers anywhere.

Miss F. Madden, Ocean Street, Botany, New South Wales, Australia, with readers overseas.

Miss M. Bones, 509, Riley Street, Surry Hills, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, with readers overseas.

Miss D. Lucas, 25, Randle Street, Lower Tranmere, Birkenhead, with readers anywhere.

E. T. Smith, 343, Hereford Street, Christchurch, New Zealand, with readers anywhere.

Miss A. Dickinson, Castletown, Caithness, with readers living in India.

Clifford Hall, High Street, Nassingham, Lincoln, with readers anywhere.

H. Burton, 361, Essex Road, Islington, with readers living in South Africa, America, or Canada.

Would you like to exchange correspondence, picture-postcards, stamps, coins, curios, books, moths, butterflies, war posters, trophies, etc., with persons living in all parts of the world? If so, write, Secretary of B.U.C.A., 33, Radstock Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.

Miss D. Morgan, Commercial Bank, Orange, New South Wales, Australia, with readers anywhere.

E. A. Heller, P.O. Box 86, Oudtshoorn, South Africa, with readers anywhere.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 62.



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

A FEW REQUESTS.

Douglas Henry, of Liverpool, wants a drawing of Greyfriars. He must wait until the new "Holiday Annual" happens along.

A cheery correspondent in Roma, Queensland—143 miles from the nearest railroad—is down on all liverish grumblers. He wants to have Bunter in his part to get some of the fat off the porpoise. The stories are prime, though the boys do not go riding and shooting. "But I suppose they can't do everything," adds my chum. True!

Colin Edwards, of Southwark, Australia, need not bother his head about typewriters while his fist is so clear; but he has his eye on Bunter's Typing Agency.

M. Jonas, of Broken Hill, is keen on sporting articles, and I shall try to oblige him. Much obliged for all he says.

B. B. writes from Finsbury Park, and gives my portrait, which, as a lightning sketch, does her credit. This reader wants Peter Todd to get busy about Herlock Sholmes. She has her own notions concerning the English language, and she thinks the stories are splendid; so does her father, a very wise and learned man. Thanks!

A loyal supporter in the North of London is chagrined because Curly Gibson and Joe Frayne were described as Wally's inseparable chums, when, as she thinks, Frank is Wally's closest friend. I feel at a loss in dealing with this correspondent. She considers the Levisons have been left out in the cold. The characters of Ernest, Frank, and Doris are very real to her, and she insists on Frank being captain of the Third when he goes to Greyfriars. She also wants to know why Vernon-Smith should have all the limelight when he used to be the biggest cad at Greyfriars.

Now, to come to generalities, as one must do. Such a letter as the one before me is something to make an author most particularly proud. My friend and supporter knows more about the characters than anybody, and what I should like to think is just this—namely, that in the busy and difficult life which I know she lives she will for the future find pleasure in the yarns and no cause for worry. But she must take things to some extent as they come. She is unfair to herself when she worries over some fancied grievance of somebody who lives in the tales. Let me assure her that I do take into full consideration her splendid support, her deep interest, and real insight.

A BONZA LETTER.

I want to ask Miss Minnie James, of Redfern, Sydney, why she should cherish gloomy forebodings? She thinks her last letter to me may be the final one. No reason why this should be so. I trust there will be many more such communications from this "live" supporter. They are wanted. I must quote a few lines:

"Oh, Editor, if you could only see the boys stumbling along to work with their heads buried in one of the Companion Papers!"

Well, I can't see the picture, though I am endeavouring to glimpse it. I would rather catch sight of all those cheery chaps reading the yarns comfortably after work was done. Miss Minnie wants me to persuade Messrs. Richards, Clifford, and Conquest to write her a little note each. (Please don't think her cheeky! N.B.—I do not.)

Now, I would manage this trio of letters if it were possible; but there is nothing doing, for several reasons, though I mean one of these days, when the office-boy has ceased from troubling and the master printer is at rest, to send my girl chum a letter myself.

I should like to hear more about that famous Australian authoress, Ethel Turner; also a description of the bush would be welcome. Miss Turner writes of things she knows, and that kind of thing always makes for success.

"FAIR DINKUM STUFF"!

"An Aussie," of Albion, Brisbane, takes me to task for a reference to the Australian aborigines. He prefaces his remarks with a

grand tribute to the stories; but why should Skinner be described as "lower than an Australian aboriginal"? This was a big error, so my generous-hearted chum says. I will take his word for it.

