

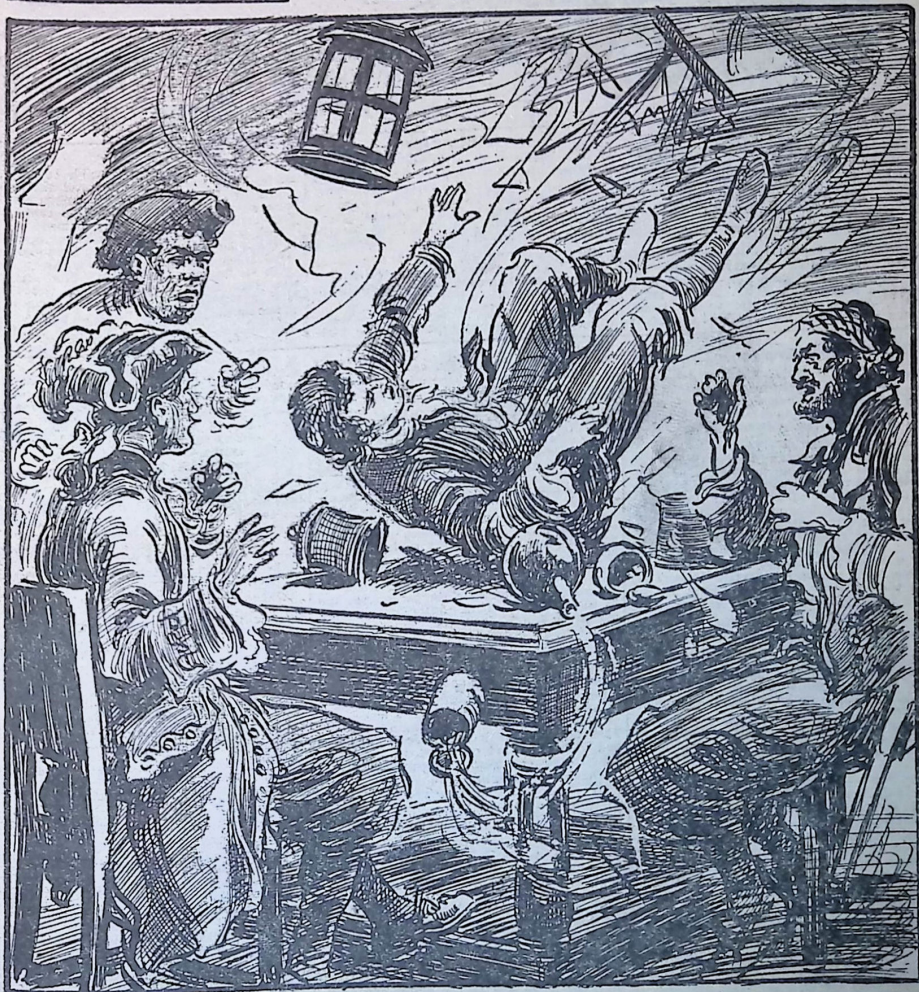
THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" IS NOW ON SALE! GET A COPY FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT AT ONCE.

No. 104.
New Series.
Week Ending
Jan. 15th,
1921.

The Popular

1d
1d

20 Pages.
TWO LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL
TALES EACH WEEK.



Unable to stop himself, Bob crashed through the skylight of the cabin full in the centre of the table, around which sat three men. (A tense moment in the Grand Serial "Outlaws of the Seas!" inside.)

THE FINEST PIRATE SERIAL EVER WRITTEN!

OUTLAWS OF THE SEAS



A STIRRING TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE AMONG THE BUCCANEERS.

By Famous MAURICE EVERARD.

INTRODUCTION.

BOB GREVILLE, and his cousin, JEFF HAWKINS, are returning to school when they are met by BLACK MICHAEL, a serving man of Bob's father, SIR JOHN GRENVILLE. Mike gives them news of the baronet's ruin, and his orders to take them back to Halland Hall, the home of the Grevilles.

During the journey to Exeter the three rescue ADELMAN CONYERS and his charming daughter from the clutches of a notorious highwayman. To show his gratitude, Conyers invites them to his home. There, after a good meal, he tells them that

he is a director of a certain big shipping company, and that he will replace the lost fortunes of the Grevilles on condition that they bring about the capture of Avery, a daring buccaneer, who has made the seas a very bad and dangerous highway for the merchants of the day.

Their journey to Bristol, and sign on as "hands" on the ship Duke, on which they encounter the buccaneer Avery in the guise of the first mate.

During the night, Avery, with a dozen chosen men, seize the captain of the Duke

and the ship. The hands, unable to resist, are made to obey the pirate; and the ship alters her course for the West African coast to a town which Avery hopes to capture. They arrive, and land a party of men.

Luck being with them, they are successful in this bold enterprise, and, with two prize ships laden with plunder, they say good-by to St. Principe. With no fixed intentions they turn South, and one night, near the Line, a strange ship is sighted drifting towards them.

(Now go on with the story.)

The Treasure Ship!

SLOWLY the Duke, which was leading, with two of her biggest guns trained on the stranger, drew in, and when about half a mile away, a red flare was kindled on the schooner's deck.

In a very little a boat was lowered, pulling very slowly towards the Duke. At first it was difficult to understand what the rowing-boat made such little progress, seeing that the slight wind was in her favour and the sea as calm as a mill-pond, but when it drew near, the watchers leaning over the deck-rail saw below them the pallid, emaciated forms who looked more like skeletons than living men. The cheeks were drawn and sunken, their eyes mere sockets in their faces, and their stained and water-worn clothes hung loosely to their fleshless frames.

So weak indeed were they that ropes had to be cast and slings made in which to haul the strangers on deck. Then one of them, addressing Avery in a weak voice, said his name was Captain Tew, and that he would have private word with the pirate in his cabin, as he had an important statement to make.

"And for the greater safety and profit to ourselves in the future," the captain went on, "it would be advisable if my statement is taken down in writing and conveyed to those it most concerns."

At this Avery smiled, realising that as yet Captain Tew had not guessed his trade as buccaneer.

"Indeed, your wishes shall be attended to," he said, turning sharply round, and catching sight of Bob. "Now, then, Greville, do you come with me and Captain Tew, and you, huson, see that t'other poor man is fed and properly cared for."

At the same time orders were issued for all the ships to lay to close to the schooner, upon the deck of which, clearly outlined in the moonlight, black shadows moved slowly about, while here and there motionless patches about the rails suggested the bodies of dead men.

Suddenly Avery paused, and fixed the captain with an inquiring glance.

"I take it, Captain Tew, Yellow Jest has

not broken out aboard yon craft?" he asked in a scared voice.

Tew shook his head, which Bob noticed was heavily streaked with grey.

"Thirst and hunger are our only enemies. More than half my poor fellows are dead. Even now"—looking back in the direction of the schooner—"a good half-score are lying prone with swollen tongues, praying for rain to fall."

Avery halted a moment, and a curious expression came into his eyes. Bob, watching him narrowly, read the fellow's mind like an open book. The buccaneer was telling himself that out of the other's misfortune possibly great profit might accrue.

"There will be no rain for many weeks, perhaps months," he said, with an air of finality. "We are in the midst of the hot season, and in the region of calms. Now, Captain Tew, let me help you down the companion, and your creature comfort shall be attended to."

"I desire nothing better than a beaker of water," murmured the stricken man, sinking down in a chair, and with his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands.

Bob poured out a draught, and at a word of command from Avery opened a locker and brought out inkhorn, paper, and a quill pen. Then Captain Tew having refreshed himself, and being somewhat recovered, he took down the following extraordinary statement.

"On the seventeenth of January last, having received a commission from the Governor of Bermuda to sail directly for the River Gambia in Africa, I was instructed there, with the advice and assistance of the agents of the Royal African Company, to attempt the taking of the French factory at Gaudie, lying upon that coast."

"You have the commission with you?" Avery asked.

Tew inclined his grey head. "That is so. You will find it in my cabin in the schooner, which is heavily armed, and was over-manned for a vessel of her type. When standing some twenty leagues off Gaudie, word came from an English sloop that the town had received reinforcements, and that several French vessels of war were lying in the bay. Instead, therefore, of proceeding with the attack, I made for the Cape of Good Hope, and doubled the Cape in the hope of falling in with a rich prize from

Madagascar. This not eventuating, I shaped course for the Straits of Babel Mandeb, and here, at the entrance to the Red Sea, came up with a large ship richly laden, bound from the Indies to Arabia. She had three hundred soldiers on board besides seamen."

Avery stated.

"And you had the hardihood to carry her?" he asked in surprise.

"Nothing less," continued Tew. "We boarded her and forced her submission at the sword's point, more than a hundred and seventy of the soldiers coming over to me. By this capture my crew cleared in prize high on three thousand pounds apiece."

The astounding admission brought Avery to his feet.

"What? Three thousand pounds apiece?" he cried, his eyes glinting avidly. "Such prize was never before taken on the high seas!"

"Indeed, it is true!" Tew said. "And there the money lies; gold coin from the East, with much silk and many jewels, in the hold of my vessel. But, unfortunately, having taken on board so great a number, in a little while our water began to run short. For many weeks we tried to make the mouth of one of the East African rivers, but at all points so numerous were the natives who lined the shore to oppose a landing—as many as ten and twelve thousand being reckoned—that we had to put out to sea again."

"But with powder and shot—" Avery began.

Tew raised his shrunken hand. "So vast was the spoil taken from the Indian, that to make room for it all, a goodly number of cannon and barrels of powder and balls were thrown into the sea. Even for the small arms little enough was left. In time a great storm sprang up, and for twelve days we drove before it, finally being carried round the Cape. This was followed by a period of calm, which found us according to reckoning high five hundred miles west of Africa, and here for weeks we have lain becalmed with scarce one mugful of water a day to every twenty men."

"It is a mercy any were left alive," Avery remarked hypocritically.

"I have lost a good many," Tew said. "More than a dozen in their agony cast

themselves into the sea, and were devoured by sharks more than fifty have succumbed to thirst, and those that remain are scarce able to walk. Of food nothing is left but a few sacks of biscuits and some salt meat which cannot be eaten because of creating a greater desire for water."

"So that altogether," suggested the buccancer, "your company is in a very bad way."

"So bad a way," admitted Tew, "that I must needs beg you to come to our aid, and offer us your protection until we fall in with English men-of-war who can take over the share of prize due to his Majesty's Government."

Upon hearing which remarkable statement Bob felt as though he must cry out and warn the privateersman that in Avery he was face to face with a notorious pirate who respected no flag save the Jolly Roger, and that neither Government privateersman, nor King of England would see much prize, once Avery got his hands on it.

Luckily, however, having learned from Mike the worth of a still tongue, Bob did nothing more than take down the captain's statement, and read each page as it was written. "Of course," said Avery, with a smile, "I am privileged, as an honest trader who, like all others, goes armed these days, to offer what little of protection I can. Your ship shall be revictualled, and water placed aboard her on one condition."

"Of course, there must be payment." "Payment there shall be. But I have my own interests to watch. On your schooner are many more men still than all my three ships together carry. It is necessary, therefore, I should take precautions, and I must insist on disarming your men, and putting some of my own crew aboard. As for the treasure, that shall be guarded and properly cared for. Now, captain, are my terms agreeable to you?"

Tew inclined his head. "I am only too happy to accept them, and on my return to the Bermudas, I shall induce the governor to recommend you for some special mark of his Majesty's favour."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Avery, with a laugh. "Orders shall be given at once for the provisioning of your ship. I will send the commander with three boatloads carrying besides food at least ten barrels of water, and ten barrels shall be supplied each day so long as we remain together, provided that the terms of our covenant are maintained."

"Your clerk has taken down the story, and I will now put my signature to it," said Tew; and, extending a shaking hand, he took the quill from Bob and wrote his name.

Avery sanded the last sheet, and put the document into his locker. Then officers were piped to quarters, deck-hands assembled, orders given, and in a very little while the rescue party was on the way to the distressed ship.

Treachery Afoot!

NEITHER Jeff Hawkins nor Black Michael had been chosen to go with the provision and water-carrying party to the Eclipse, which still rolled like a log less than a quarter of a mile away, and as soon as the boat's crew put off they turned in, and were soon sound asleep.

Bob, however, did not join them. For a long time after leaving Avery's cabin he strolled along the after-deck, occupied with strange thoughts. "An uncommonly good judge of character for his age, Bob was far from being convinced that the unscrupulous buccancer would be any more inclined to keep faith with Captain Tew than he had with the Governor of St. Principe. In that instance he had gone back on his word to seize a temporary advantage. In this case, even more might be gained by treachery, seeing that Tew himself had admitted the Eclipse carried prize which could hardly be worth less than a quarter of a million pounds.

And Bob had watched the pirate's face, and had seen there a look which could not come into the eyes of an honest man—greed, mingled with avarice and cunning. Nor was he satisfied with the supposedly generous treatment which Avery had promised to mete out to Tew and his men. His experience of the buccancer went to prove that Avery never did anything for anybody unless he saw gain in it for himself; more, he was ever ready to turn another's misfortune to his own account.

Reflecting on this, and finding that both Jeff and Mike had returned to their sleeping quarters, instead of following their example,

Bob moved quietly off in the direction of Avery's cabin. The door was closed, but through the open glass fanlight he noticed a light still burning, and, above the deep stillness of the night, broken only by the soft murmuring and surge of water under the Duke's counter, and the slight creaking of the masts as the ship dipped slowly to the almost imperceptible swell, he caught a confused mutter of lowered voices.

For a long minute he stood quite still, trying to recognise Tew's, and his heart beat a trifle faster when, above Avery's low tones, he singled out the gruff voice of the bo'sun.

And then, above the silence, he heard these words:

"'Tis the best stroke of fortune we've had since leaving Bristol Town!" This was enough for Bob. Glancing furtively about him, to make certain he was not observed, he removed his square-toed shoes which he had put on to enter the captain's cabin, and, raising himself on the floor hatch, wormed his way forward, until he lay full length on the thick glass top of the fanlight. This, propped at an incline

Colon's pockets. They don't much mind where the loot comes from, and, in this instance, Tew has made a fine haul. It follows, if each man aboard his ship drew three thousand pound apiece in prize, what's left over can't be less than a quarter million, p'raps more."

"All in coin?" asked the mate, watching Avery from under his heavy eyebrows.

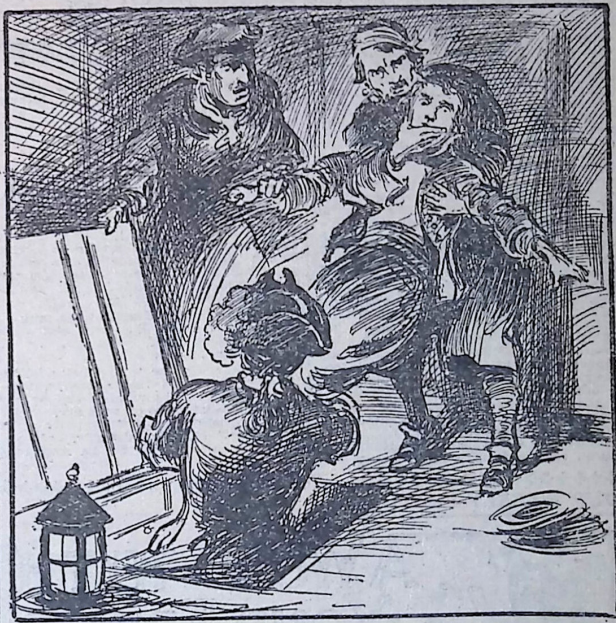
"Some coin, some ingots from India, and, according to the list I got him to give me, there's pearls from the Andamans, rough rubies from Burma, and six thousand baies of silk from Ceylon. Then there's tea, eight hundred chests, ninety ton o' spices, twenty ton of tobacco, and all sorts of other things."

"Which we badly want!" laughed Geary, thrusting his lower jaw out aggressively.

"And mean to 'ave!' chipped in the bo'sun, with equal emphasis.

"And must have!" the buccancer agreed. "The thing is—the best way to get it."

"Easy enough!" cried Geary, bringing his hairy fist down with a bang on the table. "Send a boarding-party off to the Eclipse



The mate clapped a hand over Bob's mouth and Avery caught up his feet. Then, having raised the trap-door, they dragged their captive down into the dark hold. (See page 4.)

by a brass stay, gave a full view of the interior of the cabin, and, looking cautiously over the edge, this is what Bob witnessed: Avery, the bo'sun, and the first-mate, an ugly-looking fellow named Geary, whose features were in nowise improved by a squint eye and a black bushy beard, seated at the narrow table, on which were set a black flagon and three rummers.

Said Avery, turning to squint-eye: "Tew's loss will be our gain, and, anyway, all's fair in love and war, and this is war for us, my boys—war agen all the King's men!"

"You take it, then," replied Geary, in his gruff tones, while his dirty finger-nails toyed with his shaggy beard, "that this captain 'Tew' is what I know as honest Injun?"

"I do," replied Avery, sticking his long-stemmed pipe into his thick lips, from which he blew out puffs of thick, pungent smoke, which, rising through the open fanlight, got into Bob's nostrils, and filled him with an insensate desire to sneeze. "He's a privateersman nothin' more, subsidised by the Government, and sent out by the Government of Bermuda to replenish the

to put the whole lot to the sword, and all the stuff becomes ours!"

But Avery was more cautious. "You forget, my good Jake, our greatest need is men. Already we've got three vessels, all seriously undermanned. Nowadays, he who goes a-pirating to do any good at the business must command a fleet. Single vessels, with so many King's ships about, are no use. But ships mean men, and it's men we must have!"

"Then why not take the goods first, and the men afterwards?" suggested the mate.

"Because," responded Avery, pointing at him with the stem of his pipe, "every man aboard the Eclipse will not only stick to his own share of the prize, but look for a bonus when the rest is turned over to the Government. We can't kill 'em, 'cos later on they'll be useful; and we can't take the stuff away under their noses, or at the first port some would desert, and blow us. What we can do, though, is to get hold of the cargo by stealth—make ourselves masters of the Eclipse without their being aware of it."

"Somnias easy enough, captain, but how's it to be done?" asked Geary.

"Listen!" Avery's voice dropped almost to a whisper, so that it was as much as the watching boy could do to catch all he said. "To-morrow, a few picked ones like you two, the armourer and the quartermaster, and about a dozen hands we know we can trust, will put off to the Eclipse, and take up our quarters there—just to get the vessel ship-shape!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Geary, throwing back his head so that Bob could see the muscles working in his bull throat. "And a nice ship-shape it'll be by the time we've finished with it!"

