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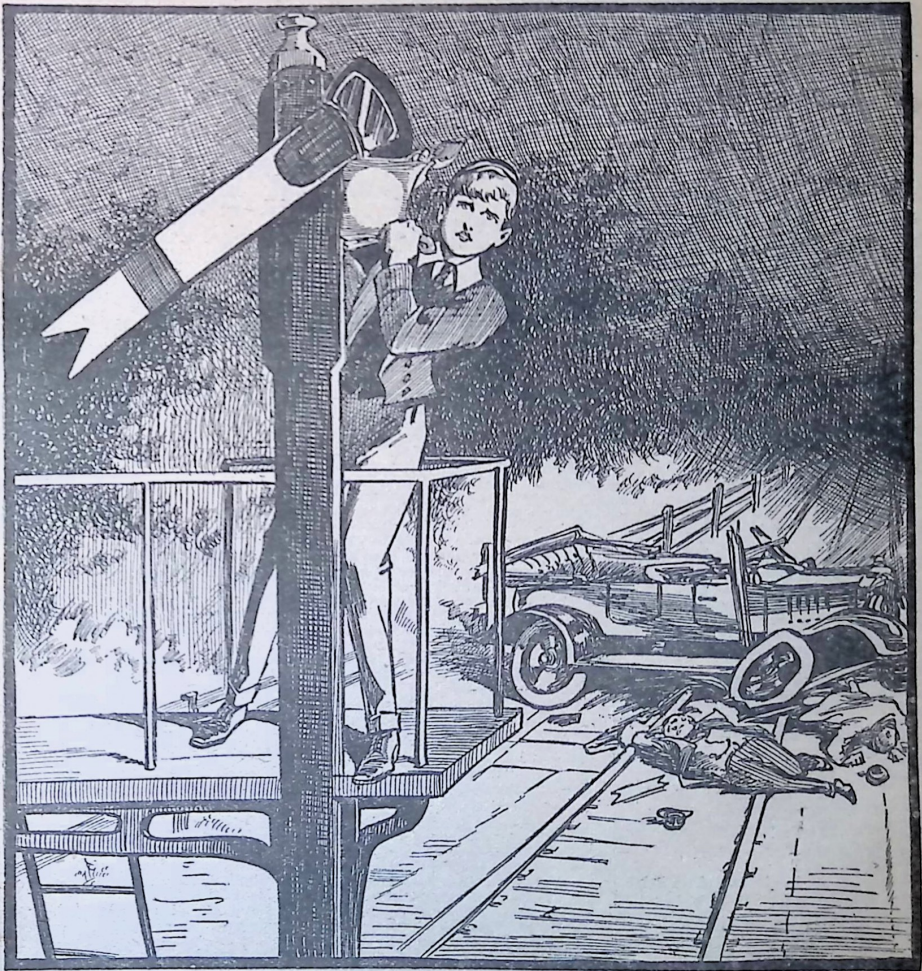
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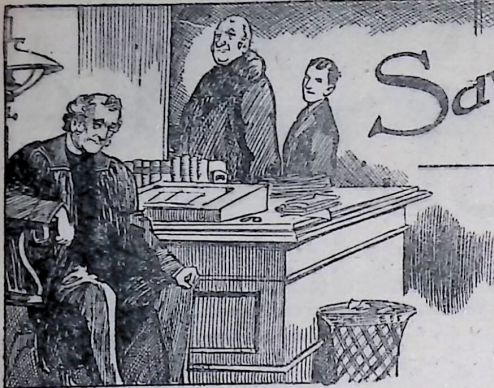
# The POPULAR

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**BOB CHERRY'S CALLANT EFFORT TO SAVE THE EXPRESS!**  
(A Thrilling Episode in the Long, Complete, Greyfriars School Tale Inside.)



# Saving the Head!

A Magnificent, Long Complete Story of HARRY WHARTON & Co.'s Early Days at Greyfriars.

By  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Back Again!

"THEY'VE come!"  
The word ran through Greyfriars at once.

The Vernon-Smiths had just arrived!

Mr. Vernon-Smith sat very upright in his gorgeous car—the car that had cost him fifteen hundred guineas. The millionaire's square, fat face was stern and lowering under the gleaming silk hat. His son sat by his side, his face twisted into a mocking, sneering smile.

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars Remove had been sacked from the school but a few hours before. He had declared that he would return even as the Head, Dr. Locke, pronounced sentence of expulsion. He was keeping his word!

Vernon-Smith was back again!  
And it was easy to see by his look as he sat in the car that he expected triumph, and that he was enjoying it in anticipation.

From the juniors rose a shout:  
"The Bounder!"  
"He's come back!"  
"Rotter!"  
"Get out!"  
"No cads wanted here!"  
"Outside!"

Vernon-Smith looked round at the angry, jeering crowd of juniors with the same mocking smile on his lips.

The more they did not want him to come back, the more he enjoyed his power of forcing himself upon them.

He caught Harry Wharton's eye, and called out to him:  
"In here again, you see!"

Wharton's eyes flashed,  
"Yes, I see," he replied—"I see! But if you force yourself here, Vernon-Smith, where you're not wanted, you'll be sorry!"

"We shall see!"  
The car glided on to the School House, up the drive. Bob Cherry waved his hand to the excited crowd.

"Give 'em a Remove yell!" he shouted.  
And from fifty throats it burst:

"Yah!"  
Vernon-Smith laughed aloud. The Remove yell did not scare him, and the general dislike and anger only amused him. His father was frowning darkly, but Herbert Vernon-Smith laughed.

"Yah!" yelled the Remove.  
The car stopped.

Mr. Vernon-Smith and his son alighted, and strode into the house. The

juniors gathered in a crowd round the car. Some of them followed the two visitors into the house. Dr. Locke looked out of his study window in time to see father and son leaving the car, and his face went a shade paler.

The juniors caught sight of him at the window.

"There's the Head!" exclaimed Tom Brown.  
"Give him a cheer!" said John Bull.  
"Let him know that we back him up, anyway!"  
"Good egg!"

Whether the backing up from the Lower Fourth was likely to please the Head, or to do him any good, in any case, the juniors did not stop to think. They felt like cheering the Head, and they cheered him.

"Hurrah!"  
"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The Head looked astonished at first, and then he smiled. He understood that the Remove wished to convey that they approved of the expulsion of Vernon-Smith; and, although he probably thought it was like their "cheek," as they would have expressed it themselves, he was pleased. He little guessed how much they knew; it did not even occur to him that Vernon-Smith had boasted of his supposed power in the Fourth-room.

But at that moment, when he felt so much against him, it was very pleasant to the Head to feel that he was liked, that he was popular—even the approval of junior schoolboys was something to a man who was about to face disaster and downfall. If he had to go, there were some who would miss him, and remember him with kindness, at all events; he would not fall unremembered.

He turned from his window as there came a knock at his door. Trotter was showing in his visitors. Mr. Vernon-Smith strode into the room with aggressiveness oozing out, as it were, at every pore of his skin. Vernon-Smith followed him, with the same unpleasant smile upon his sallow face.

Trotter went out quietly and closed the door. Dr. Locke was left with his visitors. He bowed to Mr. Vernon-Smith, without extending his hand. The millionaire did not even return his bow.

He came to business at once. His voice was loud and threatening from the start. Mr. Vernon-Smith was a hard-fisted man of business, and he had often found it paid to carry matters through with a loud voice and a high hand. And when he was dealing with a quiet, scholarly man, easily flurried, Mr.

Vernon-Smith was more than ever inclined to sound the loud timbrel, as it were.

Anyone studying Mr. Vernon-Smith's square and florid face would have said that the millionaire was not without good qualities—that he could be good-natured, and even generous, when he was rubbed down the right way. But in a business deal Mr. Vernon-Smith was as hard as iron.

"You had my telegram, Dr. Locke?"  
That was the visitor's first remark, fired off like a shell.

Dr. Locke bowed again.  
"Well, you expected me, then?" said the millionaire grimly.

"Yes. Pray take a seat!"  
"Thank you; I prefer to stand! I have come here to talk business, Dr. Locke!"

"Very well."  
"You have expelled my son from your school!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon-Smith, his voice rising to a higher key with anger and indignation.

It always made Mr. Vernon-Smith indignant if anything was done that displeased him. To the mighty millionaire it really seemed as if mere common mortals must bow down and worship at his golden feet.

The Head bowed again.  
"You must take him back, sir!"  
"I cannot take him back!"  
"You must!"

Dr. Locke did not reply. His face was pale, but set hard, and there was a gleam in his eyes that was seldom there.

It dawdled upon the blustering millionaire that in this quiet, scholarly man, slight as he looked, there was a power of resistance that many a more powerfully-built man might have envied. There was a courage—the courage of a high sense of honour—in the Head of Greyfriars that most of Mr. Vernon-Smith's City acquaintances would have marvelled at, if they could have understood it.

"You have expelled him!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith, a little more quietly.  
"What was your reason for so doing?"

"I explained it all in my letter to you, I presume that your son delivered the letter entrusted to his hands?"

"He did!"  
"Then you have my explanation. Your son has been guilty of disgraceful conduct ever since he has been at this school," said the Head. "I have borne too much from him. I have accused myself of injustice, because I have shut my eyes to what I should have expelled

any other boy for. I have hoped that he would reform, but he has never shown any sign of that. The cup is full now; he cannot stay at the school he is disgracing!"

"What has he done?"  
 "Smoked, drunk, and gambled! And he has been flogged for those offences," said the Head. "But the flogging was of no use, and I could not expel him. Now at last he passes the furthest limit—he was found in a state of semi-intoxication, helpless to get home, and was brought here by a policeman."

"Boys will be boys!"  
 "I have no objection to boys being boys!" said the Head drily. "What I object to is their being brutish and blackguards, and I cannot allow it at Greystriars! I have to consider my duty to the other boys and their parents."

"Come, come!" said the millionaire, more placably. "I dare say Herbert has been a little reckless—"

"He has been an utter, ineurable, unmitigated blackguard from the first day he came to the school!" said the Head steadily.

Mr. Vernon-Smith made an impatient gesture. That flattering description of his son did not seem to move him at all. Perhaps he knew what to expect of the Bounder.

"Listen to me!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith, in concentrated tones of anger. "You know that you are in my power! I can call upon you at any moment to pay me five thousand pounds." The Bounder started a little. He was learning something now; and he listened with all his ears. He had not been in his father's confidence on this subject before.

"I know it," said the Head.  
 "Can you pay it?"

"No."  
 "Can you pay even a tenth part of it?"

"No."  
 "Then if I make my demand—"

"I am ruined."

"You are ruined!" repeated the millionaire, with satisfaction. "Exactly so! You are under my thumb, sir—however much you may wriggle, you are under my thumb, to be crushed into the dust whenever I choose to put the pressure on!"

"You need not dwell upon it," said the Head of Greystriars, with quiet bitterness. "I understand my position only too well."

"And you—in that position—venture to defy me—me?"

"I venture to do my duty, regardless of the consequences." "Oh, don't talk stuff to me!" said the millionaire roughly. "I think you must be mad—simply mad!"

The Head did not reply.

"I hold your bill, bearing your signature," said the millionaire tersely. "I can call upon you at any moment to pay five thousand pounds—even more than that, with the further accumulation of interest. You are not in a position to pay your just debts—"

The doctor raised his hand.  
 "Don't call it a just debt," he said. "That is a mockery. It is not a just debt—it is the extortionate claim of a wicked, unscrupulous moneylender."

Mr. Vernon-Smith smiled ironically.  
 "You have to pay what you agreed to pay when you contracted the loan, I suppose?" he said.

The Head suppressed a groan.  
 "I know it! But when I went to the Confidential Loan Agency, I did not know that that was merely a cloak for Samuel Vernon-Smith—that the man who was called the Cotton King was in reality chief of a firm of moneylenders, and that he would swindle me in an unscrupulous and indefensible manner!"

"Swindle!" said the millionaire threateningly.

"Yes, swindle!" said the Head. "You cannot frighten me by raising your voice, sir. I am at your mercy; but you cannot silence my tongue. You have swindled me. When my little girl was stolen from me I spent all I had in searching for her—searching in vain. The expenses still ran on; they increased; I could not meet them, and I contracted a loan. That loan I could have repaid on fair terms—terms such as I imagined I was getting. I was in a good position—my salary was liberal—I required ready money; but I intended to apportion a certain part of my salary to pay off the loan. But I did not know the wiles of the moneylending fraternity then."

The millionaire smiled grimly.  
 "You are wiser now," he remarked.

"Yes," said the Head, "I am wiser now. My little girl was not found; though, thanks to Providence, she has since been restored to me. I was once thousand pounds in debt; and that was the amount your firm lent me. I know I have paid it back twice over—and with it twice the interest you led me to suppose I should be expected to pay. And now I owe you a huge sum still."

"Exactly!"

"You have bled me dry. I have been unable to save and pay you off, for you have taken all I had. I am still in your debt, and you can run me when you choose. But do not call it a just debt. My just debt has been paid twice over, and the just interest has been paid ten times over."

The millionaire gritted his teeth.

"You take my son back—you reinstate him at Greystriars—or I will ruin you—I will drive you and your family into the streets—to beggary!"

"Enough!" said the Head faintly. "I know what to expect; but you cannot alter my resolution."

The millionaire laughed angrily.

"No shall see! I will give you time to think it over—I will give you an hour!"

"I do not need it—"

"I will give you an hour," repeated the millionaire, unheeding. "I will take a run in the car for that length of time, and when I return I shall want to know your final decision. If you defy me, I return to London, I take my son with me, and my lawyers begin their work tomorrow morning. Take care!"

And the millionaire strolled from the room, followed by his son.

Dr. Locke fell back, pale and panting, in his chair.

Ruin lay before him—demer ruin—unless he complied with the demand of the millionaire. Small wonder that the unhappy man felt doubt and hesitation creep into his heart after all his firmness in the presence of the tyrant.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
**In Danger!**

**T**HE look of Samuel Vernon-Smith, as he departed in his car, was that of an angry man, but not of a defeated man; the juniors could not help noticing that.

And the Bounder did not look as if he were beating a final retreat.

As a matter of fact, the Bounder was more doubtful on the subject than his father was. Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith might snap his fingers, but if the Head were obstinate, the boy had to leave Greystriars. And if his father ruined the Head afterwards that would not help him in any way, or open the doors of any other public school to him.

"It will be all right, Herbert!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon-Smith, noticing the shadow on his son's face as they whizzed through the dusky lanes. "It's all right,

my boy. I tell you, the man will give a when he feels the turn of the screw."

"Oh, I dare say," said the Bounder. "Anyway, we shall see in an hour's time. Where are we going now?"

"To Courtfield. We can get some dinner there," said the millionaire. "There is one decent hotel."

"Good!"  
 The car stopped outside the Courtfield Arms. The millionaire was received with great respect by the fat, chubby landlord. Quite a respectable dinner was laid on a separate table, and he ordered champagne, of which Herbert partook as well as his father. Mr. Vernon-Smith did not deny his son these little luxuries. The Bounder grew more confident and easy in his mind under the influence of the potent wine.

His tongue was loosened, and he talked freely, and his father chuckled over more than one story of blackguardly escapades at Greystriars, of card parties after lights out, and excursions out of bounds to the races. The millionaire seemed to regard these little adventures as extremely creditable to his son. Certainly they showed keenness and fertility of resource, and as for higher qualities, it appeared that the Cotton King attached very little importance to them.

The millionaire looked at his watch at last.

"Time for us to be getting back, Herbert," he said. "We've been over an hour as a matter of fact."

"Let him wait," said the Bounder.

