

READ "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY"—SUPPLEMENT IN THIS ISSUE!

Week Ending—
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New
Series,
No. 116.

Greyfriars

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of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

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The Bunter
Bird!

OR

The Owl of the Remove in many moods!



The Snob!

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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. An Old Acquaintance!

CECIL LEIGH, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, was in an unenviable frame of mind. He had lived up to a position which was not his; he had boasted of his rich father, of his father's cars, of the immense wealth of his relatives.

At first everything had gone all right. But Trimble, a page who had come to Greyfriars to take Trotter's place for a few weeks, seemed likely to upset everything. For days he had kept his secret; but he knew that sooner or later it would come out. Trimble would see to that!

It came at last. He knew it must come, and he was prepared for it. He had hurried up to the Remove passage after school, while the rest of the Form swarmed out into the Close to make the most of what was left of the daylight.

Trimble, the new page, was coming down the Remove passage, with basket of wood in his hand, fresh from laying the fire in Lord Mauleverer's luxurious study.

Mauleverer had started fires in the evening already, and Mauleverer's tips were so large that Trimble, like everybody else employed in the house, was only too anxious to serve him. The juniors built their own fires, as a rule, but Lord Mauleverer frankly confessed that he couldn't; but a fellow who gave a tip of half-a-crown for that little service was not likely to be under the necessity of doing it himself.

Trimble had a half-crown in his pocket, and a basket of wood in his hand, and a satisfied grin upon his fat face as he came down the Remove passage, just as Cecil Leigh ascended the stairs and reached the top.

They met face to face at the top of the stairs, almost running into one another.

Leigh started back, his face going white for a moment, but his lips coming firmly together.

Trimble was beginning to mutter an apology, when he looked at Leigh, and the words died on his lips. An expression of the most utter astonishment crossed his fat face.

"Lummy!" he ejaculated. "What do you mean?" demanded Leigh, in his loftiest and most crushing manner. "Are you speaking to me?" "Opkins!" said the new page, as in a dream. "If it ain't Opkins! Wot are you a-doin' 'ere, Opkins?"

Leigh breathed hard. His eyes were flaming. At that moment, if he could have silenced the page, there was little that he would have stopped short of to do it.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed haughtily.

"Why, 'Opkins—"

"Are you mad? My name is Leigh. I belong to this school. How dare you address me in this way?" Leigh exclaimed harshly.

The page started. He stared at Leigh again, searching his face, evidently in a state of the greatest amazement.

"Leigh?" he repeated.

"Yes, that is my name."

"You belong to—this 'ere school?"

"Certainly! I am in the Lower Form."

Trimble seemed dazed.

"Oh, come on!" he said at last. "You can't gammon me, you know. Blessed if I know wot you're doin' in Etons, 'Opkins! I s'pose you've been taking some of the young gent's clothes. But you're 'Enry 'Opkins, and you know you are."

"Fellow!"

"Fellow, eh?" said Trimble. "Wot do you mean by fellow? Ain't I as good as you?"

The page raised his tone angrily.

Leigh made a hurried gesture.

"Be quiet!"

Trimble sneered.

"Wot am I to be quiet for?" he demanded. "If you're Leigh, of the Lower Fourth Form 'ere, and I'm the page, wot should I be quiet for? Why don't you complain to the 'Ead or the 'ouskeeper about my impertinence in speakin' to you, eh?"

Leigh breathed hard.

"I don't want to get you into trouble," he began.

Trimble grinned.

"You mean you don't want me to get you into trouble," he said.

"Look here, Trimble, you think you recognise me—"

"I know you're 'Enry 'Opkins, if that's wot you mean," said Trimble. "If that's wot you mean, I do recognise you. You're 'Enry 'Opkins, and you was skipper of Sanford Athletic when I was half-back in the team. You know that."

"I've never played Association football in my life."

"My heye!"

"I've never even heard of a place called Sanford."

"Lummy!"

"My name is Cecil Leigh, and I belong to the Lower Fourth here. You can ask any of the fellows, and they will tell you."

"Oh, come on!"

"Here's Mauleverer!" said Leigh desperately, as the schoolboy earl came out of his study. "Ask him. He belongs to my Form; he's a friend of mine."

Trimble chuckled.

"Why, 'ere a lord!" he exclaimed.

"And he's a friend of yours—hey?"

"Yes."

"Gammon!"

"Ask him who I am," said Leigh.

"Mind, I will, if you stick it out."

"Ask him."

Lord Mauleverer paused as Leigh made a sign to him. Leigh's face was white, and there was a hunted look in his eyes.

"Will you stop a minute, Mauleverer!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly, my dear fellow! Can I do anything for you?" asked his lordship lazily.

"Yes. This youth—Trimble—thinks he has seen me before somewhere," said Leigh. "Will you tell him who I am?"

The schoolboy earl looked puzzled.

"Certainly!" he said. "You are Cecil Leigh, of the Remove—my Form. Is that all?"

"That's all, thanks."

His lordship nodded, and passed on. Trimble almost staggered in his astonishment. Leigh watched his fat face narrowly.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Trimble slowly. "I ham!"

"You know I'm not the person you took me to be?" asked Leigh, with a breath of relief.

Trimble shook his head.

"Not that, 'Opkins," he replied; "I know you are 'Enry 'Opkins. Wot I'm satisfied about is that you've took them in at this school. You're 'Enry 'Opkins, and if you're calling yourself Cecil Leigh 'ere it's because you're up to no good."

"You cheeky young scoundrel—"

"Better language, please," said Trimble threateningly. "I remember you was always high-falutin', though you was only an unkeeper's son in Sanford. You was always full of stories about

grand relations and such like. I never believed 'arf of it, nor did the others, either. I says—

"Are you going to persist in this absurd story?" asked Leigh.

"Not absurd story?"

"That you recognise me as some low rotter of your own class that you knew in your native village."

Trimble's eyes gleamed.

"I reckon," he answered emphatically, "I know you, 'Enry 'Opkins. You used to come it 'igh over me in the Sanford Athletic. I wasn't fit for you to speak to, 'cept in a patronisn' way, because my father was barman in the inn, and your father was boss of the Sanford Arms. But—"

"You are mad!" said Leigh hoarsely.

"I tell you—"

"You tell me whoppers," said Trimble, raising his voice. "You was always a swanker and a liar, 'Enry 'Opkins. You was always—"

"Hush!"

"I'm not going to 'ush," said Trimble. "If I'm not telling the truth, go and complain to the 'eod, and get me sacked."

Leigh clenched his hands. That was exactly what he could not do. He knew it, and the page knew it. Trimble chuckled softly.

"Well, why don't you go?" he demanded.

Leigh was silent.

"Yes, Master 'Enry 'Opkins, I know you—"

"Oh, silence!" muttered Leigh.

"Silence! C-come into my study."

He almost dragged the page into his study, and closed the door. Bob Cherry came upstairs, and looked surprised at finding the passage empty.

"My hat!" said Bob to himself. "I'll swear I heard a row going on; but there's nobody here. 'I'm!"

And Bob went on to his study for his footer. As he passed Leigh's door there was a murmur of voices audible within; but Bob Cherry did not even notice it. He was not addicted to the little ways of Billy Bunter, and he would have scorned to listen to a word, even if he had allowed himself to be curious about the private affairs of others, which he never did.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Snob!

CECIL LEIGH came downstairs a little later, looking very pale.

Billy Bunter was waiting for him at the foot of the staircase. There was a very unpleasant grin upon Bunter's fat face.

"Letter for you, Leigh!" he exclaimed.

Leigh started.

"Thank you!" he said quietly.

He went over to the rack where the letters were stuck for the fellows to take them.

Quite a crowd of juniors had gathered there, and they were all looking at one letter—a letter addressed to Leigh in crabbed writing and queer spelling.

"Master Sissle Leigh, 4th Form, Greyfriars School."

Leigh turned scarlet.

It was pretty clear that the fellows were interested in that letter. Nobody had touched it, but a dozen or more had seen the queer address upon it.

"Another letter from your father's old gardener," said Bolsover, with an ill-natured grin. "These old servants of the family never seem to give you any peace, Leigh."

And there was a general laugh.

Leigh took down the letter, and put it into his pocket without replying. Bol-

sover and Skinner and Snoop and several more fellows barred his way.

"Won't you let us see 'ee?" said Bolsover, with a sneer. "We should be awfully interested in the troubles of your pater's gardener."

"It ought to be entertaining," remarked Skinner.

Leigh had a hunted look.

"Mind your own business!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you don't expect to be allowed to read my private correspondence?"

"But a letter from an old gardener can't be very private," said Bolsover. "You might let us have a look at it."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!"

"I say, Bolsover, take it away from him," said Billy Bunter. "I know jolly well it's not from any blessed old gardener. That's a crammer."

But Bolsover would not go so far as that. Leigh strode away, the juniors making room for him to pass, and laughing loudly as he went. The general impression was that Leigh had some uneducated relation whose existence he was trying to keep a secret, but who tactlessly persisted in writing to him.

He was nothing whatever to be ashamed of in having an uneducated relation, but the fact that Leigh was ashamed of it laid him open to ridicule.

The junior tramped out angrily into the Close. He stopped under the elms, and drew the letter from his pocket.

He read it through—through the ill-spelt and ill-constructed sentences—with an angry frown upon his brow. But the letter was so full of confidence and affection that the boy's face softened in spite of himself.

"He's a dear old chap," he muttered—"a dear old chap, and precious few fathers would do as much for their sons as he has done for me! But—but he doesn't understand—he can't understand! He won't understand! And—and I can't tell him; it would be caddish! But—but what shall I do?"

"Leigh! Leigh!"