A chance remark is made at times without enough thought of what its meaning carries. Of late one has heard a good deal of the patience and faithfulness of the native Australians.

"Some of the niggers are rotters," says my correspondent, "but 95 per cent. of them are faithful beings."

WORK FOR THE POLICE.

"Look at the work," I read, "the Abo trackers have done for the police! Why, half the criminals that have been caught would not have been but for the black tracker. No human trackers in the world can compare with them, for they are subdued creatures, and there is nothing wrong with them."

Needless to say, information of this sort is welcome. I am indebted to "An Aussie" and his friends. He gives the names of fourteen of his chums who think with him. I can assure these staunch supporters that another simile will be found for Skinner next time. Quite needless in these days to emphasise the fact that pigment is secondary. There are white men of all colours. Nuff said.

RATHER DIFFICULT.

A lonely reader in Govan asks me to let it be known that he wishes for correspondents, aged 15-16, in any part of England. And he has forgotten to put his name and address. So it can't be done. It would be only giving the postman brain-fag, and lead to nothing.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

Everybody is planning holidays these times—that is, nearly everybody. Some folks say they must have a change. They are feeling run down. You have heard of such people. They resemble the lady in the poem:

"Mrs. Gill is very ill,
And nothing can improve her,
Except to see the Tuileries,
And waddle through the Louvre."

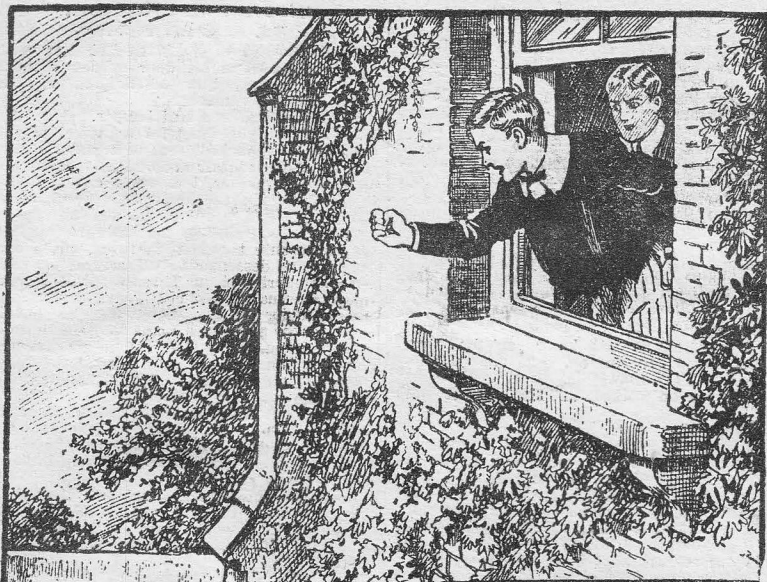
But some of the wise individuals take their holidays at home. They paper the bath-room or the stairs or the kitchen, and fill in the time in the garden.

There are worse holidays. A lot of tired workers, I feel convinced, overdo the strenuous holiday. They really want rest—and put in some hundreds of miles travelling to get it. Of course, they return to work a bit fagged. They would have done better to have stopped in bed the best part of the time. The old-time writer who did a new version of "Never Give Up," and altered the "give" to "get," had some right on his side. This is how he phrased it:

"Never get up! 'Tis the secret of glory.
Nothing so true can philosophy teach.
Think of the names that are famous in story.
Never get up is the lesson they teach."

Yes; but this would be overdoing it. The point is that, by not getting up where there is no real necessity, the victim of "that tired feeling" does himself a world of good. Instead of being whirled to the coast to sniff the briny, you lie for a few hours longer and think things out. The great Dumas always said he wrote his best work between the sheets—that is, he caught hold of the elusive ideas.

Your Editor



THE FAGS' CHANT!

"Who's the rottenest bully at Rookwood?"
 "Beaumont!"
 "Who was kicked out of Jimmy Silver's study?"
 "Beaumont!"
 "Who ought to be sacked from the school?"
 "Beaumont!"
 "Who's a sneak and a funk?"
 "Beaumont!"
 "Who smokes cigarettes in his study?"
 "Beaumont!"
 "Who's afraid to report us to the Head?"
 "Beaumont!"