The millionaire laughed.  
 "Certainly! Let him wait, by all means; but I have to get back to London to-night. Come down to the car."

The Bounder walked a little unsteadily as he went out of the hotel. His father placed him in the car, and they glided away into the darkness of the country lanes towards Greystriars.

"Quicker!" the millionaire signalled to the chauffeur. "I'm in a hurry," he added. "Make her rip!"

"Good!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "The road's clear enough here. Let her rip!"

The big car tore along. As a matter of fact, while the millionaire and his son were drinking champagne above stairs, the chauffeur had been following their example with whisky-and-water below, and he was a little dizzy. He obeyed the millionaire's order to the full, and the car simply flew. There was a sudden shout from Mr. Vernon-Smith, as he caught sight of a light gleaming in the middle of the road.

"Stop, you idiot!"

But it was too late to stop! There was a level crossing ahead of the car, and the gates were closed on the road for a train to pass through.

The light, gleaming through the dusk, and the signal further back, should have warned the chauffeur if he had been coming on at a more cautious speed; but he had rounded a bend at top speed, and the light of the level crossing had appeared too suddenly to be of any use as a warning.

The car rushed madly on.

The chauffeur made a mad leap into the hedge, and went rolling over into a dry ditch, and the next instant the car struck the gates, and crashed through them.

Crash, crash, crash!

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**In the Nick of Time!**

**L**OOK! muttered Bob Cherry.  
 "Poor old chap!"

"It's rotten!" said John Bull.  
 The Head of Greystriars was walking in the Close. His eyes were bent upon THE POPULAR.—No. 109.

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the ground, and he did not see the juniors.

He was buried deep in thought. And the expression of his face showed that his thoughts were gloomy enough. There was a deep wrinkle between his eyes, and his forehead was darkly lined.

"Poor old chap!"

"Looks like a man who's got it in the neck," said Bob Cherry. "I suppose, after all, he has had to knuckle under, and the Smith's best is coming back."

"It can't be; he wouldn't do it."

"Looks like it to me."

"Don't let him see us watching him," said Harry Wharton hastily. "He doesn't know we know a word about it. What a ripping simple old chap he is."

"Yes, rather!"

"I guess he ain't much use in a tussle with a guy like old Vernon-Smith," Fisher T. Fish remarked. "He's bound to get rotten out, and left every time."

"I'd rather be in his shoes than in the millionaire's, all the same."

"Oh, I guess so."

The hour rang out from the clock-tower, and Bob Cherry turned towards the house.

"It's time we got over to Courtfield," he said. "I shall catch Lazarus at home, after he leaves the printer's office."

And Bob Cherry nodded to the other fellows, and went down to the gates. He walked quickly through the dusky lane in the direction of Courtfield. Bob had a pass from Wingate to go down to Courtfield to see Solly Lazarus, of the Courtfield County Council School. Lazarus was secretary of the Courtfield football club, and Bob had to see him about a forthcoming match. The junior looked out for the Vernon-Smith motor-car as he went, wondering whether the millionaire was still in the neighbourhood, or whether he had taken another route to London.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! The blessed gates are closed!" Bob Cherry exclaimed, as he came in sight of the level crossing.

A light gleamed in the middle of the road.

From the dusky distance over the trees came the sound of an echoing whistle announcing the approach of a train.

Bob Cherry reached the gates and stopped.

As he did so, looking across the level crossing, two great eyes of light came whizzing out of the blackness beyond.

The junior gave a jump.

The big car was tearing right upon the closed gates from the direction of Courtfield, and even as Bob Cherry opened his mouth to shout the crash came!

Crash!  
Crash!

"Good heavens!"

Bob Cherry uttered a cry of horror. The wooden gate was smashed in by the shock, and the car came reeling drunkenly on the lines, and collapsed there.

There was a cry from the smashed car. Two forms hurtled out of it, and sprawled on the railway lines, and lay there, dazed or stunned.

"Look out!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "Look out! The train's coming!"

He leaped upon the lines.

In the distance the whistle sounded again.

The signal was down, and the green light was showing, and the engine-driver had been too far off to hear the crash on the gates, and it was too dark for him to have seen anything.

He was obeying the signal, and coming right on. Already the whir of the train could be heard.

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Bob Cherry stood paralysed with horror for a moment.

The broken car was blocking the line. The Vernon-Smiths, father and son, were stretched there, helpless to move. In half a minute would happen a horrible tragedy.

Bob's mind worked rapidly. He sprang towards the signal, and climbed upwards with frantic speed. Crash—crash!

The glass was broken, and the light showed white instead of green. Bob Cherry dragged off his red muffler and stretched it before the light.

The light gleamed out red through the night.

It was the work of seconds, but it seemed like centuries to Bob Cherry as he clung there, wondering with quaking heart whether the engine-driver would see the change of the light in time—whether he would understand it.

The whistle again—loud and raucous. Whirr—whirr—whirr!

Clank!

The train was slackening.

The engine-driver understood—he was crumpling on his brakes—but yet would he be in time? The train was terribly close.

Bob Cherry clung on, and felt his heart beating like a hammer. Had he been in time to save the wrecked motorists on the line?

His heart thumped and thumped. Whirr!

Clatter!  
Clank—ank—ank!

The train clattered and clanked to a standstill.

Within six feet of the wrecked car the engine stopped at last. There was a shout on the line—a buzz of voices.

Bob Cherry looked down.

The train was at a standstill. The engine-driver and the fireman had jumped down; several passengers were out on the line. The signalman was dashing up from his box.

Bob Cherry's head swam.

It was over, and for a moment he almost fainted, but the necessity of keeping his hold held him together, and he clung on.

Slowly and cautiously he began to descend.

The signalman clapped him on the shoulder as he reached the ground. The man's face was as white as chalk.

"Heaven bless you, lad!" he exclaimed. "You have saved their lives!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith staggered to his feet.

The stout man had not been hurt by his fall, but he was terribly shaken, and his nerves were in rags.

"What—what—what," he stammered—"what is it? Oh! That rascally chauffeur! He was drunk! I'll discharge him! Good heavens! Herbert!"

Vernon-Smith sat up and groaned.

The millionaire staggered towards him. There was no doubt that Samuel Vernon-Smith, hard-fisted man as he was, had a very real regard for his worthless son.

"Herbert! Are you hurt?"

The Bouncer groaned again.

There was blood upon his face from a cut in the forehead, but otherwise, except for a shaking, he was not hurt.

He rose, with his father's assistance, reeling drunkenly.

"Herbert, my lad—"

"I'm all right," muttered the Bouncer; "only knocked up a bit. I'm all right. How are you, pater?"

"All serene!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith gazed round dazedly at the train, the broken gates, the

smashed car, the engine-driver, and the gathering crowd of passengers.

"What—what—I—I heard the train coming," he stammered. "How—how did you see us in time to stop, driver?"

The engine-driver, pointed to Bob Cherry.

"That lad did it," he said.

Mr. Vernon-Smith looked at the Greyfriars junior.

"You stopped the train?" he exclaimed.

Bob Cherry nodded.

"I've seen you before, my lad."

"I belong to Greyfriars."

"It's Bob Cherry of the Remove," muttered the Bouncer. "But—but how did he stop the train? I don't understand."

"I climbed up and changed the light," said Bob. "It was nothing, only I happened to think of it. I had a red muffler on, luckily—that was all."

"By Christopher!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith—"by Christopher, you are a sharp lad to think of such a thing, and to do it! You've saved our lives. We should have been cut to pieces both of us."

The Bouncer shuddered.

He had plenty of nerve as a rule, but his narrow escape from death had shaken him utterly.

"Good heavens!" he muttered.

The signalman had gone back to his box to telegraph along the line. The chauffeur reappeared, and with the engine-driver and the fireman began to drag the wrecked car from the line to allow the train to pass.

Mr. Vernon-Smith stepped from the railway track. He dropped his hand upon Bob Cherry's shoulder.

"Bob Cherry—that's your name, I think—"

"Yes," said Bob drily.

"You've saved my life."

"I know I have."

"And my son's, too."

"Yes."

The millionaire looked at him sharply.

"You don't seem specially pleased at having done it, my lad!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter with you? You ought to be very proud of yourself."

Bob Cherry gave a shrug of the shoulders.

"I suppose I ought," he said.

"You've saved two lives."

"Yes."

"And a service to a man like me, lad, means something," said the millionaire impressively.

"Does it?"

"I'm a man who can reward a service," said the millionaire. "You've saved my life and my son's life. Name your own reward."

Bob Cherry was silent.

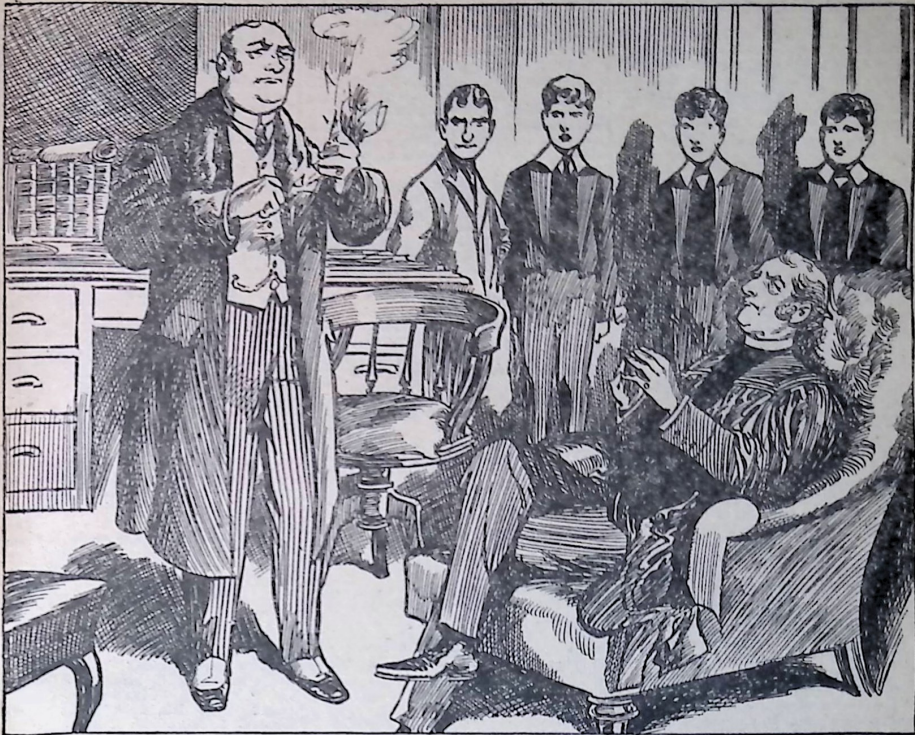
The millionaire looked at him, and clapped him on the shoulder again. There was a heartiness in Mr. Vernon-Smith's manner now which was strangely in contrast with his usual hard-fisted cynicism.

"I mean what I say, lad," he exclaimed. "Samuel Vernon-Smith, the Cotton King, is a man of his word. Name your own reward."

"I want no reward from you, sir," said Bob Cherry in a low voice. "Excuse me, I've got an appointment."

And, without another word, the sturdy Removite walked away, leaving the millionaire and his son to return to Greyfriars for a conveyance to take the place of the smashed car.

But ten minutes after he had met Solly Lazarus of Courtfield School, Bob Cherry was riding his hardest back to Greyfriars on Solly's bicycle, his face flushed with excitement.



The millionaire held the papers over the flame of the match. They caught, and began to burn. The Head watched him in stony silence, as if hardly able to understand what was passing. (See chapter 1.)

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
Saving the Head!

**"HARRY!"**  
Bob Cherry dashed up to the Remove passage and caught Harry Wharton by the sleeve. Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull stopped as they were making for the Common room.  
"Come on!" gasped Bob.  
"What for?"  
"You'll see!"  
Bob rushed on to the Head's study, dragging Harry and John Bull with him. They arrived at the Head's door together, and Bob knocked, and rushed in, the two juniors still clinging to him.  
Vernon-Smith, father and son, looked round in surprise. The doctor started to his feet. All eyes were fixed upon the wildly-excited face of Bob Cherry.  
"Cherry! What does this mean?" began the Head.  
Bob gasped for breath.  
"Please excuse me, sir. I—I've come here to help you, sir. Mr. Vernon-Smith will."  
The millionaire looked at him.  
"Hallo! It's the boy who changed the signal, and stopped the train," he said.  
"Have you changed your mind, and come for the reward, after all?"  
"Yes," panted Bob.  
Mr. Vernon-Smith laughed. He flattered himself that he knew human nature, and his knowledge of what he considered human nature had taught him that all

motives were base ones, and that every man and boy in the kingdom had his price. That was Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith's amiable view of human nature.  
He had been surprised at Bob Cherry's refusal of a reward; he was not in the least surprised at his changing his mind about it. But, as a matter of fact, he was as far as ever from understanding the hero of the Remove.  
"I thought you would change your mind, my lad," he said. "Well, you'll find me a man of my word. Name your own reward."  
"I—I do not understand this," said the Head, in amazement.  
Mr. Vernon-Smith explained.  
"My car ran into a level-crossing, and this lad stopped the train, and saved my life, and my son's life," he said. "I've promised him any reward he likes to name—anything in reason, of course."  
"I—I did not know—"  
The Bounder of Greyfriars smiled in a sneering way. He fully expected Bob Cherry to make some extravagant demand upon the generosity of the millionaire. Bob Cherry's haste was evidently for the purpose of seeing the millionaire again before he left Greyfriars.  
"Well," said Mr. Vernon-Smith, "my business here is done, and I'm going; but I shall be glad to settle with you before I go, my lad. You want a reward. What do you want?"  
"I—I—"

"A new bicycle?" smiled Mr. Vernon-Smith.  
"No, no!"  
"A motor-bike?"  
"Oh, no!"  
"Fifty pounds in the savings bank?"  
"No, no, no!"  
"Come, then, what is it?" asked the millionaire, taking a cheque-book from the pocket of his frock-coat. "Name the figure!"  
"Dear me!" said the Head.  
"I—I don't want any money, sir," panted Bob.  
"No money!"  
"No, sir!"  
"Very well!" The millionaire replaced the cheque-book. "What is it, then? You want me to use my influence for you in some way?"  
"I want you to do me a favour, sir."  
"Name it."  
"You will do it?"  
"Yes, anything I can do—in reason, of course."  
"You can easily do it; it won't cost you anything, and it will be a decent thing to do—a nice thing for you to think of afterwards, sir."  
The millionaire smiled.  
"Very well, name it."  
Bob collected himself with an effort. Much depended now on what he said to the millionaire. Mr. Vernon-Smith evidently had not the slightest suspicion of what was coming.

"You—you have brought your son back to this school, sir," said Bob.

"Well?"

"Dr. Locke won't let him stay here?"

"No," said the millionaire, frowning.

"But what has that to do with you?"

"We know about it, sir—we know you have the power of injuring the Head if you like. I don't know how—"

"Cherry—" began the Head.

"I can ruin him, and I shall!" said the millionaire coldly. "I have never allowed myself to be defeated yet, without crushing the man who did it. That's my way. I've made three millions that way. You boys can know it—you'd know it in a few days, anyway. Dr. Locke has to pay three thousand pounds this week, when he doesn't possess so many hundreds, or he's a ruined man."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

Dr. Locke was deadly pale.

"You need not have said that before the boys, sir," he said, with a scornful glance at the millionaire. "But you boys have no right here. Cherry—"

"Excuse me, sir. Do forgive me, but—but I can help you, sir."

Dr. Locke shook his head.