"Then," the pirate continued, "we'll send a score of the Eclipse's men over to one or other of our own vessels for a change of surroundings. And each day we'll carry on the same game, drafting Tew's men to our boats, and putting our picked fellows on his. Tew's men will be sent away unarmed, and we'll carry full fighting-kilns in that way by the end of the week the Eclipse will be master of our little fleet."

"Splendid—splendid!" growled the mate, tossing off a third glass of rum.

"Next, I'll issue a manifesto," Avery went on, "to the effect that I am now in command, and any man who wants to sign on under me can do so. Tew will be put quietly out of the way—popped overboard one dark night to make a meal for the sharks! Those who put down their names will be allowed to keep their share of prize, and to stand on all other gains the same as our own men. Once having got their signatures in black and white they're pirates, like the rest of us, and the only place they can look for justice is in Execution Dock."

"I'll take another full of perique on the strength on!" cried Geary, stuffing a wad of leaf into the bowl of his pipe, an example which the mate quickly followed.

For Bob the result was disastrous. Already with his face blackened by the smoke from the hanging-lamp, his throat as dry as a piece of board from the fumes of the crude oil, and the rank tobacco almost choking him, he gave one convulsive shudder, clung tight to the frail handhold, and then burst out with the most terrific sneeze. The effect to keep it under control proved the greatest source of danger, for so violent was the explosion that his hands slipped from the rail, he slithered down the faintlight, and, rolling over in a desperate endeavour to save himself, the glass broke and him, and a mass of whirling legs and arms, he crashed down full on the table.

Tobacco-jar and rummer were splintered to atoms, and the lamp swung perilously, only

just missing Avery's head. Dazed by the coil more his wrists were gripped, and the point of a sheath-knife, held by Geary, pricked his throat.

"An eavesdropper, by thunder!" growled Avery, black of look.

Geary's hand fastened on the boy's wind-pipe.

"He'll blow the game, for sure! What's to be done?"

"Put him out!" snarled the mate. "He holds valuable information."

With a quick move forward, the buccaneer dragged Bob from the table, and yanked him to his feet. Then he pressed the muzzle of a pistol to Bob's black face.

"You've heard something not meant for you!" Avery snarled, baring his teeth.

"You're a treacherous hound!" Bob flung back defiantly. "Let me go, or it'll be the worse for you!"

Avery rapped out an oath, and backed a pace, still, however, keeping his weapon levelled.

"I've shot men dead for less than that, admiring the youngster's courage." Now then, out with it—what have you heard?"

Bob thought a moment.

"Can't a fellow take a look into the captain's cabin without being put to death?"

"At this the pirate laughed.

"Some can, some can't! But there's nothing here you wished to see, because you've spent a good hour here already with me and Captain Tew. Now then, for the last time, how much did you overhear?"

Bob shook his head.

"I'm not going to say! It's for you to find out!" he muttered doggedly.

"Then that settles it!" Geary chipped in. "The sooner we put his light out the better!"

Avery looked steadily at the other.

"I don't mind doing it, but the nuisance is we should make trouble with that hulking Cornish giant. Unfortunately, he's got a lot of influence with the crew, and him and this youngster are friends. To act precipitately might spoil everything."

"The sharks are hungry! I've seen a school nursing round the stern this week past!" Geary suggested, with a leer.

Avery turned to the boy.

"You hear what he says? Sharks following the ship! And they're hungry, too—mighty hungry! I'll give you a choice—keep your mouth shut, or go over the side. Which is it to be—Chinese or English?"

"Neither!" said Bob defiantly. "If you make way with me there'll be mutiny on this ship!"

Avery's lips drew back in an evil smile. "Oh, mutiny, will there? And who'll lead it?"

"Black Mike!" was the swift retort. "He's got more power with the men, anyway!"

A yell escaped the buccaneer. He strode forward, and, with the back of his hand, struck Bob such a blow across the mouth that he reeled into the mate's arms.

"What!" he yelled. "You dare to threaten your captain? Very well; this is a case of insubordination, and the penalty is to walk the plank!"

"You've got to try me before a full assembly of the men!" replied Bob, who knew the constitution by heart.

Avery exchanged glances with his companions. They knew as he did that the men had laws of their own, to which every-body had subscribed, and that no secret trials or punishments were permitted. The buccaneers, as a class, were extremely lenient to the privileged, and the slightest infringement invariably brought trouble. And at this stage, all things considered, Avery was not in a position to risk trouble.

He looked at Geary.

"It's dangerous to let him go, and dangerous to kill. I suggest a few days in the 'box-hole,' without food or light or water, and a score or so of rats nibbling his toes will bring him to reason!"

"Done!" said Geary, lifting the boy in his immense arms. "Now then, captain, up with the floorboards, and down he goes!"

Bob's effort to send out a sharp cry for help was stifled by the mate, who clapped a hand over his mouth, and with Avery holding his feet, Geary, having raised a small trap, went down the ladder, dragging the captive after him. Avery followed, and between them they carried him along a dark, noisome passage built between the wall of the hold and the side of the ship.

A journey of twenty or thirty yards brought them to a stout oak door, which Avery drew back.

"Throw him in! He can shout there till he's blue in the face, and no one will hear him!" he said.

Geary pushed his prisoner into the evil-smelling darkness, and Bob stumbled forward on hands and knees. By the time he had picked himself up the heavy door was slammed, and he heard the wooden bar being thrust into its socket. Then the noise of the pirate's footsteps died away, and he was left alone to the bitterness of his own thoughts. (Some thrilling incidents in next week's instalment.)

OUR WEEKLY FEATURE!



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

Our next week's story of Harry Wharton & Co. deals with the further adventures of Bulstrode minor and the early days at Greyfriars. The story is entitled:

"THE TRAGEDY AT GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards, and records a calamitous affair which occurs at the famous school. Bulstrode minor, despite all entreaties of his brother and chums, insists upon following in the footsteps of Herbert Vernon-Smith, who was at that time the blackest of black sheep. His obstinacy has to be paid for, very, very dearly, and the story of

"THE TRAGEDY AT GREYFRIARS!"

is perhaps the most pathetic ever written by Mr. Frank Richards. The reader will undoubtedly feel the greatest sympathy towards the Bulstrodes, but at the same time will doubtless think that everything ended for the best.

THE POPULAR.—No. 104.

There will be another grand complete school story, entitled:

"ROLLING IN MONEY!"

By Owen Conquest,

and is, of course, about the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood.

I have had many letters from readers of the "Popular" who say that they have a great liking for the Fistical Four of Rookwood, and want longer stories. I am sorry I cannot at present oblige them in this paper, but I would point out that Mr. Owen Conquest's fine stories of Jimmy Silver in the "Boys' Friend" every week are much longer than they are here. Followers of Jimmy Silver & Co. can therefore have their desires satisfied by getting both papers.

A MAGNIFICENT VOLUME.

What is admitted to be the finest volume of stories, articles, and other matters of

interest to boys and girls is the "Holiday Annual." Quite a lot of my chums are waking up to this fact now, and are writing to me to get them copies of this famous annual.

Will H. T. K., of Manchester, B. W., of Preston, and all other readers who have written to me, please note that copies of the "Holiday Annual" can still be obtained through their newsgastors? If you have any difficulty whatever in obtaining a copy, please write to me again, and I will do my utmost to obtain a copy for you.

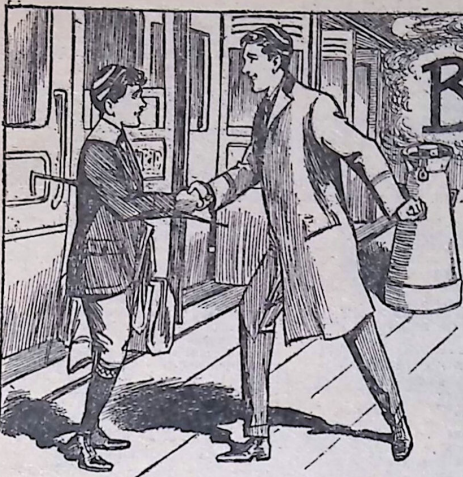
A REQUEST.

Will readers of the "Popular" who read the supplement in the "Magnet Library" entitled "Billy Bunter's Weekly," drop me a postcard and tell me if they like it? I want to know just how much my chums like Billy Bunter's "stuff" for I have an idea at the back of my head which I am seriously thinking of working up.

A postcard will do, and I shall have much pleasure in acknowledging every one received.

The "Magnet Library" still has a grand supplement, boys and girls—the "Greyfriars Herald," edited by Harry Wharton and his chums at Greyfriars. Get a copy to-day.

Your Editor



Bulstrode Minor

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co's. Early Days at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Bulstrode Does Not Rejoice!

BULSTRODE of the Remove came down the passage with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, and his brows knitted together in a moody frown. Fags of the Second or Third Form who saw Bulstrode coming judiciously scattered out of his way. Bulstrode did not look in a good temper; and when Bulstrode was in a bad temper it was generally bad for small boys who got in his way. Bulstrode, it is true, had of late shown much improvement; but his reputation as a bully still clung to him, and was likely to cling. Reputations of that sort are not easily lived down.

There was certainly something amiss with Bulstrode. His knitted brows told of unpleasant thoughts.

He did not stop at his own study, but went on to No. 2, and knocked at the door.

"Come in, fathead!" sang out the cheery voice of Nugent major—Frank Nugent, of the Remove—the elder brother of Dicky.

Bulstrode opened the door. There were two juniors in the study, Harry Wharton, formerly captain of the Remove—the position now held by Bulstrode—and Frank Nugent. Both of them were busy with their preparation.

Bulstrode looked at them.

"I propose you haven't any time to spare, Wharton?" he remarked.

Harry swung his chair round from the table.

"Certainly!" he said "Anything up?"

"Yes!" Bulstrode's expression was so gloomy and troubled that Frank Nugent also turned away from his work, and fixed his eyes curiously upon the bully of the Remove.

"Row with the Upper Fourth—"

"No, no!"

"Well, what is it, then?" said Harry Wharton, in wonder. "Can I help you?"

"Yes—perhaps."

"Go ahead, then!"

Bulstrode hesitated.

Wharton and Nugent rose from their chairs. They could see that the captain of the Remove was deeply troubled in some way; but, for the life of them, they could not guess the cause. Lately, true, Bulstrode had been on bad terms with his people, owing to a misunderstanding while Mr. Bulstrode was visiting the school; but that had all been cleared up perfectly satisfactorily.

The way of a Form-captain was set with thorns, certainly; and Bulstrode was far from being a perfect character. Many of the Remove wanted Harry Wharton to be Form-captain again, and, although Wharton had steadily refused to be nominated, Bulstrode's position was a little uncertain. But it could not be only that which brought such a deep frown of concern to the face of the burly Remove.

He had evidently come to Harry Wharton's

study for counsel, but now he was there his tongue seemed tied.

The chums of the Remove waited for him to speak, but no words came. He shifted from one leg to another, and turned very red.

Nugent looked out of the window.

"Well!" said Wharton, at last.

"I'm in a rotten position!" said Bulstrode, with an effort.

"With the Form, do you mean?"

Bulstrode made a scornful gesture.

"Oh, no! A lot of them are yapping at me, just as they used to yap at you, and jawing about electing a new captain. I don't care if they do. It's not that!"

"No more trouble with your people, I hope."

"Not exactly!"

"Then what is it?"

Nugent did not reply.

Nugent looked round from the window.

"Shall I get out of the room?" he asked.

"I don't mind in the least, if it's anything private."

Bulstrode shook his head.

"No—it's not that!"

"Sure? I don't mind in the least!"

"It's all right!"

"Very well!"

Frank drummed on the window-pane.

Harry Wharton glanced at his books, but waited politely. He could not quite understand Bulstrode.

"Well, you see—" began Bulstrode at last.

"Yes?"

"I—I—I've got a brother—"

Frank Nugent laughed.

"So have I," he said. "So have lots of chaps. There's nothing particularly peculiar in that. Fellows have had brothers before, and no harm done."

"He's coming to Greyfriars!"

"Well, mine has come—and a troublesome little beggar he is!" said Nugent.

Frank Nugent's expression was still gloomy.

"My minor is different from yours," he said, with a sigh. "I—I—well, Herbert isn't in the usual run of kids! He—" Bulstrode paused.

"Go on!" said Harry.

"I don't know that I've got any right to jaw to you about it," said Bulstrode ruefully. "We've never been chums—in fact, very seldom on good terms. But—"

"That's all right, if I can help you in any way!"

"I don't know whether you can advise me. The fact is—" Bulstrode paused again, and then went on with an effort: "The fact is, I don't see things in quite the same light now that I used to, and—and—well, Herbert is still the same old Herbert. We used to be alike as two peas, but—but I think there will be a rift now."

Wharton nodded. He understood at last. Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove, was on a person. Bulstrode, the Form-captain—the fellow who was trying to do his duty—

was quite another. And Bulstrode minor was a replica of the former of the two—that was clear.

"I've had a letter from Herbert," said Bulstrode. "He's coming to-day—he'll be here this evening. And—and here's his letter!"

Bulstrode handed a letter to Wharton. "Do you want me to read this?" asked Harry.

"Please do!"

And Bulstrode stood with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and a frowning wrinkle on his brow, while Harry Wharton read the letter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER Nice Boy!

HARRY WHARTON'S brows wrinkled over the letter from Herbert.

Bulstrode, till he was frowning almost as much as Bulstrode major himself. Nugent glanced at him curiously.

"Read it out," said Bulstrode, noticing Frank's glance.

Wharton nodded, and read out the letter.

"Dear George" (it ran),—"I'm coming to Greyfriars at last! I believe the governor mentioned it to you when he was down there for the footer-match last week.

"I'm glad I'm coming. I've been anxious to come ever since what you told me about your life there in the last vac. It's sickening at home—the mater always complaining about something, and the governor going for a fellow baldheaded if he finds him with a cigar, or even a cigarette!"

"I dare say you will be able to teach me lots of things, but I think I can teach you some. I can beat Nobby Jim at billiards now—I ran out ten ahead of him at a hundred-up yesterday. I am going to bring a good supply of smokes to the school with me in my box, as you mentioned that it was difficult to get them into the place. I shall have some cards in my box, too, and if there are some lively chaps in the Remove we may be able to get up a game in the dorm. of a night. There might be some tin to be picked up that way, if some of your fellows are flush. I hope you are still on good terms with Vernon-Smith, the millionaire's son you told me about. A chap might make a good income out of a fellow like that.

"I'm looking forward to having a high old time at Greyfriars. It will be ripping to get away from home and all this watching and complaining and grumbling! I'm jolly well going to have my fling. I can tell you!"

"See you to-night!—BERTIE."

Harry Wharton handed the letter back to Bulstrode.

He did not say anything. He did not feel equal to saying anything. Such a letter from a fag was enough to take his breath away.

Certainly there were some reckless fellows at Greyfriars. Vernon-Smith, the "Bouncer," as he was called, was an ardent blackguard. In the Sixth there were black sheep, like Loder and Carne and Tonides. But in the lowest forms—the Second and the Third—there certainly was no youth like Bulstrode minor. The utter recklessness and want of principle in the letter shocked Wharton, though he was not easily shocked.

"Bulstrode gave him a miserable grin. 'I'll tell you what I think of it,' he said. 'Of course, it is in confidence. But what do you think of it?'"

"Blest if I know what to think of it!" said Harry slowly. "It's a bit rotten! How old is the kid?"

"Same age as Nugent's young brother."

"Then he'll go into the Second."

"He talks as if he were the worst old bouncer in the Sixth," said Frank Nugent. "My young brother is a bit of a cough-drop, but I've never known him to play cards, and he doesn't smoke. This chap of yours seems to be a regular blighter."

"He's had a good consolation of course," said Harry. "That's one reason why my father is going to send him to Greyfriars—to get him away from them. Unfortunately, I—I've not set him much of a good example. You fellows say I've changed a lot lately; well, I can see I've changed since last vac, when I used to loathe Bertie about Greyfriars. I—I'm afraid I used to talk something in that strain myself; and as I'm captain of the Remove, and a big chap, he expects me to back him up and see him through. Only I can't back him up in this sort of thing."

"I should rather say not!" Wharton exclaimed. "In the pause that ensued, a sneaky voice was audible at the door. Bulstrode had left it open behind him when he entered."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Bulstrode swung round with an angry exclamation. Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, was blinking into the study through his big spectacles.

"You young rotter!" shouted Bulstrode furiously. "You're been listening—"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

"You heard Wharton read the letter?"

"No, no, no!" roared Bunter, eyeing Bulstrode nervously, as the burly Removite clenched his hands. "I never heard a word! Besides, why shouldn't the chap smoke and have a little game in the dorm, if he likes? I'm sure I don't want to interfere with him."

Bulstrode snapped his teeth. It was clear that Bunter had been outside the door all the time the letter was being read aloud.

"You fat cad!" muttered Bulstrode savagely.

"I—I say, you fellows, I didn't hear a word, you know, honest Injun! I won't tell anybody about Bulstrode minor having smokes in his box, either."

"Oh, shut up, you stupid owl!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really! I—I looked in here to—"

"To spy!" said Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton! Certainly not! I hope I should scorn to do so. I—I wanted to see Bulstrode, really. You see, I'm expecting a postal-order this evening, and as I know Bulstrode is in funds, I thought he might lend me something."

"Lend him a thick ear, Bulstrode," said Nugent.

Bulstrode did not need telling. He was already grasping at the fat junior. Bunter dodged into the doorway.

"Owl!" he roared. "You! Leggo! Yah!"

Bulstrode grasped him—

"Now, you fat sweep—"

"Yaroooh! I—I—I'll tell Wingate about the smokes! I—I—I never heard a word. Oh, really! Owl! I say, if you make my glasses fall off, then they may get broken—owl—and then you'll have to pay for them! You! Yaroooh!"

And with that last exclamation Billy Bunter went shooting through the doorway into the passage, with Bulstrode's heavy boot behind him.

Bill!

The fat junior bumped on the opposite wall, and rolled on the floor. He sat up, and roared.

"Ow, owl! Heep!"

Bulstrode stepped out of the study. His foot was drawn back for another kick, but the Owl of the Remove did not wait for it. With surprising agility, considering his weight, Billy Bunter leaped up, and bounded away down the passage.

THE POPULAR.—No 104

Bulstrode delivered the kick, but his boot swept only the empty air.

Bunter was gone!

"The fat cad!" muttered Bulstrode, as he reentered, and coloured—"I suppose he heard all that was in the letter. No, that it makes much difference, as all the fellows will soon know what kind of chap Bertie is."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"This is rotten for you, Bulstrode," he said. "Yes, you're right; only—Bulstrode paused and coloured—"I'm not really thinking only of myself," he went on. "What's to become of Herbert? He's expecting to have a high old time, as he calls it, here, but I can't let him. I shall have to stop him, and—"

"He'll come to see it in the proper light."

Bulstrode shook his head.