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
 Chucked Out!**

YOW! Leggo!" Jimmy Silver heard that yell as he came upstairs. It came from the other end of the passage from the end study.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Jimmy. "Leggo, you rotter!" It was Newcome's voice. Jimmy Silver's brow darkened. He hurried up the passage towards the end study. Newcome was his chum, and if Newcome was in trouble it was time for Jimmy to appear on the scene.

Mornington and Townsend and Peele of the Fourth were in the passage, and they were grinning. Mornington & Co. apparently found something entertaining in the wild yells that were proceeding from the end study. They grinned more than ever at the sight of Jimmy Silver.

"Better chip in, Silver," chuckled Mornington. "Newcome's gettin' it in the neck. Beaumont's got him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Townsend and Peele. "Shut up, you rotters!" growled Jimmy Silver.

The Nuts of the Fourth were in his way, and Jimmy Silver shoved savagely through them, and hurried on. He sent Townsend reeling against a wall, and Mornington through a study doorway, and Peele sat down on the floor with a bump. Without even a glance at the scattered Nuts, Jimmy Silver ran on to his study.

The door was closed, and Jimmy flung it open and rushed in.

Newcome of the Fourth was wriggling in the grasp of Beaumont, the bully of the Sixth Form.

Beaumont's face was dark with anger. He had gripped the junior's collar with his left hand, and with his right he was wielding his ashplant. The blows were simply raining on the wriggling, struggling, kicking Fourth-Former. Beaumont, as a prefect of the Sixth, had the right of wielding the ashplant, but certainly not in the way he was doing it now.

Jimmy did not stop to ask questions. He ran at Beaumont, hitting out. Prefect, or no prefect, Jimmy did not intend to see his chum used in that way.

His fist caught Beaumont on the side of the chin, and it caught him like a hammer. The senior uttered a howl, and staggered, releasing Newcome.

Newcome promptly jumped away. Beaumont reeled against the mantelpiece, and swung round on the captain of the Fourth.

For a moment he scarcely seemed able to realise that it was a junior of the Fourth who had struck him.

Jimmy Silver was not in the least dismayed at what he had done. He faced the Sixth-Former, with his fists clenched and his eyes glittering.

"You bullying cad!" he exclaimed. "Oh, crumbs!" groaned Newcome. "I didn't put the jam in the beast's slippers. I wish I had, but I didn't."

Beaumont panted. "Silver! You—you dare! You have struck me, a prefect!" he gasped.

"I'll do it again fast enough if you don't clear!" said Jimmy Silver savagely. "Back me up, Newcome, old chap. We can handle the cad between us!"

"What-ho!" said Newcome promptly. Beaumont made a furious stride at the two juniors. There was a rush of feet in the passage, and Lovell and Raby came hurrying in. They had heard of the row.

The bully of the Sixth paused. The Fistical Four always stood together, and they were evidently prepared to "mop up" the study with Beaumont, prefect as he was.

"Come on, you rotter!" said Lovell. "We're ready!"

"Pile in!" said Raby. Beaumont gritted his teeth.

"Silver, you've struck a prefect! Come with me to the Head! I'll have you flogged for it!"

"Oh, I'll come fast enough!" said Jimmy disdainfully. "You come, too, Newcome, and let Dr. Chisholm see how the bullying cad

FOUND GUILTY!

A LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

— By — OWEN CONQUEST.

was licking you. I don't think Beaumont will be a prefect much longer!"

Again the senior paused. He knew that Newcome's back and shoulders must be deeply marked by the brutal blows he had rained on him, and he dared not let the Head see those marks.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver invitingly. "We're waiting to go to the Head, you rotten bully!"

"I—I won't take you to the Head now!" muttered Beaumont. "But look out, Jimmy Silver—look out, you cheeky young scoundrel!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Jimmy unceremoniously. "You dare not take Newcome before the Head, and you know it, you cad! I've a jolly good mind to march him in and tell the Head, anyway!"

"The—the young rotter put jam in my slippers," stammered Beaumont.

"I didn't!" said Newcome. "But I will, I promise you that!"

"I was told you did—"

"And you came here and acted like a rotten Hun, because of what some sneak told you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Collar the cad!"

Beaumont started back. "Don't you dare!" he panted.