"You cannot help me, Cherry! What are you thinking of? Now you know it, I need not disguise it—I shall have to leave Greyfriars. I am in that man's clutches in the way he states. Morally, I owe him nothing—legally, he can ruin me—and he will do it! My lads, I hope you will think as well as you can of your headmaster when he is gone."

"Oh, sir!" said John Bull.

"I—I can help you, sir! Mr. Vernon-Smith, you have promised me a reward for saving your life—for saving your son's life. You mean that I can ask you what I like, and you will grant it?"

"Yes, lad."

"I ask you to let the Head off."

"What!"

"You say he owes you money?"

"I have his signature for three thousand pounds," said the millionaire, taking a paper from his pocket—a roll of papers that crisped and rustled in his hand. "These papers go to my lawyer to-morrow morning, and the action begins. What of it?"

"Those papers—they represent what the Head is liable for, sir?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Burn them."

"What!"

"You said I could name my own reward, sir," said Bob Cherry steadily. "That's what I claim—burn those papers, and let Dr. Locke alone. Make him free of your claims upon him. That's what I ask."

"What!"

"I've named my reward, sir. And—and you said that you were a man of your word!"

The papers crackled in the millionaire's hand as he tightened his grip upon them. There was a long, tense pause in the Head's study.

The millionaire nodded slowly.

"I haven't come across many lads of your kind, and no men at all like that," he said. "I like you, my lad. You are a fine fellow. I'm a man of my word, and I'll keep my promise. I wish you had asked me for anything else. But there you are! Can someone give me a match?"

Harry Wharton eagerly took a box of wax vestas from his pocket and opened it and handed it to the millionaire. Mr. Vernon-Smith selected a match and struck it. The flame flared up.

""Silence, Herbert!" Vernon-Smith began.

"But—"

"Hold your tongue!"

The millionaire held the papers over the flame of the match. They caught fire, and began to burn. The Head watched him in stony silence, as if hardly able to understand what was passing.

The papers burned close down to the millionaire's fingers, and then he tossed them into the grate.

There they lay and burned out.

A little heap of ashes alone remained of the documents that had held the Head of Greyfriars in thrall.

Dr. Locke drew a deep breath.

He was a free man now!

The shadow that had lain upon him—the weight that had been upon his mind—had been lifted for ever.

He was free!

Mr. Vernon-Smith gave him a peculiar look. He pointed to the heap of ashes in the grate.

"There lies your debt," he said. "You owe me nothing! You are free. You owe that to this lad. That is all. Good-bye!"

The Head started.

"Hold!" he said.

Dr. Locke crossed over to where Bob Cherry stood and held out his hand.

"Give me your hand, Cherry. You are a noble lad—a noble lad! How to thank you I don't know. I can only say that I am proud to have such a boy in my school!"

"Oh, sir!"

Dr. Locke pressed his hand. Then he turned to the millionaire and the sullen-faced Bounder of Greyfriars.

"Mr. Vernon-Smith, you have acted generously—"

"Not at all. I've kept my promise. I'm a man of my word," said the millionaire. "Come, Herbert; we're finished here."

"Stop!" said the Head.

"For what?"

"After what you have done—after your generosity—for I persist in calling it that

—I cannot send your son away," said Dr. Locke. "I trust that there may be lurking in his nature somewhere some trace of the good qualities I have discovered in his father. If Vernon-Smith will promise to be careful, will promise to lead a better life here, I am willing to give him one more chance—to allow him to remain at Greyfriars to prove that he is not all bad."

The millionaire's face lighted up. He turned to his son.

"What do you say, Herbert?"

The Bounder caught his breath.

"I'll promise—willingly! I—I meant to do my best if I stayed," he said. "I—I will try to do as you want, sir. I'll do my best."

"Very well," said Dr. Locke.

"He stays?" asked the millionaire.

"He stays."

"Good!" Mr. Vernon-Smith held out his hand to the Head of Greyfriars. "Dr. Locke, I'm sorry for what's happened between us. But it is finished. Henceforth I have no hold upon you. Herbert must stand or fall on his own merits. But you will give him a chance?"

"He shall have every chance."

"Thank you! Good-bye!"

And Mr. Vernon-Smith departed. The Bounder followed his father from the study. Dr. Locke shook hands with Bob Cherry again.

"God bless you, my lad!" he whispered.

And then the juniors were dismissed. The Head remained alone. His heart was full, and he desired to be alone. Bob Cherry seemed to be walking on air as he went down the passage. Wharton and John Bull almost hugged him in their delight.

"How did you come to think of it?" Harry asked.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"It was Solly Lazarus suggested it to me," he said. "He's an awfully deep chap! And it's worked—it's worked rippingly! Hurrah!"

"Old Smithy isn't such a bad sort, after all," said John Bull thoughtfully, "and I shouldn't wonder if the Bounder may possibly have something decent in him. Let's give him a chance."

"Right-ho!"

"And now all's serene, and everything in the garden is lovely," grinned Bob Cherry. "I feel like cheering! Hurrah!"

And the other juniors, when they heard how the matter had gone, cheered, too. The cheering reached the Head as he sat alone in his study:

"Hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

And it was a pleasant sound to the ears of the man who had been, at the eleventh hour, saved from disgrace!

THE END.

THERE WILL BE ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT, LONG, COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY, NEXT FRIDAY, ENTITLED:—

## "THE NEW BULLY!"

By FRANK RICHARDS,

WHICH DEALS WITH THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY WHARTON & CO., AND THE COMING OF PERCY BOLSOVER TO GREYFRIARS.

# THE COLONIAL CO. IN TROUBLE!

A Splendid, Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Fag Wanted!

"FAG!" Jimmy Silver glanced round. "That sounds like Carthew's foot," he remarked. "His Majesty seems to be in a wax!"

"Fag!" The Fistical Four had coats and mufflers on over their footer clothes, and were just going out, when Carthew of the Sixth came striding down the passage.

There was no doubt that Carthew was in a "wax," as Jimmy Silver expressed it.

His face was red, and his eyes gleamed under his knitted brows. Something had evidently happened to disturb the serenity of the Sixth Form prefect.

He beckoned to Jimmy Silver & Co. as he sighted them in the doorway.

"Stop!" "Hallo!" said Jimmy coolly. "Have you seen my fag—Gower?"

Jimmy nodded. "Yes, he's gone out with Mornington," he said.

"The cheeky little beast!" growled Carthew. "Well, I want a fag. You'll do, Silver!"

"Sorry," said Jimmy Silver politely. "We're playing the Moderns this afternoon, and I can't spare the time. Otherwise, of course, it would be a pleasure!"

"I don't think!" murmured Lovell. And Raby and Newcome grinned. It was never exactly a pleasure to fag for the bully of the Sixth.

The prefect had his asphalt, the symbol of authority, under his arm. He let it slide into his hand, and took a business-like grip upon it.

"I don't want any cheek!" he said. "Any one of you will do; I don't care which. Go into my study!"

"You see—"

"Don't jaw. Some young rascal has been ragging my study, and I want it set to rights," said Carthew. "I dare say it was one of you."

"Not guilty, my lord!" said Raby. "Well, get along to my study!"

The Fistical Four exchanged a look, and walked out of the School House. There was a match that afternoon with Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern side at Rookwood, and the Classical chums were not likely to "cut" it for the sake of fagging in Carthew's study. They did not like Carthew, anyway.

Carthew glared after them. "Come back, Silver!" he shouted.

"Bow-wow!" replied Jimmy Silver. "What?"

"Gower's your fag," said Jimmy independently. "If you can't find Gower, find some chap who'll put up with your rot. We won't!"

Carthew came striding out of the House after the four; and Jimmy Silver & Co. promptly lined up, evidently

ready to resist, in spite of the fact that the senior held the rank of prefect. Carthew paused.

"Will you go into my study, Silver?" "Can't be did!" "Lovell—"

"Bow-wow!" The Fistical Four marched off to the football-ground, and Carthew, after a moment's hesitation, turned back into the House with a black brow.

He was not looking for a "scrap" in the quad with four unruly juniors. What he wanted was a fag, and he wanted him at once.

Carthew was not popular among the juniors. Carthew was expecting a visitor that afternoon—a very distinguished visitor—and, the fact being generally known, some reckless junior had seized the opportunity of ragging his study.

Some cheery youth who had felt the weight of Carthew's heavy hand had taken that peculiar method of paying off old scores. And the Sixth-Former had made the disagreeable discovery just as he was about to start for the station to meet his visitor.

There was no time to waste, and the angry prefect let the Fistical Four go; he had no choice about that. On that fine half-holiday most of the juniors were out of doors, and there was not a fag to be seen. Carthew stood in the passage, clenching his hands with anger.

Three juniors came down the stairs, and the Sixth-Former at once barred their way to the door.

They were Conroy, Van Ryn, and Pons—the three Colonials who chummed together in Study No. 3 in the Fourth.

"I want one of you!" announced Carthew.

"Footer match on," said Pons. "Pong is playing, and we're going to cheer his goals," explained Van Ryn. "Sorry there's nothing doing, Carthew!"

"You'll do, Van Ryn." "I'm a linesman."

"Well, I want a fag," said Carthew. "Some young rascal has mucked up my study, and it's got to be set in order. Conroy will do."

Conroy looked inquiringly at his chums. He was a new boy at Rookwood, and he looked to them for guidance.

"Conroy can't come!" said Van Ryn at once. "Gower's your fag, Carthew!"

"Gower's gone out!" growled Carthew. "Well, we're going out, too!"

Carthew scowled. "Go into my study at once, Conroy!" "I'm not bound to, am I?" asked Conroy, addressing his companions.

"No fear!" said Pons promptly. "Gower's bound to, and if Gower has cleared off, that's Carthew's bizney. Look here, Carthew! This is the first footer match since Con has been here, and he's not going to miss it. If your

study's mucked up, that's your funeral. You shouldn't be such a beastly bully!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Van Ryn. "Don't give me any more cheek!"

roared Carthew, grasping Conroy by the shoulder. "Come with me!"

"Is it allowed here to knock a prefect down?" asked the Australian.

"Ha, ha! Not quite!"

"Well, I want to play according to the rules, of course. Take your paw off my shoulder, Carthew, or I may have to break a rule!"

"Hallo! What's the row?" Bulkeley of the Sixth, captain of Rookwood, came along. "What's the trouble, Carthew?"

"My fag's cleared off!" growled Carthew. "I want this young whelp to clear up my study; it's been ragged!"

"You'd better go, Conroy," said Bulkeley. "You're not playing, are you?"

"No; but I want to see my friends play."

"Well, fag for Carthew first."

"Oh, all right, Bulkeley!"

Conroy, without further demur, followed the prefect to his study, and Van Ryn and Pons went down to the footer ground.

The Rookwood captain's authority was not to be gainsaid, and Conroy took it as cheerfully as possible. He grinned as he came into Carthew's study. A ragger had been at work there with deadly earnestness.

Table and chairs were overturned, ashes and cinders scattered over the carpet, ink and other things upset on all sides.

Carthew gritted his teeth as he caught the involuntary grin on Conroy's face.

"Your handiwork, I dare say?" he hissed.

Conroy shook his head. "No, as it happens," he replied coolly.

"I dare say you know who did it, then?"

"I dare say I could guess." "Who was it, then?" "Find out!"

"What?" "Do you want me to sneak?" said Conroy pleasantly. "If you do, you'll be disappointed!"

Carthew picked up a cane from the table. "Hold out your hand!" he rapped.

"To be caned, you young fool!" "So I'm going to be caned for refusing to sneak—what?" asked Conroy, with a glitter in his eyes.

"You're going to be caned for impertinence to a prefect," said Carthew grimly. "Now, then, your paw!"

Conroy put his hands behind him. "Will you hold out your hand?" "No!"

Carthew said no more. He grasped the junior by the collar, and laid the

came about his shoulders. Conroy did not take the infliction tamely. He hit out fiercely, and Carthew gave a yell.

"You young villain!"

"Let go, you bully!"

"Lash, lash, lash!"

Carthew had quite lost his temper, and he laid on the cane furiously.

Conroy was a sturdy youngster, but he had little chance in the grasp of the big Sixth-Former. Carthew camed him till his arm ached.

"There!" he panted, hurling the junior away from him when he had finished. "That will teach you not to cheek the Sixth! Now clear up this study, and if everything isn't in good order when I come back, I'll give you some more of the same!"

And Carthew, somewhat solaced, quitted the study, leaving Conroy gasping.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Fagging for Carthew!

"MY hat!" Conroy rubbed his shoulders, and gasped for breath. He had had a licking which would have "doubled up" a good many fellows, but he had not uttered a cry. The hardy Colonial was "tough" all through.

But there was a glitter in his eyes. Carthew concluded that the licking would have the effect of bringing the junior to heel. He was quite mistaken.

Conroy had come to the study to fag, at Bulkeley's order. But he did not intend to fag now. The licking had changed his intention.

He remained for some minutes in thought. From the study window he watched Carthew cross over to the gates, and go out. A grin overspread Conroy's face.

"I'm to get the study in order," he murmured. "There's a distinguished visitor coming. The distinguished visitor is going to have a bit of a surprise, I think."

He quitted the study, and sauntered down the passage. The School House seemed deserted. Conroy mounted the stairs, and hurried along to the box-room at the end of the Fourth Form passage.

Old Mack, the porter, had been occupying leisure hours in whitewashing the box-room. The task was far from finished, and the pail of whitewash stood just where the porter had left it. Conroy dropped the big brush into the pail, lifted the pail, and bore it away.

He hurried downstairs to the Sixth Form passage, and carried his curious cargo, unobserved, into Carthew's study.

Then he closed the door, and set to work.

There was plenty of whitewash in the pail, and Conroy was an industrious worker.

He started on the walls.

He did not trouble to cover them with the whitewash. Big daubs here and there satisfied him.

Then the looking-glass and the clock were well whitewashed, and, after them, the table and the chairs.

The bookcase came in for the junior's attention next, and the curtains which screened off the bed-alcove from the study.

Then the window was given a good coating.

By that time the whole study was reeking with whitewash. Conroy opened the window to allow the strong scent to clear off a little.

"Phwat the thunder are ye doing in'terly?" Flynn of the Fourth looked in at the open window, in blank amazement. "Is it potty ye are, Conroy?"

THE POPULAR.—No. 109.

Conroy glanced at him.

"Carthew ordered me to set his study to rights," he explained. "Nothing like a fresh coat of whitewash to make a place look tidy!"

"Tare an' 'ounds!" yelled Flynn.

"Carthew will skin ye alive for this!"

"He's nearly skinned me already. Perhaps he will think twice next time!" remarked Conroy.

"Sure, he's got a visitor this afternoon—a merry old major!" chuckled Flynn.

"Phwat will the major think?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Flynn seemed on the point of hysterics.

Several other juniors gathered by the window, staring in with amazed looks.

Conroy continued his labours.

He did not cease till the last drop of whitewash had been extracted from the pail; and by that time he was in a somewhat whitewashy state himself.

"There!" he remarked. "I think that will do!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Carthew will scalp you!" giggled Tubby Muffin. "It serves the beast right; but he'll skin you, you ass!"

Conroy shrugged his shoulders.

Having finished his labours, he carried the pail and brush out of the study, and rolled them to the box-room.

Then, having a much-needed wash, he sauntered down to the porter's lodge.

Old Mack looked at him inquiringly.

"I've used your whitewash, Mack," said Conroy genially.

"The dickens you have!" ejaculated Mack, in astonishment.

"I wanted to freshen up a study a bit," explained Conroy. "I'm willing to pay for it, of course. You don't mind?"

"How much, Mackey?"

"Five bob!" said Mack surlily.