"He jolly well won't!" he replied, with conviction. "If I try to change him, he'll hate me, that's all. I know him!"

"Nice boy!" murmured Frank.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"And we'll help all we can," he said.

The two thumbs of the Remove fell to their prep again.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bulstrode Minor!

"THIS Friarale?"

A youthful, discontented face was put out of the carriage window, as the train stopped by the long wooden platform in Friarale Station. A sleepy porter looked up, only half awake, and nodded slowly.

"Yes, zur; this is Friarale!"

Herbert Bulstrode opened the door of the carriage, and stepped out. He had a bag in his hand, a coat over his arm, and an umbrella under it.

"Look after my box," he said.

"Yes, zur."

A box was bumped out on the platform, and the train rolled on. Bulstrode minor looked up and down the half-lighted station. Night had fallen upon Friarale, and Friarale railway station was never well lighted.

Bulstrode minor grunted in a dissatisfied way. He did not look as if he was ever quite satisfied. He was sturdy enough so far as build went, but it was pretty clear from his looks that his way of life had not been a healthy one.

His complexion was pale and sickly, and he walked with a stoop of the shoulders, and there was a general air of fatigue about him at the slightest exertion, which told that he was hopelessly out of condition.

Brown stains on his finger-nails told of the use of tobacco, and that gave away the secret of his weakness, his palpitating breath, and his sickly complexion.

Bulstrode minor was what he himself termed a "goer."

His "goer" seemed chiefly to consist in making a fool of himself in as many ways as possible—any way being good enough, so long as it was reckless and unparliamentary.

Herbert Bulstrode grunted, and grunted again.

"I don't see why George couldn't have come to meet me!" he growled.

"Hallo, Bertie!"

Bulstrode of the Remove came running up the platform.

Herbert's face cleared, and he shook hands with his brother, as the latter stopped, panting.

"I was a bit late," Bulstrode explained, "I had to run. You've only just got in, haven't you?"

"Good! Nowt a minute," said Herbert.

"Good! I should that box on the back, porter, will you? And you can take this coat and umbrella and bag."

"I don't know about the bag," said Herbert; "it's got some things in—"

Herbert's face clouded.

"What things?" he asked shortly.

"Smokes, and other things."

"Well, it will be safe enough with the porter."

"Oh, all serene!"

Bulstrode minor yielded his possessions to the porter, and they were piled on a trolley. The trolley creaked away down the platform.

Bulstrode linked his arm in his brother's, and led him towards the station exit.

As they walked side by side, it could be seen that there was a great resemblance between the brothers, but the contrast between Bulstrode's healthy, ruddy face and the sickly countenance of his young brother was startling.

Yet there was no real ill-health in Herbert's looks; it was simply that he was utterly out of condition.

"Feel all right after your journey?" asked Bulstrode.

Herbert grunted.

"Oh, yes, as well as I can expect."

"It won't take us long to get to the school."

Another grunt.

"I don't know that I'm in a hurry to get to the school!" said Herbert. "I suppose you've got a pass out of gates to come and meet me?"

"Yes."

"Then you can stay out a bit longer, if you like?" suggested Herbert. "You're not bound to go straight back to the school, I suppose?"

Bulstrode hesitated.

"Well, I suppose not," he said.

"Then we won't go light in."

"But," Bulstrode began.

"Look here, if your pass will allow you to stay out for a bit, let's stay out," said Herbert. "The things can be sent on to the school, and we can walk afterwards—after you have shown me round the town a bit."

Bulstrode looked at the approval of the Head of Greyfriars, if he had known. A few weeks before, perhaps, he would have assented cheerfully enough to his brother's proposition, and they would have gone "round the town" in a way that would have been very far from meeting with the approval of the Head of Greyfriars, if he had known.

But things were different now.

Only a few weeks had made a great change in George Bulstrode. The better side of his nature was uppermost—he was honestly striving to do his best, and to put the unpleasant past behind him.

It seemed as if Herbert had come to Greyfriars now to drag him back into the old ways—into his old habits when he was the associate of Vernon-Smith, the Bouncer of Greyfriars, and the other black sheep of the Lower School.

Herbert looked at him sharply.

"Well!" he said. "Don't you like the idea?"

"I think we ought to go straight up to the school," said Bulstrode slowly.

"Why?"

"The pass was given me by Wingate to come down to the station and meet you."

Bulstrode explained. "If I stay out it will be rather taking an advantage of Wingate, don't you think?"

Herbert grunted.

"I dare say it will. What does it matter?"

"Well, it really amounts to this—that he's trusting me, and I shall be taking him in."

Herbert gave him another sharp look. There was clearly something about his major that puzzled him.

"I suppose you're not ill, George?" he asked.

"Ill? No!"

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"You're not like yourself. You told me last vac what jolly times I should have if I came to Greyfriars—yarns about little parties on the island, with card games and smokes, and so on. Now—"

Bulstrode flushed.

"I dare say I talked a lot of rot," he said. "I'm sorry for it."

"Then you were only swanking—there was nothing in it?"

"I wasn't swanking, but—"

"But what?" exclaimed Herbert, sharply and irritably.

"But things have changed a bit since then, Bertie. After all, it's a mug's game. What's the good of ruining one's health by smoking and keeping late hours, to say nothing of the risk of being expelled from the school?"

Herbert sneered.

"Hang the risk! Are you turning preacher, then?"

"No. I'm not," said Bulstrode, flushing.

"I—I've thought better of some things, that's all."

Herbert gave a scoffing laugh.

"If you mean that, we may as well get to the school," he said.

"Very well."

And the brothers walked to Greyfriars. They did not exchange another word the whole of the way.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

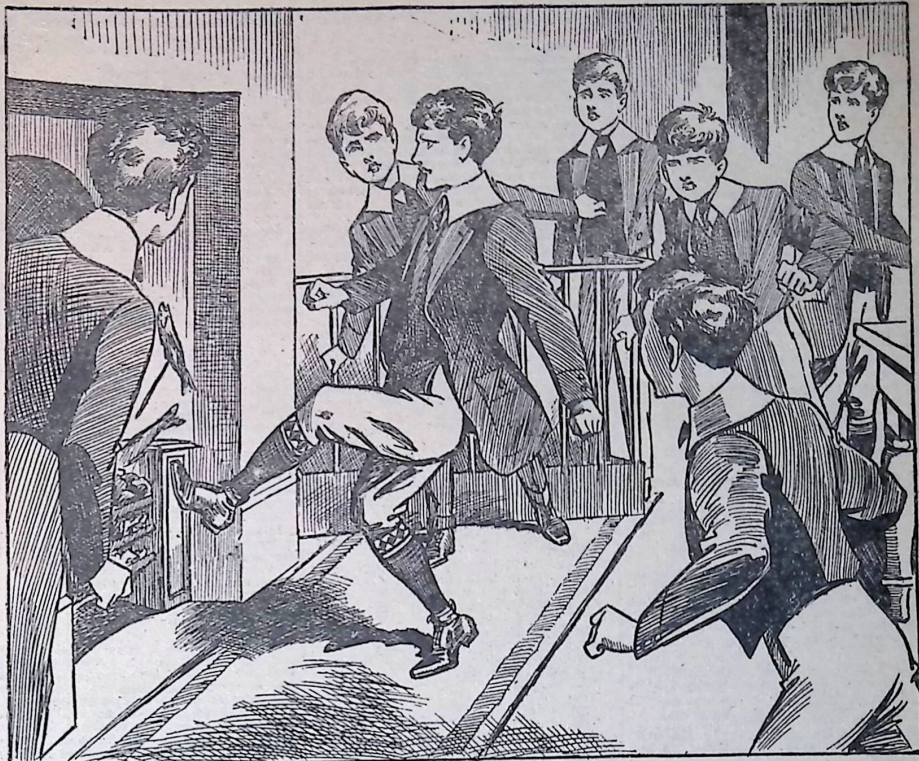
The New Boy in the School!

"YOUR minor come, Bulstrode?"

Harry Wharton asked the question as he met Bulstrode in the Remove passage.

Bulstrode nodded.

"Yes," he said.



Herbert's eyes gleamed. He stepped forward, and kicked the herrings and the pens they were impaled upon into the fire. There was a yell from the rest of the fags. "You utter worm!" "I told you I would!" Bulstrode minor cried. (See chapter 5.)

"Where is he?"
 "Oh, he's with Mr. Pyle now!"
 "The Second Form-master? He's going into the Second?"

"Yes."
 "Then he'll have the inestimable pleasure of making the acquaintance of my young brother," said Frank Nugent, laughing.

"Bulstrode's brow was gloomy.
 "He won't do your young brother any good," he said.

"Nugent made a grimace.
 "Thanks for the warning. But—"
 "He's a reckless young blighter," said Bulstrode. "I've got to stand by him, I suppose, because he's my brother. But—"

"But otherwise—"
 "Otherwise, I'd wring his neck!"
 And Bulstrode walked away glumly. Wharton and Nugent exchanged glances, and Frank smiled a little.

"It's a bit rough on Bulstrode, when he's turning over a new leaf," Frank remarked.
 "His young brother, I suppose, is his old self come back again."

Harry Wharton nodded.
 "It looks like it," he said.
 "Oh, I dare say he'll get licked into shape in time!" said Bob Cherry. "Let's have a look at the kid, and see what we can make of him."

"That's a good idea! I'd like to help Bulstrode, if I can," said Harry.
 And the chums of the Remove were in the passage outside Mr. Pyle's study when the new junior came out.

Bulstrode minor looked up and down the passage discontentedly. Apparently his interview with the Second Form-master had not been wholly satisfactory. He did not, of course, know Harry Wharton & Co, by sight; but they knew him at once by his resemblance to Bulstrode, and by the fact that he was a new fellow.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Herbert looked at them.
 "Hallo!" he said. "Can you tell me where the Second Form-room is?"

"Yes, rather! Come this way," said Harry Wharton. "You're Bulstrode minor, I suppose?"

"I suppose I am," grunted Herbert.
 "We're Form-fellows of Bulstrode's. All in the Remove—the Lower Fourth, you know," Harry Wharton explained. "We're glad to see you."

"Are you?" said Herbert, looking at them suspiciously. "Are you old friends of my major's?"

"Well, yes, in a way."
 "I mean, are you friends he's made since he started this goody-goody bizney?" said Bulstrode minor.

"Nice boy!" murmured Bob Cherry.
 "Ahem! We—we hadn't noticed the goody-goody bizney," said Nugent. "Bulstrode is a decent chap."

Bulstrode minor snorted.
 "I came here expecting to have a good time," he said. "I seem to be going to have nothing but preaching. I suppose they serve out tracts after brekker every morning?"

Harry Wharton laughed.
 "It's not quite so bad as that," he said. "But we expect a chap to be decent. Come along, and I'll show you the Second Form-room. Nugent's got a brother there, and he'll introduce you."

"Oh, all right!"

The reply was not gracious, but the chums of the Remove affected not to notice that. They felt a sincere desire to back Bulstrode up, and help him in the difficult problem of his young brother.

Herbert followed them to the Second Form-room. There was a peculiar smell proceeding from that room—a smell in which

cooking herrings and burning toffee were tastefully mingled.

Bulstrode minor sniffed emphatically. "Anything wrong with the drains here?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! No. The Second Form are having supper, that's all."

"Oh!"

Nugent flung open the door of the Form-room. Although the Second and Third Forms had the right to use the junior Common-room, they generally preferred their own Form-rooms, which they were allowed to use as they liked after lessons, excepting for the hour and a half devoted to evening preparation in the presence of their Form-master.

Frop was over now, and the Second were froo till bed-time, and they were enjoying their leisure in the way of fags.

Nugent minor was cooking herrings, impaled upon pens, at the Form-room fire—and there was a big fire. Gas-cookers were not provided in the Form-room, as Gatty had humorously remarked. So what was a fellow to do?

Gatty was occupied at the same fire, making toffee in a frying-pan. The frying-pan had been very imperfectly cleaned after its last using—and it had last been used for frying blotters. This gave a very peculiar smell to the toffee, and probably imparted a peculiar flavour to it. Gatty was burning his toffee, too—a fact which he imputed loudly to Nugent minor's occupying too much room at the fire.

"Can't you keep those rotten herrings off a bit?" growled Gatty. "The smell of them will get into the toffee."

"They're not rotten," said Nugent minor indignantly. "I gave a penny for four—it was a bargain—off a hawker in the lane."

Gatty sniffed.

"Well, give a chap more room, then."
"Oh, rats! You won't be able to eat that toffee; you may as well throw it away at once."

"This toffee is jolly good—"
"More like a burnt brick than toffee, when you've finished, I think," said Nugent minor. "I recommend you to chuck it out of the window at once."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Is that a new disinfectant you fags are trying here?"

"Ha, ha, ha," said Gatty and Dicky Nugent at once suspended their own little dispute, to turn upon the Removites who had ventured into the domain sacred to the Second Form.

"What do you want?" snapped Gatty.

"Get out!" said Nugent minor.
"It's all right!" said Harry Wharton, with a smile. "We've brought you a new recruit. This is the Second Form-room, Bulstrode minor, and this is the Second Form." The fags gathered round Bulstrode minor and looked at him.

Herbert was not troubled with shyness or diffidence. He returned the stares of the fags with a stare and a sniff.

"You can keep him," said Dicky Nugent.

"Hurry him if you like," said Myers.
"Oh, this is the Second Form-room, is it?" said Bulstrode minor. "Where's my study?"

"Your what?" demanded the three Removites, with one voice.
"My study! My major has a study, I believe?"

"My dear kid, fags in the Second don't have studies," said Harry Wharton kindly enough. "You do your prep here, under old Pyle's eagle eye, and you have a locker to keep your prep in."
"Oh, I see! It's rather rotten, not having a study."

"Better speak to the Head about it," Bob Cherry suggested. "He may turn out of his own study and let you have that when he knows what an important chap you are."

"Oh, rats!" said Herbert.
"Look here, you cheeky young hound, if you say 'rats' to me—" began Bob Cherry, growing red in the face.

"Rats!" said Herbert.

Bob made a step towards him.
"Harry Wharton caught him by the wrist and jerked him away. Bob turned on him wrathfully.

"What the—"

"Cheese it, Bob! Don't do for him."

"But the cheeky young—"

"Never mind, let him alone."

"He ought to have a lesson—"

"I dare say he'll get one in time."

Bob Cherry burst into a laugh. His anger never lasted long.

"Oh, all serene!" he exclaimed. "Let's buzz off! I don't think I could stand this smell much longer, anyway."

And the chums of the Remove quitted the room, leaving the new fag alone with the Second Form.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Licked.

THE Second-Formers had gathered curiously round Bulstrode minor. They wanted to look at the new boy, and to know all about him. That was only natural. Their looks were not very favourable to the new boy. Bulstrode minor had a dogged, offensive air that did not propitiate people in his favour, and there was a prejudice against him even before he spoke. Bulstrode major had often made things rough for the Second-Formers; and they were not inclined to like his minor. Indeed, many of them thought it an excellent idea to take it out of Bulstrode minor for the faults of Bulstrode major—which was very just, but probably very human.

And Herbert's manner was not the manner to disarm dislike. He looked up and down round the Form-room, with a sniffing, discontented air.

"Perhaps you don't like the place?" Myers suggested, with a dangerous look in his eyes.

"That I jolly well don't!" said Herbert.

"I want a study to myself."

"Cheeky cad!"

"I don't see why I should be penned up here in a crowd with you kids," said the new junior sulkily.

THE POPULAR.—No. 104.

"My hat!"

"The cheek!"

"The cad!"

"Listen to him!"

"I suppose I've got to put up with it!"

"I suppose it can't be helped, as I'm here!"

Said Herbert sulkily.

The fags looked at one another with gleaming eyes.

Now boys had all sorts of manners and customs, true, and many sorts of new boys had arrived at Greyfriars since that ancient foundation had a local habitation and a name. But surely no new boy had ever had the temerity to venture among a crowd of fags, already hostile, and express his opinions in that way before?

And the curious part of it was that Herbert Bulstrode seemed to have no idea that he was in danger of "getting it in the neck," as Myers put it.

He sniffed round him like a discontented dog, blind to the fact that the fags were already almost at boiling-point.

"Is there anything we can do to make things nicer for you?" asked Dicky Nugent, adopting a manner of heavy sarcasm which was completely lost upon the new junior.

"Yes—throw those beastly herrings out of the window!"

Nugent minor jumped.

"What?" he roared.

"You're making the place smell sickening!"

"W-w-what?"

"Well, he's quite right," said Gatty, with a grin. "But the cheek—"

"You're better with that beastly toffee!" said Herbert. "Chuck it away!"

"Eh?" roared Gatty.

"Bliss if I can stand the smell of it!"

Said Herbert. "Look here, chuck it away!"

"What?"

"You're not, I'll jolly soon chuck it away for you!" said Herbert.

Gatty looked at him dazedly.

"I suppose I'm dreaming!" he said at last.

"He's a chip of the old block," said Nugent minor, with a grin. "It's his good

having Bulstrode in the Second—Bulstrode in his palmy days, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The cad!"

"The rotter!"

"The worm!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Herbert Bulstrode.

"Shut up, for goodness' sake! Look here, you can throw these rotten herrings away, or take them out of the room!"

Nugent minor gasped.

"I suppose I'm dreaming, too!" he said.

"Are you going to do it?"

"Eh?"

"I tell you I can't stand the smell of them!" said Herbert irritably.

"You're not, I'll jolly soon chuck it away for you!" said Herbert.

Nugent minor looked at him.

"No," he said, very quietly. "I'm not going to throw them away, or take them away. I'm going to cook them!"

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I am!"

"Oh, he's mad!" said Myers. "He must be fairly off his rocky rockers!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Frog-march him!"

"Frog-march, him!"

"Squash him!"

The voices of the angry fags rose to a roar, and there was a general movement towards Bulstrode minor.

"He's cleared round at them savagely."

"You'd better keep your paws off me!" he exclaimed.

"Hold on!" said Nugent minor, very blandly. Dicky was always very bland when he was very dangerous.

"Hold on!" he said, going on to cook these giddy warriors. Let him!"

The fags drew back.

Although the Second Form did not formally elect a Form-captain, like the higher Forms, they generally had a leader, and Nugent minor was the acknowledged leader of the Form at this time.

The fags were quite content to leave the chastisement of the insolent newcomer in the hands of Dicky Nugent.

Dicky turned to his herrings, and pushed them a little closer to the fire. They really did not need it, for they were half-burnt already. But Dicky Nugent was thinking less of the herrings than of the threat made by the new junior.

Herbert's eyes gleamed.

He made a step forward, and thrust out his foot, and kicked the herrings, and the pens that were impaled upon into the grate. There was a perfect yell of wrath from Dicky Nugent.

"You utter worm!" he roared.