"You can take us to the Head if you like," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "Suit yourself about that. You're going to be chucked out of this study on your neck!"

"You—you— Hands off!" roared Beaumont, flourishing the ashplant.

The prefect was in an awkward position. He simply dared not let his brutality come to the Head's knowledge, and so his authority was gone. And the Fistical Four of the Fourth meant business.

"Put down that stick!" commanded Jimmy Silver.

"I—I'll brain you if you—"

"Well, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said Jimmy. "If there's any braining to be done, I'll do my bit!"

He caught up the poker from the fender and advanced on Beaumont.

"You use that stick, and I'll use this poker!" said Jimmy determinedly. "Now, collar him, you chaps!"

Beaumont backed away, the Fistical Four following him up.

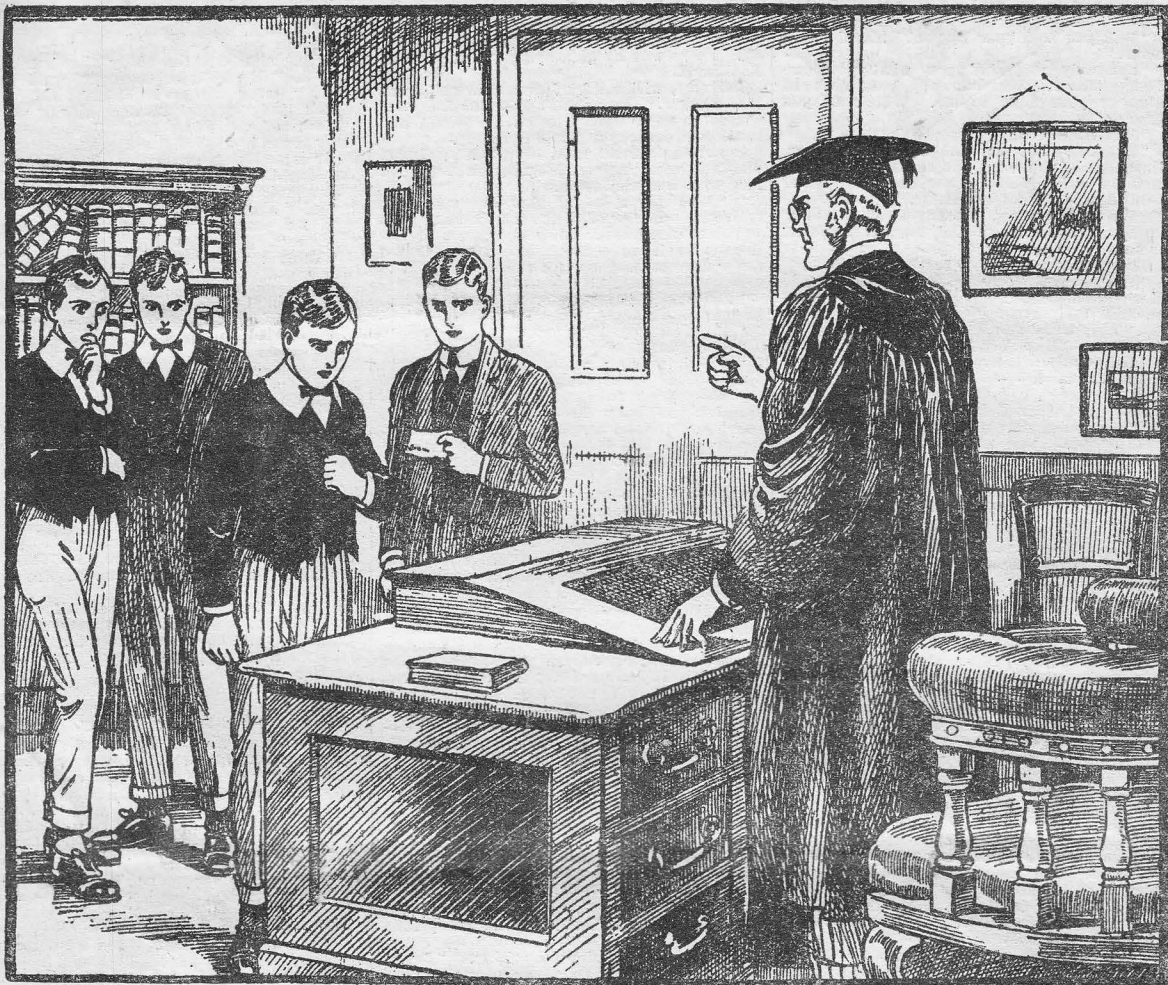
He aimed a fierce blow at Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy neatly parried it with the poker. Then the poker fell on Beaumont's arm, and the senior uttered a howl of anguish, and dropped the ashplant.