The junior turned round as his name was called. Bob Cherry was waving to him from the distance. Leigh thrust the letter into his pocket.

"Coming to the footer?" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

"Come on, then."

Leigh joined the junior footballers. The form he had shown the previous day had made him rather a marked figure among the Removites, and Bulstrode, the Remove captain, had decided to play him in the next Form match.

Bolsover stood looking on with a scowl while the juniors were at practice. The bully of the Remove was not allowed to join in the practice with the rest of the Form now.

He had stepped on the field once, and had been ordered off, and it was so evident that the footballers were only waiting for a pretext to pitch him off that he retired quietly.

But his heart was full of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. He regarded Leigh as an interloper, who had taken his place, and he was longing for a chance to get even, as he termed it, with the new boy.

And he suspected Leigh! Exactly what to suspect he did not know, but he had an impression that there was something "fishy" about him.

If he could only catch him tripping! If such an opportunity came, the Remove bully was not likely to fail to make use of it.

Bulstrode had formed up two elevens from the Remove football club to play a practice match. There was not time before dark to play a full match out, but

the first half was enough to show how the team would pull together.

There was a Form match with the Upper Fourth due on Saturday, and Bulstrode wanted his eleven in fighting order by then. He called out to Leigh.

"You'll be forward," he said. "I think I'll try you at inside-right!"

"I usually play centre."

"Eh?"

"I—I mean—"

Bulstrode stared blankly at the junior. Only the day before Cecil Leigh had said that he did not play Soccer, and had never played before. There is an old saying about the necessity of good memories for those who depart from the truth, which Leigh would have done well to bear in mind.

"Blessed if I make you out," said Bulstrode. "You said—"

"I—I mean—"

"Well, I thought you played jolly well for a beginner," said Bulstrode. "But what on earth did you lie about it for?"

"I—I didn't. That was—a slip. What I meant to say was that I'd rather play centre!" stammered Leigh.

Bulstrode gave him a very suspicious look.

"Oh, was it?" he said. "Well, I don't care twopence where you'd rather play. I think you'll do as inside-right; and I want an inside-right, and I'm going to try you there."

"Oh, very well!"

"You're outside-right, Linley!"

"Right you are, Bulstrode," said the Lancashire lad cheerily.

Leigh gave him a look. He had learned all about Mark Linley, the factory lad, who had come to Greyfriars on a scholarship which he had won by dint of hard work and sheer grit.

There were some fellows in the Remove who never suffered Mark to forget that he had been a factory lad, and who never failed to inform new boys of the circumstance. Mark did not mind.

He had the good sense to know that there was nothing to be ashamed of in his origin; and if he thought about the matter at all, he was proud of having worked for his own living, and of having been able to do it.

As a matter of fact there were very few fellows at Greyfriars who could have earned their daily bread if they had been thrown suddenly upon their own resources.

But there were snobs at Greyfriars, as everywhere, and they did not allow the factory to be forgotten.

And, as will usually be found to be the case, fellows who had little secrets in their own family history were the roughest upon the factory lad.

Leigh glanced at Linley, and then stepped towards Bulstrode, who was turning away to speak to Bob Cherry. He touched the football captain on the sleeve of his jersey.

"Are you playing that chap Linley?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Is he in the Form team?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"What about it?" demanded Bulstrode. "He's the best winger we've got, and if you play up to him all right you'll do."

"I was thinking—"

"Get it off your chest," said Bulstrode, who was not famous for politeness on the footer field. A football captain has many little worries, and Bulstrode allowed them to roughen up his temper. "What is it? I've no time to waste."

"Well," said Leigh, "I don't want to be snobbish, of course."

"What are you talking about?"

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"But I think that—well, that there's a limit," said Leigh. "I don't see playing a factory lad in a team of gentlemen's sons. That's what I mean, straight from the shoulder."

Bob Cherry began to glare. He was Mark Linley's special chum, and any word against Mark always touched Bob on the raw.

Bulstrode glared, too, but rather unconvincingly. It was in Bulstrode's memory that when Linley first came to Greyfriars, Bulstrode had joined most prominently in ragging the "factory cad."

Leigh was following, though unconsciously, in Bulstrode's own footsteps; and it hardly lay in Bulstrode's mouth to rebuke him.

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said Bulstrode. "Linley's our best winger, and what does it matter whether he's the son of a factory hand or the son of a duke, so long as he plays good footer?"

"Well, there are such things as class distinctions, I believe," said Leigh loftily. "Come to that, there's no reason why Gosling, the porter, shouldn't shake hands with Dr. Locke; but he doesn't. It's not a question of reasons, but of customs, and what a chap is used to; and I tell you plainly that I don't care about playing in a team with a factory hand in it."

"Then don't play!" burst out Bob Cherry, in a roar. "You disgusting snob!"

"What?"

"You rotten swanker!" roared Bob Cherry. "Do you think Marky isn't good enough to play beside you? Marky never told a lie in his life, and I don't believe you ever told anything else! Bah! You make me sick!"

"Look here, Bob Cherry—"

"Oh, don't talk to me!" roared Bob. "I don't listen to you! You're a creepy cad, that's what you are! Not play with Marky! The most decent chap in the school, bar none! The most decent and honourable chap a fellow ever knew. Why, it's you that's not fit to play with him! Do you think Marky would roll out lies as you do? It would make him sick!"

"Nuff said!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "I'm going to play Linley, anyway. If you don't want to play, Leigh, you can stand out. But make up your mind about it at once."

"I think—"

"Oh, shut up!" roared Bob Cherry. "Don't let's have any more of your rot. I can hardly keep my hands off you, as it is, you horrible snob!"

"I—"

"Just because you happen to be a rich man's son, you want to look down on a chap whose boots you're not fit to dean," said Bob Cherry. "Bah! You are a cad!"

"I tell you—"

"You'll tell me nothing. It would make me ill to listen to you. Shut up!"

"I—"

"Shut up, I say, or I'll shut you up!" bawled Bob.

Fellows were gathering round from all sides now. Bob Cherry's voice could be heard almost as far as the School House. Leigh bit his lip hard.

"Cheese it, Bob, old son," said Mark softly. "I don't mind what he says. It's for Bulstrode to decide whom he's going to play."

"I've decided," said Bulstrode. "I'm going to play you, Linley. I'm not likely to leave the best winger out to please a newcomer. I don't care two pence whether Leigh plays or not. He can please himself."

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"I shall play, of course, if I'm wanted in the team," said Leigh sulkily.

"Oh, I don't know that you're particularly wanted, if you come to that!" said Bulstrode coolly. "I'm willing to give you a chance, that's what it amounts to."

"I'll play."

"Then keep your head shut, and play," said the Remove captain.

Leigh was looking very sulky as he turned out with the Remove footballers. Bob Cherry was behind him at half, and Leigh, as they went into the field, spoke to him.

"I say, Cherry, I didn't mean—"

"Are you talking to me?" demanded Bob.

"Yes, I—"

"Then don't! I don't want to speak to you! You make me sick!"

"I meant—"

"Oh, shut up!"

And Cecil Leigh shut up. There was certainly no placating Bob Cherry until his anger had had time to evaporate. But in this instance Bob Cherry's anger did not evaporate so quickly as usual. There was a cloud on his face all through the footer practice, and when his eyes rested on Cecil Leigh there was resentment in them. And after it was over, and the juniors trooped off the field, Bob Cherry would speak no word to Leigh. When Cecil addressed him once, Bob turned his back, and after that Leigh gave it up. For once, Bob Cherry allowed the sun to go down upon his wrath.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Ashamed of His Father!

IT was two days later that the whole story came out.

Lord Mauleverer was on his way back to the school from Friarside when an old man stopped him. By his dress, Mauleverer took him to be a countryman, or farmer, or something of the kind.

"Will 'e tell me the way to the skule, young sir?" asked the man.

Mauleverer stopped at once.

"Certainly, sir!" he said. "I am going there myself, and will accompany you."

"That be fine!" said the countryman enthusiastically. "You belong to the skule, like as not?"

"Yes," answered the junior. "I am in the Remove Form."

"Oh! My boy is in that Form!"

Lord Mauleverer started. The countryman did not look as though he had a son at a big school like Greyfriars.

"My name's 'Opkins," said the countryman, as if he wanted to help Mauleverer.

"Hopkins!" murmured Mauleverer. "I haven't been very long at the school myself. I don't know the name."

Mr. Hopkins' red, honest face reddened still more.

"He ain't going under the name of Hopkins, sir," he said, in a low voice. "He calls himself Cecil Leigh. Sounds more aristocratic, he says."

Lord Mauleverer frowned. Everybody in the Remove Form at Greyfriars knew that Cecil Leigh had a secret, and everybody knew that he was a snob. Here was his "rich" father, and the game was up.

The junior and the countryman talked in low tones as they made their way along the lane to the school. And when they arrived there the junior took Mr. Hopkins to the porter's lodge, and hurried to inform Leigh of his father's arrival.

"Your father is in the porter's lodge, Leigh," he said. "And he has been telling me what great friends you and I are. You're a cad, Leigh—a caddish

snob—ashamed of your own father! Skinner saw us come in. The prying cad will get to know the truth now, and you'll have to stand your guel. If I were you I would go down and fetch your father here, for he is what you are not. He's an honest gentleman, and you're a snob of the first water!"

And, leaving Leigh pale with anger and fear, Mauleverer strode from the study and slammed the door. Leigh followed him out a minute later, and made his way to the porter's lodge, and beckoned his father.

"This way!" he said somewhat curtly. "Enry!" exclaimed Mr. Hopkins. "My boy!" And, his honest face beaming with affection and pride, Mr. Hopkins fairly hugged his son.

"Come to the study, father," said Leigh hastily. "It's—it's nicer there."