"I told you I would. Ow!"

Biff!

Nugent's hard knuckles caught the new fag upon the nose, and he went over backwards with a crash to the floor. The fags yelled.

"Hurrah!"

"Give him another!"

"Lick him!"

"Squash the cad!"

"Go it!"

Bulstrode minor sat up dazedly. Evidently he had not expected that retaliation for his high-handed action.

"Ow!" he ejaculated.

Nugent minor was tearing off his jacket, and tossing it excitedly to Gatty. He pushed up his cuffs, and fairly danced round the new junior as he sat gasping on the floor.

"Get up!" he roared. "Get up!"

"Ow! Wow!"

"Get up, and have some more!"

And the fags roared in chorus.

"Go up! Gerrup! Yah!" he roared.

Herbert Bulstrode staggered to his feet. He was flushed with rage, and his hands were convulsively clenched. Bully, as far as he was able, he certainly was, but he did not lack courage.

He rushed right at the leader of the Second.

"You hound!" he roared.

Biff, biff, biff!

Left and right, and then left again, Nugent minor let him have it, and Herbert rolled over on the floor for a second time.

"Yah! Ow! Oh!"

Nugent minor brandished his fists.

"Yah! Gerrup! Yah!" he roared.

"Go it, Dicky!"

"Smash the cad!"

"Squash him!"

Up jumped Bulstrode minor again. Nugent gave him time to get upon his feet, and then went for him. They crashed upon one another like tanks and tongs, and for three or four minutes they were pommelling wildly, and looked like a curious network of arms and legs and flaming faces.

Then Bulstrode minor went down for the third time, with a crash that seemed to shake the floor of the Form-room.

This time he did not rise.

Dicky Nugent stood gasping and panting, but quite ready to go on, but his opponent did not come up to the scratch. Bulstrode

minor howled with glee.

"Licked!"

The Form-room door opened, and George Bulstrode looked in. The captain of the Remove

was in the room, but he had not expected to find him like this.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Chucked Out!

GEORGE BULSTRODE stopped in the doorway, looking in.

"Licked!" roared the fags.

"Serve him right!"

"Hurrah!"

Nugent minor mopped his streaming face with a handkerchief. He was wet with perspiration, and there was a liberal trickle of crimson from his nose.

"Ask him if he wants any more," he said.

Gatty stooped to look for his minor, but he had not expected to find him like this.

"Want any more?" he asked.

"Ow!"

"He's done!"

"Gruh!"

"Done to a turn!" said Myers.

"He's had it!"

"You young cads, what are you doing to my brother?" shouted Bulstrode angrily, striding into the room.

The Second-Formers turned upon him fiercely enough.

Bulstrode major might be a terror for fags in the Close or in the passages, but in their own Form-room, strong in numbers, they would not have been bullied by half a dozen Bulstrodes.

He ran to the side of his fallen minor, and picked him up. Herbert was dazed and helpless, and he leaned heavily upon his brother's arm.

"Who did this?" shouted Bulstrode.

He was quite the old Bulstrode again for the moment—the bully of the Remove, the

(Continued on page 18.)

MR. MANDERS'

... By ...
OWEN CONQUEST.

A SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE TALE OF
JIMMY SILVER & CO., AT ROOKWOOD.

GUESTS!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Mr. Manders is Very Kind!
TOMMY DODD of the Modern Fourth Form at Rookwood put a grinning face into Jimmy Silver's study on the Classical side.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at home. It was a fine, frosty afternoon, and it was much against their will that the Fistical Four were at home. But they had no choice in the matter. There were lines to be done, and Jimmy and Lovell, Raby, and Newcome were grinding at a great rate through their impositions, in order to get away to the football-ground.

Having not a moment to spare, they were naturally not at all pleased by an interruption, especially from a Modern fellow.

Four paces pointed at once to the door as Tommy Dodd came in.

"Buz!" said Jimmy Silver laconically.

"Get!" said Lovell.

"Take your face away!" snapped Raby.

"And bury it!" added Newcome.

Tommy Dodd did not seem at all perturbed by that inhospitable reception. Neither did he depart. He stood and regarded Jimmy Silver & Co. with a grinning face.

"Busy?" he asked, quite cheerfully.

"Of course we're busy!" growled Jimmy Silver. "All the fault of your blessed old Modern, bless him!"

"And we're busy late for the footer," grunted Lovell—"late enough without wasting time on a Modern worm! Buz off!"

"But Manders hasn't given you lines?" said Tommy Dodd, puzzled. "A Modern master can't give Classics lines."

"Reported us to Bootles!" snapped Jimmy. "It was quite by accident my footer buzzed on him in the quad. I really didn't see him coming. But he was bound to march us in to Bootles, and report us. And here we are—two hundred and of Virgil each, and a footer match waiting!"

"Why don't you Modern chaps lynch Manders?" demanded Lovell. "We'd scrag him if we had him on this side! Unsympathetic hearts! We actually told him we'd got a footer match on this afternoon, and it didn't make any difference. He was determined to get us detained."

"Awful rotter!" groaned Raby.

"Better ill up the team with Modern chaps," suggested Tommy Dodd.

"Rats."

"I'll captain the side, if you like!"

"More rats?"

"The footer match is going to wait till we've done this imposition," said Lovell. "We shan't be long if you'll leave off jawing, Tommy Dodd! Have the Latham fellows come yet?"

"Not yet," said Tommy cheerily.

They were invitations!
Mr. Manders, the senior master on the Modern side at Rookwood, was a very precise gentleman, as well as a very tart and sharp-tempered one.

It was supposed to be an honour and a pleasure to have tea with a master in his study, and fellows who were invited generally put on their cleanest collars and neatest ties, and went weekly.

As a matter of fact, tea with Mr. Manders, though it might be an honour, was scarcely a pleasure.

Mr. Manders' invitations were generally extended to fellows on the Modern side, naturally; and certainly Jimmy Silver & Co. had never expected to be asked to tea by him.

The Modern master disliked them cordially; and on this especial afternoon, too, he had demanded their punishment at the hands of Mr. Bootles, their Form-master, owing to a sad accident with a football in the quad.

So it was with blank faces that Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the cards.

Other masters when they asked a fellow to tea would do it by word of mouth, or by a letter dashed off by a pencil, as a rule. But Mr. Manders was very precise. Perhaps, also, he was a little given to "side." He used engraved invitation-cards for the purpose. Perhaps he desired to impress upon the minds of the recipients that the honour done them was very great indeed.

Mr. Manders' cards were quite well known at Rookwood. They ran:

"The pleasure of Master a company is requested to tea in Mr. Manders' study, o'clock."

The blanks were filled in with pen and ink with the names of the fellows, and with the hour appointed.

In the present instance the hour read "Four o'clock," and the names of Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome were written in. They were not written in Mr. Manders' own hand. The Modern master generally called in a fag to perform those little tasks for him.

Tommy Dodd grinned at the expression on the faces of the Fistical Four. They regarded one another blankly.

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Blow him!"

"Check!"

"Asking us to tea, just after getting us detained!" yelled Raby. "What does the old donkey mean?"

"A awfully kind of him, isn't it?" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "Perhaps he means it to make up for the detention."

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"The mean Hun!" he growled. "I know what he means. He's not satisfied with what Bootles gave us, and he's giving us this to make us sit up."

"Well, his feed isn't worth having!" said Lovell. "Weak tea and bread-and-scrape, and a smell of jam. He's too jolly mean to stand a cake. He'd I suppose he can't intend it as a punishment, though that's what it is."

"He does!" howled Jimmy Silver. "He knows we can't refuse, and he knows we've got a footer match on!"

"Oh!"

ing as Smythe of the Shell, and Morington and Townsend, and that lot sometimes. He knew we'd got a footer match on—Lovell told him!"

Tommy Dodd whistled.

"It's a trick!" said Raby furiously. "He knows we can't refuse a master's invitation, and that we're keen on the footer!"

"Oh, the deep rotter!" groaned Newcome.

The Fistical Four exchanged furious looks. Almost incredible as it seemed that a master should so far forget his dignity as to trick juniors in this matter, they had no doubt.

Mr. Manders disliked them—they had had many rubs. But a Modern master had no authority over Classics, and Jimmy Silver & Co. generally managed to give Mr. Manders a wide berth. The Modern master had been palpably disinterested with the punishment Mr. Bootles had inflicted on the four for the accident with the football.

He was aware that they were playing a visiting team that afternoon, and that they were keen footballers. The Fistical Four hadn't the slightest doubt that he had sent those invitations for the especial purpose of "tricking" them.

"By gad, it does look like it!" said Tommy Dodd. "Of course, you can refuse the invitations if you like."

"Go and tell him we can't come, and he can go and eat coke!" growled Lovell.

Tommy Dodd grinned. He was not likely to take a message like that to the Modern master.

"Does Manders want an answer?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, no! He didn't say so. He takes it for granted you'll go, of course," said Tommy Dodd. "You can leave the footer to me, you know."

"I suppose we shall have to!" growled Jimmy Silver. "After all, it isn't a very hard match—not like St. Jim's or Green's. If it were one of those, I'd refuse Manders and chance it!"

"Let's refuse it, anyway!" said Lovell savagely. "I know it's a trick! I'm pretty certain it is!"

"But—but—"

"Bootles would be ratty when he heard," said Newcome. "Manders would be sure to tell him."

"It's up to us!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "It's the first time he's ever asked us, and we're not certain it's a trick. It would look jolly ungracious not to go."

"It will be all right about the footer," said Tommy Dodd encouragingly. "I'll put four Moderns in your places, so the match will be rather more of a sure thing than it was, Yaroooh!"

Tommy Dodd broke off with a wild yell as the Fistical Four seized him.

They were exasperated enough to have ragged Mr. Manders, if that had been feasible. As it wasn't, the Modern junior served their turn. He was a Modern, anyway, and he had brought the unwelcome invitation.

The Fistical Four grasped him on all sides, and Tommy Dodd, roaring, was swept off his feet.

Bump!

"Yoop!" yelled the unfortunate Modern.

"Kick him out!" roared Lovell.

"Yow-ow-ow! You silly asses! Yaroooh! Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver yanked the envelope open. Four cards fell out on the table. The Classical juniors stared at them.

Tommy Dodd held wildly down the passage, with four boots helping him on his way as far as the stairs. He went down the stairs in a dishevelled state like lightning. And the Fistical Four returned to the end study somewhat comforted.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Not Nice for Jimmy Silver!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. ground away at the lines, with savage faces. As they ground on, they heard voices in the quadrangle which announced that the Latcham Ramblers had arrived.

But it was no use going down. There was no football for the chums of the end study that afternoon.

In any case, the match would have had to be postponed for half an hour, as they had strict orders to get their impressions done and taken in to Mr. Bootles before they left the house.

It was getting towards three now, so even if the match had been started at once it could not have been finished by four o'clock. And it could not be started at once.

Had it been one of the great matches of the season—such as those with St. Jim's or Greyfriars or Bagshot—Jimmy Silver would have been "chanced" it, and refused Mr. Manders' kind invitation to tea.

But it was not so serious as all that. Tommy Dodd could raise a teat quite good enough to beat Latcham, even with the Fistical Four left out. The Rookwood colours were in no serious danger. The Fistical Four admitted that.

But it was bitterly exasperating to have to slack about for an hour or so, and then be cooped up in a study over a meagre tea with a grim master—a master they cordially disliked, and who disliked them—instead of playing the great winter game. And they could not help suspecting that Mr. Manders had timed the invitation to cause them the maximum of inconvenience. That he could really have any desire for their company at Jimmy Silver & Co. was in a decidedly bad temper.

They threw the invitation-cards on the floor and jumped on them, by way of solace, and then settled down to grind at Virgil.

"Not finished?" he asked. "Shall I ask Latcham to wait?"

"No good! We're asked to tea by old Manders, and I suppose we've got to go!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Tommy Dodd will captain the team," said Jimmy. "It can't be helped. May as well get on with the match now. We'll give you a look in presently. Ted Dobby."

"Right-ho!" said Oswald.

Jimmy Silver settled down to work again. But work that afternoon was fated to be interrupted.

An eyelash gleamed in at the door, and Smythe of the Shell grinned in at the detained juniors. "Hullo, hullo!" he chattered in over his shoulder. The Nuts of the Shell were evidently highly amused.

"By gad, I hear you're in for it!" chuckled Adolphus Smythe. "Goin' over to tea with Manders instead of playin' footer—what!"

"Oh, buzz off!" growled Lovell.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, if you like," said Adolphus condescendingly. "I'll take the match off your hands, Silver."

"Bow-wow!"

"Well, I wish you joy with Manders. He has tea too weak to come out of the pot. I've sampled it!"

"And jam you need a microscope to see!" chuckled Tracy. "I've sampled it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it needs a microscope to see the butter on the bread!" chortled Adolphus. "But the bread's as thick as your head, Silver!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling asses!" roared Jimmy Silver, seizing a ruler and jumping up. Smythe and Tracy departed, chuckling, and the Fistical Four could hear their merry chortles dying away down the passage. The detained juniors looked at one another in exasperation.

"I suppose it's awfully funny!" snorted Lovell. "Blow Smythe, and blow old Manders, and blow everybody!"

Four pens scratched away again. Then came a footstep in the passage, and three youths in footer rig, with coats and mufflers on, smiled into the study. They were Dodd and Cook and Doyle, the three "Tommys" of the Modern side.

"We're just going to begin!" said Tommy Dodd cheerily. "You chaps can look out of the window every now and then and watch our goals!"

"B-r-r-r-r!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 104.

"Faith, and you can congratulate yourselves," grinned Doyle. "You're winning the match for us, Jimmy Silver, by staying in here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Old Manders must have planned this, to make sure of a win for Rookwood!" declared Tommy Cook.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And then the three Tommys departed hurriedly, just in time to escape a furious charge from the end study.

"Everybody seems to think it funny but us!" growled Raby.

Scratch, scratch, scratch went four desperate pens again. The impositions were finished at last, while the shouting from the distant footer-ground told that the match was in progress.

The Fistical Four were glad enough to get out of the study. They proceeded to Mr. Bootles' quarters and handed in their lines.

"Very good!" said Mr. Bootles. "These lines seem to have been somewhat hastily written—ahem—but I shall look over that, as it is a half-holiday!"

The Fistical Four were glad to hear it. They took the mainly signs of haste in the sheets they had handed in to their Form-master.

"Mr. Manders has mentioned to me that he has asked you to tea with him this afternoon. I went on the Fourth Form-master benignantly. I trust, Silver, that you fully appreciate Mr. Manders' kindness, after the very unfortunate occurrence to-day?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" mumbled Jimmy.

"I trust you will have a very pleasant hour with Mr. Manders," added the Form-master.

"Thank you, sir!" mumbled the juniors.

They left the study feeling lurching. In spite of the attractions of footer, they were glad that they had not refused Mr. Manders' invitation. The goal Jimmy Silver & Co. mentioned it to Mr. Bootles, who, in the simplicity of his heart, took it as a sign of kindness and forgiveness on his part. He would certainly have been very much annoyed if the juniors had refused Mr. Manders' invitation, and thrown his kindness and forgiveness, as it were, back in his teeth.

"Deep old Hun!" growled Lovell. "He mentioned it to Bootles so that we can't possibly refuse—or we'd get jawed if we did!"

The Fistical Four, free at last, left the School House. They passed Mornington & Co. in the porch. The Nuts grinned at them as they passed, but the chums hardly noticed them. They were keen to get down to the footer-ground and see as much of the Nuts as possible before they called in to Mr. Manders' study on the Modern side.

They found the footer match going strong. Rookwood Juniors were getting the better of Latcham Ramblers, and Pons, the Canadian, had already taken Jimmy Silver & Co.

Co. joined heartily in the cheering, and for a time they were able to forget Mr. Manders and all his works.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Friendly Preparations!

"O it, Morny!"

"Yaas, pile in!" said Smythe of the Shell. "What's the scheme?"

"It's 'er anythin' for takin' a rise out of the chocky chock 'Lun on!"

"Same here!" said Townsend.

"They're goin' to tea with Manders," said Mornington. "Manders is with the Head now. I understand it's for four o'clock, the mery tea-party." Leggett told me so. He filled in as possible for Manders. You know Manders has silly cards he sends out to his victims."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you know how much Manders likes the chaps. My belief is that he's asked them simply to dish them over the footer."

"Looks like it, by gad!" chuckled Townsend. "Fancy a master playin' such a kid's trick! Bootles wouldn't."

"But what's the game?" asked Topham.

"You said you'd dish them over the footer. I'm coming to that. Manders knows they don't want to come, and that they'll be ratty, though they have to keep civil. Well, suppose the mery tea-party is mucked up somehow—through somebody japin' in his study? He's bound to think they did it. Suppose there's ink in the jam, and fireworks in the fire—"

"But—but there won't be!" ejaculated Tracy.

"There will."

"But Jimmy Silver wouldn't be ass enough. He'd know Manders would know he did it," said Townsend.

"Quite so. And if we do it, Manders will know Jimmy Silver did it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's the idea," grinned Mornington. "I told Jimmy Silver he'd be sorry for leavin' me out of the eleven. Come on! I've seen Manders go into the Head's house, and all the Modern kids are on the footer-ground. The Nuts' clear."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In great glee the Nuts of Rookwood followed Mornington across to Mr. Manders' House. As Morny had said, the coast was clear. There was a First Eleven match going on Big Side, as well as the junior match on Little Side. Most of the fellows who were not playing were watching the play. The Nuts did not meet a soul as they entered Mr. Manders' House.

"Tracy," said Mornington, "whistle if you see old Manders in the offing."

"You bet!" grinned Tracy.

Mornington and Townsend, Topham and Smythe, entered the Modern master's study. The dandy of the Fourth closed the door.

"Now, busy," he remarked.

The mery tea-party quickly hush. Smythe and Townsend devoted their attention to the table. There were the articles for the tea-party. The table was already set. A small pot of jam was there—supposed to be enough for four juniors—quite enough, from Mr. Manders' point of view. Smythe mixed ink and gum with it with a workmanlike hand.

A paper "spill" was twisted into the spout of a saucap, with a liberal allowance of gum to keep it there. Ink was soaked into the extremely small cake, and gum added to the milk. Bent pins were placed in readiness on all the chairs in the room.

Meanwhile, Mornington was busy. The fire was laid in the study, but not lighted. As the Nuts came in, the study was pretty certain that it would be lighted when the tea-party came. In the midst of the sticks and coal Morny arranged a number of "jumping crackers," left over from the Fifth of November. Topham poured water into the clock, which promptly ceased to tick, and disconnected the electric bell-push, so that the bell would not ring when the button was pressed.

"By gad," said Mornington, looking round. "I rather think we finer done enough to make them happy! We'd better clear."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Nuts joined Tracy in the passage.