"Here you are!"

Conroy strolled away with his hands in his pockets, leaving old Mack staring.

Mack had never heard of a junior whitewashing a study before. He would have been still more astonished if he had known whose study it was that the Colonial junior had whitewashed.

The new junior arrived on the football-ground. He was still feeling the effects of the tremendous licking Carthew had bestowed on him, but it did not seem to affect him much. The junior football match was going strong. Jimmy Silver's team were a goal up, and Tommy Dodd & Co. were fighting hard to equalise.

"Hallo! Ain't you fagging for Carthew?" called out Van Ryn.

"Finished!" said Conroy cheerily.

"I've whitewashed the study thoroughly, you see."

Van Ryn jumped.

"You've done what?" he gasped.

"Whitewashed the study!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've made a thorough job of it. I hope Carthew will be satisfied."

"You awful ass! What did you do it for?" ejaculated Van Ryn.

"He licked me for not telling him who ragged his study."

"Oh! There'll be a fearful row!"

"I suppose there will be," assented Conroy.

He did not seem much disturbed by the prospect, however. He watched the football match with a cheery face. The second half was drawing to an end when Carthew of the Sixth came in at the gates, with a stiff-looking old gentleman. Conroy noted them from the footerground, and smiled.

"Sure, there's goin' to be throuble now!" said Flynn, with a chuckle. "I'd like to see Carthew's face when he sees his study."

"Let's go and see him!" grinned Tubby Muffin.

The story of Conroy's peculiar exploit had spread among the juniors, and quite a crowd left the footerground to follow the prefect and his visitor into the House.

Conroy did not join them, however. He would have liked to have seen Carthew's face when he made the discovery; but it was more judicious to give the bully of the Sixth a wide berth just then.

He remained watching the match, and joined heartily in the cheering when the Classical team came off—the victors by two goals to one.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### The Major is Not Pleased!

"THIS way, uncle!"

Carthew of the Sixth piloted the major into the School House, with a meek and respectful manner that was not much in keeping with his usual style.

Carthew had his own reasons for being meek and mild with the major.

Major Carthew was a rich old gentleman, and the prefect had expectations from him in the future; and he had an immediate expectation of a handsome tip if his uncle was pleased with his visit to Rockwood.

He escorted the old gentleman along the Sixth Form passage to his study. He threw open the door, and stood aside for his uncle to enter.

Major Carthew stopped in the doorway.

He sniffed and he blinked.

"That's my study, uncle," said Carthew, wondering why the major did not enter.

He had not looked in himself, and the major's portly form almost filled the doorway.

The old gentleman sniffed again expressively.

"That is your study, Mark?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Do you mean to say, Mark, that this is the apartment you are asking me into?" rapped out the major.

"Ye-es, uncle."

"And do you think that room is in a state for me to enter?" thundered the major. "Is this a practical joke?"

Carthew started.

"Hasn't that young rascal cleared it up, after all? I'll skin him!"

"What?"

"N-n-nothing! I ordered my fag to put the study tidy," stammered Carthew.

"Do you call that tidy?"

Carthew looked into the study.

Then he stood transfixed.

The whole room reeked of wet whitewash. Every article of furniture was smothered with it. It darkened the windows. It clung lovingly to every object in the room.

Carthew's eyes bulged.

"G-g-god heavens!" he gasped.

The major snorted.

"I understand that practical jokes are popular among schoolboys!" he snapped. "I did not expect you to play such a practical joke upon me, Mark!"

"Uncle, I—I—"

"Do you think I can sit down in such a room?" roared the major.

"Nunno! I—"

"Is this the kind of reception to give you, uncle, after a long journey to see you?"

"I—I—"

"Pah!"

The military gentleman stalked away down the passage. Carthew gave a glare into the whitewashed study, and rushed after him.

"Uncle!"

"Don't address me!" snapped the angry old gentleman. "I have no

(Continued on page 9.)





# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY  
**WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER,**  
 Assisted by FATTY WYNN and BAGGY TRIMBLE  
 of St. Jim's, SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, and  
 TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



## IN YORE EDDITER'S DEN!

My Deer Reederz.—This is our spehal Sports Number, and I feel sure you will like it, bekwase yore pall Billy fingers very prominently in it.

As was only to be expected, I covered myself with glory on Sports Day. Not only did I win the sack race, but I pulled Harry Wharton's team to victory in the tug-of-war.

I could have won all the other events, too, but I didn't want to grab all the plums, so I stood down, and gave sum of the other fellows a chance!

On the hole, Sports Day was a grate success. Refreshments were served during the proceedings, and in between the races I managed to stow away booge kwantities of tack. When it came to the tug-of-war I was so fool that it was impossible to shift me! I lay back on the rope, and refused to budge, much to the disguss of Vernon-Smith's team!

I have persuaded Micky Desmond to write a gratek diskriplun of the sports. Sum of his statements are riddikulus, and I've had to korrekt them, as you will notiss. He didn't give me 1 enuff kredit for the brilliynt performans I put up.

Well, deer reederz, we have got to No. 3 of my famus "Weekly," and the kritiks are konfounded. They thort I should never get beyond No. 1, but they didn't make allowances for my determinashun and tenacity. Once I start on sumthing, I

never teers off—espehshully when the "sumthing" happens to be a dish of jam-tarts!

I have been having more trouble with my staff. They keep on asking for an inkreased salary and a spehal bonus. They also want a share in the prophets. In fakt, they'd like to run the hole show, while I took a back seat. But their's nothing doing! W. G. B. is at the helm, and he means to remane their!

It will be notissed that my mifer Sammy is not kontributing to this week's issew. Pore kid! I feel sorry for him, in a way. It was like this, deer reederz. I ordered him to clean the odli windos, and their was a peace of bannana-skin on the outer sill. Sammy slipt on it, and fell down into the Close with a sickening thund. He is now in the sanary, and I've no dout he will write you a tail of woe neckt week.

I have been receiving numerus letters from my reederz, and in our neckt issew I shall reply to sum of them personally. Their will be a spehal kolumn of Ansurs to Korrispondents. As soon as you read this, roll along to yore noose agent and tell him to save you a copy of the "Popular."

And don't forget, boys and girls! When in trouble, dout, or diffikulty of any sort, write to yore Unkle Bill about it! He is always redly to kounsel and konsole, and to give advice free, gratis, and for nicks.

I must now luv you and leave you, as the saying goes. From my study windo I can see the postman plodding his weery way across the Close. And I must go and asertane if my long-expected postle-order has actually arived at larat!

So-long, everybody!

*Yore Edditer*

## THINGS WE WANT TO NO!

Why St. Jim's were not bectan by a bigger marjin than two goles to one when they played the Remove?

Why the Remove's best player was dropt from the side without seremony?

Why should all this personal jellusy eggst in a sivilised skool?

Who won the sack race on Sports Day?

And who pulled his team to victory in the tug-of-war?

Were his initials "W. G."? (Wise Guesz!)

Who would have won the mile, the 100 yards, and the obstacle race, if only the other bounders had let him finish 1st? ("W. G." agane!)

Whose hanson figger kawsed kwite a senashun?

Why did nobody but myself enter for the sack race? Was it bekwase they all new they hadn't an erthly chance against such a fine athlete as me?

Who won the eating kontest which took plaice direkly after the Sports?

And who konsumed a duzen bottles of jinger-popp at one siting?

Who is the finest "all-round" athlete in the Remove? Me, of cors! Look at my serkunferanse!

What does Harry Wharton propose to do with the silver cup he won for pulling off the biggest number of events? I suggest that he konverts the cup into cash, and organizes a miduite feest out of the proseds!

Who was the life and sole of the Sports Day proceedings? And who brought all the other kompetitors to heal? Who gave his rivals the order of the boot, so that they failed to last? Ha, ha! Modesty forbidz me menshuning him by name, but he's the edditer of the most flurrishing jernal in the kingdom!

## Extrax from my Post Bagg



□ □  
 Spehully selected for  
 publisshun  
 by THE  
 EDDITER.

### Mrs. Mimbble's Komplaint!

To the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."  
 Dear Master Bunter,—Which I am very cross and vexed with you, and you are a bad lot!

On Sports Day you came to my shop and borrowed a dozen eggs, saying that they were required for the egg-and-spoon race. I have not seen the eggs since. What did you do with them? I believe you fried them in your study and devoured them, you wicked, perverse boy!

Yours angrily,  
 JESSIE MIMBLE.

(I can assure you, Mrs. Mimbble, that I didn't skoff yore eggs. In fakt, I don't remember coming to yore shopp on Sports Day. I couldn't have done, as I was in Courtfield at the time. You say that I am a bad lot. So were the eggs!—Ed.)

### Fillis Howell's Little Joke!

CHIT HOUSE.  
 To the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."  
 Dear Billy,—We were awfully disappointed that there were no jumping contests on Sports Day. We brought over our finest jumpers, too—knitted ones!

Congratulations on winning the sack race. As you waddled along in your sack, you reminded us of an expiring duck in a thunder-storm!

Hoping you will continue to put on flesh, and be a fellow of great weight and influence.

Yours sincerely,  
 PHYLLIS HOWELL.

(I beg to inform Miss Phillis that the joke about the jumpers is a stall chusant. It came out of the Arc with Joan—I mean Noer!—Ed.)

### "Dry Up, Skinner!"

To the Editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."  
 Dear Billy,—I see by the local paper this week that a fat pig was run over by a motor-lorry in Friarshade Lane.

I presume you are the fat pig referred to! You couldn't have done a "rasher" thing than get in the way of a lorry, but I trust you will make a speedy recovery, my fat porker!

Yours, etc.,  
 HAROLD SKINNER.

(Oh, really, Skinner! I am not the fat pig in question.—Ed.)

# SPORTS DAY AT GREYFRIARS!

By MICKY DESMOND.

A Special Report of the Proceedings, contributed to "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."



The Winter Sports at Greyfriars came off on Wednesday last.

I had arranged to carry off the 100 yards, the mile, and sack race, the obstacle race, the Marathon, and throwing the cricket ball. But somehow or other my arrangements fell through.

In the 100 yards race I got off the mark before the pistol went, and was disqualified. In the mile I stopped halfway along the course, and had a heated argument with Ogilvy. Words led to blows, and by the time I had sorted myself out the race was over and won.

When it came to throwing the cricket ball I felt that I was a certain winner. And so I should have been, if old Quichey had not got in the way of the ball. The silly old buffer was right in the line of fire, and he stopped my effort with his chest! He was quite ratty about it, too, for some unknown reason. And if anybody had a right to be ratty, sure, and it was myself, intirely! But it's a no use hubbering over spilt milk. It isn't always a case of "the best man wins," and I must be content with taking a back seat.

The Sports were a great success from start to finish. It seemed as if the whole county had turned out for the occasion.

The royal family—in other words, the Head and his wife and daughter—were present, and I saw Sir Hilton Popper snorting up and down like an old war-horse.

Sir Timothy Topham, the sporting baronet, was on the spot, and the Cliff House girls turned out in full muster.

The first item on the programme, so far as the Remove was concerned, was the 100 yards race.

As I hinted before, if I hadn't got on the mark too soon, I should have won in a jiffy. As it was, I was disqualified, and a thrilling race resulted in a win for Bob Cherry, who beat Harry Wharton by a short neck. I might mention that Billy Bunter fell at the post. (Oh, really, Desmond! How could you tell such woppers? You must be a descendant of Annie Nyas!—Ed.)

The obstacle race proved tremendously pull in this event. He was as slippery as an eel, and the way he squeezed himself between the rungs of ladders, and so forth, was quite uncanny. He finished a good first, with Squiff second, and Frank Nugent third. I can't say for the fact that I lost this race—unless it was because I failed to win!

Bolsover major won the cricket ball contest with a mighty throw. Faith, and I thought the dormitory windows were in danger! (Bolsover told me afterwards that he had been training for this event by throwing small and inoffensive fags across the Close!)

The second best throw was Tom Brown's, but it fell a long way short. However, in the sack race there was a scream! There were twenty entries for this event, but nineteen fellows stood down at the last minute, and Billy Bunter had the field to himself. The distance was thirty yards, and it took our corpulent chum the best part of the afternoon to roll to the tape. (Ratts! My official time was a trackshun of a sekond!—Ed.)

The tug-of-war was a big triumph for Bunter, who appeared in Harry Wharton's team against a team captained by Vernon-Smith.

They couldn't shift Billy for toffee! He hung on to the rope like a fat limpet, and Vernon-Smith's team lost very cruelly. They

made a protest afterwards, on the grounds that Billy Bunter exceeded the regulation weight, namely, two tons!

The half-mile was a rood race. I made up my mind to win it, but when I saw Wharton and Linley and Vernon-Smith flash past me like lightning, I swiftly unmade my mind, and sat down and had a rest!

There was a sensational finish to the race, Linley overhauling Wharton in the last lap, and winning by a bare yard.

Wharton got his own back in the mile. He ran a neck-and-neck race with Bob Cherry, and breasted the tape first.

Directly the race began, I said to Ogilvy: "This is my race! I shall win hands down!" "Not in a thousand years!" he replied. And his remark annoyed me so much that I stopped short in my stride, seized him by



Billy Bunter lay back on the rope, and they were unable to shift him.

the scruff of the neck, and threw him off the track. I was about to go on with the race when I found that it was all over!

The Marathon was the crowning event, and I should have won easily but for three reasons: (a) I couldn't keep pace with the rest of the runners; (b) I lost my breath—and one of my running-shoes at the same time; and (c) I retired from the race. As I say, I should have won easily but for these handicaps.

It was Harry Wharton who bagged the honours at the finish. He ran a well-judged race, and beat Mark Linley by about the breadth of an eyelash.

Smithy was third, and Billy Bunter also ran. (No, I didn't. I stood down, so as to give Wharton a chance!—Ed.)

The egg-and-spoon race was won by Kipps. It was only to be expected that an amateur conjarer would pull off an event of this sort. Billy Bunter was disqualified for eating his egg. (I never! It bounced off the spoon into my mouth.—Ed.)

Well, the Sports didn't pan out exactly as I hoped they would. All the same, it was a very enjoyable day.

The proceedings terminated with a top-hole spread in the Junior Common-room, and Billy Bunter won the first prize for stuffing. (If you say that again, Desmond, I'll knock the stuffing out of you!—Ed.)

I know that the readers of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" will be interested to see the results in full. They will be found on this page.

One result of the Sports Day at Greyfriars was the demand for Billy Bunter to take part in tug-of-war competitions all over the county. Solly Lazarus & Co., of Courtfield Council School, approached the fat chump, and asked him if he would be willing to pull for a team of schoolboys against the police of the county. As they came hampered by an enormous hamper of tuck, Billy consented. However, before the arrangements could be concluded, Bob Cherry told Billy he had better not have anything to do with the police, as he believed they were wanting him.

Billy wanted to know what for, and Bob told him that the school inspectors were on his track, because his contributions to his "Weekly" were so badly written, and the spelling so awful, he was encouraging the younger readers to follow his example!

Of course, Billy was very indignant, and insisted that everybody in the school spell badly save W. G. B. P.-e. Tozer put the lid on the suggestion in the end, for he flatly refused to pull against any team with Billy Bunter in it. He'd rather pull against an express engine, he said.

So Billy walked away, with his nose in the air, saying he was above pulling with such fellows. They were not, however, for they pulled his nose!

## LIST OF WINNERS IN THE REMOVE FORM.

100 YARDS.

- 1st, R. Cherry.
- 2nd, H. Wharton.
- 3rd, P. Todd.

### OBSTACLE RACE.

- 1st, Wun Lung.
- 2nd, S. Q. I. Field.
- 3rd, F. Nugent.