"Yes, my boy!"

Cecil Leigh—alias Henry Hopkins—showed his father into his study at the Remove passage. He had hoped to find the room empty, but, as ill-luck would have it, Bunter was there. Billy Bunter certainly had a right to be there, as it was his study as much as it was Leigh's. But his presence at that particular time was distinctly exasperating to the unfortunate snob of the Remove.

Bunter rose to his feet, blinking at them through his big glasses as Leigh brought his father in.

"Oh, really, Leigh, I think you might—"

"Get out of the study for a bit, will you, Bunter?"

"Certainly not!" said the fat junior promptly. "I'm going to do my preparation, for one thing. Who's this man?"

"I'm his father, my lad," said Mr. Hopkins. "Cecil could reply."

"Of—ahem—ahem! Don't turn the young gentleman out, my boy. He won't do any 'arm."

Bunter blinked with eyes nearly as large as the lenses of his glasses in astonishment.

"His father!" he gasped.

"Yes, I should say so," said Mr. Hopkins proudly.

"My word!"

Cecil Leigh gave the Owl of the Remove fierce look.

"Get out!" he muttered.

"Rats!" said Bunter defiantly. "I'm not going out of my own study. I—Ow! Leggro!"

Leigh was not in a humour to bandy words with the Owl of the Remove. He seized Bunter by the collar and swung him to the door, and sent him whirling into the passage. The fat junior rolled over on the linoleum with howls of pain.

Leigh, with a flushed face, closed the door. Mr. Hopkins had watched the strange proceedings of his son in utter wonder.

"Enry!" he ejaculated.

"Sit down, father!"

"Enry, my boy—"

"That fellow is a wretched cad!" said Leigh, breathing hard. "It's beastly hard luck to have him in my study at all!"

"Oh, I see!" said Mr. Hopkins. "But wasn't that a little bit 'igh-anded, all the same, Enry?"

"Oh, no; that's all right!" said Leigh. "Never mind Bunter. Look here, you've got here very late, father."

"What train are you catching home?"

"I shall have to put up the night in London," said Mr. Hopkins. "I can stay with you an hour or so, Enry, if you like."

Cecil groaned silently.

"Of course I like!" he said. "It's not a question of that, father, of course. But you know you don't like hotels, and if you could possibly get back to Sanford to-night—"



"I don't want to be snobbish," said Leigh, glancing at Mark Lintley, "but I am not going to play in the same team with a factory lad. That's what I mean, straight from the shoulder!" "Then don't play!" burst out Bob Cherry in a roar. "You're a rotten swanker!" (See Chapter 2.)

Mr. Hopkins beamed upon him affectionately.

"That's just like you," he said, "always thinking of your old dad. But I couldn't get back to Sanford. I shall have to stop the night in London, anyway. I shall get back there pretty late. I sha'n't be able to make this journey often, 'Erny.'"

"Oh, father!"

"It's too long, and cross-country, too," said Mr. Hopkins, shaking his head. "But you'll come 'ome in the 'olidays, though I dessay your chum Mauleverer will make you go with him to spend a good part of the time at his princely mansion wot you told me about in your letters."

Leigh winced. Nothing was less likely than that Lord Mauleverer would ask him home for the holidays.

"I—I don't think that's likely, dad," he said. "You—you see, I couldn't very well accept hospitality that it would be impossible for me to return, and I could hardly ask a fellow like Mauleverer down to the village inn at Sanford, could I?"

"I s'pose you're right, 'Erny,'" said Mr. Hopkins—"I s'pose you are. You've got the 'ead to think of these things. It's 'ard on you, 'Erny. A boy like you ought to 'ave a splendid 'ome fit to ask a duke to; that's wot you ought to 'ave, 'Erny.'" Leigh laughed shortly.

"Well, I haven't," he said. "It's good enough for me, dad, but it's not good enough to ask Greynriars fellows to. They would expect a lot more."

"I wish I could do it for you, 'Erny,'" said Mr. Hopkins, with a sigh.

"I know you do, dad," said Leigh, with a burst of genuine feeling. "But you've done more for me than I've any right to expect. I know how you've had to scrape, and I know your work's harder

now I'm not there to help you. But I'll repay it all some day, dad, somehow. You have given me a chance precious few fellows in my position get, and I sha'n't ever forget that, dad."

Mr. Hopkins' face glowed with pride and happiness as he listened.

"It's worth it all to me to 'ave a son like you," he said. "Jest to 'ear you talk, too, and to look at you—as good a gentleman, though I say it, as the best of 'em, 'Erny."

"Do you think so, dad?"

"I know it. Blessed if a stranger would be able to tell which was the lord, you or your chum Mauleverer!" said Mr. Hopkins fondly. "I think you're the more helegant of the two, myself. 'Allo! Per'aps this is your noble friend come to see us."

There was a step outside the door of the study. Leigh ran to the door at once. He was desperately anxious to keep anyone from entering just then. The door was opened without a knock, but Leigh's hands was upon it, and his foot was behind the door, and it opened only a few inches.

"Here he is!"

It was Skinner's voice.

Skinner & Co. were there in full force—Skinner and Snoop, and Stott and Trevor, and Bolsover and Bunter, and several more fellows, all of them grinning. They had missed the visitor to Greynriars at the porter's lodge; but Gosling had borne out Skinner's statement that it was Leigh's "pater" who had come, and the juniors had come on to Leigh's study to see if he was there.

He was there! He rose from his seat to greet the fellows with a friendly smile and word when they entered. The simple old gentleman little dreamed of the

thoughts and feelings of Skinner & Co. upon the subject.

Leigh did not let the door open. Skinner and his friends were pushing from outside, but Leigh kept his boot against the door.

"What do you want here?" he said huskily.

"Only called to see you," said Skinner blandly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We hear that your pater has come down to see you, and we should like to make his acquaintance," sniggered Snoop.

"Let them in, 'Erny," exclaimed the old gentleman, in his hearty way. "Let them in! I'm sure I should be glad to make the acquaintance of any friends of yours."

Leigh had little choice about letting them in. The juniors were all pushing on the door, and Leigh was forced to let it open. He faced the fellows as they swarmed in, his face white with rage and shame.

"Here he is!" grinned Bolsover. "Leigh's pater, by Jove! How do you do, sir?"

"Quite well, I thank you," said Mr. Hopkins.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leigh's pater! My hat!"

"Leigh senior! Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's—it's not the case!" muttered Leigh desperately. "He's—he's not my father. It's—it's a mistake."

He muttered the words so that the old gentleman could not hear him. The juniors stared at him. Leigh topped his forehead, and motioned them out of the study. Skinner & Co., in amazement and alarm, backed away, and Leigh

followed them into the passage. His face was strangely working.

"Keep out, you duffers!" he whispered. "Don't come in and excite him. It's all right; he has to be kept calm."

"Great Scott! What's the matter with him?"

"He's mad!"

"Oh!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The End Counts All!

THE juniors were willing enough to back away then. Leigh pulled the door of the study shut. He hardly knew what he was saying. He would have said anything, done anything to avoid owning up before all the Greyfriars that this man was his father. To such a length had snobbishness brought the boy that he denied his own father.

"Look here, you're gammoning!" muttered Skinner.

"I'm not!"

"Who is he, then?"

"Does he look as if he were my father?" said Leigh, with a miserable laugh.

"Well, no; but—"

"Who is he, then?" demanded Bolsover.

"He's the man who wrote me those letters—my father's old gardener. He's dotty; got sunstroke in South Africa," said Leigh. "He imagines that he has some claim on me, and I—I humour him, by my father's wish. I want to keep him calm, and get him away to the railway-station as quickly as possible."

"By Jove!"

"I say, that's beastly rough on you!" said John Bull, who had come out of his study at the noise. "What do you think, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton had joined the crowd, with Nugent and Bob Cherry. They all looked very hard at Leigh. It seemed impossible that any fellow could be so incredibly mean as to deny his own father. And truly they would never have imagined that the man they had seen come in with Leigh was Leigh's father. He certainly did not look the part, so to speak. Surely Leigh was telling the truth!

"I suppose it's as Leigh says," said Wharton.

Bob Cherry was silent.

"I say, it's jolly rotten a fellow like that coming here, then," said Skinner. "I thought he was your father, Leigh; Gosling says so."

"I—I'm humoring the old chap, you see."

"You do it jolly well, then," said Skinner suspiciously.

"Well, whether he's Leigh's father or not, you fellows have no right to force yourselves into the study," said Harry Wharton. "Clear off!"

"I'll clear off quick enough if Leigh's got tame lunatics in his study," said Skinner. "You'd better bar off the rest of your father's dotty old retainers, Leigh."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton— Look here, the man said he was Leigh's father, and—"

"He's dotty, I tell you," said Leigh. "More likely he's your father, and you're ashamed to own him," said Bolsover. But it was merely a sneer; he did not think so. Even Bolsover would have stopped short of such a thing as that, and he did not really believe that Leigh was so base.

THE POPULAR—No. 116.

"Oh, come away!" exclaimed John Bull.

The juniors crowded off.

Leigh watched them go with a haggard face, and then reopened the door of the study. He did not think that the old gentleman within could have heard anything, although in his excitement he had hardly been so careful as he might have been, and indeed some of the others had spoken in loud tones enough.

"It's all right, dad!" said Leigh, assuming cheerfulness with a great effort. "They were a lot of chaps who had come here to rag me, but I explained that you were my father, and—and— Father!"

He broke off with a cry.

Mr. Hopkins was standing by the table, upon which his large right hand rested. His face was almost grey in hue, and his hand was trembling. His lips were twitching, as if he would have spoken, but no word came from them. He was not looking at his son; he was staring straight before him with glassy eyes.