"I warned you," said Jimmy coolly. "Collar him!"

Beaumont was in the grasp of the juniors the next moment.

His arm was numbed, and he could not put up much of a fight, big Sixth-Former as he was, in the grasp of the four.

He was swept off his feet in the grip of four pairs of hands, and whirled to the doorway.



"Silver, I am inexpressibly shocked!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles' deep voice. "Wretched boy, you have ruined yourself and disgraced your school! Remain here until you are sent for by the Head to receive your sentence of expulsion from Rookwood!" (See page 13.)

"I know that."

"I've asked him to go easy."

Beaumont bit his lip. He knew that he owed a respite to Mornington's good offices, but the humiliation made him writhe. There was anything but gratitude in the glance he gave the junior.

"Thank you!" he muttered. "About your money, I hope to be able to raise it in a week or two."

"You needn't trouble. I don't believe you could, anyway."

"Did you lend me the money thinking that I couldn't repay it?" sneered Beaumont.

Mornington nodded.

"Certainly! I knew that you couldn't pay it. It suited me to be friendly."

Beaumont gritted his teeth. Friendliness from a junior in the Fourth was a bitter pill for the Sixth-Former to swallow.

"It paid you to have a prefect to help you in your rotten scrapes, you mean," he growled. "Well, I've done that. If you haven't come for your money, get out!"

"Never mind the money," said Mornington. "A tanner doesn't make any difference to me—or half-a-dozen tenners, for that matter. I could lend you the money to square right up with Joey Hook if I liked without missin' it."

"I know you're rollin' in it!" sneered Beaumont. "All Rookwood knows that. You let them hear enough about your money."

"Some of them are glad to get their fingers on it, anyway," said Mornington composedly. "You among the rest."

"Look here—"

"But I haven't come here about that. It's about Jimmy Silver."

Beaumont's eyes blazed.

"Hang Jimmy Silver! Don't talk to me

about the young hound!" he broke out furiously. "I'll make him suffer yet for his cheek!"

"That's what I mean."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Makin' Jimmy Silver suffer," said Mornington, with a gleam in his eyes.

"If you've come here sneaking, you can go somewhere else. You told lies about Newcome."

"You're up against Jimmy Silver," said Mornington, "so am I. I like him no more than you do."

"I'm not up against a kid in the Fourth!" said Beaumont, with an attempt at dignity. "Don't talk cheeky rot!"

"You hate him," said Mornington calmly. "Don't mount the high horse with me, Beaumont. It's no use, you know. Well, I'm up against him. He's been against me ever since I've been here—"

"Yes, I've heard about it. He's down on your rotten tricks!" snarled Beaumont.

"How would you like Jimmy Silver to be kicked out of Rookwood?" asked Mornington, unheeding.

"I'd give a term's pocket-money to see it. No chance of that, though."

"That's what's goin' to happen."

Beaumont bent forward, his eyes glistening.

"Do you mean to say that you know something about Silver that he could be sacked for?" he muttered breathlessly. "By gad! Do you?"

"He's never done anythin' to be sacked for. He can't be made to. I've thought of that, and it's N.G. But somethin' could be put on him."

"What rot!"

"And you're goin' to do it."

"What!"

"As a prefect, you're the man," said Mornington, with deadly coolness. "Jimmy Silver kicked you out of his study—"

"Hold your tongue, confound you!"

"And you can get level by havin' him kicked out of Rookwood," smiled Mornington.

"One good turn deserves another."

"I'd do it if I could, I suppose. But it's not possible. What silly rot have you got in your head?"

"I've thought it out. Suppose you had a five-pound note stolen from your study—"

"I haven't a five-pound note, you fool, and if I had, do you think Jimmy Silver would steal it, you idiot? You might!"

"I could find the fiver easily enough."

"Are you dotty?" said Beaumont savagely. "You know well enough that Silver wouldn't touch it if I shoved it right under his nose! He's a cheeky cub, but he's not a thief."