### THROWING THE CRICKET-BALL.

- 1st, P. Bolsover.
- 2nd, T. Brown.
- 3rd, R. Rake.

### SACK RACE.

- 1st, W. G. Bunter. (Only one competed.)

### TUG-OF-WAR.

Harry Wharton's Team defeated Vernon-Smith's Team.

Winners: H. Wharton, R. Cherry, F. Nugent, J. Bull, Hurree Singh, T. Brown, M. Linley, and W. G. Bunter.

### HALF-MILE.

- 1st, M. Linley.
- 2nd, H. Wharton.
- 3rd, H. Vernon-Smith.

### MILE.

- 1st, H. Wharton.
- 2nd, R. Cherry.
- 3rd, T. Redwing.

### MARATHON RACE.

- 1st, H. Wharton.
- 2nd, M. Linley.
- 3rd, H. Vernon-Smith.

### EGG-AND-SPOON RACE.

- 1st, O. Kipps.
- 2nd, R. Cherry.
- 3rd, R. Russell.

(W. G. Bunter was disqualified for eating his egg!)

# THE SPORTS OF ST. JIMS!

By FATTY WYNN.

**C**CHEERS! Old Ratty, our respected Housemaster, has just bought a typewriter. Not a battered, broken-down old bus like the one on which I typed last week's contribution, but a "top-hole" machine, stamped in every link, jewelled in every movement.

Ratty happens to be playing golf at the moment, so I've taken possession of his study—and his typewriter—and I'm going to tell you all about the Sports which came off on Wednesday.

I'm afraid I didn't distinguish myself overmuch. In fact, I didn't win a single race. Perhaps that was because I didn't go in for any.

Just before the Sports started I was holding a post-mortem examination on a rabbit pie, and I didn't have time to change into my running-shorts.

However, I turned up in time to see the races, and they were jolly thrilling. Figgins was the hero of the day. He

beat Tom Merry by a short neck in the hundred yards, and he won the mile in a canter.

Apart from these glorious victories, however, the New House didn't make much of a show. It was Talbot of the School House who won the half-mile; and Tom Merry finished an easy first in the Marathon.

Jack Blake threw the cricket-ball farther than anyone else; and George Alfred Grundy won the sack-race by bowling all the other competitors over.

The School House won the tug-of-war after a fierce tussle; and Herries carried off the honours in the donkey-race. I always did say Herries was rather an ass!

Curiously enough, the high jump was won by Cardew. Cardew's a lazy beggar, as a rule, but on this occasion he jumped higher than everybody else—probably because Monty Lowther was letting off crackers behind him!

There was a special race for ladies, and Marie Rivers gained a popular victory. She won on the post from Cousin Ethel. The latter was conceded with by Gussy, as follows:  
"Nevah mind, deah gal! Even the best wunnals come a cwopah sometimes! I myself should have won the Mawathon easily, if Tom Mewwy hadn't ovahtaken me!"

There was a special race for the school staff, and—yo gods!—it was better than a pantomime!

Ratty, and Selby, and Taggles the porter made a fine trio. And while they struggled towards the tape, the crowd burst into song:

"Three prize chumps!

See how they run!

You can hear old Selby snort and wheeze,  
While Taggles is wobbling at the knees,  
And Ratty will drop with heart-disease!

Three prize chumps!"

After the Sports, there was a gathering of the clams in the school tuckshop, and I put away so many good things that Fygy declared I deserved to be put away myself!

Au revoir, dear readers!

# THE MASTERS' RACE!

A Graffick Diskripshun of a Yew-neck Eevent by that Brilliant Sporting Jernalist BAGGY TRIMBLE.

**I**T was me what suggested it. I went up to old Railton while the Sports were in progress, and I slapped him on the back.  
"I say, old been," I said—Railton and me have been pals for such a long time that he simply luv me to be familar—what about a masters' race, confined to members of the skool staff?"

Railton's face beamed like a fool moon. "My hat!" he egglaimed. "What a topping idee! Baggy, dear boy, I will eat upen it at wunce!"

"You could get the Heed to give a speshal prize," I said.

"Ripping! I'll go and ask the old bufer!"

And Railton sloped off.

Shortly afterwards it was announced that their would be a speshal race for members of the staff. The 1st prize was to be a bottle of jinn; the 2nd prize

a box of siggars; and the 3rd prize a toothpick.

"Going to kompete, Ratty?" inkwired Railton of his kolleegue.

"Yes, rather!" said Ratty. "But I don't want to bagg the 1st prize!"

"Why not?"

"Being a strick tea-totaller, I've no use for a bottle of jinn. The box of siggars appeals to me more than anything, and I shall make a point of finishing 2nd."

In dew course the kompetitors towed the line.

Their was Railton and Ratty and Selby and Carrington, also Linton and Latham, and Herr Schneider and Monsieur Morny. And Taggles the porter and Toby the pago were also taking part.

Taggles was despritle anfush to finish 1st, bekause he's very fond of a

dropp of jinn. And Herr Schneider isn't eggactly a Pooosyfoot, either.

Bang!

The pistlo rang out, and the grate race began.

Taggles maid the pace, and Ratty and Selby came tearing along behind him.

As for Railton, he couldn't run for toffy. He was too konvulsed with merrymint.

Their was a grate roro from the krowd.

"Go it, ye cripples!"

"Three to one on Targy!"

"Put a sport on, Ratty!"

Taggles, in spite of his yeers, was running like a hair. And it seemed certain that he would be the 1st to reech the envveted goal.

Just before he got to the tape, however, he became top-heavy, and went down wallop.

Ratty, who was just behind, tride to check himself, bekause he didn't want to get homo 1st. But he was unnable to pull up in time, and he won the race—and the bottle of jinn.

Carrington came in sekcond, and bagged the box of siggars. And Taggles picked himself up in time to finish 3rd. His efforts were rewarded with a toothpick.

# SPORT SNAPSHOTS!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

Baggy Trimble tells me that he did the 100 yards in ten seconds dead. He certainly couldn't have done it alive!

Aubrey Racke declares that he ran from the village to the school in just under five minutes. Was P.-o. Crump behind him?

In the senior mile Knox of the Sixth is alleged to have beaten Kildare by a neck. But then, Knox has got "neck" enough for anything! Neck-st, please!

A report from Greyfriars states that in the fags' sports the high jump was won by Wun Lung's minor. Well, he certainly ought to be able to Hop Hi!

Figgins tells us that he won the New House mile comfortably. Yes, but what did Fatty Wynn?

The obstacle race at Greyfriars was won by Wun Lung. A very smart performance for a fellow who's only Wun Lung!

We understand that the kitchen cat expired on Sports Day through drinking an excessive quantity of milk. An on-looker says that it showed signs of great distress at the "last lap"!

Congratulations to Percy Mellish, who finished third in the special half-mile for slackers. (There were three runners!)

The Greyfriars report also states that Billy Bunter took part in several events. We regret we had not the pleasure of seeing a "tub" race! (Sarky beast!—Ed.)

It is reported from Rookwood that Tubby Muffin won a race. The goal must have been the school tuckshop!

There were special races for ladies at the St. Jim's sports. Cousin Ethel and Marie Rivers participated in the junior event, and Marie won by the flap of a skirt. In the senior event Mr. Ratcliff finished first. "But how could Ratty possibly take part in a ladies' race?" you will ask. The answer is obvious. Because he's an old woman!

George Alfred Grundy is a genius at throwing the hammer. His first shot hit Mr. Ratcliff on the nose. We understand that Grundy afterwards received a hammering!



By JIMMY SILVER.

How I Won the Rookwood Marathen!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

"After the Sports comes the feast," said Lovell.  
 "And after the feast comes the reckoning," added Raby.  
 "Never mind about that," I interrupted. "We'll have the feast first, and risk the reckoning. Did you about the grub, Newcome?"  
 "Yes, rather; I've laid in enough provender to relieve a starving garrison!"  
 "Good man!"

The races were over, and we were feeling simply ravenous as we made our way to Study No. 10 on the Classical Side.  
 Lovell turned the door-handle, and then he uttered a startled exclamation.  
 "My hat! The giddy door's locked!"  
 "Rats!" I said impatiently. "Give it a good push!"  
 But the door refused to budge.

We paused in the passage, and exchanged dismayed glances.  
 "Listen!" said Raby suddenly.  
 The clatter of knives and forks came distinctly to our ears.  
 "Somebody's raided our study!" I shouted. "Unlock this door, whoever you are!"  
 And I applied my clenched fists to the panels.

The next moment we had the surprise of our lives. For the familiar voice of Mr. Bootles came from within.  
 "Calm yourself, Silver! It is I—your Form-master!"  
 "You, sir!" I gasped. "But—but what—?"  
 "I am having tea with Mr. Mooney. Pardon me, my boy, but my own supplies have run out, and I hope you do not object to our taking tea in your study. I shall, of course, make a point of replacing the food that we consume!"  
 We were fairly flobbergasted. The cool cheek of Mr. Bootles took our breath away.  
 "This is the absolute limit!" gasped Lovell. "Fancy old Bootles raiding our grub like this!"

"I suppose we must bear it, but it's jolly hard to grin!" I said.  
 "Did you speak, Silver?" inquired Mr. Bootles.  
 "Yes, sir. May we come in, sir?"  
 "Certainly not! I am holding an important discussion with Mr. Mooney. Run away, my boys!"

Well, of all the cheek—" gasped Newcome.  
 Baffled and furious, we stroled out into the quad.

"Let's take a peep at the beasts through the window," suggested Raby. "Hoist me up on to your shoulder, Uncle James!"  
 I obeyed, and Raby was able to peer through the study window. Then he uttered a whoop like a Red Indian.  
 "What's up?" I asked.  
 "Bootles isn't in the study at all—and neither is Mooney!"  
 "Then who the merry dickens—?"  
 "It's Tubby Muffin—and Billy Bunter of Greyfriars! And Bunter's been working off his ventriiloquism on us!"  
 "My only aunt! Come on, you fellows!"  
 We rushed back into the building, and a moment later we were hurling our united weight against the study door.

After a fierce onslaught, the door was swept off its hinges, and we swarmed into the apartment.

"Too late!" panted Newcome. "The thieving rotters have scooted all our grub!"  
 "Oh, really, you fellows—" protested Billy Bunter, jumping to his feet in alarm.  
 "We—we haven't touched a thing! We simply came in here to have a discussion about my Weekly. Muffin's one of my subscribers, you know!"  
 "Birds of a feather!" grunted Lovell. "And we'll treat 'em both alike!"

The next instant the podgy form of William George Bunter went careering through the open window. And the equally podgy form of Tubby Muffin followed. When we peered out into the quad, we saw the two fat marauders rolling on the ground, locked in an affectionate embrace. And we left them to sort themselves out at leisure.  
 (Nothing of the sort, Silver, you heest! You no jolly well that Muffin and me gave you a jolly good licking! And it served you rite!—Ed.)

"Reginald, my dear boy," said my pater, when he last soar me, "if you snucked in winning any single event on Sports Day, I will double yore allowance of pocket-munny!"  
 With these generous words wringing in my ears, I maid up my mind to extinguish myself when Sports Day came round. I entered my name for every event. Their were twelve races altogether, and I new I was bound to win at least one of them.

But sunnow everything went rong. To beginn with, I ran in the 100 yards race, and when I had done 24 yards I felt so fagged that I had to tern round and come back agane!

In the mile I was hopelessly beaten, because I failed to get my seventh wind. I should have won the 4-mile all rite, but the pistle went off before I was ready.

In the sack race I came a terridly kropper just as I was about to brost the tape. I mixed up the high-jump and the long-jump—and lost them both!  
 "Hear's a pretty kettle of fish!" I said to myself. "So far I have failed in every event." This is only the Marathen left. I simply must win that, or dye in the attempt!"

Their were a duzen runners in all. Jimmy Silver & Co. were taking part, of course, and



Suddenly I herd a grate rore behind me and a mad bull tearing after me.

so were the three Tommies from the Modern Side. They laried very much when they soar that I was kempting.

Then old Bootles blew a shrill blast on his pistle, and the grate race started.

Away we shott like stones from a catter-pult.

In the choking heat of the winter afternoon we speed away like hairs.  
 I was among the 1st to reach the viltidge, and I called in at the bunshop for lite refreshments. When I emerged, I discovered, to my horror, that all the other fellows were in frunt of me.

"Now, Tubby," I said to myself, "you must pull yourself together! Charge, Tubby—charge!" On, Muffin, on!

I ran so swiftly that my feat didn't tuch the ground. But I was unable to gane on the felloes in frunt.

And then a startling thing happend. Jimmy Silver had the mistorhuno to twist his ancle, and he dropt out of the race.  
 Shortly afterwards, Lovell, Raby, Newcome, Teddy Grace, and Tommy Dodd lost there way, and got on to the rong rode.

Prezently I had the satisfackshun of seeing Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle kollapse in the roadway.

Then Lacy dropt out, and their was only Morny and myself left in the race.

Morny kept in frunt of me all the way, until the skool gates were aiked.

But suddingly I herd a grate rore behind me, and I soar a mad bull tearing after me.

Fear lent me wings, and I covered the remaining distanse before you could say "What a fine runner Muffin is! I've never seen such a magnificent display in all my natcherall!"

Well, deer readers, to cut a long story short, I romped home a neezy 1st. Morning-ton was sekcond, and the bull 3rd.

THE ROOKWOOD RACE!

Verse: by Tommy Dodd. Illustrations by the Typewriter.

Five runners in the gateway stand,  
 Kneet and keen—a worthy band:

I I I I I

The sportsman cheer, the critics scoff,  
 The pistol goes—and now they're off:

/ / / / /

And presently you hear loud groans,  
 They've stumbled on a row of stones:

O O O O O

And then, knocked down by several cars,  
 The runners see a row of stars:

\* \* \* \* \*

THE POPULAR—No. 109.

The deepening dusk the landscape blots,  
 The runners seem like tiny dots:

. . . . .

On, on they go; past glorious views,  
 Until they sight a clump of yews:

u u u u u

And still they race, past woods and trees,  
 They dare not stop to take their ease:

e e e e e

Pedestrians view, with mild surprise,  
 The resolution in their eyes:

i i i i i

The school's in sight! The chaps' enthuise!  
 Spectators are lined up in queues:

q q q q q

A final spurt! See how they run!  
 By Tommy Cook the race is won:

1 1 1 1 1

THE COLONIAL CO. IN TROUBLE!

(Continued from page 8.)

appreciation of practical jokes—none whatever!"

"But I assure you—"

"Enough!"

"You—you're not going, uncle!" ejaculated Carthew, in dismay.

"Yes, sir, I am going," shouted the major. "I have no appreciation whatever, sir, of a misplaced sense of humour. So these are the little preparations you told me you had made for my visit!"

"Nunno! Not at all—"

The major strode out of the School House. Carthew followed him, crimson with fury and dismay. Major Carthew was a somewhat unreasonable old gentleman, and his dutiful nephew always had to be very careful with him.

Entertaining the major was a good deal like entertaining a tame bear who might change his mind and bite at any moment. At the best of times it was not always possible to keep the choleric old gentleman in a good humour. It was always an even chance whether he took offence or not. Such good humour as he possessed had quite vanished now.

He strode away towards the gates, evidently with the intention of leaving Rockwood without further parley.

Carthew hurried after him.

A crowd of grinning juniors outside the School House watched them with great delight. The major paused for a moment to glare at them.

"So your friends are parties to your previous practical joke, Mark!" he snarled.