Leigh looked at him, stricken with horror and remorse.

He did not need telling that his father had heard—that the old gentleman had heard enough, at all events, to know that his son had denied him—that the boy he doted upon had been ashamed to own him before the school.

And that blow had gone straight to the heart of John Hopkins.

In those few minutes old age seemed to have descended upon him. His hand trembled, his face was grey, and lined, deep lines were upon his ruddy forehead. He did not speak; it seemed as if the power of speech had left him.

"Father!"

The old man did not speak or move.

Leigh came closer to him. As he looked into the kind old face, stricken now with bitterness worse than death, remorse came upon the wretched boy like a flood.

What had he done?

For what had he wounded this kind old man to the very soul? For what had he denied his father—the father whose kindness and love had never failed—the father who had pinched and scraped in order that his boy might have better chances than he had ever had? For what had he done that? To keep up false appearances which were half seen through already by those he tried to impose upon; to persist in a course of lying and boasting; to—to— Oh, what had his motives been? What was anything

worth to him if it made him inflict this suffering upon his father? All that was best in the boy's nature woke at that moment, and he sprang towards his father with a low cry. But then John Hopkins moved; he raised his hand, and waved the boy back.

"Don't!" he muttered huskily.

"Father!"

"Don't touch me, 'Enry! I—I didn't understand," said the old man dazedly. "I never ought to 'ave come 'ere. I've disgraced you. Yes, I can see it now. I—I never thought you'd 'ave changed so much, 'Enry, 'among your new friends. I—I'm a disgrace to you. You're ashamed of your father!"

"Father!"

"Where's my—my hat?" said Mr. Hopkins, looking round blindly. "I—I'll go. Lemme get out quietly, 'Enry—I'll get me out! Oh, I—I want to get 'ome!"

"Father!"

"I don't blame you, 'Enry; I—I oughter understood," said the old man. "This ain't no place for me. 'Enry, I'm going! Good-bye, 'Enry! And don't think that I'm angry with you, or that this will make any difference to—you stay in 'ere. That's all right. Your old father's proud of you, 'Enry, though you ain't proud of 'im. You ain't got no reason to be, goodness knows. I ain't much to boast of, I s'pose, only—I thought—I thought my own boy cared for me too much to care what I was like. But—but I orter known better, I s'pose. It's all right, 'Enry, I'm going!"

He groped to the door.

"Father!"

"Good-bye, 'Enry!"

But the boy ran after him, and his arms were round the old man's neck. He was sobbing as if his heart would break, as he clung to his father, and John Hopkins gazed at him in wonder.

"'Enry! What's the matter? 'Enry! I—I can't bear to see you like this," stammered the old man. "It's all right, 'Enry, I'm going. That's not you want, ain't it?"

"Father!"

John Hopkins smoothed the boy's fair hair back from his brow with a touch that was as tender as a woman's.

"What is it, 'Enry? I'll do anything you want—only tell me what it is."

"Oh, if you'd only be angry with me, if you'd kick me, trample on me as I deserve!" groaned Leigh. "If—if you'd see me as I am, not fit for you to touch, father! I'm a liar and a cheat. I've lied to the fellows here. I've bragged, I—I—"

"Oh, father, I'm the rottest cad in existence! Why don't you hate me? Why don't you cast me off, father?"

"'Enry, my boy, I don't bear no malice. It's all natural, I reckon. Don't take on like that, 'Enry. I—I ain't 'urt. I know it's natural."

Leigh grasped his arm.

"Come with me, father."

"Where? What are you goin' to do, 'Enry?" exclaimed the old man in alarm.

But Leigh only dragged at his arm.

"Come—come with me!"

He hurried the old man into the passage, down the stairs, into the Common-room, crowded now with the juniors, discussing what had happened. Every eye was turned upon them as they came in, the old gentleman unwillingly following his son. Leigh faced the crowd of fellows, his face chalky white, his eyes burning.

"Look here!" His voice was loud and clear. "This is my father, you fellows; the best father a chap ever had, though he's got the worst son a man ever had. This is my father. My name is Hopkins

(Continued on page 12.)

W-HOOPS OF JOY

BUY CHIPS EVERY WEDNESDAY

WEARY WILLIE AND TIRED TIM IN ALWAYS GIVE YOU A GOOD RUN FOR YOUR MONEY. DO NOT MISS THE GRAND NEW STORIES NOW APPEARING IN THIS WORLD-FAMOUS COMIC.

JIMMY SILVER'S SECRET!

Rift in the lute of the Fistical Four's friendship, owing to a mysterious secret which JIMMY SILVER does not feel at liberty to divulge even to his closest chums.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Very Mysterious!

"MASTER SILVER!"
"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver was sitting on the corner of the table in the end study, talking to Lovell and Raby and Newcome. The subject under discussion was rather important—it was the question of tea in the study or tea in Hall.

Tea in Hall was not to the juniors' taste. Tea in the study required funds. Funds were low.

Hence the discussion, which was interrupted by a tap at the door and the arrival of a youth in uniform, with a letter in his hand.

"For me?" asked Jimmy Silver, glancing at the letter.

"Yes, sir; if you are Master James Silver."

"Bravo!" chorused Lovell and Raby and Newcome.

Remittances had been very disappointing of late. Urgent letters had been written home, but the oof-bird, as Lovell expressed it, had not flown. The arrival of an express letter could only indicate one thing—to the minds of the Fistical Four of Rookwood. Some kind-hearted uncle or aunt had taken pity on them, and sent off a remittance post-haste.

"Well, this is luck!" said Jimmy, slipping off the table. "My bonnie boy, you are as welcome as the flowers in May! Chuck it over!"

The messenger grinned and handed over the letter. Jimmy Silver felt in his pockets. A single solitary "fanner" was all that remained in the shape of cash in the end study. It was just like Jimmy to bestow it in a tip upon the messenger.

The lad from Coombe departed satisfied, hearing Jimmy Silver's last sixpence with him.

"Open it, fathead!" said Lovell, rubbing his hands. "Must be a remittance, of course. Your pater, I suppose?"

Jimmy Silver unfolded the letter, and looked at it. It was a scrawl in pencil upon a dirty sheet of paper.

His three chums watched him rather impatiently.

Jimmy Silver glanced at the letter carelessly at first.

But as he read it his expression changed.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome noted that he gave a violent start, and the colour wavered in his face.

His eyes became glued upon the dirty sheet of paper with its pencilled scrawl, and his breath came thick and fast.

They watched him in silence.

Jimmy Silver finished reading the letter, and stood with it in his hand, still staring at it, his face pale, his brows knitted.

It was Lovell who broke the silence. He was astonished, and a little alarmed.

"Who's it from?"

"A—a—a man!" stammered Jimmy Silver.

"Man you owe money to?" asked Newcome.

"No, no."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"N-nothing!"

Jimmy Silver was making evident efforts to pull himself together. Whatever was in that mysterious letter it had given him a shock.

"Well, you needn't tell us anything, if you don't want to," said Lovell, rather tartly. "If you're keeping blessed secrets, you can keep 'em!"

Jimmy Silver did not reply.

"Let's get down to tea!" said Raby, rather gruffly.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned to the door.

"Ain't you coming?" demanded Lovell, as Jimmy Silver made no move to follow them.

"I—I can't come to tea now."

"Why not?"

"I've got to go out."

"Do you want us to come?"

"No, no! You chaps go and get your tea," said Jimmy, flushing. "It's all right. I'm going for a spin on my bike."

And—perhaps to avoid further talk on the subject—Jimmy Silver walked out of the study, and disappeared down the passage. Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at one another blankly.

"Well, my only hat!" ejaculated Lovell. "This beats the giddy band! Is the chap off his silly rocker?"

"Looks like it!" growled Raby.

"Let's go down to tea; we're late already!"

The three juniors made their way down to Hall in a puzzled mood. They heard the whir of a bicycle in the quadrangle, and they knew that Jimmy Silver had gone out.

Where had he gone? And why? What was all the mystery about?

The Co. felt a little hurt and annoyed—that was natural. But they were concerned, too, and during tea they gave much more thought to their absent chum than to the "doorsteps" and weak tea.

What was wrong with Jimmy Silver?

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Run Down!

"LINE up!" said Tommy Dodd.

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle of the Modern side at Rookwood

were chatting in the grey old gateway

when Jimmy Silver came along on his bike. The Classical junior had mounted his machine in the quad, which was really not permitted—but Jimmy seemed to be in a hurry.

The three Moderns lined up in the gateway. Of course, it was no business of Tommy Dodd & Co.'s if Jimmy Silver cycled in the quad in spite of regulations. But Tommy Dodd & Co. thrived on rags with the Classics, and they did not mean to let a chance slip.

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. Whatever it was that was calling him away so suddenly from Rookwood, he certainly was in a mood for rags.

He brought his pedals round suddenly, and the bike came forward. His elbow caught Tommy Dodd under the chin, and Tommy sat down. Doyle caught a whizzing pedal with his knee and hopped and yelled; and Cook went staggering into the road as a wheel luffed on his legs.

The cyclist reeled a little, but he kept his seat, and pedalled on.

Almost in a twinkling he was clear of the three Moderns and whizzing away down the long, white road to Coombe.

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from Doyle, as he hopped and ribbed his knee. "Yow-ow-ow! The thafe of the worruld!

"Yow-woop!"

"Oh, my chin!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, crumbs!" howled Cook, scrambling up. "Why didn't you hold him, you duffers?"

"Why didn't you, you fathead?"

"Why, you silly ass—"

"Aithe' him!" howled Doyle

"Sure, he's lamed me intoirly! After him, and mop up the road with him!"

"Ass! We can't run down a bike!" growled Cook.