"All serene," said Tracy. "Nobody's come along."

Mornington & Co. stroled out of the house. Four o'clock was just striking from the clock-tower, and Jimmy Silver & Co. came into the porch just at the Nuts were going out.

"Hullo, 'Lun in to tea?" said Mornington, with a grin.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Is Manders at home?" he asked.

"Not yet, I think. Most likely he'll keep you waitin'," grinned Mornington. "He's with the Head now."

"What are you chaps doing here?" asked Lovell.

"Oh, strollin' round! How's the match goin' on?"

"One up for Rookwood in the first half. They're beginnin' the second now. Chance for you to see some footer if you can leave the smokes alone for a bit," suggested Lovell sarcastically.

"Oh, go an' eat coke!"

Mornington & Co. stroled away, greatly elated, and the Fistical Four went into Mr. Manders' House.

Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of the Modern master's study.

There was no reply from within. He tapped again, and then opened the door and looked in. The room was unattended.

"Just like the old hunks to keep us waitin'," grunted Lovell. "Shall we wait here, or inside, Jimmy?"

"Well, I suppose we're entitled to sit down while we wait," growled Raby.

Jimmy located.

"Better wait outside," he said. "Manders mightn't like us sticking in his study while he's not there. Blow him!"

The juniors had the pleasure of cooling their heads to the passage.

Mr. Manders had not been in the study. He came along at last, Jimmy Silver & Co. were getting tired of waiting, were glad for once to see the thin, sharp face of the Modern master.

Mr. Manders looked at them grimly. He had asked them to tea, for reasons best known to himself, but he did not seem to have much cordiality to waste upon them. "Ah! You are here!" he said. "Waiting for you, sir," said Jimmy Silver as cheerfully as he could. "Very kind of you to ask us to tea, sir!" "I trust you are able to appreciate kindness, Silver?" "I trust so, sir," said Jimmy calmly. Mr. Manders gave a little grunt, and opened the study door. The juniors followed him in, feeling more as if they were going to execution than as if they were going to a tea-party.

"You may light the fire, Silver," said Mr. Manders. "Certainly, sir!" Mr. Manders sat down in his armchair. He reposed gracefully in that armchair for about the hundredth part of a second. Then he leaped to his feet with a wild yell. "Yarooop!" Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at him. They had never expected to see the crusty Modern master go through gymnastics like this. "Yow-ow-ow!" Mr. Manders roared. "My hat!" "Lovell!" gasped Lovell. "Anything wrong, sir?" "Yaroo! Oh! Ah! Oooop!" Dear me! What villain has placed a pin in my chair!" shrieked Mr. Manders. "Oh crumbs!" The Fistical Four blinked at Mr. Manders. That gentleman regarded them with an almost purple face. He caught up a cane. "Silver! Was it you?"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
A Very Happy Party.
UNNO, sir!
"N" Jimmy Silver stut-tered.

"Someone has placed a pin in my chair! I am considerably hurt!" roared Mr. Manders. "Who was it?" "Blest if I know, sir! We haven't been in the study. We waited for you outside," said Jimmy. Mr. Manders writhed painfully. He regarded the Fistical Four with great suspicion. He knew exactly how much they wanted to come to tea with him, so he had reason for suspecting them.

However, he put down the cane. Even Mr. Manders felt that it would not be quite the thing to cast his guests on suspicion. "Very well!" he snapped. "I accept your assurance, Silver! But—ow, ow—I mean, you may light the fire."

"Yes, sir." "By Jove," said Lovell, "there's some more pins here! Look here!" As the Classical juniors had not played that trick, they easily guessed that some practical joker had been making preparations for the tea-party. And Lovell looked at the other chairs. He picked up a bent pin from each of them.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Manders. "I will find out the author of that wicked trick, and punish him! Dear me!" The Modern master looked very carefully over his chair before he sat down again. Lovell & Co. grinned a little, with their faces turned away. They could guess now why Mornington and his friends had been in Mr. Manders' house. It was not difficult to surmise who was the author of that trick in the study.

Jimmy Silver was applying matches to the fire. The paper flared up, and the blaze spread, and then

Fizzzz! Crack-ack-ack! Bang, bang! BANG! "Good heavens!" yelled Mr. Manders. Jimmy Silver jumped back from the grate, with his hair singed. Sparks were shooting out in clouds, sticks were scattered on all sides, and from the grate came ceaseless detonations of crackers and fizzing of squibs. Fizzzzzzzzzzzz! Bang, bang, bang! "Great Scott!" Mr. Manders leaped out of his chair as sparks fell round him in showers, and backed round the table. "What—what—what—" he stuttered. Bang, bang, bang! A jumping cracker spun out of the fire, exploded, and landed at the master's feet, and exploded again. He jumped wildly into the air as the cracker jumped, and it banged again between his knees. He dashed wildly across the study, but the cracker, as if endowed with the spirit of mischief,

"I didn't!" yelled Jimmy. "Leggo! Oh, my hat! Do you think I blow my own eyelashes off if I could help it?" "We—we didn't know anything about it, sir!" stuttered Lovell. "Then who played this infamous trick?" roared Mr. Manders. "We haven't been in the study till you came." The Classical juniors could guess easily enough that Mornington & Co. had prepared that little surprise for them; but they did not feel inclined to tell Mr. Manders so. They mentally promised the dandy of the Fourth all sorts of things later. "I do not believe you!" thundered Mr. Manders. "No one else has been here! You have dared to play this infamous trick in my study!" "We didn't know anything about it!" howled Jimmy Silver. "It is false!" "It isn't false, and you ought to take my word!" snorted Jimmy, whose temper was suffering as well as Mr. Manders'. "Do not dare to argue with me, Silver!"



Sparks shot out in clouds from the fire, and from the grate came ceaseless detonations of crackers and squibs. Fizzzzz! "Great Scott!" exclaimed Silver, (See Chapter 3.)

jumped in the same direction, banging again and again. "Take it away!" shrieked Mr. Manders. "Oh dear! You young scoundrels! Oh-oh!" Bang, bang, bang! "Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver. The explosions ceased at last. The hearth-rug was littered with scattered sticks, fragments of coal, burnt paper, and dead crackers and squibs. Mr. Manders' face was like the face of a Hunnish Hun. He made a jump at Jimmy Silver, and grasped him by the collar, and shook him till his teeth chattered. "Yow-ow!" roared Jimmy, in surprise and indignation. "Leggo!" "You infamous young rascal!" "Yaroo! Leggo!" "How dare you play such tricks!" raved Mr. Manders. "You ungrateful young rascal!"

You have dared to play such practical jokes upon me! You shall repent it!" Mr. Manders jumped for his cane. "Hold out your hand, Silver!" "What?" "I am going to cane you!" shouted Mr. Manders. "Hold out your hand!" "You've no right to cane Classics!" said Jimmy savagely. "You can complain to our own master if you like. Mr. Bootles will believe our word." "I dare say you could succeed in deceiving Mr. Bootles!" said the Modern master bitterly. "But you will not be allowed the opportunity. Hold out your hand at once! I take your punishment into my own hands!" Jimmy Silver did not move. He was standing upon his rights, and Mr. Manders was exceeding his authority. "Will you obey me, Silver?" "No, sir!"

Mr. Manders said no more. He made a jump at the captain of the Fourth, the one lashing down. It came over Jimmy's shoulders with terrific force.

Jimmy Silver yelled, and dodged for the door. Lovell and Ruby and Newcome fled at the same time. Mr. Manders' quarters were growing a little too warm for them.

The door was yanked open, and the Fistical Four fled.

After them went Mr. Manders, still lashing away for all he was worth.

Lash, lash, lash, lash, lash, lash!

"Yarrol!"

"Run away fast!"

"Yah!"

The Fistical Four hardly knew how they got out of Mr. Manders' house.

But they escaped into the quadrangle at last, yelling with pain, and the Modern master halted in the doorway, glaring after them.

He returned to his study, breathing hard. The suspicious man was quite sure that the Classical Four had played those tricks in his study, but he felt that they had answered for it.

Mr. Manders, when he was a little calmer, sat down to his solitary tea, and made a series of disagreeable discoveries—that the spout of the teapot was plugged up, that there was ink and gum in the jam, ink in the cake, and gum in the milk. In a state of mind that was more than Hunsnik, Mr. Manders yelled for the maid to clear the table, and whisked away to the Classical side, to lay a furious complaint before Mr. Bootles, feeling that the Classical chums had not had enough yet. Indeed, from Mr. Manders' point of view, boiling in oil would have been too good for Jimmy Silver & Co.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
A Roland for an Oliver!

G There was a roar of cheering on Little Side, as the Fistical Four came limping on the football-ground. Tommy Dodd had just kicked the winning goal for Rookwood, and Latcham and Bamberly were safely beaten. The footballers came off the field amid loud cheers.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not feel like cheering. They felt furious. The lashing of Mr. Manders' cane had told upon them, and they were hurt. Never in their career had the Classical chums experienced so terrific a castigation.

Mornington & Co. were on Little Side, and they greeted the Fistical Four with cheery grins.

"Had tea with Manders already?" asked Mornington.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Fallen foul of the old bird?" grinned Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Nuts.

"Hallo! You merchants look awfully chippy!" said Tommy Dodd, coming off the field. "You've won the match for us by standing out, Jimmy. Is that why you look so happy?"

"The Fistical Four groaned in chorus.

"What on earth's happened?" asked Pons, the Canadian junior.

"Had a row with Manders?" asked Oswald, Jimmy Silver explained.

The Fistical Four expected sympathy. To miss a footer was to go to tea with Mr. Manders was bad enough. But to have the thrashing of their lives, instead of the tea, was tragic.

But, to their wrath and indignation, the other fellows did not seem to be sympathetic; they seemed to see something humorous in the occurrence. They yelled with laughter.

"Oh, my only Aunt Matilda!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "You'll be the death of me, Jimmy Silver! You shouldn't play tricks on a chap who asks you to tea—especially Mandy!"

"I didn't!" roared Jimmy. "Somebody sneaked in and did it all ready for us. And I know who it was, too! We met Mornington coming out as we went in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotten cad!" roared Lovell, slaking his fist under Mornington's nose.

Mornington chortled.

"No law against playin' a joke on you, a Modern master that I know of. Why, you've done it yourselves lots of times!"

"And some of them would get what we got, if fancy. He would take it for a jape it."

"I dare say he would."

"And some of them would get what we got, if fancy. He would take it for a jape it."

"Of course, we were just japin' Manders. Weren't we, Tony?"

"Yaas, you bet!" grinned Townsend.

"Merely that, and nothin' more!" chortled Topham. "Hard luck on you to go to tea with him afterwards, Silver! Some fellows do have bad luck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The whole crowd were yelling with merriment."

Jimmy Silver & Co. were greatly inclined to wipe up the footer-ground with the Nuts of the Fourth. But they had to admit that there was no law against "japin'" Mr. Manders. The jape had been timed unluckily for them, that was all.

Fifth came along, and called to Jimmy Silver.

"You're wanted, Silver, and you others. Mr. Bootles' study."

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Jimmy Silver.

"I haven't!" he exclaimed.

The Fistical Four made their way dolorously to the School House, followed by a howl of laughter from half Rookwood. Their luck was out; and the Rookwooders persisted in seeing something funny in their misfortunes.

Mr. Manders was in the Fourth Form-master's study, simmering with wrath. Mr. Bootles was looking very stern.

"Silver, I am surprised at you—surprised and shocked! After Mr. Manders' kindness to me, it seems that you have played a series of extraordinary tricks in his study."

"We didn't, sir!" groaned Jimmy.

"Mr. Manders assures me—"

"Silver is speaking falsely!" snorted the Modern master.

"Silver is speaking falsely!" flamed out Jimmy Silver. "Mr. Bootles, we never entered the room till Mr. Manders came! Some other fellows had done what was done before we got there. I give you my word, sir!"

Mr. Bootles looked very serious.

"Mr. Manders, I cannot believe that Silver is speaking falsely," he said. "I know him to be an honourable lad. Someone else—"

"And Mr. Manders has been licking us already!" burst out Lovell. "We're marked all over with his confounded cane!"

"Lovell!"

"Well, it's true, sir!"

Mr. Bootles rose to his feet.

"It appears, Mr. Manders, that you have already punished the worst of these juniors. Nor is there any evidence to connect them with what happened in your study. I decline to take any further notice of the matter!"

"They are lying!" hissed Mr. Manders—"lying unscrupulously!"

"I regard them as the worst boys in the school!" Pah!

"And Mr. Manders whisked furiously out of the study."

Mr. Bootles made a gesture of dismissal, and the Fistical Four followed. They went to the end study in a state of furious indignation.

Jimmy Silver, as he entered the study, gave a sudden start, and stooped to pick up a card that lay on the floor.

It was one of Mr. Manders' invitation-cards, which the clums had danced upon that afternoon.

"By gum!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well?" grunted Lovell.

"Look at that card!"

"Blow it! Only one of Manders' silly cards!"

"I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"The wheeze, my son!" said Jimmy Silver triumphantly. "The merry wheeze for making Manders sit up, and Tommy Dodd sit up, and Mornington sit up! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What the dickens has that card got to do with it?"

"Everything! Look at it!"

"We've seen it before, ass!"

"Manders makes a big fill in these cards for him, and Jimmy. That looks like Leggett's fill. But any fist would do."

"What the thunder are you driving at?"

"Easy enough to get some of these cards from Manders' study," said Jimmy Silver.

"What the dickens do you want them for?"

"Suppose"—Jimmy's eyes gleamed—"suppose a lot of fellows got invitations from Manders to tea on Saturday afternoon, at different times—say every quarter of an hour from three to five—invitations that didn't come from Manders at all—"

"Eh?"

"Suppose they arrive, one after the other, all the afternoon. I rather fancy that Manders would begin to feel worried—"

"I dare say he would."

"And some of them would get what we got, if fancy. He would take it for a jape it."

"But—"

"I could disguise my fist a bit to fill in the names on the cards, and get a fag to take them round."

"My hat!"

"And Manders would have guests arriving all the afternoon. We'll pick an afternoon when he's busy."

"Oh crumbs!"

"And after he's got fed up with it the chaps who come in will catch something—Mornington & Co., say. As Morny says himself, no harm in japing Manders, and if he has the bad luck to go there to tea when Manders is ratty, that's his look-out—same as it was ours."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Oswald looked into the study, grinning.

"Hallo! You can see the joke yourselves now," he remarked. "You seem quite cheery."

"We can!" grinned Lovell. "It's the joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Many Invitations!

JOLLY queer said Tommy Dodd. It was Saturday afternoon. The three Tommies had intended to spend that half-holiday out of doors, but Wegg of the Third had looked into their study while they were getting ready for their excursion, and tossed three envelopes over the table. And in the envelopes were three cards which the juniors knew well.

Tommy Dodd grunted discontentedly as he glanced at his card. It ran:

"The pleasure of Master Dodd's company is requested to tea in Mr. Manders' study at three o'clock."

The card was engraved, with in ink in a handwriting Tommy Dodd didn't know.

"Three o'clock," said Tommy Cook.

"Fancy having tea at three!"

"It's odd," said Tommy Doyle. "Manders is doing exam papers this afternoon. I know that. I thought he'd be busy."

"He's always ratty if he's interrupted when he's on exam papers," said Tommy Dodd, in wonder. "Fancy asking us to tea just at that time! It's jolly early, perhaps."

"Wants to get tea over early perhaps, before he piles in," grunted Cook. "I suppose we've got to go."

"Of course we have, fateh. We don't want to get Manders down on us. We can go down to Latcham afterwards."

And Tommy Dodd & Co., not in a very good humour, postponed their little excursion till after three o'clock.

Meanwhile, Wegg of the Third sauntered across the quadrangle, and stopped to speak to Adolphus Smythe, Tracy, and Howard of the Shell, who were airing themselves there.

"Something for you chaps," said Wegg. And he handed them an envelope each and walked off.

"Oh, gadi!" said Adolphus Smythe, taking a card from his envelope. "Old Manders is askin' me to tea!"

FREE SWEETS FOR YOU!

Dear Boys and Girls
Do you like Sweets?
If so, make a note that every copy of
TO-DAY'S LOT-O-FUN,
the bright and breezy
COLOURED COMIC,
contains a free packet
of **YANKEE PANKEE**
Sweets,
Harry Weldon
the first large comedian
Buy your copy NOW!

"Chuckles"! You Can Secure a Copy from Your Newsgate To-day! 13

"Jolly good mind not to go," grunted Howard. "This knocks on the head our little run down to the Bird-in-Hand." "Must go!" snorted Adolphus. "We can get out for a bit and come in by half-past three. I don't want to offend Manders."

"Wegg of the Third was not amused yet. He came into the School House, and up to Study No. 4. Mornington of the Fourth was adjusting his necktie before the glass in the waiting for him. The nuts of the Fourth were also had a little excursion planned for that afternoon.

"Hallo! What do you want?" asked Townsend. "Something for you chaps," grinned Wegg. "I was told to bring you these—they're invitations, I believe."

He tossed the envelopes on the table and departed, whistling shrilly.

"Oh, gad!" groaned Townsend. "That looks like invitations from Manders. He plays these silly tricks. Can't send a pencilled note like any other man."

Mornington frowned. "Is the old fool askin' us to tea?" he inquired.

"I suppose so, look!" "At four o'clock," said Mornington, glancing at the card. "I suppose we've got to go. I means trouble if you refuse a master's invitation."

"Oh, it's rotten! I don't want to go!" growled Topham. "I thought the old donkey was busy this afternoon, too. I heard Jimmy Silver askin' Towle something about him, an' Towle said Manders was an exam papers this afternoon. He's given orders that he's not to be interrupted."

"Well, I suppose it's rather complimentary to ask us," said Mornington. "We want to keep in with the old bouncer!"

"Yaas, but what about goin' out?"

"We can't get down to the Featherers for a game of billiards, an' get back by four. Better not be late—he's ratty. We can put in a word or two for Jimmy Silver over tea—make him a bit more down on that rotter!"

"Yaas, that's so."

Wegg of the Third strolled along the passage to the end study. He found the Fistical Four there.

"Well!" said Jimmy Silver, as the grinning party came into the study.

"All serene!" said Wegg. "I've delivered the lot. Now, where's that cake?"

Jimmy Silver took a cake out of the study cupboard. That was Wegg's reward for his valuable services.

"Here you are, kid! Mum's the word, you know."

"You bet!" grinned Wegg. And he departed with the cake, grinning.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Quite a Tea-Fight!

Mr. Manders was an irritable sort.

He was hard at work in his study, with all his attention fixed on the examination papers he was preparing.

He had given strict orders that he was not to be interrupted on any pretext whatever. Yet, as three o'clock sounded from the clock-tower, that tap came at the door.