"They're not my friends, sir," panted Carthew. "They're only cheeky fags!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, enjoy the joke!" snapped the major. "It is very funny. I dare say—very funny, indeed—remarkably funny to attempt to trick a visitor into entering a room reeking with whitewash! No doubt you hoped that I should be smothered with it."

"Uncle—"  
"Not a word more!" growled the major. "Enjoy the joke with your friends, Mark—enjoy it, I beg of you."

He strode on grimly, with Carthew at his heels, pouring out apologies and explanations, hardly knowing what he was saying in his confusion and dismay.

A yell of laughter from the juniors followed them.

The major's unfortunate misapprehension struck them as comical, and the sight of Carthew stalking him to the gates, endeavouring to explain, tickled the juniors immensely. The major refused to hear a word. He interrupted his almost frantic nephew with a series of ferocious snorts. He strode out of the gates, unheeding the prefect's almost hysterical expostulations.

Carthew stopped at the gates, and his face was a study as he watched his distinguished visitor stalking away down the road.

The case was evidently hopeless.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" growled Carthew. "He's gone! The silly old fool!"

The prefect, in a towering rage, strode back to the School House.

His visitor was gone—without leaving the handsome tip, for the sake of which Carthew had been willing to endure the visit.

There would have to be humble letters of explanation, which might bring the old gentleman round in time. Meanwhile, Carthew was anxious to find the fag who had prepared that pleasant surprise for

him. He hurried to his study, selected his stoutest ashplant, and set out in search of Conroy of the Fourth.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Paying the Piper!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. had come in after the football match, and the Colonial Co. had gone to their study. Van Ryn and Pons were looking rather grave. Conroy's little effort in Carthew's study was funny enough in its way; but there were certain consequences to follow. Prefects could not be treated like ordinary mortals. But Conroy's chums were quite prepared to stand by him in facing the music.

A heavy step in the passage warned them that the enemy was at hand.

"Here comes Carthew!" said Pons.

"Sounds rather in a hurry," grinned Conroy.

The door was flung open, and the Sixth-Former strode in, ashplant in hand.

His face was furious.

He gave one glare round the study, and started for Conroy. The Cornstalk junior picked up a cricket-stump from the table.

"Come on!" he said invitingly.

"Put that stump down!" roared Carthew.

"Bow-wow!"

"I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"Go ahead!"

Carthew ran at him, lashing out with the ashplant.

Crash, crash!

The stump came into play, and Conroy fenced with it as if it had been a rapier.

The ashplant went whirling out of Carthew's hand, and crashed into a corner. The prefect staggered back as the business end of the stump jabbed on his waistcoat.

Pons and Van Ryn looked on, grinning.

They were ready to go to the rescue if it was necessary, but it did not seem to be necessary.

Conroy was holding his own.

"Put down that stump!" shrieked Carthew.

"Are you going to make it 'pax'?" asked Conroy.

"I—I—I—" Carthew stammered with rage. Making it "pax" with a fag was unles beneath the dignity of a Sixth Form prefect.

"Well, is it 'pax'?"

"I'll smash you!"

"Then I may as well begin," remarked Conroy, and he lunged again with the stump, and Carthew gave a fiendish yell.

"Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! Trouble in the family?" asked Jimmy Silver, looking in. "Hallo, Carthew! Is that a new step-dance?"

"Keep it up!" said Lovell encouragingly. "I'll get my tin whistle, if you like. You can't dance without music."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew rushed at Conroy again. He was almost beside himself by this time. He did not heed the jab of the stump, though it hurt, and he grasped the junior in his muscular arms.

"Now, you young villain!" he panted. "Rescue!" gasped Conroy.

Pons and Van Ryn rushed in.

The prefect was grasped by two pairs of hands, and dragged off his victim.

"Let go!" roared Carthew.

"Rats! Kick him out!"

"Outside, you rotter!"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"Great pip!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"By gad, what a circus!" remarked Mornington, sauntering to the spot. "What a giddy entertainment! File in!"

"Let go, you young scoundrels!" roared Carthew, struggling furiously in the grasp of the Colonial Co.

"Outside with him!" panted Van Ryn. "Clear back, there, you fellows!"

The juniors in the passage promptly cleared out.

In a struggling heap, the three Colonials and the Sixth-Former came swaying towards the doorway.

There was a sudden yell from the direction of the stairs.

"Cave!"

"Look out!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Here comes Bootles!"

"Cave, you duffers!"

But the excited combatants did not heed, even if they heard. The Colonial Co. had the upper hand now, and Carthew was coming out.

Mr. Bootles, with a frowning brow, came rustling along the passage towards the study whence the commotion proceeded.

He arrived just as the Colonial Co., with a final effort, lurled the gasping prefect through the doorway.

Crash!

Carthew of the Sixth landed fairly at the Form-master's feet.

Mr. Bootles jumped back.

"Bless my soul! Carthew!"

"Gurrrrrh!"

"Carthew, is it you?"

"Wooooow!"

"What! What!" Mr. Bootles looked astonished and scandalised.

"Carthew, I am shocked! This is outrageous!"

"Groooooohoo!"

Carthew sat up dazedly, looking very dusty and dishevelled.

Mr. Bootles's eyes were fixed sternly upon him.

"Is this your idea, Carthew, of the dignity of the Sixth Form?" he rapped out. "How dare you, a prefect, enter into such horseplay with juniors of the Fourth Form? It is scandalous!"

"Gurrrh!"

"I shall report this to the Head!" thundered Mr. Bootles. "You will learn, Carthew, that a Sixth-Form prefect cannot enter into such noisy, obstreperous games as this with boys of a lower Form!"

Carthew stammered with rage. It was bad enough to be pitched neck and crop out of a junior study, without being supposed to be playing a game with juniors.

"I—I—I—" he gasped.

"It is scandalous! What! What!"

"I haven't—"

"I can believe my eyes, Carthew. There is no occasion for laughter, my boys. This is a serious matter."

"I have been assaulted by juniors!" yelled Carthew. "I've been pitched out of that study!"

"Bless my soul! You were not playing a game, then, Carthew?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Answer me, Carthew!"

"Of course, I wasn't!" hissed Carthew. "I have been attacked by those young scoundrels—"

"What! What! Kindly do not use such expressions in the presence of younger boys, and in my presence, Carthew!" said Mr. Bootles severely. "I am surprised at you!"

Carthew almost choked.

"Now, what is the matter?" said Mr. Bootles majestically. "Calm yourself, Carthew. This display of excitement is very unbecoming in a prefect!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Up Against It!

**JIMMY SILVER & CO.** were very sympathetic. The Colonial Co. were "up against it."

Carthwe of the Sixth made a special mark of them, and there were many ways in which a prefect could make himself unpleasant to juniors.

The Colonial Co. were by no means perfect youths, and a prefect who made it his special business to keep an eye on them, and catch them tripping, was certain to find many opportunities.

If Van Ryn slid down the banisters into the hall, Carthwe was sure to spot him, and report the same to Mr. Bootles. If one kicked a football along the passage, Carthwe appeared on the spot as if by magic, and there were lines or detention. If Conroy, especially, broke any rule, large or small, Carthwe was certain to get wind of it, and to see that condign punishment was visited upon the offender.

Carthwe had set himself the task of bringing the Colonial Co. to heel.

The Australian junior looked very thoughtful when the Colonial Co. went in to tea. Pons and Van Ryn were thoughtful, too. Carthwe's persecution was getting on their nerves. Yet they did not quite see how it was to be dealt with, unless they toed the line and ate humble pie to the extent that the bully of the Sixth required, which was not to be thought of.

"We're not standing it!" said Conroy suddenly.

"I don't quite see what else we can do," said Van Ryn. "The beast's got a down on us. And a prefect is a big proposition to tackle."

"He wants to make us crawl, like Towney and that set!" said Conroy, with contempt. "Catch us!" He won't hear us saying, 'Please, Carthwe!' and 'Yes, Carthwe!' and 'No, Carthwe, please!' That's not quite the style of this study."

"No jolly fear!" said Van Ryn emphatically.

"We've got to make him sit up and understand that we're better left alone!" remarked Conroy.

"No more of your dashed whitewashing!" growled Pons.

Conroy laughed.

"Besides, we've got to show the end study that we can keep our end up," he said. "This study ought really to be top study in the Fourth."

"Ahem!"

"And I've got an idea," added Conroy.

Pons and Van Ryn groaned in chorus. "Look here, you silly asses, it's a jolly good idea!" insisted Conroy. "I've got an idea for handling Carthwe—"

"Bow-wow!"

"And smothering him with soot—"

"Fathead!"

"And in a way that will make it impossible for him to lay a complaint!"

"Rats!"

"Honest injun, you asses!"

"Well, go ahead!" said Pons cautiously. "We'll see."

"You know the cad breaks bounds sometimes at night?" said Conroy. "All the Fourth knows it, for that matter. I'm not thinking of giving him away to the beaks, of course. That's outside the limit."

"Couldn't prove it if we did," said Van Ryn. "He's too jolly cautious to be caught. He would always have some excuse."

"I shouldn't wonder. But, as a matter of fact, I happen to know that he's going out to-night."

"Let him go, and be blown!"

"Tabby heard Gower speaking of it to Mornington—you know, Tabby hears

"Wow-wow!"

"How many?" asked Raby. "Six on each paw, and regular twisters!" groaned the Australian.

"Wow-wow! I didn't know old Bootles was such an athlete! Yoow-ow!"

"Never mind, you've made Carthwe sit up," said Nawcome.

"Yoow-ow! Bootles has made me sit up, I know that."

"Better let Carthwe alone after this," grinned Mornington.

"Oh rats!"

Conroy went into his study. Van Ryn and Pons were looking a little blue. Five hundred lines and a gating were rather a high price to pay, even for the pleasure of handling the bully of the Sixth.

Conroy was still rubbing his hands dolefully when Bulkeley of the Sixth looked into the study grimly.

"You three are wanted," he said.

"Oh dear! More trouble!" sighed Pons.

Bulkeley grinned a little. "You're to go to Carthwe's study, and clean it up," he said.

"Oh crumbs!"

"It's got to be made spick-and-span, and as clean as a new pin; Form-master's orders," said Bulkeley. "You'd better think a bit, Conroy, before you will wash a Sixth Form study again."

"Oh crumbs!"

Bulkeley strode away, and the Colonial Co. looked at one another.

"Well, we might have expected that," said Conroy, after a pause.

"Oh, you ass!" groaned Van Ryn. "It will take us pretty nearly all the evening, I should think."

"Oh, you fathead!" said Pons. "I've a jolly good mind to bump you!"

In somewhat doleful spirits the three juniors proceeded to Carthwe's study. They set to work.

It was a long task.

Conroy had done his work thoroughly with the whitewash—too thoroughly, as he was now ready to admit himself.

By the time the study was cleaned the three juniors were tired out, and in a state that required cleaning themselves.

Carthwe came in as they finished, and grinned as he looked round the room.

"That's a bit better!" he remarked. "I think I'll keep you cheeky young scoundrels in order! Get out!"

And the cheerless Co. got out without a word. They limped away to their own quarters, and the sight of the dirty and fatigued trio made the Classical juniors chuckle.

"Not quite so funny now—what?" chortled Townsend.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Conroy.

The Colonial Co. were late beginning their prep, and they were too tired to give it much attention.

"Carthwe's got the best of us this time," remarked Conroy, when the work was done at last.

"Looks like it, fathead!"

"It was a good idea, whitewashing his study, all the same."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"One swallow doesn't make a summer," said Conroy. "We shall get the best of it next time."

"There isn't going to be a next time, fathead! I'm fed up with Carthwe!"

"Rats! This study has got to get even!"

"Br-r-r-r-r!" snorted Pons and Van Ryn together. They had had enough of Carthwe and all his works. But the Australian junior was determined, and his active brain was at work. Carthwe, of the Sixth, had not yet done with the Colonial Co.

Carthwe spluttered. He was not thinking just then of what was becoming.

"I've been attacked. My study has been mucked up with whitewash by Conroy, and I was attacked when I came here to punish him!" he panted.

"Indeed! That lets in a new light on the matter," said Mr. Bootles, in a judicial way. "You should have explained that at first, Carthwe."

"I—I—"

"Do not interrupt me, Carthwe. Your manner is not respectful. I repeat that this excitement is unbecoming and out of place."

Carthwe looked at Mr. Bootles as if he would eat him. He would rather have given the assistant to Mr. Bootles than to Conroy at that moment. That, however, was scarcely feasible.

"Have you damaged Carthwe's study, Conroy?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ahem! What did you do?"

"Whitewashed it, sir."

"Bless my soul! Why did you do that, Conroy?"

"Because that rotter—"

"Eh?"

"I mean, because Carthwe fagged me, and licked me for nothing."

"My own fag was out, sir—"

"Conroy, I am surprised. You are a new boy here, but surely you must be aware that it is necessary to treat prefects with respect! It will be my duty to punish you severely, Conroy."

"Yes, sir," said Conroy.

"Those others have laid hands on me, sir," spluttered Carthwe.

"Van Ryn and Pons, you will take five hundred lines each, and stay in the next half-holiday to write them out!" said Mr. Bootles severely.

"Oh!"

"Conroy, you will follow me."

"Very well, sir."

"I shall punish this infraction of discipline," said Mr. Bootles. "At the same time, Carthwe, I must repeat that I do not approve of your general line of action. This excitement is unbecoming—most unbecoming!"

And Mr. Bootles whisked away down the passage, followed by Conroy, leaving the bully of the Sixth grinding his teeth.

The Form-master glanced into Carthwe's study, to see what damage had been done. He almost fell down at the sight of the whitewash.

"Bless my soul! This is—is outrageous!" he exclaimed. "Follow me, Conroy. I shall punish you very severely."

"Yes, sir."

Conroy did not enjoy the next five minutes in Mr. Bootles' study. He had called the tune, and now the time had come to pay the piper. He went through the infliction with grim fortitude. Six on each hand was an unusual punishment for the mild Mr. Bootles to inflict, but he felt that the case required it. He was breathing rather hard when he laid down the cane.

"You may go, Conroy."

"Thank you, sir!" murmured the junior.

"I hope this will be a warning to you, Conroy."

"I hope so, sir," said Conroy demurely.

Mr. Bootles coughed, and the junior left the study. He was twisting himself into various weird attitudes as he came back to the Fourth Form passage.

"Had it bad?" asked Jimmy Silver sympathetically.

"Sure, and yer askin' for it intirely," said Flynn consolingly.

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everything," pursued Conroy. "We know the blackguard does it, and, according to what Tubby told me, he's going out to-night at half-past ten. Prefects have a key to the side-gate; he lets himself out."

"Well, we shall be in the dorm then," said Pons.

"We shall be in the quad!" said Conroy coolly. "We can get out of the dorm. We're going to collar Carthew at the gate—"

"Wha-a-a-t!"

"And another him with soot. He won't be able to say a word about it without explaining why he was going out at half-past ten at night. And I guess he won't want to explain that to the Head."

"Ha, ha! No fear!"

"We shall catch him fairly on the hop," said Conroy, with great satisfaction. "He won't dare even to yell, for fear of somebody finding out that he's out of doors at night."

"By Jove! What a ripping wheeze!"

"I'm glad you can see it."

"It ought to be as safe as houses," said Pons thoughtfully. "We can easily get a bag of soot. Of course, he'll know it's us. He may think it better to go easy."

Van Ryn nodded. "We'll do it," he said.

"It's a go!" said Pons. And so it was settled.

The Colonial Co. were busy that evening.

Van Ryn found a bag, and a quantity of soot was raked down several chimneys to fill it. That part of the task was not difficult.