"Haven't we got bikes, too, you gossion?"

Tommy Doyle rushed away towards the bike-shed. Tommy Dodd and Cook followed him. They were sore in a double sense as the result of that brief encounter with the Clasical junior, and the prospect of overtaking Jimmy Silver and mopping up the road with him appealed to them strongly.

The three Moderns rushed out their machines and pedalled away on the track of Jimmy Silver. He was out of sight, round the bend in the road; but as they pedalled round the bend they spotted him again, riding hard in the direction of Coombe.

"The baster, he's making the fure fly!" grunted Doyle. "He knows we're after him!"

"He hasn't looked back."

"He's leaving the road, bedad!" exclaimed Doyle.

The village of Coombe was in sight in the distance when Jimmy Silver turned from the road and followed a muddy and rutty cart-track that led away across the moor. It was difficult ground for riding, and Jimmy certainly couldn't have chosen it for pleasure. Tommy Dodd & Co. naturally concluded that he had spotted their pursuit and was seeking to throw them off.

"Put it on!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

The three cyclists came up to the turning with a rush, and without hesitation turned into the track across the moor.

Jimmy Silver had had to slow down on the rough track, and the three Moderns, when they turned from the road, were not so far behind him.

The Classical junior did not look back once.

Tommy Dodd was puzzled. "My hat!" he ejaculated suddenly. "He can't be going there!"

A wayside inn had appeared in sight, nestling by a clump of big trees, a landmark on the wide moor. The juniors knew that inn by reputation. It was called the Ship, and from the windows the sea could be seen across the uplands.

In old days the cellars of the Ship Inn had been the storehouse of smuggled goods from Franco and Flanders, and a bad reputation still clung about the old inn. It was the resort of poachers and suspicious characters for miles round. It was, of course, strictly out of bounds for the Rookwood fellows, and the most reckless of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood would never have dreamed of going there.

Tommy Dodd & Co. exchanged startled glances. Was it possible that the old Ship was Jimmy Silver's destination? That, instead of dodging them as they had supposed, he had been heading for that disreputable haunt all the time?

"Tain't possible!" muttered Cook. "He ain't that sort!"

"Look!" muttered Tommy Dodd, catching his breath.

Jimmy Silver had dismounted. He wheeled his bicycle into the draggled, untidy garden beside the inn, and disappeared from sight.

The three Moderns jumped down, in something very like consternation.

"He's gone in!" said Cook faintly. "In to the Ship!" said Tommy Dodd, in awe-stricken tones. "My hat!"

Tommy Dodd whistled softly. "Well, this beats it!" he said. "I'd never have thought it of Silver. You remember how he helped to rag Smythe of the Shell for going to the Bird-in-Hand. Why, the Bird-in-Hand is a select, pleasant-Sunday-afternoon sort of a place compared with that low den. He must be off his rocker!"

"I suppose it isn't our business," said Doyle, after a long pause. "I—I wish we hadn't found it out. He—he may think we were spying on him!"

"I don't care who he thinks! He's a Rookwood chap!" said Tommy Dodd indignantly. "Let's have him out. After all, as top side of Rookwood, it's up to us to look after those Classical kids."

"Ahem!" Tommy Dodd started wheeling his bike towards the inn, and his chums followed slowly and doubtfully. But Tommy Dodd's word was law on the Modern side at Rookwood, so far as the juniors were concerned, and Cook and Doyle raised no objection.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Jimmy Silver's Uncle!

JIMMY SILVER had wheeled his machine into the ill-kept garden and rested it against the fence inside. Then he stood looking about him.

His heart was beating faster than usual.

Deep in painful and unpleasant thought, Jimmy had not observed that the Modern juniors were on his track; but he knew that there was danger that he might be spotted in that disreputable haunt. And he knew that the consequences would be serious for him if it became known at Rookwood.

A fat and beery-looking man, with a clay pipe upside down in his mouth, came through the weedy garden from the direction of the stables, and stared at the schoolboy. Jimmy Silver hurried towards him.

"Can you tell me if there is a Mr. Robinson staying here?" he asked. The ostler nodded.

"Yes." "Will you tell him I want to see him?"

"You can go in, young gentleman."

Jimmy flushed. "I—I'd rather not go in. Can't you tell Mr. Robinson that I'm here, and ask him to come out? I'm his nephew Jimmy."

The ostler nodded, and went into the inn.

Jimmy Silver sat down on a bench under the trees, and waited. He drew from his pocket the letter he had received by the messenger, and which had brought him so suddenly from Rookwood School to this queer place. He read again, with a glum brow, the scrawled lines in pencil.

If Lovell and Raby and Newcome could have seen those lines, they would have known why Jimmy Silver did not want them to see the letter.

"Dear Jimmy,—I know it will be a surprise to you to get this, but I want you to help me. I'm in trouble—rotten trouble. You can help me if you like; but keep it dark, or it may be my ruin. Come as quickly as you can to the Ship Inn and see me. Don't fail me, Jimmy. It's more important than you could guess. Ask for Mr. Robinson.—Your

"UNCLE JOHN."

That was the letter. Jimmy Silver had obeyed the summons. He could do nothing else. But his heart was heavy. He knew little of his uncle, John Silver, excepting that he was a ne'er-do-well, a rolling stone that had certainly gathered no moss. He knew that his father never saw him of late years, and did not like to hear him mentioned. Mr. Silver was not a hard man, and Jimmy had no doubt that his sternness towards his wastrel brother was justified. Yet Jimmy had not felt that he could disregard the appeal from the wastrel.

His remembrance of his uncle was not very clear. But the man had been kind to him as a child, and if he had gone to the bad that was no reason why Jimmy should dislike him. If the wayward, weak-natured man was in trouble, Jimmy felt that it was up to him to lend a helping hand if he could. Yet what he could do was very clear.

He waited in the garden, while the sun sank lower and lower over the moor. But he did not have to wait long. From the side door of the building a man emerged—a man in shabby attire, with an unshaven chin and a dirty collar. His face was curiously blotchy, and Jimmy did not need telling

that that was the result of strong drink. But in the face, disfigured as it was by reckless living, there were traces of past good looks.

"Jimmy kid! So you've come!"

"Yes, uncle."

"Sh!" muttered John Silver, with a quick glance round him. "Don't call me that here! I'm Mr. Robinson here! Call me that, if anything."

Jimmy felt a chill.

"Why?" he asked sinking his voice almost unconsciously. "Why can't you use your own name?"

"It's not safe."

"But—why?"

"There's a warrant out for me."

Jimmy Silver sank back upon the bench, almost giddy. So that was it! It was a fugitive from the police whom he had been called to help.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
A Fugitive from Justice!

JOHNN SILVER stood looking down upon his startled and dismayed nephew with a bitter expression upon his face.

Jimmy Silver was dumbfounded. He could only stare at the man before him in utter dismay.

"Oh!" he muttered at last. "Is—that it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing."

Jimmy started eagerly.

"You mean that you were innocent, and it is a mistake?" he exclaimed.

John Silver looked at him oddly.

"That's exactly what I mean," he replied. "I—I suppose you believe in me, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep breath of relief.

"Of course I believe you!" he said. "I know you couldn't tell me lies—your own nephew!"

John Silver winced slightly, but the Rookwood junior did not notice it.

"But what has happened? Tell me that."

"I got into a place," said John Silver.

"Your father always refused to help me unless I settled down to work. Well, I settled down. He got me into an office in London. It was a hard grind for a man like me, but I stood it. I've stood it for over a year. Then the crash came. There was something wrong in the accounts, and—and it was put down to me. Perhaps I was careless; but—but somebody got at my books, Jimmy, and—and there was a sum of money missing, and false entries had been made, and it was put down to me. Of course, it was an easy trick to play on a careless man like me."

If Jimmy Silver had had much experience of business life, he would have known that such a trick was far from easy to play. But a junior in the Fourth Form at Rookwood was not likely to know much of the routine of a London office, and Jimmy never even thought of doubting his uncle's word.

"But—but it must come out!" said Jimmy. "Surely it will be found out!"

"Perhaps—in time. But they think I did it, and—unless the money's handed back it can't be stopped. And I haven't got five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Jimmy, in dismay.

"That's the sum."

"Oh! But my father—"

"I can't go to your father, Jimmy. He wouldn't help me."

"If he believed that you were innocent—"

"He doesn't believe in me. He thinks



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.



My Dear Readers.—Their are several konserts taking place at Greyfriars this week, so I thort I could not do better than arrange for a

SPESHUL ENTERTAINMENT NUMBER

of my ever-popular "Weekly."

I suppose most of you are fond of sing-konserts, and dancing, and merry-making. Very well, then. This speshul treat will fill a big void—as my miter said when he popped a couple of jam-tarts into his mouth!

That cheery beggar Wharton has got the idear that the only flurrishing konsert-party in the Remove is the Remove Amatcher Drammatick Society. Of cose, this is all rot. Wharton's prize clumps kann't hold a kandle to

BILLY BUNTER'S BING BOYS!

It was me that formed the Bing Boys, and I'm the life and sole of the party. I've got plenty of good talent at my disposal, too. Fishy, and Skinner, and Wun Lung are backing me up, and they're all



— By —
BILLY BUNTER.

eggsellent komedians! We intend to give a performanse in the Publick Hall at Courthold on Satterday nite, and people will flock into the town in there thousands in order to here my wonderful ventrillokwial trix.

Their happens to be a big konsert boom at St. Jim's, and Rookwood ns well: so I have arsked my korrespondents at those skools to send in there reports of the different shows.

That pooding-headed Idiot Wharton, who

prides himself on being a 1st-class edditer, wood never think of publishing a Speshul Entertainment Number. Trussed W. G. B. to get all the brane-waves!