"I know that. But if the fiver were found hidden in the linin' of his jacket, after you'd raised Cain about it bein' stolen, all Rookwood would believe that he was a thief."

Beaumont started violently. "You confounded young scoundrel!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "You dare to come and propose such a thing to me—a prefect, too!"

"Keep your wool on!" said Mornington, unmoved. "I'm proposin' it to a gambin' outsider, who'd be booted out of Rookwood himself if the Head knew what I could tell him. Don't put on virtuous airs with me. They won't go down. Keep your temper, unless you want your IOU to be pinned upon the wall of the Common-room for all Rookwood to see."

"You blackmailing young hound!" muttered Beaumont.

Mornington laughed.

"Unless you can change a fiver for me, I can't pay up."

"Just what I can do. I've brought the club funds along to change your giddy fiver!" grinned Neville. "Shell out, dear boy!"

"Right you are!" Beaumont rose, and opened the table drawer. He fumbled in it, and then, with a startled look, made a careful examination in the drawer.

"That's queer," he said at last. "What's queer?" asked Neville grimly. "The—fiver doesn't seem to be here."

"I thought that perhaps it mightn't be," said Neville drily. "Look here, Beaumont, if you can't pay up, I suppose I shall have to give you time; but don't spin me any fairy-tales, you know!"

Beaumont flushed. "I don't know what you mean," he said hotly. "I had a fiver from my uncle, and it was in this drawer. I put it under a book for safety."

"Better have looked it up, I should think." "I don't see why I should look my money up. I suppose there isn't a thief at Rookwood, is there?"

"I hope not," smiled Neville. "Well, have another look, and let's see the merry fiver. I'm rather curious to see it."

Beaumont drew the drawer bodily out of the table, and turned it upside down. Then he went over the contents methodically, examining each article separately. Neville watched him with growing impatience. The club secretary's opinion was that Beaumont was stony, and was going through a little comedy for his benefit.

"Well, can you find it?" he asked. "It's not here!"

"Well, let me have your sub as soon as you can," said Neville, turning to the door. "It isn't easy to keep accounts with fellows keeping their subs back half through the football season!"

"Hold on!" said Beaumont. "Look here, Neville, this is rather a serious matter. I left that banknote in the drawer. It was there when I went down to the footer this afternoon."

Neville turned back, and looked at him sharply.

"Look here, Beaumont, did you really have a fiver, or is it some more of your blessed swank?" he asked bluntly.

"I tell you I had it from my uncle!" said Beaumont savagely. "I've got the number here in my pocket-book if you want to see it."

Neville appeared convinced. "Well, if you had it, it must be here somewhere," he said briskly. "Better have a good look for it."

"It isn't here."

"Look in your pockets."

"I left it in the drawer," said Beaumont. "I looked at it before I went out to the footer. I was thinking of putting it in my pocket, but I decided not to. It was there then."

Neville's face became very grave. "Do you mean to say that it's been taken, Beaumont?"

"Isn't it plain enough?" said Beaumont tartly. "It was here, and it isn't here now."

"That's jolly serious. You'd better have a pretty thorough search before you tell anybody you've missed money. I'll help you."

The two seniors made a search of the study. Beaumont turned out all his pockets

very carefully. But the banknote was not found.

"You say you had the number?" said Neville at last.

"Here it is, in my pocket-book—0002468," said Beaumont.

"Better come with me and see Bulkeley about it. It's a rotten affair!"

Beaumont nodded, and, with a flushed face, followed Neville down the passage to the Rookwood captain's study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Under Suspicion.

BULKELEY heard the story with a grim brow.

"You ought to have put your banknote in a safe place!" he growled when Beaumont had finished.

"The place was safe enough!" said Beaumont sullenly. "Nobody goes to that drawer but myself; and it was put under a book, too. Somebody must have heard me speaking to Neville about it, and must have taken it while I was on the footer-ground."

"Do you know whether anybody went to your study? Your fag—"

"My fag hasn't been there that I know of. He doesn't go there till tea-time."

"Anybody else?" "I sent Silver of the Fourth there, to fetch my ball. He went there again to take it back after I'd finished."

Bulkeley started. "Jimmy Silver?"

"Yes." "He couldn't have touched it. I couldn't believe that for a moment—I know the kid too well."

Beaumont shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not suggestin' anythin' of the sort! You asked me whether anybody had been to the study."