The bag of soot was concealed in the box-room during the evening. The Colonial Co. went up to bed with the juniors, as usual, in a very cheery mood. Jimmy Silver & Co. had seen the preparations, and they knew the scheme, and they grinned over it; but they had their doubts.

According to the Fistical Four, only the end study was equal to the task of dealing with the Sixth. But they cordially wished the Colonial Co. good luck.

Carthew of the Sixth saw light for the Clascal Fourth that night. He bestowed a scowl upon Conroy & Co.

"Have you done your lines, Van Ryn?" he asked.

"Not yet," said the South African.

"They are doubled, then!" said Carthew.

"Thanks!"

"And if you don't show them up by tea-time to-morrow you will be reported!" added the prefect.

"Thanks so much!" said Van Ryn impetuously, and the juniors chuckled.

Carthew scowled and quitted the dormitory.

Conroy & Co. did not settle down to sleep. At ten minutes past ten they were out of bed and dressing in the dark. A sleepy voice came from Jimmy Silver's bed:

"Hallo, you fellows. Better chuck it!"

"Rats!"

"You'll make a muck up of it, you know!" admonished Uncle James.

"Better leave Carthew to the end study; we're up to his weight!"

"Bow-wow!"

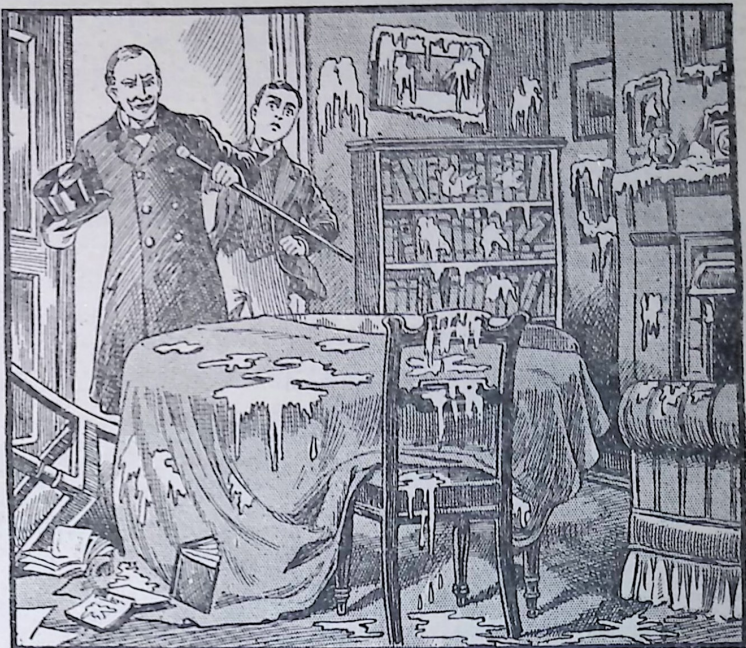
Jimmy grinned, and settled down to

Had the Head been aware that Carthew was in the habit of dropping in at the Bird-in-Hand to see Joey Hook and his select circle of sporting acquaintances, the prefect would not have troubled Rookwood with his presence much longer.

"Here we are!" murmured Conroy, as the school wall loomed up. "Here's the gate! Not half-past yet."

"Jolly cold waiting here!"

"Why did you forget to bring a stove or an electric radiator?" asked Conroy sarcastically.



"Do you think that this room is in a state for me to enter?" thundered the major. "Is this a practical joke?" "G-g-good-heavens!" gasped Carthew. He blinked in the study. It was covered all over with whitewash. (See chapter 8.)

sleep. The Colonial Co. finished dressing, and crept silently from the dormitory.

Most of Rookwood was in bed, and the upper passages were dark. The three juniors groped along to the box-room, the bag of soot was dropped lightly out of the window, and the juniors climbed after it.

A thick mist from the sea pervaded the quadrangle, and through it the shapes of the old beeches loomed up dimly.

"Grooh!" mumbled Pons. "What a night!"

"All the better—we shan't be seen."

"Got the soot?"

"Here it is!"

"Come on, then!"

The juniors groped their way across the quadrangle, stumbling into the trees every now and then. They reached the little gate, to which the masters and prefects of the school had their own keys. Prefects, of course, were not supposed to use their keys for letting themselves out at a late hour of the night. Carthew's relaxations of that kind were a dead secret, or so he supposed.

"Oh, rats!"

"Shush! Mum's the word!"

And the Co. settled down to wait.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Simply Awful!

HALF-PAST ten sounded faintly through the mist.

The Colonial Co. waited.

It was difficult to see in the mist, but they could not mistake Carthew when he came. They would hear the key grating in the lock, even if they did not see the prefect. Conroy held the bag open, ready to deliver the soot.

They had not long to wait.

Apparently Tubby Muffin's information was well-founded. Five minutes after the half-hour there was a footfall from the direction of the house.

Conroy nudged his companions.

"Look out!" he breathed.

"Quiet, you ass!" murmured Pons. "Shurrup, Pong!"

"Look here!"

"Shurrup—"

The juniors scarcely breathed as the footsteps came nearer. A form in an overcoat loomed up faintly, and there was a grating sound as a key rubbed on a lock, finding the keyhole.

"Go it!" muttered Van Ryn breathlessly.

Conroy sprang forward, the bag in his hands.

The figure at the gate swung round, startled by the sound behind him.

Swooosh!

As the din from turned Conroy fairly copped it with the open bag. There was a sudden rush of soot, and a weird and wild gurgle from the unfortunate resident of the soot.

"Gurrgrrrrrrr!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Slush!"

"Groooh! Gurrig! Guggggg!"

The figure swayed and stumbled, spluttering wildly. There was a clink on the ground of a fallen key.

"Gug-gug-gug! What—what! Bless my soul! Groooh! Help! Help!"

Conroy & Co., almost suffocating with suppressed laughter, were making for the house. But at the sound of that voice they halted, dumbfounded.

In a frozen whisper Conroy gasped:

"Bootles!"

For it was not the voice of Carthew of the Sixth—it was the voice of Mr. Bootles the master of the Fourth, that emanated from amid the cloud of clinging soot!

"Bootles!" stammered Van Ryn.

"Bub-bub-bub-Bootles!" stammered Pons.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Grrrrrrhhrrr! Help! I am suffocated! Help! Grooooooh!" came from the unfortunate Mr. Bootles, as he gouged wildly at the soot.

"Bootles!" moaned Van Ryn. "What was he going out for at this time of night? The silly ass! He never goes out at night!"

"Groooh! Help! Gurrig!"

There were hurried footsteps in the misty quad, and a running figure ran fairly into the horror-stricken juniors. It was Carthew of the Sixth.

"Who's that? Conroy! Van Ryn! You young rascals! What are you doing out of your dormitory?"

"Help! Gurrig! Help!"

The three juniors fled in the mist. Carthew hurried on towards the gate. In the mist a figure loomed up with wildly-waving arms.

"Mr. Bootles! Is that you?" gasped Carthew.

"Grooh! Yes. I have been attacked—smothered with something! Bless my soul! Groooh!"

Carthew drew a quick breath. He did not need telling what had happened, and he thanked his stars that he had not arrived at the gate at the same time as Mr. Bootles. He had been on his way to the gate when he heard the disturbance.

"Let me help you, sir," he gasped.

"I heard somebody in the quad, and—came out to see who—who it was. Ahem! I have just spotted three juniors out of bed—three of the Fourth—"

"Groooh! What is this clinging to me. Carthew—what is it?"

The prefect sniffed.

"Soot, sir!"

"Bless my soul! Gug-gug-gug!"

"Let me help you in, sir. I can point out the perpetrators of this outrage at once," said Carthew, with much satisfaction.

He took hold of the Form-master's arm in a rather gingerly manner, and led the gasping and spluttering gentleman towards the house. Mr. Bootles hardly

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seemed to know whether he was on his head or his heels.

"It is—is atrocious!" he gasped.

"Unheard-of! The wretched boys must have known I was going, and lay in wait for me—groooh."

"Of course they did, sir," said Carthew, grinning in the mist.

He could guess very accurately whom the juniors had been in wait for, but he was not likely to tell Mr. Bootles that.

"They must have learned that I was going to sit with the vicar to-night," gasped Mr. Bootles. "It is extraordinary, as I do not remember mentioning to anyone but the Head that Mr. Sweady was ill."

"Eavesdropping, most likely, sir," said Carthew, who knew very well that the Colonial Co. knew nothing at all of Mr. Sweady's illness, or of Mr. Bootles' benevolent intention of sitting with him.

If they had had the slightest idea of it, they would not have been within fifty yards of the gate that evening.

"Yes, yes, doubtless," Carthew, gurgled Mr. Bootles. "Thank you for coming so promptly to my help. Groooh! Gug-gug-gug!"

Carthew, manfully repressing a strong desire to chuckle, piloted the unfortunate gentleman into the house. It was evident that the suffering Mr. Sweady would not have the pleasure of Mr. Bootles' company that night.

Meanwhile, three scared juniors had scuttled into the dormitory of the Classical Fourth in a state of mind that was decidedly unenviable. Conroy's masterly scheme for "getting even" with the bully of the Sixth had been a ghastly failure—even the hopeful Cornstalk could not deny that.

"Hallo, how did it go?" yawned Jimmy Silver, as they came in.

"Did you give him the soot?" chuckled Lovell.

Conroy groaned.

"Yes, we gave him the soot!"

"Good man!"

"Only it wasn't Carthew!"

"Eh—"

"It was Bootles!"

"Bootles!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

There was a howl of merriment from one end of the dormitory to the other.

"Bootles! Oh, Gum!"

"Bootles!" shrieked Lovell. "You've sooted Bootles!"

"How could we tell in the dark?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye thought it was Carthew—"

"Oh, my Aunt Matilda!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Tumble in—quick!"



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You'll have to prove a jolly strong alibi for this!"

The Colonial Co. undressed and turned in. But there was no sleep just then for the Classical Fourth. They expected a visit from Mr. Bootles. And they had not long to wait. There were footsteps in the passage, and the door was thrown open, and the electric light turned on.

The juniors sat up in bed, and stared at the fearsome figure that presented itself in the doorway.

They guessed that it was Mr. Bootles. But the little Form-master was quite unrecognisable. Soot smothered him and blotted him out, as it were. He reeked with soot from head to foot. In spite of the awful seriousness of the moment an irrepressible chertle ran through the dormitory.

"Conroy! Van Ryn! Pons!" Mr. Bootles' voice came in muffled tones. Some of the soot had found its way into his mouth. "You were out of your dormitory a few minutes ago. It was you who—"

"It was a mistake, sir!" gasped Conroy. "We didn't know it was you, sir!"

"Nonsense!"

"We—we thought it was Carthew, sir."

"Nonsense! What reason could you have had for supposing that Carthew would be going out at such an hour? Nonsense! Even upon your own confession, you intended to make this outrageous assault upon a prefect! Look at me!" thundered Mr. Bootles. "This is your work! You may remain in bed. I shall not deal with you now. But to-morrow morning you will be flogged, by the Head. Grooooooh!"

And Mr. Bootles turned out the light, slammed the door, and retired.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Poor old Bootles!"

"Poor old us!" groaned Van Ryn. "A flogging in the morning! My hat!"

"Well, you asked for it, an' no mistake," chuckled Mornington.

"This has been a bit of a failure!" said Conroy.

"Only a bit!" hooted Pons.

"We haven't dished Carthew this time!"

"No, you ass, you've dished us!"

"But next time—"

"Next time!" shrieked Van Ryn and Pons together.

"Yes," said Conroy coolly, "next time. Hallo, what the merry thunder are you up to?"

Van Ryn & Co. did not explain what they were up to—it really did not need explaining. In their present mood, the mention of "next time" was a little more than they could stand. They scrambled out of bed, and grabbed Conroy.

"There!" gasped Van Ryn, as Conroy struggled in vain in the grasp of his indignant chums. "There, you ass! There, you fathead! I suppose next time you'll want us to soot the Head or the board of governors—what? There's not going to be any next time, you dangerous lunatic! Give him another!"

"Bump! Bump!"

"Yew-ow-ow!"

Pons and Van Ryn went back to bed somewhat comforted. Conroy crawled into bed and grunted. He did not mention "next time" again.

But there was going to be a "next time": the Cornstalk junior was quite determined on that. And next time Carthew of the Sixth was to be made to "sit up"—at all events, Conroy was quite determined about it. The bully of the Sixth was yet to discover that he had met more than his match in the Colonial Co.

THE END.

(Another splendid story of Rookwood, entitled "The Whip Hand." By Owen Conquest.)





## A MARKED MAN.

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### THREADS OF THE STORY.

Adrian Vaughan, after having served five years, leaves Dartmoor Prison, bent on regaining 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 Demottson, 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.

Demottson informs his partner that he has discovered that Leishman is really Mr. Leigh, the criminals' moneylender.

They employ the services 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.

Vaughan pays Leigh a visit, and threatens to reveal to the world his secret if Leigh does not hand over to his care Harry, who is really Harry Firth. Leigh has to agree, and Harry is taken to Vaughan's house in Flatney, and kept a prisoner there.

(Now read on.)

### Into the Net!

A GUST of wind and a welter of rain drove in as Paul Rutherford stepped across the threshold.

"Will you take my name to Mr. Leigh, please?" I am Mr. Rutherford, adding, as an afterthought:—"Mr. Rutherford, of Flatney."

A thrill shot through Locke; here, indeed, was the first clue.

"I'm sorry, you cannot see Mr. Leigh. Just at present he is engaged."

Rutherford frowned impatiently.

"I must—I really must see him. Will you say my business is of the gravest urgency? And don't forget—Mr. Rutherford, of Flatney."

Again the emphasis on the last word. Evidently it was important this Mr. Rutherford should not be confounded with a Mr. Rutherford of somewhere else.

"Will you step this way?"

Rutherford passed through the opened door, which shut, and was locked noiselessly, leaving the imperturbable Jevons with his back to it and facing him with grim determination, his hand touching the wall, closing over a button.

"I am sorry, Adrian Vaughan, but this round goes to me!" he cried, and the voice of Ferrers Locke electrified the other into alert realisation of his peril.

What exactly happened after that Vaughan could only dimly remember. It seemed as if the floor had suddenly opened under his feet, and the next moment he found himself slipping helplessly through a trapdoor, down, down, into depths unknown. He clawed wildly at the air, at nothingness. Then bump. He landed, on his feet, on what seemed a stone-flagged floor, and unhurt.

It was intensely dark where he was, and by the odour which reached his nostrils he knew he was in a cellar of some sort. Above his head came the creaking sound of closing doors. He was trapped, but by whom? He searched his brain for the solution to that question, and could find none.

For a full five minutes Vaughan tramped that small cellar prison of his. Then the opaque darkness was pierced by a light coming from the roof. Vaughan looked up, started violently, and stepped swiftly sideways, just in time to avoid being hit by a long object which had been thrust down. Vaughan waited expectantly. Then a hard voice, familiar to the ex-convict's ears, broke the silence which had followed.

"Adrian Vaughan, you can come up now," it said; "the ladder's waiting. Mind, no monkey-tricks; I've got you covered!"

An audible sigh broke from the trapped man's lips. He placed his hands steadily on the ladder, his foot on the first rung. The next moment he had gained the room above. The ladder was pulled up by Jevons, who stood by, and the trapdoors were closed a second time that day. Vaughan blinked in the strong light for some moments. Then, having got his bearings, looked across at the second person. Ferrers Locke stood twisting a heavy revolver in his hand, his deep, piercing eyes riveted on him.