And now, deer readers, I must bid you Orry Vore, as they say in Franse. I've got to go and practiss sum speshul stunts for Satterday nite.

My only rezret is that you kann't alt come to my konsert. You wood enjoy yore-selves to the fool, and I should make a point of treeting you all to a 1st-class spread after the show.

But what kann't be, kann't be. So wa wood'n't none about it. I shall have to make a tour of the country one of these days, and call on my readers at the varjus towns. That wood'n't be very nice for my chums, woodn't it?—and niser still for

Your Edditer

THE SEKKOND FORM KONSERT!

By **SAMMY BUNTER** (Subb. Edditer).

As I observed to yung Nugent when we were playing chess the other evening: "We're not going to be left out in the cold. My majer's getting up a konsert in the Remove, and I mean to do the same in the Sekkond."

"Kwite a lordable idear, Sammy!" said Dicky Nugent. "I'm with you, hart and sole. And I've no dout the rest of the feloes will rally round."

"Kount me in!" said Gatty.
"Me, too!" said Myers.
"Me singee Chinee love-song!" said Hop III.

It was wonderful how kwickly all the feloes backed me up. I jotted there names down in my notebook, together with the items they intended to sing or ressite.

Yung Nugent, who has got a magnificent treble bass tenner voice, promniss to sing that sole-stirring ditty, "Wisper, and I Shall Here!"

Gatty said he wood sing, "Wink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." And Myers velt resseed begins sumthing like this:

"It was the skooner Hesperus,

Its fleece was wite as snow;

And the skipper had taken his little dorter—

That lamb was sure to go!"

As for me, I intended to give all sorts of terns. Like my bruther Billy, I'm an eggsperit ventrillokwist, and I can wine like a parrott, wissle like a kanary, bleet like a cow, and nay like a hoarse. I have also

got a powerful barytone voice, and grate gitts of imitashun.

We lost no time in getting to work, and it was arranged that we should give our konsert in the fags' Kommon-room on Wensday evening.

I charjed a tanner for admishun, and arranged with Tubb and Paret, of the 3rd, to stand at the door and kolleckt the munney. People who didn't pay were cast 4th on there nex.

I walf deer readers, the show was a hoose suksess. But it wood had been a komplat washout if it hadn't been for me.

Yung Nugent got a soar throet just before the konsert started, and when he tride to sing the rezult was paneful in the egstreem.

As for Gatty, he was pelted off the platform before he was 3-way threw his song; and Myers maid a terribul hash of his ressitashun.

It was me what saved the situashun. I was applorred to the eoco, and the feloes kept shouting in French in there egstement.

"Ong kore! Ong kore!" they cried, and I had to keep on singing untill I was husky.

When the konsert was over, I washed the greese-paint off my chivvy, and went in serch of Tubb and Paret.

But, alas! The beests had vannisshed. And so had the takings!

Later on we found them in the tuckshop, holding a meeting of the Third Form, and using my munny to keep themselves brite and mery.

Roll-Up! Roll-Up! Roll-Up!

A GRATE KONSERT

will be given in the Publick Hall, Courthold, on Satterday neckst, at 8 p.m., by

"BILLY BUNTER'S BING BOYS!"

inkluding the sellybrated **WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER** and several other komik kards!

PROGRAMME.

1. Opening Korus—"The Bing Boys are Hear!"
2. Up-to-dait Ventrillokwial Trix by W. G. BUNTER.
3. Song—"Wear are the Ladds of the Villidge To-nite!"
By **HAROLD SKINNER.**
4. A Jimmy-nastick Display.
By **WUN LUNG.**
5. Song—"Parley-voo Frongsay."
By **NAPOLEON DUPOINT.**
6. Ressitashun—"I Kinder Strich Guess and Kalkulate."
By **FISHER T. FISHER.**
7. More Ventrillokwial Trix, guaranteed to make a cat larf!
By **W. G. BUNTER.**
8. Song—"Yr's Bean a Delay in the Post."
By **W. G. BUNTER.**
9. Konklooding Korus—"Freeze a Jolly Good Fello!"

Prises of Admishun: 6th-Formers, 6 bob; 5th-Formers, 5 bob; 4th-Formers, 4 bob; Remove, free; 3rd-Formers, 3 bob; 2nd-Formers, 2 bob.

Proceeds (after W. G. Bunter has deducted working expensse) to be devotved to the Kottidge Hospittal.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

THE POPULAR.—No. 115.

Something Like a Scare!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

"Listen!"
Tom Merry stopped short suddenly in the passage, and Manners and I followed suit. We strained our ears to listen, but there was no need for us to do so, for even a deaf mule could not have failed to hear the piercing scream which echoed through the building.

"Sounds like somebody being scalped!" said Manners, with a shudder.

"Again the scream rang out, like that of a soul in torment.

Tom Merry turned pale.

"No human being could raise the roof like that!" he said. "I'm not a believer in spooks, but—"

"You think the St. Jim's ghost is on the prowl?" I asked.

"Seems like it. Hark!"

There was another terrible scream, which made our blood run cold.

"I'm off!" said Manners promptly. "I don't mind facing anything in flesh and blood, but I've a perfect horror of spooks!"

Manners darted away in the direction of the Junior Common-room, and Tommy and I followed, for the screams seemed to be drawing nearer.

No sooner had we taken refuge in the Common-room than a crowd of white-faced fellows rushed in.

Cardew and Clive and Levison, Glyn and Dane and Lumley-Lumley—fellows who were afraid of nothing in the ordinary way—now looked scared out of their wits.

"You hear it, dear boys?" panted Cardew.

Tom Merry nodded.

"What do you imagine it is?"

"I was thinking it might be a spook."

"That's no spook!" said Levison, with conviction. "It's some sort of wild beast that's escaped from its keepers, and found its way to St. Jim's!"

"My hat!"

"Listen!" said Clive suddenly.

A fierce, snarling sound came to our ears.

and we conjured up visions of some terrible monster lumbering for human prey.

"Better lock the door!" said Glyn, with chattering teeth.

Before we could do so a further crowd of fellows burst into the Common-room. They were in a state of panic.

"Lock the door—quick!" gasped Herries, who was one of the newcomers. "The—the thing may be after us!"

Highly turned the key in the lock, and we exchanged wondering glances.

"If only we knew what it was," said Tom Merry, "we might be able to tackle it. But I don't feel like coming to grips with a spook!"

"Or with a wild beast, either!" said Manners. "Hark! There it goes again!"

"This time it was a ghostly wail that penetrated through the School House.

Jack Blake was the first to pull himself together.

"No use waiting here in a state of suspense," he said. "I'm going to find out what it is!"

"Don't be an ass, Blake!"

"You'll be taking your life in your hands!"

"You might be mauled to pieces!"

"I'm off to investigate, anyway," said Blake.

And he went out of the Common-room.

We waited, in a state of breathless suspense, for Jack Blake's return. Some of us couldn't help thinking that he might not return at all.

But he did. There was a broad grin on his face when he rejoined us in the Common-room.

"It's all right, you fellows!" he said. "You've discovered what caused that unearthly row!" said Tom Merry eagerly.

"Yes. It wasn't a spook, and it wasn't a wild beast."

"Then what—?"

"It was merely our friend, Gussy, practising his tenor solo!" was the calm reply.

MY DANCING PARTNERS!

By ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.

I danced with Gwendal at the ball, I wish I'd nevah danced at all! For Gwendal's feet are such a size, An' he's the clumsiest of guys!

I danced with Fatty Wynn, for fun, But shortly aftah we'd begun He bolted, leavin' me quite lonely, Towards a sign: "Wefweshments Only!"

I danced with Glyn. He said, "Why, Gus, You're like a hippopotamus!" "Gweat Scott! You're jokin', Glyn, I twust!" But he had vanished in disgust!

I danced with that wild eweater Blake, He made me hop, an' no mistake! He whizzed me wound an' wound until I felt most dizzy, dazed, an' ill!

I danced with Cardew, an' with Clive, The marvel is, I'm still alive! They danced me heah, they danced me there, They danced me, pwanced me every-where!

I danced with Jewwoid Lumley-Lumley, A fellow who is fah fwom corn. I glared at him with fweezin' scorn! Each time he twod on my pet corn!

I danced with my young bewliah Wally, My soul was filled with melancholy. Is he a vevy clevah daneah? No, sire, he isn't—that's the ansah!

I danced with Hewwies, an' with Dig, The fornah, who's a perfect pig. Let his mad bulldog loose again; My danein' bags were wot in twain!

I danced at last with Mawie Wivahs, My heart with wild excitement quivahs. Whenevah I wecall that dance, For I was in a sort of twance!

The bwhightness of Miss Mawie's eyes Is bwhighlah fah than summah skies. An' I know nothin' so entwainin' As Mawie's dappah, dainty danein'!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Editor of the Companion papers—

MAGNET, GEM, POPULAR, BOYS' HERALD, and BOYS' FRIEND,

finds that some of his readers have received a letter regarding the publishing of a new weekly paper. He wishes to inform his chums that he has no connection whatever with this new publication.

Report of the School House Concert!

By FATTY WYNN.

Tom Merry & Co. are born comedians. You've only got to look at them to deduce that! The only time they are really serious is when they are performing something comic. And when they try to act one of Shakespeare's tragedies they send you into fits of laughter.

These champion clumps of the School House gave a concert last week, and it was the biggest "frost" imaginable. The audience consisted of only six fellows, and these had turned up for the express purpose of getting the performers with bad eggs!

When Tom Merry got up on his hind legs and started to sing, it sounded like old Taggles sawing wood! You never heard such a row in your life! And when Gussy attempted to render a tenor solo, the audience rose as one man and mobbed him.