"Come in!" snarled Mr. Manders.

He supposed that it must be something extremely important for his orders to be disregarded in this way. He stared blankly when Tommy Dodd and Jimmy Cook and Tommy Doyle presented themselves with their best smiles on.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

The three Tommies looked surprised, as well they might. This was hardly the way to greet fellows who had been invited to tea.

"We—we've come, sir!" faltered Tommy Dodd, not at all liking the look in Mr. Manders' eye.

"I can see that you have come," said Mr. Manders, reaching for a cane. "How dare you interrupt my work, when you are quite aware that I have given strict orders to the contrary?"

"But—but we've come to tea, sir!" ejaculated Tommy, growing very red.

He wondered whether the Modern master had forgotten sending the invitation.

Mr. Manders jumped up. He could scarcely believe his ears.

"You have—have come to tea!" he shouted. "Yes, sir," gasped Tommy; "we—we—"

"How dare you!" thundered Mr. Manders. "We—we—," gasped Tommy Cook.

"Leave my study at once! Take five hundred lines each, and remain in the Form-room this afternoon, and write them out!" thundered Mr. Manders. "Go!"

Tommy Dodd felt as if his head was turning round.

"But—but—but—" he stuttered helplessly.

Mr. Manders strode round the table, grasping his cane. The three Tommies departed quickly enough then. They just escaped the cane as they dodged out of the study. Mr. Manders slammed the door after them, and snorted, and returned to his work.

"My hat!" breathed Tommy Dodd, when they were at a safe distance. "Did you ever see such a Run? Asking us to tea, and then giving us lines and detentions. Did you ever?"

"Never!" groaned Cook and Doyle. "Five hundred lines! Oh dear!"

"We'll meet them on their way to the Form-room."

"Had tea already?" asked Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"We're detained!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Five hundred lines each! Manders has gone mad! B-r-r-r!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three Tommies did not laugh. Jimmy Silver & Co.'s adventures at tea, with Mr. Manders, had struck them as comical. But there came nothing comic in their own adventures. They went dolorously into the Form-room.

The Fistical Four sauntered contentedly in the quadrangle. They were sauntering outwards busy, after their hours when Smythe and Howard and Tracy came hurrying in at the gates close upon half-past three.

The Nuts of the Shell disappeared into Mr. Manders' house.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged blissful glances.

Smythe tapped at Mr. Manders' door, and opened it. The three Shell fellows entered the study.

They expected to be greeted by a genial nod and smile from Mr. Manders, but their greeting did not come up to expectations.

Mr. Manders gave a snort like a savage Hun, and jumped to his feet.

"How dare you come here!" he thundered. Smythe & Co. stared.

"But we—we've come to tea, sir!" stammered Adolphus, utterly taken aback.

Mr. Manders' eyes gleamed.

He could no longer doubt that there was a concerted practical joke arranged for that afternoon, to interrupt and worry him when he was busy. He had asked no one to tea, yet here was a second party of juniors arriving with the announcement that they had come to tea.

Mr. Manders whiskered round the table, came in hand.

"Hold out your hand, Smythe!"

Smythe held out his hand dazedly. Mr. Manders was evidently not to be reasoned with.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish!"

"Yow! Ow—ow—ow!" groaned Adolphus Smythe.

"Now, Tracy!"

"B-b-b-b-b-b, sir—" babbled Tracy.

"Your hand!" thundered Mr. Manders.

"Swish! Now the other! Swish! Now the other again! Swish! Now the other!" Swish!

"Mummmmm!" moaned Tracy, in anguish.

"Now, Howard!"

"G-w! G-w! pip-pip-pip-pip-please—"

stammered Howard.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish!"

"Yahool! Oh, jiminy!"

Mr. Manders, trembling with anger, pointed to the doorway with his cane.

"Get out!"

Smythe & Co. were glad to go. They had had quite enough of Mr. Manders. They limped away down the passage, wringing their hands, and the door slammed after them. They came out into the quadrangle, wringing with anguish.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver. "Tea over already?"

"Yow! Ow—ow!"

"Manders cut up rusty?" giggled Lovell.

"Wows—wows—wows!"

With their hands under their arms, looking as if they were trying to shut themselves up like pocket-knives, Smythe and Howard and Tracy limped away across the quadrangle.

The Fistical Four gasped for breath. "It's working!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Oh dear—oh dear! Smythe doesn't seem

to think now that it's so jolly funny to get a licking when you go to tea!"

The Fistical Four waited in great anticipation for four o'clock. Mr. Manders was deep in his work again. He had no doubt that the practical jokers of Rookwood had plotted to worry him that afternoon, but he fancied that the example he had made of Smythe & Co. would deter any other merry youths from following their lead. But Mr. Manders was mistaken. For, as four o'clock rang out, there came a tap at his study.

The Modern master breathed hard through his nose.

The door opened, and Mornington, Townsend, and Topham walked in cheerily. Mr. Manders fixed an eye upon them like a basilisk.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Mornington pleasantly.

"You!" said Mr. Manders, in a choking voice. "You—you have come here, interrupting me!" presume you have come to tea, Mornington?"

"Yaas, sir," said Mornington, in surprise. "I thought so," said Mr. Manders, with a gasp of rage—"I thought so, sir! I was quite prepared for it, sir! Oh, quite! Take that, an' that, and that, and that!"

Mr. Manders rushed on the three astounded nuts, lashing out furiously with the cane. He did not tell them to hold out their hands—he hadn't any patience for that. And that wasn't severe enough. He was going to give them such a record thrashing that any other practical jokers would never dare to follow in their footsteps.

He did not!

The cane lashed and crashed on the three astounded juniors.

"Take that," roared Mr. Manders, "and that, and that, and that!"

"Yaroh!"

"He's mad!"

"Run for it!" shrieked Mornington. "He's mad! Run for your lives!"

The three seated juniors bolted out of the study, with the cane lashing behind.

Down the passage they went like scared rabbits, but behind them came the infuriated master, lashing and lashing and lashing. Wild yells rose from the unfortunate nuts as they fled into the quadrangle.

Mr. Manders, gasping for breath, whisked back to his study. He was angry and exasperated, but he felt somewhat soled.

"I do not think there will be any further visitors here," he gasped, as he sat down. "I hardly think so—Scandalous!"

And Mr. Manders was right—there weren't. Mornington & Co. were the last on the list of invitations. That was the reason.

Mornington & Co. settled out of the house in wild alarm, fully convinced that Mr. Manders was mad. What else could explain the extraordinary conduct of a master who invited fellows to tea, and laid in wait for them in his study with a cane, and attacked them the moment they appeared?

They did not stop till they were half-way across the quadrangle, and then they halted out of breath, gasping with anguish and terror.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Townsend. "I've hurt all over. I—I say, he's mad—mad as a hatter! Oh, crumbs!"

"Mad as a hatter!" moaned Topham.

"Oh, oh, oh, ow!"

"Yow! Ow, ow!" mumbled Mornington.

"Hallo! You chaps seem to have been enjoying yourselves," remarked Jimmy Silver, as the Fistical Four sauntered up. "How did you get on with Manders?"

"He's mad!" gasped Mornington. "The minute we got into the study he asked us if we'd come! Oh dear! Mad as a hatter! Yow! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington & Co. limped away. The Fistical Four threw themselves into the grass, and kicked up their feet and yelled.

The suspicion as to Mr. Manders' sanity was dispelled that evening when the facts were known to the Rookwood juniors. They were exactly nine fellows who couldn't see anything funny in the matter, but the rest laughed till they went over the story of Mr. Manders' second Terrible Tea-Party!

THE END.

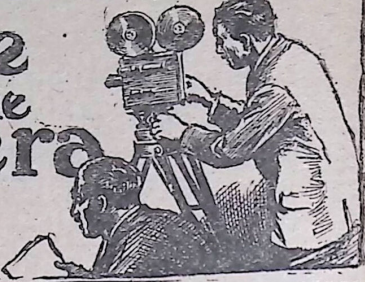
(Another ripping yarn next week.)

THE POPULAR—No. 164.

THE STIRRING LIFE STORY OF FAMOUS EDDIE POLO!



Before the Camera



A STIRRING STORY OF THE FAMOUS FILM STAR'S EARLY TRIUMPHS AND STRUGGLES.

INTRODUCTION.

Eddie Polo, ex-acrobat of the Busto Circus, commences his great career in the Clair Film Company, under the management of Mr. Morrison. Here he meets an English actor, Dick Fordyce, with whom he becomes close friends, and a charming young star, Miss Stella Cleaver, sister of one of the girls he had previously rescued from the great fire in St. Louis. Later Eddie unfortunately makes a bad enemy of Tim Bobbin, of the same company.

During the working of a certain film Bobbin attempts to kill the young actor, but Eddie saves himself from a terrible death by his quick action.

The sheriff of Alkali Springs makes Eddie his deputy during the company's stay in that town. One day Eddie is called upon to help clear out a gang of rustlers under the leadership of Red Crowther, a gambler whom Eddie had already warned out of town. Putting his scouting abilities to the test, Polo contrives to get in the rear of Crowther, jump on him, and overpower him. On looking up he is amazed at seeing Miles, one of the camera men, standing by, filming the whole episode.

(Now go on with the story.)

Seeing Himself!

EDDIE POLO shot a welcoming grin at the knight of the camera as Miles spread the legs of his tripod, and, focusing, commenced to turn the handle.

Then he turned his head just in time to frustrate a grab made by Crowther at the gun in his own hand. Eddie grinned as he stopped back, and then, with a swift movement, he seated himself on the rustler's lower chest and pressed the gun muzzle to his heart.

The rustler snarled and lay flat once more, while in the street below the citizens commenced to appear one by one and two by two, leading in, carrying in, dragging in, the whole wounded and dead rustlers who had so long held them up. And at the end of half an hour, during which time Miles and Terence continued to briskly turn their handles, the fight was over, and the sheriff, having handed back to Banker Starmer the gold, notes, and securities the rustlers had that morning lifted from his strong-room, set himself to act as magistrate at the trial which then took place.

And by the time that trial was over Mr. Morrison and the rest of the company had arrived, and it was only when they and Eddie added their arguments—and their guns—to those presented by the sheriff himself that they succeeded in persuading the citizens of Alkali Springs that it would be better to send Crowther and his fellows to a formal trial in the courts of justice than to use them as decorations for the lower branches of adjacent trees.

And in the end Eddie and his friends formed the escort that helped the sheriff deposit his charges in the train that was flagged at the tiny station, en route for St. Louis and the dreadful penalties of the law.

It was when the cavalcade rode back that Eddie suddenly remembered the assiduous way in which Miles and Terence had both

filmed the scenes in the town. Then he recollected that Terence had left location early, and that Miles had been there with him when the messenger arrived.

"I say, boss," said the lad presently, "those two camera men of ours ought to have decent pictures of this stunt; they ought to be useful as news if they were exploited in the proper way."

Morrison smothered a grin.

"They'll be exploited all right, my lad," he said. "I'll see to that. I've arranged for Miss Stella and Fordyce to look after you the rest of the day, and if you'll take my tip you'll go easy. You seem to have a happy knack for getting into trouble of some sort, but I hope you'll keep it in order this afternoon, 'cos I understand Miss Cleaver and you and Dick Fordyce are going on some sort of a picnic."

"Thanks, boss; I'll be careful—and good," promised Polo. "But I notice you include me among the stars. I didn't know I was a star."

Eddie stopped speaking as they reached the houses where they were residing during the stay of the Clair Film Company in Alkali Springs. Morrison smiled as they separated, and presently Eddie, Dick, and Stella Cleaver were deep in arrangements for the picnic that was to take place that afternoon.

Nothing happened at the picnic beyond the ordinary things that happen at such times. Dick and Eddie loafed about in the sun, and told Stella tales of England and of the Wild West and circus life; and Stella, for her part, retaliated with yarns of the dangers of city life in St. Louis, where she had worked before throwing in her lot and finding "screen star" fame with Morrison of the Eclairs. They ate a lot and drank a lot, relaxing a little from the Spartan life they were compelled to lead while pictures were in the making, and discussing their plans when they returned to town again. And in such pleasant intercourses for the picnic that was to take place that afternoon.

No adventure befell them until they reached Alkali Springs once more. The township now lay quiet under the moonlight, by events of the earlier day forgotten quite by those who sought amusement and recreation in the Golden Hope. Mr. Morrison stood at the door of this saloon smoking, and as the three rode up to him—the whole company had swiftly adopted the habit of practically living in the saddle since they had come west—he held up his hand.

"Get—be held up his hand. entertainment in her tonight, Miss Cleaver, and you two fellows," he announced. "No, I'm not going to try to rope you in for turns. As a matter of fact, you'll not be called upon to do anything but watch and listen, and after the show is over, critics. As I shall be the show you'll criticize, I hope you'll lay it on thick. The show starts in half an hour; don't be late."

They promised to turn up in good time, and, utterly in the dark as to what the show was to be, rode off to their dingies. They met again by arrangement, this time without horses, at the saloon door, and, upon entering, were astonished to find that, save for a couple of glimmering candles tucked

away on the walls, the place was in utter darkness.

"This way, my bonnie players!" said Morrison, grasping their hands and leading them through the darkness. "I've got seats reserved for you right at the back—the best seats at shows of this kind are always at the back. That's right; sit there, and keep your tongues still and your eyes open, and presently you'll enjoy yourselves more than a bit."

Presently a thin pencil of light stabbed suddenly into the darkness above their heads, and robed in a white sheet at the other end of the saloon. And immediately they knew it was a cinema entertainment—possibly the first that the citizens of Alkali Springs had ever had an opportunity of witnessing. The flickering pictures now appeared on the screen, and, with a gasp, Eddie Polo sat up and began to take notice. For the pictures were not what he had expected, and Stella though there were parts where he and Stella had been also many unrehearsed effects in the picture, and though he played one of the leading parts in the production, he had certainly not known anything about the thing till now.

For the drama being silently and clearly—ay, and consecutively depicted on the screen—was the dealing he had had with Red Crowther.

The story started with Eddie's visit to the barkeeper and the working of young Hyman in the bank. Then followed the scene when the barkeeper had tried to prevent Hyman playing cards in the saloon, with the intervention of Eddie, and the tense game that had followed, concluding with the discovery of the rustler's cheating.

The picture faded for a second as a new reel was slipped into place, and somebody sidled into a vacant seat by Eddie's side.

"What do you think of it, Polo?" asked Terence's voice. "Sure some snip, eh? That's a nice punch in a film like this, and the joke of the whole matter is that you didn't know it was being taken."

"But—but," said Eddie, "you weren't there to shoot all this!"

"For a reason," replied Terence, "though you didn't know it. I was outside the window the whole time, with my special silencer on the camera handle, and you never suspected that you were being filmed. Did you notice how clearly the camera showed Red pulling that fifth ace out of his boot?"

"But the first part—where the sheriff warned the barkeeper, and Hyman was working in the bank?" asked Eddie.

"Oh, we took that this afternoon! That's why you were hauled into the country on a sissy picnic, my lad," said Terence. "The sheriff and young Hyman both think rows of pins of themselves as film actors. But there's more surprises to come. Watch out, and don't come gunning for me if you don't quite like everything."

The operator slid away as the second part of the picture commenced to be shown. Eddie saw, to his amazement, the holding-up of the bank and the tying up of the sheriff; the final posing of the rustler bands at the street-ends at the despatch of the messenger by Bludsoe. These Eddie Polo could understand; but he couldn't make out how he came to figure so extensively in the scenes that followed. He saw himself riding across the plain

on the roan, draw himself into the tree while the watcher showed himself, gasped as he clambered in and out of the sheriff's window up the raipline on the far wall over the top. Then suddenly he saw what had happened when he slipped, and presently, closer up, himself seated on the prostrate Red Crowther. From here, as he knew, Miles had carried on to the police where Edar Morrison, and the sheriff had handed the rustlers over to the Federal authorities.

"Thinking, Eddie?" asked Stella. "You didn't think you'd been tracked and photographed like that, did you? But I saw Miles follow you yesterday in the car when you rode off, and I had a suspicion that Terence was already in the township taking scenes. But here he is. Make him explain!"

"The camera is ubiquitous, Polo," said Terence. "It sees everything. When I got a hunch yesterday that the rustlers intended to rob the bank, I was there when they began, and mighty proud they were to think that they were starring in a screen play of their own; they clean forgot that the camera might be used as evidence against them to prove their crime. And when you blew into Alkali Springs yesterday Miles was on your track, and he never lost sight of you till the whole thing was finished, except for that time when you appeared over the edge of the trees and dropped on Crowther, apparently from the skies. And, as I was posted at the upper window of a house opposite the saloon—by special permission of the rustlers, too, you might as well know—I saw that bit. When Miles and I had fitted our bits together, we got a fairly good story, and there you are! The audience seem to like it also. You'd better look out, or they'll insist on standing you so many drinks to-night, that you won't be able to stand alone in the morning. This way! Here's a side-door, if you want to slip out."

"For the audience, delighted at seeing their own houses, their own faces, and those of the cinema artists they knew on the improvised screen, had now risen to their feet with the lighting of the lamps, and were seeking Eddie Polo to congratulate and, as Terence guessed, lubricate their hero. But Eddie, with Dick on one side and Stella Cleaver on the other, was walking down the street, laughing to think how nicely the camera men had tricked him.

"So that was what they were grinning about yesterday on location," he said, suddenly remembering. "Well, the joke was on me properly!"

Morrison called to them from the rear, and came striding up the street after them.

"Eddie Polo," he said, "if that little two-reeler goes as well at the trade shows as it has at the private view—and it only wants cutting a very little bit—you're a made star, and I'll have to raise your screw. I may tell you, in confidence, that I'm looking to that film to make me and the Clair Company a pot of money that we badly need. Of course, you don't know that 'The Western Union Hero' film has cost us pretty well every penny we possess to produce, and the more money will be locked up in it for some time to come, and even then there's a chance for us to make the thing a failure. But two-reelers full of punch, like this one of you and the rustlers, are always certain of a welcome, and when it goes off, it snappes up as soon as it's shown, and that won't be long after we get back to St. Louis—we'll have cash in hand to start on the next film. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Have you any idea for a real film play with a punch that'll catch exhibitors tumbling over each other to buy?"

Eddie's brows puckered as he thought hard. The idea, brilliant and daring, floated into his mind.

He slapped his leg, and gave vent to a great laugh.

"Idea!" he echoed. "Why, the very father and mother of all ideas, and it's yours, Mr. Morrison, free, gratis, and without a cent! What about a real circus film, with stunts, and a love-story worked into it? That's the thing the public would love to see. And I can do all the stunts that are wanted, while Stella here, together with another little lady I know, could work the love interest in, especially if Dick helps them. It'd go like hot cakes!"