"Nobody else that you know of?" "Nobody."

Bulkeley paced to and fro for some moments, his brow deeply contracted. The affair was bitterly annoying to the captain of Rookwood. The honour of the school was very dear to him, and the discovery that there was a thief at Rookwood came to him as a great shock.

"And you're certain it was there?" he asked at last.

"I saw it just before I went down to the footer."

"To be quite plain, Beaumont, did you have a fiver at all? I don't want to offend you, but you're a bit given to swanking, and if you say you've lost a five-pound note, you'll be called upon to prove that you ever had one."

Beaumont bit his lip hard.

"I've got the number here," he said. "I always take the numbers of notes in case of accidents. And the note can't be found. It isn't much more than an hour since it was taken, and the thief can hardly have got rid of it yet. If Silver took it, he must still have it about him, I should think, unless he's gone out."

Neville pointed to the window.

The Fistical Four were passing, going down towards the gates. Football practice was over, and the chums of the Fourth were going out.

Bulkeley hastily raised the window and called:

"Silver!"

"Hallo?" said Jimmy, turning round.

"Come here."

"Yes, Bulkeley!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. came up to the study window. Bulkeley's eyes searched the honest, frank face of the captain of the Fourth. It was not easy to fancy that that frank, cheery schoolboy could be guilty of theft.

"You were going out?" asked Bulkeley.

"Yes; down to Coombe. Anything I can do for you there?"

"Have you been out since you were fagging for Beaumont on Big Side?"

"No; I've been at practice with the Fourth."

"What are you going out for?" asked Bulkeley.

"Going down to Mrs. Wicks', in Coombe," said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to have rather a spread in the study at tea this time."

"Oh!" said Bulkeley. "You're going to have a spread, are you?"

"Yes, I'm in funds."

Bulkeley started, and Beaumont and Neville exchanged a quick glance.

"In funds?" repeated Bulkeley.

"Yes, rather; rolling in merry oof!"

"Where did you get it?"

Jimmy stared.

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions, you know!" said Jimmy, secure in the fact that he was outside and Bulkeley inside. "Still, I don't mind telling you, as you're a good boy. I've had a postal-order from my pater."

"Show me the postal-order, Silver," said Bulkeley.

"Certainly!" said Jimmy, in great wonder.

He extracted a ten-shilling postal-order from his pocket, and held it out for inspection.

"All serene!" said Bulkeley, greatly relieved. "You haven't any money beside this?"

"Yes, rather! One-and-a-tanner!" said Jimmy. "If you're on the rocks, Bulkeley, the tanner's at your service."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

The idea of the high-and-mighty captain of Rookwood borrowing sixpence from a Fourth-Former tickled them.

"Don't be a cheeky young ass!" said Bulkeley, with a smile. "There's something rather serious happened, Silver; that's why I'm asking you questions. Don't run away with the idea that I suspect you—I don't."

"Suspect me!" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Beaumont has missed money from his study."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"And as you went there, I'm bound to question you. That's all."

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"That's all right, Bulkeley! Fire away with your questions!" he said. "I know you wouldn't be rotter enough to think I'd touched Beaumont's money."

Bulkeley coughed.

"Did you go to Beaumont's table drawer?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Did you know he had a five-pound note there?"

"No!"

"Did you know he had a five-pound note at all?"

"I dare say I did, if I'd thought of it," said Jimmy. "I heard Beaumont speaking to Neville about it this morning in the pas-



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D'Arcy. "There's Cousin Ethel! She has just run down to see me for the afternoon. I expect, I had no idea she was comin'!"

"We must get her into the study for tea after the match," said Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah!" We'll celebrate our victory ovah the New House, you know!"

"Ha, ha! Yes, that's a good idea, Gussy!" Figgins looked glum.

"And if we win, she can go to our study, to celebrate our victory, I suppose?" he asked casually.

"Weally, Figgins, you're hardlay likely to win this match, deah boy!"

"But if we do?" persisted Figgins.

"If you do, you can ask her, of course—if she will come!" grinned Arthur Augustus. Pheep!

The whistle blew, and the teams lined up for the kick-off.

The New House team were facing great odds. They were two goals down, and had the wind against them. But one at least of their team faced the odds like a giant refreshed. The presence of Cousin Ethel on the touchline somehow seemed to make a great difference to George Figgins.