Then Jack Blake tried to sing "Asleep in the Deep," in a voice like a foghorn. The audience survived one verse, and then Blake was swept clean off the stage by a shower of missiles.

After this, that wooden-headed clump, Grundy, tried to give an exhibition of ventriloquism. He didn't succeed in throwing his voice a single yard. The only people who threw anything at all were the members of the audience, and Grundy shared the same fate as Blake!

Lowther professes to be a humorist. My hat! If Lowther is a humorist, goodness knows which really funny people call themselves! The only thing which was funny about Lowther, in my opinion, was his face—and that's too funny for words! I'll give an example of Lowther's wonderful wit.

He came upon the stage, explained that he had some real good puns and stories to tell, smiled like an ostrich digesting a bag of nails, and said:

"What should happen to a fellow who makes puns?"

There was no reply.

"He should be pun-ished!" said Lowther, and gave a shriek of glee.

He was served the same as the others!

The limit was reached when Herries started to give a cornet solo. I suffered such severe internal pains that I had to leave the concert-hall in a hurry.

The School House fellows have no more idea of running a concert than a pig has of playing crickets. Their so-called comic songs would have made the angels weep! And all I can say is that Tom Merry and his tribe are far better comedians off the stage than on it!

Next time the School House gives a concert I'll cheerfully pay a week's pocket-money for the privilege of staying away!

SKINNER'S STARTLING STUNT!

By H. VERNON-SMITH.

"This is the absolute limit!" growled Wharton. "Why can't Prout leave us alone? What have we done to deserve this?"

We had just come in from footer practice, and our attention had been arrested by an announcement on the notice board:

"NOTICE.

"Mr. Paul Prout, M.A., will give a lecture at eight o'clock this evening in the lecture-hall on

"BIG-GAME HUNTING."

"Attendance will be optional for seniors, and compulsory for juniors."

"Just like Prout to mess our evening up like this!" grumbled Johnny Bull. "This is about the tenth time this term that he's lectured on big-game hunting! I wouldn't mind if he knew something about his subject, but he doesn't. The only 'big game' that Prout's ever managed to shoot are rabbits and squirrels!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think we all ought to stand together and stay away from the lecture!" said Jack Drake.

Wharton shook his head.

"No use doing auster," he said. "Afraid we shall have to resign ourselves to a deadly dull evening in the lecture-hall."

Skinner, who was standing near, gave a chuckle.

"You can promise me that it'll be anything but dull!" he said. "I've thought of a wheeze for infusing some life into the show!"

"You're going to let off some fireworks in the middle of the lecture?" suggested Nugent.

"No."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Wait and see!" answered Skinner, with a grin.

We could see that the cad of the Remove had something up his sleeve. But we had no idea what he intended to do in order to enliven the proceedings.

Had we been able to follow Skinner to his study, however, we should have seen him concoct a letter in handwriting which was almost identical with Prout's.

Skinner is an expert in the dangerous art of forgery. He can imitate the handwriting of any master at Greyfriars, and he's often spoofed us in the past by issuing bogus announcements.

The letter which Skinner now wrote was addressed to Claude Hoskins, the musical genius of the Shell. And it ran as follows:

"My dear Hoskins,—As you know, I propose to give a lecture this evening on big-game hunting. It occurred to me that something in the nature of a 'curtain-raiser' would be necessary, to know you are a boy of considerable musical talent, and if you could organise an orchestra, to perform on the platform in the lecture-hall from 8 to 8.15 p.m. It would put the audience in an agreeable humour, and they would listen to my lecture in a tolerable spirit.

"I am giving you very short notice, but I have great faith in your ability to raise an orchestra in the course of the next few hours.—Yours sincerely,

"PAUL PROUT."

Skinner surveyed his handwriting with a broad grin of satisfaction.

"I guess this will do the trick!" he muttered.

Sealing the letter in an envelope, he stepped out into the passage.

Sammy Bunter came rolling into view, and Skinner hailed him.

"Do me a favour, kid," he said. "Take this along to Hoskins' study for me."

"Oh, really, Skinner! I'm not a beastly errand-boy!"

"I'll give you a bag of bulls'-eyes if you'll deliver this letter safe into Hoskins' hands!" said Skinner persuasively.

All serene, Sammy Bunter scuttled away with the letter, which was soon being eagerly read by Claude Hoskins.

The musician of the Shell was flattered to think that Prout had enlisted his services. He had no suspicion that the letter was not genuine, and he went along to Prout's study in order to tell him that he would go right ahead with the task of raising an orchestra.

The master of the Fifth happened to be out. He was playing golf with Quelch. "Never mind!" muttered Hoskins. "I'll buzz around and get some recruits for my orchestra."

It was surprising what a lot of musical talent Hoskins managed to unearth.

Coker of the Fifth had recently received a cornet from his Aunt Judy, and he was anxious to perform on it in public. Coker didn't know a note of music, but by dint of constant practice he had succeeded in making weird noises come from the cornet, and he assured Hoskins that he would make a hit. Hoskins was rather doubtful about the wisdom of including a cornet-player in his orchestra, but he felt that he had better humour Coker.

Potter of the Fifth possessed a rather weather-beaten concertina, and Greene had a battered bugle.

Hobson of the Shell had a flute, and



Mr. Prout sprung upon the platform, and did great execution with the cane.

McDougall of the Fourth offered to turn up in the lecture-hall with his bagpipes.

Hoskins himself intended to preside at the piano, and the remainder of the orchestra was composed of mouth-organists and tin-whistlers.

When eight o'clock came, and the fellows trooped into the lecture-hall, they had quite a surprise.

Hoskins and his merry musicians had taken up their position on the platform, and presently a most unearthly din broke forth.

Crash! Crash!
Crash! Crash!

"Ta-ra-rapom!" Ta-ra-ra-pom!
Hoskins thumped the keys of the piano; Coker blared upon his cornet, with puffed cheeks, until he seemed in danger of bursting; Potter kept pumping his concertina, and McDougall's bagpipes created discordant wails. There was no harmony—nothing but sound and fury!

"My only aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I didn't know this was in the programme!"

"The din's simply appalling!" said Harry Wharton, stopping his ears.

Frank Nugent chuckled.

"Might as well add to the excitement!" he said, producing a comb and tissue-paper from his pocket.

Several fellows followed Nugent's example, and the pandemonium which prevailed was sufficient to arouse the Seven Sleepers.

Crasling and banging and squeaking and wailing, the orchestra went merrily ahead. It had just got fairly into its stride when Prout came in.

The master of the Fifth stopped short in blank amazement. He looked as if he was on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"Bless my soul! What is the meaning of this discordant din? Hoskins! Coker! Potter! Have you taken leave of your senses?"

Prout's voice was drowned in the uproar.

Hoskins thumped, and Coker blared, and McDougall wailed louder than ever.

"Stop! Cease! Prout!—Heist, you noisy rascals! I came here to give a lecture on big-game hunting, and I find the lecture-hall full of noisy fanatics! Hoskins! Coker! Do you hear me? Get down from that platform immediately!"

"Bang! Crash! Boom!"

"This—this is terrible!" panted Prout. "It would appear that these boys are demented! I will endeavour to restore them to a state of sanity!"

So saying, Prout hurried out of the lecture-hall, returning a moment later with a supple cane.

With remarkable agility for a man of his years, he sprang on to the platform, and did great execution with the cane he carried. It lashed the legs of the musicians until they dropped their instruments with howls of pain.

Lash, lash, lash!
"Yarocoo!"

Everybody enjoyed the situation immensely, with the exception of the fellows on the platform. They rushed wildly to and fro, knocking each other over in a frantic attempt to dodge Prout's blows.

At least five minutes had elapsed before silence once more prevailed. Then Prout spun round upon Hoskins.

"This is your doing!" he exclaimed. "You have had the brazen audacity to convert the lecture-hall into a beer-garden!"

Hoskins looked utterly bewildered.

"But—but it was at your direction, sir!" he stammered.

"My direction!" roared Prout. "How dare you make such a statement!"

"You wrote and asked me to raise an orchestra!" said Hoskins sullenly.

"What?"

"Here are your own words, sir!"

And Hoskins produced the letter which Skinner had faked.

"This is a trick!" exclaimed Prout. "Some misguided boy has had the effrontery to imitate my handwriting and my signature! I will not rest until I have got to the root of this outrage! Do you remember who brought you this letter, Hoskins?"

"Yes, sir; it was Bunter minor."

"Ah! Is Bunter minor present?"

Sammy tried to hide himself—a rather difficult feat for a fellow of his proportions.

Prout's keen eye singled him out in a twinkling.

"Come forward, Bunter minor! It is useless for you to try and squeeze yourself under the seat! I want to know the name of the boy who handed you this letter to give to Hoskins!"

"Ahem!"

"There is no boy of that name at Greyfriars, that I am aware!" said Prout drily. "You will answer my question at once, or—"

Prout made a suggestive motion with his cane.

"Oh crumbs! It—it was Skinner, sir," faltered Sammy. "He's an awfully clever forger, sir, and—"

"Enough!" said Prout sternly. "Skinner, you will step up on to the platform, and I will endeavour to teach you that it is a very dangerous policy to imitate the handwriting of a writer!"

Skinner got it in the neck—or, to be more precise, in a somewhat lower portion of his anatomy. And the music he rendered, as Prout's cane rose and fell, was even more penetrating and powerful than the combined efforts of Hoskins' orchestra!

**A SCREAMINGLY FUNNY
STORY OF HERLOCK
SHOLMES, THE FAMOUS
DETECTIVE, IS IN THIS
WEEK'S "MAGNET
LIBRARY!"**

RABY'S RUSE!