"I could do all the daring and acrobatical parts of the show that is required. Come to think of it, I can make up the plot for a film of that kind from my own past life. I'll not only star in the picture, but I'll write the scenario and direct the production as well, unless Mr. Morrison objects. And all

for my ordinary salary till the Clair makes good."

"Bravo, Polo!" put in Morrison. "Spoken like a man! The idea is accepted and the play passed! You're to be principal male star, author, and producer, and I'll keep a fatherly eye on the whole thing. But there's just one point we've overlooked: Have any of you got such a thing as a fully-equipped circus about you?"

The three laughed. "That's the easiest part of the whole affair, boss!" said Eddie. "Busto will lend us everything he's got if we ask him, and we can take our pictures in the daytime under the big top, where there isn't a lot of traffic knocking about. I'll drop him a line to-night."

A party of citizens, catching Eddie Polo in the moonlight, here interposed to congratulate the lad on the film they had just seen, and were disposed to be a little proud of the

ing during the days that followed the return of the Clair Film Company from Alkali Springs. There still remained a few things to do to clear up the twin stages of the new cinema actor, had appeared in before they could be shown to the trade exhibitors, and through them to the public, and, in helping to clear these things up, Eddie got a great insight into the more technical part of film production—insight that stood him in good stead in later days. Also, he got several bright ideas that were later turned to profitable account.

The "Western Union Hero" story was completed, cut down to size, and shown to a select gathering in the St. Louis town hall, that being the only building obtainable. And from all over the United States came men engaged in providing entertainments for the multitude to see the film. They expressed approval in no uncertain



Eddie Polo saw himself crawl along the roof of the saloon and drop straight on the back of the waiting Red Crowther. Down he went, with the young actor sitting on the ground, and grinned at his chum Dick Fordyce. "I think I understand now!" he said.

part they had themselves played therein. But they presently walked off, and the four show people wandered in turn to their rooms. Mr. Morrison seeing Stella safely to her own door.

The director and his leading lady were still talking on the doorstep when Eddie Polo, closely followed by Dick Fordyce, rushed out of their house into the street once more.

"Here's a queer thing, boss!" said Polo, handing a slip of paper to Morrison. "A telegram from Busto, the man who owns the circus. That straightens things out for us, and gives us a lovely chance of getting all our atmosphere and scenes correct. Of course, if you say 'No, I can't help the old man. But read the telegram for yourself."

Morrison held the paper to the moonlight, and frowned a little as he read the words thereon written, Stella peering over his shoulder.

"To Polo, Clair Films, Alkali Springs," read the message. "My best acrobat broke his leg last night, and I can't get another for a month. Will you come back and play for us? If you can't, wire immediately."

Morrison handed back the paper.

"Well?" he asked. "My answer is 'Yes, certainly; and I'm bringing a film company with me,'" said Eddie. "Is that all right?"

"Go ahead, lad!" said Morrison. "We'll do it just as you say we shall. But it'll be hardest for you, because you'll have to work day and night."

Eddie Polo put in a vast amount of think-

terms, and they were indeed "Glad to know you, boy!" when they were afterwards introduced to the young actor who had played the hero in the piece.

It should be explained here that at that time the principle of "starring" a man had not come into being—the lady was all that mattered. If she possessed a pretty face—the "typical film face"—she was a sure draw, whether she could act or not, and Stella Cleaver, indeed, had that as well as look beautiful, she was a certain success. But when this particular film was shown, men began to sit up and take notice of the young man whose name appeared as Eddie Polo—indeed, had they not been thrilled by his risky and spectacular stunts they would not have been men with red blood in their veins.

They discussed him, and they prophesied big things about him. Then, having dined in St. Louis, they caught trains back to their various towns.

To be absolutely frank, Stella Cleaver had "arrived." Eddie Polo, as a screen draw, was still on his way. Eddie never troubled about this—indeed, I doubt if, in the busy-ness of his days, Eddie ever thought about it. He was trying a new job.

Under his hands the story grew; in his brain the scenario and the production of the play took daily shape. And it was still in his brain and manuscript when, with the rest of the Clairs, he travelled down to Salt Gulch to join Busto's Great Travelling Circus for the second time in his life.

OUR DRAMATIC DETECTIVE SERIAL!



A MARKED MAN.

—:— A Grand Story, —:—
dealing with the Adven-
tures of Ferrers Locke, the
World-Famous Detective.

THREADS OF THE STORY.

Adrian Vaughan, after having served five years, leaves Dartmoor Prison, bent on retaining his old position in the world, but he finds that all of his old acquaintances had joined the great army against him, including a very old chum, Harry Leigh, and he vows to get his revenge on those who were once his friends.

He falls in with an old acquaintance of the prison, by name of Demottsen, and secures a suite of splendidly furnished rooms, where they intend to plan a great scheme. Later Vaughan appears before the public as a singer and musician, and makes a great name for himself as Paul Rutherford.

Later, Demottsen informs his partner that he has discovered that Leishman is really Mr. Leigh, the criminals' moneylender. They employ the aid of John Firth, who is the double of the ex-convict, and it is arranged that the latter helps Firth to discover the whereabouts of Judas Leishman, a man who had wronged him in the past.

Firth pays a visit to the Marquis of Rangway to entertain the guests as a musician, using the name of Rutherford, whilst the real man burgles the house of the most valuable possession, the Golden Cup.

When the alarm is given, the guests search the grounds, and the body of Raymond Marconnon is found, evidence points to the fact that Vaughan is the murderer.

Ferrers Locke discovers several important clues, but none help him in disentangling the mystery. Locke visits Harry Leigh secretly, and Leigh informs the detective that he had seen a stranger digging a hole in the grounds just outside his window a few days ago.

(Now read on.)

A Strange Discovery!

"THE hole was filled in," said Harry Leigh. "The man looked up and saw me. I must have been in such a blue funk that I supposed I fainted. I knew nothing more until I woke up to find the housekeeper bending over me. He told me the pater had given strict instructions I was not to be allowed outside my rooms. For five long days I've been kept a prisoner. I thought of thin game pigeons, and drew them to my window with crumbs. On Wednesday a strange pigeon joined the others. I caught it, tied the two messages to it, and set it free. Now, Ferrers, you must help me to put an end to this state of affairs. See the governor, and demand my release. He has no right to treat me or anyone like this."

To Locke it was plain the imprisonment was telling severely on nerves already over-ried.

"Listen!"

Locke dropped his voice to a tense whisper, and raised a warning hand. Somewhere—! seemed so near as though a reached-out hand could touch it—a human form stood invisible, but alert, for above the beating of their own hearts its steady breathing was distinctly audible.

"As you value your safety, don't move!" the detective seemed to say; and Harry, nodding through the gloom, kept stonily still.

Then the sound died into faintness, and finally disappeared.

The detective wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"Golly, that was weird!" he muttered.

"Were we overheard, Ferrers?"

"I don't think so. We had stopped talking a few moments before the person approached. Ah, the secret!"

He stepped noiselessly across the room and pushed aside a picture on the wall. A dark cavity yawned beneath.

"Don't use this room again. Keep both doors leading to it locked and plugs in the keyholes. Now I must go. If, later, you hear sounds in the garden among the trees, don't be alarmed. Before the day breaks I've got to solve the puzzle of the man who hid something by stealth."

"But the governor—"

"I shall see him in the morning. Good-night!"

A second later the darkness enveloped him. He stole through the shrubs that fringed the lawn, and took his bearings from the light that gleamed in Harry's bedroom. The sense of touch as he ran his skilful fingers over the soft earth revealed the spot where the midnight digger had carried on his work.

Hours dragged by, and still the detective made no effort to pursue his investigations. Not until the dark, cold moments that precede the dawn were come, when he knew that of all times now the several inmates of the silent house would be sleeping, did he work with feverish energy to lay bare the secret of the soil.

The carefully-laid turf came away in big squares; the earth beneath was soft and easy to remove. Every scrap he piled beside him on his spread-out coat. A quarter of an hour's work brought a muffled cry of surprise to his lips; his hand closed on something hard and metallic wrapped in several layers of paper. The detective drew it out and laid it aside; then he brought more earth from a distance, and filled in the hole with what remained on his coat, replaced the turf, and moved swiftly away.

At a safe distance from the house he undid the wrappings and switched on an electric torch. Its steady rays lit upon something that left him stupid with amazement, for in his hand he held the Marquis of Rangway's golden bowl!

The Man With the Double Life!

JUSTIN LEIGH'S home in Kilworth Grove was a good specimen of middle Georgian architecture. The long, low front, plentifully pierced by white-painted windows, was covered with clinging ivy; a flight of high steps led to the wide oak door, two stories above which a cluster of dormer windows softened the general severity of the place.

At the end of the first terrace facing the house, and girded on either side with a sweeping drive, Justin Leigh himself reclined in a full-length deck-chair. From a distance he gave the impression of enjoying perfect rest, ease, and contentment. The thin suit of white duck made harmony with the

warmth of the slumbrous afternoon; on the grey hat, nervously parted at the back and down the middle above his remarkably intelligent face, a shady hat was tilted. The hat alone hid the true state of affairs, for in its shelter his eyes were desperate with a wild light, and every now and then the thin lips, half hidden in the straggling beard, twitched convulsively, and a hot tongue tried in vain to moisten their dryness.

He started uneasily as a well-trained valet came quietly across the lawn.

"Lord Portkerron, sir?"

Justin Leigh was silent a moment. Striving to thrust back the wild tumult in his brain, he recollected Portkerron as president of one of the great philanthropic societies in the founding and supporting of which he had played no unimportant part.

"Show his lordship into the library; I will be along in a moment."

He tried to brace himself to face an affair of everyday life, but the effort left him pitifully weak and unnerved. Strange how terribly his nerves had gone to pieces these last few days.

"I'm trying to fight brains younger and clever than my own," he admitted, not, however, without the kindling of a fierce, dogged light in the deep-set, penetrating eyes. "Heaven knows how long will pass before the unmasking comes."

Ah, there was the crux—the unmasking. To the man, leading a double life—openly as a public benefactor, a doer of good works, loving his name to shine before men; in secret—heaven, he doesn't dwell on the horrors—death itself would be preferable to exposure. He tried again to focus his mind on his distinguished visitor, and the possible object of his calling in person. When he entered the library he was outwardly calm.

Portkerron, immaculately dressed for an afternoon call, greeted him cordially. A few moments spent in exchanging commonplaces about the weather, the wonderful fairy-like display of flowers in the gardens, then his lordship's manner changed suddenly to a deep seriousness.

"Mr. Leigh, I have to discuss with you a matter of the gravest importance, a matter demanding the most inviolable secrecy. May I take it that we can converse here, with the greatest privacy, and without the risk of possible intrusion?"

His lordship's somewhat high-pitched, aristocratic voice was full of genuine concern. He looked relieved when Justin Leigh rose and locked the door.

"Thank you. Now we can talk quite freely. You are unfortunately, I believe, subject to periodic heart attacks, Mr. Leigh? It behoves me, therefore, to ask you to receive any surprise my words may convey quite calmly, and without causing yourself undue excitement."

Leigh nodded. Portkerron could really know nothing about him or his private affairs.

"I am perfectly prepared for anything your lordship may say," he muttered uneasily.

"Then let me inform you that I am fully aware that, at this moment, I stand in the presence of Judas Leishman."

Leigh went white, and a cry of fear froze on his bloodless lips.

"My lord, you are mad! I do not know such a man."

"Calm yourself. I am here as your friend, to save you from enemies who would bring you to ruin—more, to certain death. Unless you accept me in that spirit I am powerless to aid you."

"But it is a lie, a foul, wicked lie! I am not Judas Leishman!"

Porthkerron smiled easily. "There is a man who is a power in the underworld of crime—a man who has made his wealth by financing crooks and criminals in every country of the world—a man who has lent more money on the proceeds of crime and thefts and frauds than the ordinary mind can conceive. There is a man who for the past twenty years has been cognisant of every desperate venture that has taken place in Europe and America, and has attended on it. He is, too, the crooks' moneylender—the villain who advances two thousand pounds that a haul of twenty thousand may be made, and received five hundred per cent. on his money; who will pay cash for a stolen rope of exquisite pearls and cut up priceless diamonds; who buys stolen banknotes at a quarter of their value and hands them to his satellites to change. His name, unknown except among the denizens of the lower world, is Judas Leishman—and you, my dear Leigh, and Judas Leishman are one and the same."

Leigh had sunk back in his chair, his face pale as death, his thin cheeks quivering, his whole frame shrunken to half its normal size. Some moments passed before he could speak, yet all the while his lifeless gaze was fixed on Porthkerron.

"How came you, Lord Porthkerron, to know all this?"

When he spoke his voice was hushed to an almost inaudible whisper.

The answer was flung back like a bomb-shell exploding at his feet.

"Because, my dear Judas Leishman, I am not Porthkerron at all, but your old friend Adrian Vaughan."

With a snarl, Leishman's hand flew to his pocket, but the other was too quick for him. His arm flashed forward, and a hard fist caught Leishman full under the chin, sending him reeling backward, smashing into a small table behind him.

You are unmasked at last, Judas Leishman!" he hissed, drawing out his own revolver, and covering the cowering man before him. "Only one way of salvation lies open to you—to come to terms with me!"

"Harry is Not Your Son!"

DRIVEN to the wall, the instinct to fight swept a wave of dogged courage into Justin Leigh's soul.

He leant towards Vaughan clasping his hands together and eyeing him with sudden defiance.

"You have made a terrible accusation against me. It is not for me to admit or deny it. But supposing I do deny it, and challenge you to prove your words?"

"Then, with the greatest ease in the world, I can do so. It is only necessary for me to produce a few such witnesses as Charles Demottson, the ex-convict and coiner, the Hungarian Jew fence, Louis Poltniren—"

"You know him?"

"I am getting to know everyone who counts in the criminal world of London. All of them by this time have heard of Adrian Vaughan. You are acquainted with most big Continental gangs. Ask the members of the one to which young Count von Diebling belongs what he thinks of me."

The other's colossal self-assurance was not lost on Justin Leigh.

"I've no doubt you have earned an unenviable notoriety for yourself since you came out of prison!" he replied, with a sneer. "If I deny being Judas Leishman, you threaten to prove me a liar. May I ask what you propose to do if I admit it?"

"A thinking smile wreathed Vaughan's lips. "As I hold you in the palm of my hand I can propose just what I like! You have no alternative but to accept my terms!"

"You forget you are merely a ticket-of-leave man, for whose arrest warrants are still out. What is to prevent my raising the alarm now, having you arrested, and sent back to a long term of penal servitude?"

"Nothing, except this silent automatic pistol which would go off without a second's warning and stretch you dead at my feet. Then, my dear sir—don't you think with thought you were still a respectable member of moneyed society!—I should simply put your corpse into that old oak coffin, lock it, and

go quietly away. By the time your dead body was discovered London would have swallowed me up."

"You are a fiend!" cried Leigh, drawing a shaking hand across his streaming face.

"I am what circumstances have made me, but, I trust, with a saving grace of humour also. Still, as you appear inclined to argue with me, I will detail the extent of my power over you. Firstly, without myself figuring in the affair at all, I could make such a revelation of you as would ensure your passing the remainder of your saintly life in penal servitude. Point number one. Point number two: You remember a man called John Firth?"

A cry of anguish broke from Leigh.

"Is he alive?" he gasped.

"Alive! Very much so! Only let me bring him before you, and you would quickly know if he were alive or not!"

tionally. Even now I am keeping him practically a prisoner."

"So long as Harry is under your foot Locke will find some way of satisfying himself he is safe."

"I fear that man!"

"Oh!" Vaughan arched his eyebrows in surprise. "Is he on your track, too?"

"He may, at any moment, find out something which will bring me to ruin."

"I see. That makes it all the easier for you to agree to my terms."

"And they are—"

"That you give Harry over to my keeping!"

"When?"

"Almost immediately! Tell me, why do you fear Locke?"

"Because he is the cleverest detective of the age. He has set himself to solve a certain mystery, the key of which is—myself."



With a snarl, Leishman's hand flew to his hip-pocket, but Vaughan was too quick for him. His arm flashed out and caught the other full on the point of the jaw, sending him backwards over a small table. "You are unmasked at last, Leishman!" he hissed. (See this page.)

"Did he tell you—"

"He told me nothing! I found out how you wronged him. You stole his son!"

"Heaven help me!" moaned the unhappy man.

"I am the only one who can help you. Harry Leigh is not your son."

Leigh buried his face in his hands.

"You would not take him from me after all these years? He is the only person I have ever loved!"

Vaughan started up, and paced the room angrily.

"He is not your son. You stole him from John Firth. How you carried out that bit of wickedness, I can't as yet understand; but one thing I shall know. However, for the time being, we can let that pass."

"No, not Harry's name! I have loved him all these years, brought him up to look upon me as his father. Spare him to me still!"

"Why should I? Have you, or anyone, ever spared me? Still, I don't know. Perhaps I am prepared to treat with you, with Harry as the subject-point of negotiation."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Hand him over into my keeping!"

"I cannot!"

"You must, and will!"

"Then, sooner or later, when he unmask

er, he will take good care Harry no longer remains in your hands. You love him?"

"He is more to me than life! Only a childless man can know the solace he has been I am an old man with few more years to run. Let me keep him to the end, and help me to hide my secret from him."

"The truth must come out unless you entrust him to me!"

"How?"

"John Firth will claim him."

"Who will tell him? At present he does not know of my existence, much less suspect Harry's."

"He knows you are alive. I have told him so. But of the real identity of Judas Leishman with the millionaire philanthropist, Justin Leigh, he is ignorant. Unless you agree to my terms, I shall certainly, without delay, bring you and John Firth face to face!"

Leigh's shrunken frame shook with emotion. When at last he looked up his face was haggard.

"Why do you want him?" he asked hoarsely.

"To hold him as a hostage, if needs be, against an enemy. Once and for all, Justin Leigh, will you concede my terms?"

(Continued on page 18.)

BULSTRODE MINOR.

(Continued from page 8.)

everbearing "boulder" whom everybody had disliked or feared.

Nugent minor stopped mopping his perspiring face for a moment.

"I did it," he replied coolly.

"You—you young hound!"

"Yes, and I'll do it again if I have any more of his check," said Nugent minor. "We don't fear newcomers to swank in the Second Form."

"No fear!" said Gatty.

"Smash him!" muttered Herbert. "Smash him! Go for the cad, George! Smash him!"

He dragged himself from his brother's arm, his face flaming with rage and spite. But Bulstrode major did not need urging on.

He ran straight at Nugent minor.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Gatty, getting between them. "Chuck it! Oh!"

Gatty was swept off his feet by a furious back-handed blow. He went sprawling on the floor of the Form-room.

"Yarrah!" he roared.