The silence that fell was fraught with tragic possibilities to both men. Would Vaughan have to make a dash for it, and Locke to cut him down with a well-directed shot, or were nerves and brain cool and strong enough to conquer the temptation to fly to deathgrrips?

Vaughan was the first to speak.

"You have the advantage of me, Locke. I like your new methods," he said, shrugging his broad shoulders. "I should have been more careful. I forgot that door of the Leighs'. Rather a good wheeze of our good friends'—what? May I ask what you propose to do?"

"Just what I have it in my power to do—give you into custody."

"Charged with what?"

"Sufficient to put an end to your villainies for many years."

"Have you any objection to being more explicit?"

"None at all. Firstly, for failing, as a convict on licence, to report yourself to the police. Secondly, for an unwarrantable attack on a police-officer in the execution of his duty. Thirdly, for attempted blackmail of the late Raymond Marconnon. Fourthly, with obtaining twenty thousand pounds by false pretences; with the theft of the Marquis of Ranguvy's bowl from Kingswearo Hall; with being concerned in the jewel robbery at the Royal Edward Hall; and, worst of all, with forcibly detaining a certain young gentleman, to wit—Harry Leigh."

An amused smile revealed Vaughan's perfect teeth. His coolness was amazing even to Locke.

"Really, Mr. Locke, you are most careful in your recital of my misdoings," he went on, "but there is something you have forgotten. I happen to know that the charge on which you most willingly would have me arrested is that of murdering Mr. Marconnon."

"As regards Marconnon, I purposely missed him out."

"Oh, so you have at length discovered it was not I who took this innocent young life!"

"I have reason to suspect someone else was the guilty party," Locke replied grimly. "But as evidently you are anxious to force my hand, I will include in the list your attempted murder of me."

"Of which you have no proofs. I am sorry, Mr. Locke. I cannot see my way to admit being guilty in that event."

"Never mind; the others are sufficient. I set myself the task of bringing you to book. You have been good enough to expedite the inevitable by walking straight into my arms."

He reached towards the bell-push in the wall. But Vaughan made a gesture to detain him.

"Would you mind holding your hand a moment? Perhaps there are very good reasons why you shouldn't give me over to the charge of the police."

The half-coiled throat roused Locke curiously. His face had fell to his side.

"Well, what are they?"

Vaughan replied with a question.

"What satisfaction do you think you will get by putting me behind prison walls?" he asked.

"The satisfaction of seeing a desperate rogue laid by the heels, and of forcing you to reveal Harry Leigh's whereabouts."

"So you imagine I know where he is?"

"I am certain you do."

The shot in the dark went home, but Vaughan gave no outward indication of it.

"You, too, have discovered Justin Leigh's real identity?" he asked.

"More. I have narrowed my investigations down to this—that you alone held the power over him to force him to part with his son."

"And what do you suggest was the nature of that power?"

"The knowledge you possessed that he was responsible for Marconnon's death—knowledge you gained accidentally on the night you broke into Kingswearo Hall."

"Really, you are very clever, Locke. Although I hate you most cordially, as a detective I can't help admiring you tremendously. You are quite right. I saw Mr. Leigh—or shall we call him Judas Leishman?—shoot, accidentally or otherwise, the unfortunate Raymond Marconnon. An angry altercation between them was going on in the shrubbery. Marconnon owed Leigh money, and Leigh demanded repayment. Marconnon produced a pistol, which Leigh made a grab at. The thing went off in Leigh's hand, and Marconnon fell dead. After that, I lost no time in getting away. But you must admit all along you have misjudged me over that affair."

Locke inclined his head.

"For which I am sorry. I notice, however, you don't dispute my assertion regarding the Marquis of Ranguvy's bowl."

"Certainly not. I may feel inclined to admit several things, particularly things which your exceptional ability as a crime investigator might show you, sooner or

later, to find out for yourself. But there is one thing, Mr. Locke, I shall never admit if you persist in your purpose to hand me over to the police."

"You mean you won't tell me what has become of young Leigh?"

"Of course I shan't."

Locke saw himself brought up sharp against a blank wall.

"You wish to make terms with me—is that it?" he asked.

"I didn't come with that intention at all. I called to see Judas Leishman."

"Judas Leishman is dead."

"No."

"He is. He died unexpectedly last night."

"This is terrible."

"Is Harry in any danger?" the detective asked.

Vaughan had recovered from the shock which the news of Leigh's death had caused him.

"I have my own interests to guard, Ferrers Locke. You have tracked me down, sleuth-like, almost from the very hour I left prison. Without a moment's compunction you would send me back again—condemn me to a living death. Chance, in the form of your interest in young Leigh, puts a weapon in my hand to safeguard myself, and compels me to propose terms to the man who has proved himself my bitterest enemy."

Locke shook his head.

"Believe me, Vaughan, I am not such an insatiable Moloch. It was you who declared war on me, not I on you. I ranged myself on the side of the law because of my instincts as a detective, and my deep regard for my friend compelled me to do so. What is the nature of your proposition?"

"A temporary truce."

He broke into a reckless laugh at the amaze in the other's face.

"Don't imagine for a moment it would mean anything but a temporary cessation of the battle between us."

"Tell me your terms?"

"That you hold your hand against me. Give me my freedom now, instead of handing me over to the police, and I—I will tell you all I know about Harry and the dangerous position in which he is placed."

"And what will my concession mean to him?" Locke asked guardedly.

"It may save him from a horrible fate," was the other's quick reply.

"Now, Locke, what is your answer?"

The detective put the revolver slowly back into his pocket.

"Promise to keep your part of the bargain, Vaughan," he answered gravely, "and, so far as I am concerned, you will be at liberty to walk out of this house a free man."

**The Turn of Fortune!**

**A**N expression of relief fitted across Vaughan's usually immobile face.

"I'm not altogether pleased with myself for having to make even a temporary truce with you," he said slowly, "still less for having to make another's danger the fulcrum for raising my own liberty. But there it is. As Justin Leigh is dead, you must help me rescue my friend."

"Rescue him! From whom?"

Locke's voice shook as he put the question.

"A gang of daring and clever scoundrels. Harry Leigh is in their hands. I don't possess the means to secure his freedom in the short time given to me. That is why I came to see Mr. Leigh. He could have helped me. Read that."

THE POPULAR.—No. 109.

He thrust a letter into the detective's hand. Locke read it with growing stupefaction:

"The Oaks, Hirondele Road,  
Wandsworth Common.

"My Dear Friend,—I trust you will appreciate the humour of the situation. By the time this reaches you you will know how neatly we have turned the tables on you. You were daring enough to take a hand in our game, and the first lot of spoil went to you. The proposal to even matters up on a second deal was quite satisfactory to us until you let us in for a further payment of ten thousand pounds—an insult and an imposition which could only be wiped out by a successful counter-stroke on our side. We have made that counter-stroke. Your young friend Harry Leigh is now safely in our possession. The price of his freedom is your returning the forty thousand pounds in banknotes which we paid to you on Monday evening last. You will have four days in which to ransom the prisoner, who during that time will be treated with the greatest possible kindness. After that his fate will be no concern of yours, and you would warn you unless you conform to our terms you will never see him again.

"Our proposition is a perfectly straightforward one. Bring the notes to this house before six o'clock on Saturday of this week. There we shall confront you with Mr. Leigh, who will satisfy you he has come to no harm at our hands. In exchange you will hand us the packet of notes intact, and the incident will close.

"An early reply will greatly oblige.

"Yours very truly,

"COUNT VON DIEHLING."

Ferrers Locke darted a suspicious glance at the master-rogue.

"Is this some clever scheme on your part to extract money from Justin Leigh?"

Vaughan shrugged his shoulders, and laughed satirically.

"The penalty a man pays for being in prison—his every action is misjudged, no matter how sincerely honest he may be. Still, it is for me to convince you. Frankly, I wouldn't take the trouble were not Harry's safety at stake. But, relying on your promise, I will be frank with you. Of course, it is understood that any weapon I put into your hands shall not be turned against me."

(To be continued.)

**POPULAR  
FAVOURITES!**

\*\*\*\*\*

No. 3.—JIMMY SILVER.



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Jimmy Silver is a name to conjure with at Rookwood.

It is the name by which one of the finest fellows at this great public school is known.

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When Jimmy entered the Fourth Form at Rookwood it was plain to even the most casual observer that he was a "born leader of men."

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Within a very short time, and without much opposition—Mornington's being the strongest—Jimmy was elected captain of the Form, and also of the junior footer and cricket teams to represent Rookwood on the playing-fields.

In some unknown but perfectly natural manner he chummed-up with three other of Rookwood's "best"—Lovell, Raby, and Newcome—and these four juniors formed the now famous Fistical Four.

Besides all this, Jimmy has won much fame in "putting it over" the Modern rivals, Tommy Dodd & Co.—not once, but many, many times.

If ever there is a japo afoot on the Classical side, it can nearly always be traced to the junior captain. Incidentally, Jimmy is one of the best all-round sportsmen at the school—and, unofficially, of course—the best junior "fighting-man."

To sum up, then, Jimmy Silver, junior captain at Rookwood, is well on the way to the time when he will be designated as "a sportsman and a gentleman."

*Jimmy Silver*

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# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

## FOR NEXT FRIDAY:

Again we shall have two grand long complete stories next week, the first of which will be entitled:

### "THE NEW BULLY!" By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the chums of Greyfriars and a new arrival of the name of Herbert Holoover. When Holoover first came to Greyfriars he was a greater bully than was even George Bulestrod, who at that time ruled the roost in the Remove. In fact, Holoover comes to the school and commences bullying, not only the juniors who have earned for themselves reputations as fighters, but also the bullies in the Remove!

This splendid story will tell you how Holoover spent his first few days at the famous old school, and is a story which will particularly appeal to new readers.

Our second complete story is of the chums of Lookwood, and is entitled:

### THE WHIP HAND! By Owen Conquest.

This story concerns the Colonial Co. at Lookwood, and of the manner in which they set about getting their own back on Carthew, the prefect, for the way he has treated them. To say more about this story would be to spoil your interest. But I will say this—it is a magnificent story, full of surprises!

### "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

I am indeed pleased to see how much the changes in the "Popular" have been appreciated by my chums. I am in a position to know that I have made many more new friends in the course of the last few weeks. I hope they will understand that I am always at their service if they should want any advice.

I think I have gained quite a number of new readers on account of "Billy Bunter's Weekly"—and the fat chap claims the honour, you can guess!

However, he is coming out again next week with another number, and I, having seen it, can say that it is a grand budget of fun and fiction. Get your order placed now, chums, or if you haven't already done so.

## OUR COMPETITION.

There will be another grand competition for prizes next week. In the meantime, have a shot at this week's competition. **TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH ARE AWARDED EVERY WEEK.**

### Examples for "Peplets" Competition No. 3.

- Why Levison Changed. Billy Bunter's Weight.
- Giving Gussy Socks. When Cricket Comes.
- Tom Merry's Chums. What Bunter's Worth.
- Work That Please Our New Pastime.
- When Mornington's Sulky. Readers' Money Prize
- How Smythe Gambles Complete School Stories.

Don't forget, there are **TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH** offered for the best efforts in this competition. Here are the rules:

1. All "Peplets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Peplets" can be sent in by one reader each week.

2. The postcards must be addressed "Peplets," No. 3, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with "Peplets."

4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.

5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD and that it is received on or before the date of closing.

All efforts must be received on or before February 24th, 1921.

## JUST A FEW LINES—

to tell you that the "Magnet Library" contains a magnificent 18,000-word story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars. This week's story is entitled, "The Form-master's Disgrace," and deals with a very calamitous adventure which befalls a popular schoolmaster. In addition to the splendid story, we have a four-page supplement, the "Greyfriars Herald," which is only equaled in magnificence by "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

Readers who enjoy school stories cannot fail to miss reading the "Magnet Library," for it contains what are acknowledged to be the most popular school stories in the world.

Go round to your newsagent's shop, boys and girls, and ask him for this week's "Magnet Library." I will tell you this much more about it—the story deals with Mr. Quelch's disgrace. Next Monday's story will deal with the manner in which Harry Wharton & Co. set out fathoming the mystery surrounding the whole affair. If you get this week's copy you'll certainly want next week's.

Why not order a copy to be sent to you every Monday morning?

## NOTICES.

I have much pleasure in inserting the following notices at the request of my chums. I want to again warn readers who have notices published in this page that they MAY receive begging letters or advertisements as a result of their names and addresses being made public. No notice whatever should be paid to such communications. The best place for them is the wastepaper-basket!

These notices are accepted and published purely for the benefit of my chums, and anything sent them dealing with other than that published in this page had a notice published should be ignored absolutely.

Cyril Hall, 123, Glenroy Street, Roath Park, Cardiff, asks for correspondents anywhere to exchange postcard views.

Dennis Shefel, Nunnenbeckstrasse, 55/11, Nuremberg, Bavaria, Germany, wishes to form a correspondents club in Nuremberg for readers of the Companion Papers in Germany, and hopes the president of one of the British clubs will communicate with him.

Ralph B. Grainger, 50, Harcourt Road, Wood Green, N. 22, wishes to hear from readers willing to join his Harcourt M.C. Club for keen motor-cyclists. He would like to correspond with readers anywhere in London.

James Slade, 67, Cravenway Green, East Dulwich, London, S.E. 22, wants to correspond with readers in Sussex—Brighton preferred.

Jack Seymour, 11, Monk's Park, Wembley, N.W., would like to hear from anyone who does not side with Skinner, and who does not want support for any unknown society. This

correspondent thinks it is a shame there are not more boys like Bob Cherry. He also considers that Harry Wharton is the best skipper a Form could have.

S. Ryan, St. Brendan's Cross Avenue, Booterstown, co. Dublin, Ireland, wants readers for his printed amateur magazine.

Roland H. Stevens, Survey Office, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia—with readers, 1917 years of age.

## CYCLING.

Cycling companion wanted, about 16, for week-end journeys.—E. J. Whiting, 22, Sandover Road, Camberwell, S.E. 5.

## "THE BOYS' TIT-BIT MONTHLY."

Readers, contributors, and advertisers are wanted for this amateur magazine. Part I, contains a romance, "A Gentleman of Paris," by Nigel Van Biene, grandson of the world-famous cellist, Auguste van Biene. Address: A. V. Downs, 18, Dover Street, Folkestone.

## URGENT!

Will Miss Kate Brearley, or Brierley, communicate with J. C. Jackson, 6, Lake Erie Terrace, Bramley, Leeds? A friend of hers is dangerously ill in Dublin, and the invalid's mother is anxious to hear from Miss Brearley.

## AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

I am publishing part of a letter I received this week, as I think it will be of general interest. Here it is:

"Taragh, Charlton King's, Cheltenham."

I should be very grateful indeed if I could correspond with a girl club of about seventeen years of age in Australia or New Zealand. If your readers usually pay for notices to be inserted, I should be pleased to forward remittance.—Yours sincerely, PAULINE GARDINER."

To the request my chum makes I can make no reply. I leave that to girl readers in Australia and New Zealand, and I am sure there are one or two who will be only too glad to correspond with Miss Pauline Gardiner.

The matter of general interest is the question of payment for the insertion of notices. I am quite aware that most papers make a charge for a notice to be printed, but such is not the case with me. I have several papers under my control, as all my chums know, and the Chat page is at their disposal whenever there is an inch to spare. I have never even thought of charging anything for a notice to be printed, and I certainly shall not start now.

No, readers: if you want a notice inserted, send it along to me, and I will gladly put it in either the "Magnet" or the "Popular." I do this because I know that my chums all do their best to obtain new readers for these famous school story papers, and it is just one way in which I can repay them.

Your Editor



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