And Figgy, when he was really in form, was a factor to be reckoned with on the football-field.

He played now like one possessed. A change came o'er the spirit of the New House team's football.

Figgins, from his place at centre-forward, spurred his men on to almost superhuman efforts. Within two minutes of the start of the second half he got a chance, dashed forward, dribbled cleverly past Herries at back, and banged the leather into the net.

"Goal!"

"Good old Figgy!"

"New House, for ever!"

Perhaps it was the delighted shouts of the New House fellows on the touchline that brought a flush to Figgy's rugged countenance as he trotted back to the centre of the field. Or perhaps the cry of "Well played, Figgins!" that came to his quick ears in Cousin Ethel's clear tones had something to do with it.

At any rate, after the kick-off Figgins redoubled his efforts. As Kerr said afterwards, he worked like a Trojan, ran like a hare, and passed like an angel. So it was not surprising that the combination of these remarkable qualities proved irresistible.

The fact remains, however, that before another quarter of an hour had passed the lanky captain of the New House juniors had scored two more goals for his side!

The cheers of the New House juniors woke the echoes, and it was the turn of Tom Merry & Co. to look grim.

"It's quite time we got another goal!" said Tom Merry decidedly to Monty Lowther, as he prepared to kick off again. "And watch that lanky New House boulder! Blessed if I know what's come over him this half! He's dangerous!"

But Figgy had taken counsel with his long-headed Scottish chum.

"Defence, my son!" said the delighted Kerr, clapping his leader on the back. "We must play a defensive game now for all we're worth!"

And the word passed round the New House team; and right nobly did they respond.

Tom Merry & Co. played up like heroes. Time after time they ran the ball up the field towards the New House citadel. Half a dozen times Fatty Wynn, the stout Welsh

custodian, was called upon to defend his goal. But he proved equal to every demand made upon him. The attacks of the School House forwards, hot as they were, were staved off by the stout defence of the New House backs. And when the final whistle went the score was unchanged. New House, 3; School House, 2.

Figgins had pulled it off!

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Tom Merry, as the players streamed off the field after the hard-fought game. "That was a corker! I thought we had the match in hand at half-time, I must say!"

"It was Figgy did it. Blessed if I know what came over him!" said Lowther.

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who seemed much mystified, as well as a little crestfallen. "He played up like a blessed Trojan a'fah half-time!"

"After your Cousin Ethel came on the scene!" said Tom Merry.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, what has that to do with the match?" inquired Arthur Augustus in surprise.

But in reply Tom Merry only grunted.

Figgins, radiant, lost no time in claiming Cousin Ethel as his guest to tea in his study, to celebrate the great New House victory. Somewhat to D'Arcy's surprise, Cousin Ethel seemed loth to accept Figgy's invitation. But as Figgins, in the generosity of his heart, asked Arthur Augustus and his chums, as well as Tom Merry & Co., to be his guests also, complete harmony was restored, and it was a very merry party that sat down to tea in Figgy's study, with Cousin Ethel as the guest of honour.

THE END.

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THIS world-famous growth-promoting hair tonic and food needs no further recommendation than to state that its adoption by millions of men and women in all walks of life continues to receive enthusiastic endorsement.

Have you tried "Harlene Hair-Drill"? If not, you should lose no time in writing for a Free Trial Outfit, which will last you seven days and prove to you the unique benefits to be derived from this splendid toilet exercise.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY, UNLOVELY HAIR.

If you have not the hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day free of cost to you, except the small expenditure of 4d. on stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit. (See Coupon below.)

THIS GIFT PARCEL COMPRISES :

1. A bottle of the unrivalled hair food and hair tonic, "Harlene-for-the-Hair."
2. A "Cremex" Shampoo Powder to cleanse the scalp and hair and prepare them both for "Harlene Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the hair the sheen and softness of silk.

hair tonic and food than to state that

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dryness, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hair ailments, and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once—to-day.

WRITE FOR A FREE TRIAL OUTFIT.

After a Free trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address. PENNY POPULAR, 27/3/20

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")



When your hair is attacked by scurf, dryness, over-greasiness, and begins to fall out and become brittle, thin, and weak, it needs the beneficial treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" to give new health and strength to the impoverished hair roots. Send for a free trial outfit.

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No Appliances No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials 1d. stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. S.), 24, Southwark St., S.E.



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