There was a resentful yell from the fags.

"Go for the Remove cad!"

"Buzuz him out!"

"Down him!"

Bulstrode had grasped Nugent minor. Dicky struggled fiercely, but his struggles would not have been of much use against the bulk of Bulstrode, not help been at hand.

But there was plenty of help to be had. The Second Form were not disposed to stand by and see their leader handled by a fellow in the Remove.

They rushed upon Bulstrode as one man—or, more correctly, as one fag.

The bully of the Remove hit out savagely.

"Take that! Hands off, you young cad!"

"Oh!"

Bulstrode was swept off his feet by the rush of the fags.

He went rolling on the floor, dragging down half a dozen of the fags with him and a dozen more piled on him and pinned him down.

The bully of the Remove almost disappeared under a crowd of excited, yelling youngsters.

There was pandemonium, to judge by the noise in the Second Form-room. Seldom had it witnessed such a terrific tussle.

Bulstrode was busy and powerful, and his blood was up. He struggled and fought, hitting his hardest, and the fags had a rough time of it.

But numbers told.

Bulstrode was held down by innumerable hands, and rolled over and bumped upon the floor till he roared with pain.

Herbert ran to his aid. But half a dozen pairs of hands grasped Herbert, and he was rolled over and bumped, too.

"Hold that cad!" gasped Nugent minor, staggering to his feet. "He wanted to chuck my herrings away; he shall take them away himself."

Dicky picked up the half-cold herrings from the ashes, and plastered them upon Herbert's face, and jammed them down his collar.

The fags roared with laughter, and Herbert roared with rage and disgust; but he had all the herrings before Dicky Nugent desisted.

The other beast may as well have my toffee!" said Gatty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give it him!"

Gatty gave it him!

The toffee was half-cold, but liquid enough for the purpose. Gatty smeared it over Bulstrode's face, and jammed it into his hair.

"Oh!" gasped Bulstrode. "Yah! Oh! Stop! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two Bulstrodes presented a shocking picture by this time.

"Now kick them out!" gasped Gatty.

"Hurrah! Kick 'em out—both of 'em!"

The brothers were hauled and shoved to the door.

Nugent minor held it open, and the Bulstrodes, major and minor, were hurled forth into the flagged passage.

There was a shout of laughter as they came whirling out. The noise in the Second Form-room had attracted a crowd of fellows.

"Falth," exclaimed Micky Desmond, of the Remove, "and phwat are they intirely? Sure, it's the wild man from Borneo and his minor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My haw, I've paid a tanner to see less funny things at a circus!" exclaimed Corker of the Fifth. "Who are they? What are they?"

"Gave! Here comes Queelch!"

Mr. Queelch, the master of the Remove, was coming down the passage, with an angry face, and in so great a hurry that his gown was trailing behind him in the breeze he made in his rapid progress. He stopped at the door.

"Keep order here, and less noise!" said Mr. Queelch, "or I shall ask your Form-master to look into the matter."

"Yes, sir," said Nugent minor meekly.

Mr. Queelch rustled away, and the Bulstrodes followed him a moment later.

The fags of the Second Form turned into the Form-room again, grinning. Nugent minor had lost his herrings, and Gatty his toffee, and most of the fags had some mark to show that they had scored over the bully of the Remove, and they had shown the new fag, as Gatty said, what was what.

"And that young cad will have a lively time in the Second, if he doesn't change his manners and customs a bit," Dicky Nugent said.

In which opinion all the Second Form heartily concurred.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid school story of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's issue.)

A MARKED MAN.

(Continued from previous page.)

A sudden resolution sprang to life in the old man's tired eyes.

"I won't! I defy you, Adrian Vaughan, to do your worst!"

"Then my worst will be to see an end of you! Judas Leishman, I give you an hour to decide! If you refuse, before four-and-twenty hours are out you will be arrested for the murder of Raymond Marconnon!"

The terrible denunciation shattered the old man's last attempt at resistance. He fell back, breathing heavily.

"Was there ever such a fiend in human form before?" he muttered.

"Fiend or not, I am useful in bringing such scoundrels as you to book! Marconnon's blood cries aloud for vengeance! I shall step forward and answer the call!"

"No! For mercy's sake, no! I did not mean to kill him!"

"Be reasonable, then. Because you give Harry over to me is no reason why you should lose him in the long run. If you don't pass him over he will assuredly go out of your hands altogether. I shall treat him well. When I think fit, you shall see him. What could I say or do more fair?"

"When do you want him?"

"To-day or to-morrow. By then he must be in my hands. Now, what do you say?"

Justin Leigh rose uncertainly, and his body swayed, as he walked to the window, and stood there, staring moodily out across the sunlit terraces and lawns.

"You leave me no alternative," he said. "I agree."

Vaughan bowed elegantly.

"Thank you, my dear Leishman!" he said.

In Vaughan's Clutches!

As Justin Leigh's huge Daimler purred sweetly up the drive, and stopped, panting, before the wide-fung doors of the spacious portico, Harry leaped back against the cushions, and surveyed the stately pile with mingled pleasure and surprise.

"I have never seen a house anywhere so THE POPULAR—No. 101

equal to!" he said enthusiastically. "Lord Porthkerron must be proud to own such a place!"

His beautiful black-and-white half-timber work to the projecting wing at each end, surmounted by gables which showed the most delightful of Tudor carved work.

The roof, high-pitched and quaintly irregular in parts, was composed of age-stained red tiles. Below it a hundred diamond-paned and leaded windows gleamed in the warm sunlight that streamed across the sweeping parkland.

Justin Leigh shut off the engine, and they passed in. Leigh's story was he had to visit Lord Porthkerron on a matter of business connected with one of the public institutions with which they still were concerned. Harry, of course, had accepted quite naturally, and, all unsuspecting, had allowed himself to be led into a cleverly-laid trap.

A silent-footed, liveried manservant ushered them into a drawing-room.

NOW ON SALE!

GET THEM AT ONCE.

SCHOOL, SPORT, & ADVENTURE TALES, BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

No. 538.—CORNISH CRIT. Splendid Tale of Mining Adventure. BY HERBERT MAXWELL.

No. 539.—THE PREFERENCES OF BOWKER'S HOUSE. Superb Yarn of Jack Jackson and his Clums at Wycliffe. BY JACK NORTH.

No. 540.—FOOTER ON FOREIGN TENTS. Grand Story of a Footer Tour of the Continent. BY ALAN DENE.

No. 541.—MICK OF THE MOVIES. Stirring Story of the Cinema. BY STANTON HOPE.

THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

4d. LIBRARY.

The door opened silently, and a man Harry did not for a moment recognise entered. He bowed with distinguished ease. He was tall and well-built, and carried himself gracefully, but behind the smiling, aristocratic face the clean-cut lips, set in a firm line, the square dogged chin, and the steady glance, conveyed the impression of tremendous will-power. And then, in a flash, the truth was laid bare. Somewhere before Harry had seen these smiling lips, and watched the curious play of light in the steely eyes.

"Father, this is not Lord Porthkerron," he whispered, then swung round upon the newcomer like a tiger brought to bay. "You—you are Adrian Vaughan!"

His voice rose in passionate anger, only to fall to a whisper as he turned his gaze on Justin Leigh's inscrutable face.

Vaughan stepped jauntily forward and bent over a massive tray on which a Queen Anne silver tea-set was displayed. Everything was ready. He moved aside, and in a pleasant voice served the tea. Harry mechanically repeated the charge.

"You are not Lord Porthkerron! You are Adrian Vaughan!"

"My dear fellow, I never have laid claim to the slightest nobility. Why take cream and sugar, I know. Thank you! I can answer you. I admit I am Adrian Vaughan."

"Father, what does this mean? Why have you brought me here?"

He turned to Justin Leigh, who sat on the edge of a chair nervously twirling his gold-mounted stick between his shaking hands.

"Leigh looked away.

"I had no alternative but to bring you," he answered unsteadily.

Fierce anger flamed up in Harry's eyes.

"Then why resort to trickery and deception? Why not have told me you wished to meet this man. Instead of this, you came with scorn—you have lied to me, and told me you were bringing me to Lord Porthkerron's house! You cannot mean to keep me here?"

"Certainly—why not? That's my intention—an intention which has Mr. Leigh's approval."

Justin Leigh rose slowly and went out.

"Do I understand you intend keeping me a prisoner?" Harry asked.

(Another grand instalment of this serial next week.)

—This Week's Issue of the "Magnet" Library! Get a Copy Now! 19

WRIGLEY'S

(3 FLAVOURS)



ON EVERY FOOTBALL FIELD

Players & Spectators of all ages appreciate WRIGLEY'S. THE leading Players in the Senior and Junior and Amateur and Professional League and Cup Matches keep in form with the aid of WRIGLEY'S. A long-lasting Bar of this delicious Sweetmeat prevents fatigue (and the accompanying "off-form" feeling) in the hardest game.

WHERE the 50,000 crowds of spectators are seen, look around and you will see thousands enjoying WRIGLEY'S, which keeps everyone feeling fit and fine.

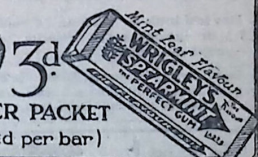
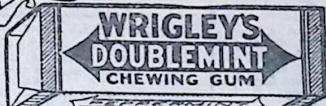
WRIGLEY'S IS THE ONLY SWEETMEAT ALLOWED by the trainers of the leading Athletes in strict training. You try WRIGLEY'S, Boys, and you will find out WHY.

ONLY 3d. for a Packet of 6 Bars, and each Bar gives you hours of fruit-flavoured "tuck" enjoyment.

Sealed tight - kept right.

The Flavour Lasts

SOLD EVERYWHERE

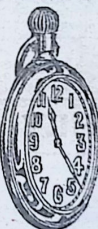


3d. PER PACKET (1/2 per bar)

NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF

2/- ONLY. YOU HAVE WATCH WHILST PAYING FOR IT.



Gent's full-size Railway-timekeeping Keyless Lever Watch. Stout Nickel Silver Damp and Dustproof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid timekeeper. Price 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in the dark), 2/- extra. Wrist, 2/- extra, Ladies' or Gent's.

WE will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-. After receiving watch you send us a further 2/- and promise to pay the remaining balance by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. Five years warranty given with every watch. To avoid disappointment send 2/- and 6d. extra postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in rotation.

G. KAVANAGH & CO. (Dept. 20),
68, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

DUTTON'S HOUR DUTTON'S SHORTHAND has only 6 rules and 29 characters. Complete theory learned in 24 hours. Practice quickly gives high speeds. Send 2 stamps for illustrated booklet containing specimen lessons to **DUTTON'S COLLEGE** (Desk 203), SKIDGESS, London Branch, 92 & 95, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1, Manchesters Branch: **SHORTHAND** 5, 8, Victoria Buildings, St. Mary's Gate.

25 COMIC SONGS, 8 Funny Recitations, 30 Parlor Games, Tricks, etc., etc. lot 1/- carr. Ed.—HILL CO., 8 Triangle, Clevedon, Som.

"**CURLY HAIR!**" "Mine curled at once," writes Major. Thousands of testimonials, proof sent. Summers "Curlit" curls straight hair. 1/5, 2/5 (stamps accepted)—SUMMERS (Depts. L.), Upper Russell St., Brighton.

MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/—T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N. 1.



15 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works. **LOWEST CASH PRICES, EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Tyres and Accessories at popular Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Measure Size Free List and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, INCORP.
Dept. B 607, BIRMINGHAM.

MAN-SIZE.

A man must be man-size to secure respect and advancement. The **CERVAN SCIENTIFICO** Hundreds of testimonials. 1/3 and 2/5 (stamps accepted)—ROSS (Dept. T.), 173, New North Road, London, N. 4.

CONJURING TRICKS, NOVELTIES, Etc.

Parcels, 2/6, 5/-, and 10/-. Sample Trick, 1/-—**IDEAL COMPANY, OLDCHURCH ROAD, CLEVEDON.**

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS from 21/-

Real Value. Films Galore. A Room for Winter Evenings. Lists Free—**DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, DRAYTON AVENUE, WEST EALING, LONDON.**

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF, 1/5 doze, 12 by 10 EN.

LARGEMENTS, Ed. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—**HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**

MODEL STEAM ENGINES.

Locomotives, Railways, Electric Motors & Dynamoes, Batteries, Accumulators, Model paraffin lamps, etc., etc. Interesting illustrated catalogue, 6d. (P.O. only)—**MODEL CO., 58 (A.P.), QUEEN'S ROAD, ANTON, BIRMINGHAM.**

NERVOUSNESS

is the greatest drawback in life to any man or woman. It will-power, mind concentration, dash or feel awkward in the presence of others. Send 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Menton-Nerva Strengthening Treatment, used in the Navy, from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army from Colonel to Private, D.S.O., M.C., M.M., and D.C.M.—**GURFAY ELLIOTT SMITH Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.**

FREE BOOK FOR Engineers

ENGINEERING. EARN MORE MONEY. KNOW YOUR TRADE.
Complete Correspondence Courses in:
ENGINEERING MOTOR-CAR ENGINEERING
DRAUGHTSMANSHIP MATHEMATICS
ELECTRICITY AERO ENGINES
Write and say which subject you wish to study, and we will send you a FREE Book pointing out your chances, and explaining our system: Slate age and send 2d. stamps for postage.
THE TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF Gt. BRITAIN Ltd.,
41, Thaxet House, 231 & 233, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

THE POPULAR—Every Friday.

HERE'S GOOD LUCK FOR YOUR HAIR!

A Wonderful Gift to Bring YOU Abundance of Beautiful Hair.
1,000,000 HAIR BEAUTY FREE TRIAL OUTFITS.

FROM time immemorial superstition has been rife, and the most commonly accepted symbol of Good Luck has been the Horseshoe. However, there is a new symbol of Good Luck nowadays for all, both men and women, who are afflicted with Hair Trouble in any shape or form. It is one which implies the restoration of Hair Health and Beauty, and the cultivation of abundant, radiantly beautiful tresses, which evoke the admiration of all and the envy of not a few.

The new "Good Luck for the Hair" symbol takes the tangible form of Edwards' Harlene for the Hair—a potent liquid which has been proved to be the Elixir of Life for the Hair. No mystic movements are involved beyond those of the World Famous "Harlene Hair-Drill."

FREE TO ALL.



Here's "Good Luck" for your Hair. A Four-Fold Hair Beauty Free Trial Outfit—the foremost of Hair-health with radiantly beautiful tresses for Ladies, and thick, abundant growth for Men. Claim your "Good Luck" parcel to-day. See coupon.

3. Free Bottle of "Uzon"—an exquisite Brilliance that gives the hair a glorious lustre and radiance, and is especially beneficial in cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. Free "Hair-Drill" Manual, containing full instructions for carrying out the two minutes a day "Harlene Hair-Drill."

After a free trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliance at 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremax" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven (single packets 31. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

CONTENTS OF HAIR BEAUTY FREE TRIAL OUTFITS.

To-day is the very best time to begin this wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill" The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Trial Outfit, which is offered free to all who will remit the cost of postage and packing—viz., fourpence in stamps—contains the following essential requisites for carrying out the "Drill" to the best advantage:

1. Free trial bottle of "Harlene," a wonderful liquid tonic preparation that promotes healthy and beautiful hair growth.
2. Free "Cremax" Shampoo Powder, the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

FREE "HARLENE" COUPON.

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

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.
Popular, 15/1/21.

NOTE TO READERS.

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.")

Boys!



MAKE THIS PERFECT MINIATURE BIPLANE.

This model is the outcome of five years' experimental and research work. It is scientifically strengthened with an entirely new method of spar construction, which allows the model being made from a special stiff quality of paper. Movable controls are fitted. Automatic stability is obtained by fitting the lifting planes on the new MASCO principle. All details are reproduced in the model, including Instrument Board, Air-pump, Pitot Tubes, Petrol Service Tank, etc. The model is provided with elastic shock absorbers on the chassis axle and tail-rod. These avoid broken parts in the event of bad landings. The span of the model is 12 ins., length 12 ins., height 5 ins. We guarantee that the model will perform all the evolutions of any present-day aeroplane. Our guarantee has been amply proved by the fact that we have received hundreds of letters of appreciation from model enthusiasts.

Complete set of parts and illustrated instructions, PRICE 1/-. Post Free. (Stamps unacceptable.)

Orders for two or more sets at 10d. per set.

Foreign Postage, 1d. extra per set.

THE MASCO PATENTS' MFG. CO., Dept. 7, Saville House, Saville Row, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

FILMS CHHAF. Stamped envelope for lists. Machines, etc. 50ft. Sample Film, 1/3.—TYSON & MARSHALL, 89, Castle Boulevard, NOTTINGHAM.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Popular." PEN COUPON. Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you send 12 further coupons, each worth 1/6, off the price, so you may send 13 coupons and only 5/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to POPULAR readers. Foreign postage extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Self Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

Printed and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Subscription rates: Inland, 13s. per annum; 6s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd. Saturday, January 15th, 1921.

SHOPPING MADE EASY.

EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS:

No. 1. Masters' Famous "Ajax" Service Capable for Police, Post and Railwaymen, price 30/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Specially selected material, price 35/-; same terms.

No. 2. The King of All—an extra smart Boot for Sunday or business—extra good quality, only 35/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

No. 3. Masters' Famous "Cyclops" Boot, a Heavy Sunday Boot for workmen, price 35/-; 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Also in Tan, 35/-; same terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

5/- MONTHLY

No. 4. Masters' "Empire" Boot, a reliable Boot for everyday wear, price 27/6; superior quality, 30/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

No. 5. Gent's Shoes in Strong Box Leather, smart shape, price 30/-; 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Also in Brogue, Glacie Kid 30/-; Tan 35/-; same terms, 5/- monthly. Wonderful good value.

No. 6. Ladies' Smart Walking Shoe, in Black Box, 25/-; Glacie Kid 30/- and 35/-; Tan, 35/- very smart Shoe; or 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

No. 7. Ladies' Strong Box Boots, 27/6; Glacie, 35/-; Lace or Button; 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Tan, 45/-; or 7/6 monthly.

Send 5/- deposit with size and say which pair we shall send you. Pay balance 5/- monthly after delivery.

BOOT LIST FREE.

Foreign applications invited.

MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Street, Rye.



FREE FUN!

The Latest Screamingly Funny Surprise Novelty, causing roars of laughter, FREE to all sending 1/- for 70 Cute Conjuring Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Catchy Coin Tricks, 5 Mystifying Magic Tricks, 6 Jokers' Comical Cards, Sensational Ventriloquism Secret, and 1,001 Stupendous Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun! Postal Address: O. HUGHES, 15, Wood St., Edgbaston, Birmingham. (Big Box Demon Moustache Crowder, 1/2 post free.)