By ARTHUR NEWCOME.

"We simply must raise the wind some how!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'm sick and tired of having tea in Hall, and I'm longing for a real good hot-up in the study."
"Same here," said Lovell. "But it can't be done. I'm broke, you're broke, Raby's the giddy rocks!"

Jimmy Silver groaned.
"What's to be done?" he asked helplessly.
"The only way we can raise some cash," said Lovell, "is by begging, borrowing, or stealing. Well, it's infra dig, to beg, and there's nobody we can borrow from. As for stealing—well, we haven't got to that stage yet!"

Then up spoke George Raby, who had been deep in thought for some moments.
"Leave it to me, you fellows!" he said. "I'll undertake to raise the wind."
"But how?" I asked.

Raby didn't reply to that question. He strolled away, with a chuckle, leaving us wondering what sort of a scheme he had in his middle.

We saw Raby go out of gates, and we made all sorts of conjectures as to where he was going in order to pick up some earthly dross. "He may be going to the pawnbroker's in Letcham," said Jimmy Silver.

"But he's got nothing worth pawning!" I protested.

"There's his gold ticker and his diamond tiepin," said Lovell.
"The silly ass!" He'll get into an awful row if he's found with pawn tickets in his possession!" said Jimmy Silver.

"It's possible that he's going to the post-office to draw some cash out of his Savings Bank account," I suggested.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.
"Raby told me the other day that he only had one-and-sixpence in the bank. And you can't feed four ravenous fellows on one-and-six!"

We were extremely puzzled to know where Raby had gone. And we were half inclined to follow him. But such a course savoured of spying. So we waited rather impatiently for Raby to return.

An hour passed, but there was no sign of our chum.

The only person who entered the school precincts was a gipsy-looking merchant in a muffler. He was accompanied by a very

ancient barrel-organ and a very frisky monkey.

Mack, the porter, came shuffling out of his lodge. He glared at the barrel-organist, and clenched his fist.

"Clear hoof!" he said angrily. "We don't want no monkey here! Didn't you see the notice on the gate—No 'awkers—no circulars!"

"I ain't an 'awker, an' I ain't a circular!" growled the Italian gentleman who was in charge of the barrel-organ. "I'm just going around pickin' up an honest penny, an' I'm sure these young gent's 'ave no objection to my playin' in their yard."

"Don't you call our quad a yard, or you'll get it in the backwood!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've no objection to your giving us a tune, but we warn you that we haven't any spare coppers."

"I'll get 'em in sort of copper as'll put 'em in chocky if 'e don't clear hoof!" said Mack.

The organ-grinder took no notice of the irate porter. He started to churn his organ, and the hideous Jazz tune attracted quite a crowd of fellows into the quad.

"Here, this isn't allowed, you know!" said Bulkeley of the Sixth. "This is a public school—not a back alley! You'd better buzz off!"

The man cast an appealing glance at the captain of Rookwood, and the monkey, snatching the cloth cap from his master's head, extended it towards Bulkeley.

The Sixth-Former laughed, and tossed a shilling into the cap.

Other fellows followed suit, and the organ-grinder's face lit up with satisfaction. He clurred away merrily.

"Music hath charms," said Lovell, "but not this sort of music! Wish somebody would give the merchant half-a-crown to clear off to some other pitch!"

Even as Lovell spoke, Mr. Bootles came hurrying down to the school gates, with his gong flapping in the wind.

"This noise is unbearable, my man!" he said. "I will gladly remunerate you—and liberally, too—if you will quit the school premises without delay!"

So saying, Mr. Bootles gingerly approached the monkey, and dropped a couple of half-crowns into the cap.

The organ-grinder had collected a small fortune by this time, and he seemed well satisfied. He touched his forelock to Mr. Bootles, and departed, together with his organ, his monkey, and his loot.

It must have been nearly an hour later when Raby came in. His countenance wore a cheerful grin.

"Corn in Egypt, you fellows!" he said. "Come with me to the tuckshop, and we'll 'ave in the finest spread we've had for whole terms!"

We simply gasped.
"How on earth did you manage to raise the wind?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"It was perfectly simple," said Raby, with a chuckle. "I haven't been robbing a bank, or anything like that. I raised this money—thirty-seven bob—by honest but humble employment."

"Eh?"
"I expect you remember the organ-grinder who visited Rookwood an hour ago?"

"You don't mean to say, I gasped breathlessly, "that it was you?"

"It was—it were!"

"My hat!"

"As I say, it was perfectly simple," said Raby. "I swapped togs with an organ-grinder in the village, and borrowed his organ. I also sported a false moustache organ, and false eyebrows and a wig. And I made and false bobs inside half an hour. Pretty good going—that!"

We rushed at Raby with one accord, and hugged him like a long-lost brother.

"Brother George," said Jimmy Silver, "you're a marvel! Even your Uncle James wouldn't have thought of a wheeze like that! Come to my bosom and weep!"

"I'd rather come to the tuckshop and laugh!" said Raby. "Not a whisper about this, you fellows, for goodness sake! If old Bootles got to know, he'd have an appetite fit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Needless to state, we lived on the fat of the land that afternoon. No weak tea and bread-and-margarine in Hall! We had a top-hole spread in our study. And nobody outside that study ever suspected the real identity of the organ-grinder who had reaped such a rich harvest that afternoon at Rookwood!

MUFFIN'S MARVELLUS METHODS!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A GRATE SINGER—

Take a course of instructushun from Tubby Muffin. He will show you how to trane and oggersise the vokal musels, and how to sing baso, trebble, tenner, or alto. If yore voyco is gorn, or going, Muffin's Marvellous Method will put it rite! Don't be a silly kookoo, but lern how to sing like a lark! There is a grate demand for really talented singers. Let Muffin make you one at the modest fee of five bobb a lesson!

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A BORNE VENTRILLOKWIST—

Come to Muffin! He will teach you how to throw yore voyco up the chimbley, out of the windo, or under the flore. Think of the trix you will be able to

work off on yore Form-master! Muffin's Methods will enable you to mew like a donkey, purr like a cannary, and sing like a catt! All budding ventrillokwissts should let Tubby Muffin make them ripe!

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A DAINTY DANSER—

Let Muffin show you how it is dun! If yore feet are large and klumsy and awkward, Muffin will reduce ther sighs! My methods will konvert a nalfyaint into a fairy! Lern how to tripp it on the life fantastick to cat at the trifling charge of a tanner a lesson!

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A JUGGLING EGGSPERT—

Muffin will show you the way! Can you, at the prezent moment, balnase a tureen of soop on yore napper without spillin' a dropp? Of korse you karn't! But after a couple of lessons from me, you will be able to do this without up, gettin' the soop or the audienz! Don't delay! Start-to-day!

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A NIGGER MINSTRELL—

Now's yore chance! Muffin duzzent beleave in the old-fashioned method of pushing you throv the seller-flapp into the coal-seller! It's throv, you mite become a nigger minstroll that way, but

Muffin's Methods are far more up-to-dat! Muffin will show you how to become a ripping kornor-man, and he will make no "bones" about it!

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A GRATE KOMEDIAN—

Watch Tubby Muffin karefully, and immitate him in every possible way! You will then speedily become as famos as George Robey or Harry Tate, the inventor of the sugar-box!

Muffin's Marvellous Methods Make Magnifiscent Minstrells and Minnicks! Write to-day for a free prospectus, price one shilling!

DO YOU WANT TO BECOME AN OTHER MASCULIN & DEVANCE?

It is only I grate conjurer living to-day, and that is Tubby Muffin. He will teach you how to conjur like the grate Masculin & Devance. Would you like to earn hundreds of pounds a day, making things disappear—and forgetting to make them reappear? Would you like to have the grate collection of gold watches, jewellery, and silk handkerchiefs, and rabbits? If so, take lessons from Tubby Muffin, the eggspert, and become a grate conjurer. You will then be able to entertain your wealthy friends, and set up as a jewellery merchant.

JIMMY SILVER'S SECRET!

(Continued from page 8.)

"I'm guilty, like the rest," said John Silver bitterly. "I'm not saying anything against your father, Jimmy. He's my brother; and he might have lent me a hand; but he believed the worst against me at once. I'm not blaming him, either. I'd been rather a thorn in his side when I was young and reckless. Only it's hard, when I had settled down to lead a steady life, and make up for the past, that this should knock me right out."

"It's horrible!" said Jimmy miserably. "But—how can I help you? What are you going to do?"

"Lie low for a bit," said John Silver. "This is a safe place. They won't think of looking for me here. When I've got enough money for a journey, I'm going to make a break and get out of the country."

Jimmy Silver nodded. "How much can you help me, Jimmy? I know you'll help me all you can, knowing that I am an innocent man." "Of course I will," said Jimmy. "I haven't much money, as you know. I have a pretty good allowance, but it all goes, on one thing or another, and to-day I'm quite stony. But I can raise some cash somehow. I'll raise all I can, and as quick as I can, and send it to you by post—"

"Not by post, Jimmy. I don't want it to get out that anybody is staying here," said John Silver quickly. "Can't you bring it to me?"

"It's risky for me to come here," said Jimmy uneasily. "The Head would be waxy if he knew. But I suppose I could come."

"When?" "I shall have to raise the money first. Suppose I see you to-morrow evening? I'll do the best I can by that time."

"Good!" "And I— Jimmy Silver broke off suddenly, as there was a trampling of feet on the ill-kept path. "Oh, my hat! Rookwood chaps!"

Three Rookwood juniors came through the ragged bushes. Tommy Dodd and Cook and Doyle had arrived.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tommy Dodd to the Rescue!

TOMMY DODD'S brow was grim. He looked at Jimmy Silver, startled and crimson, and at the blotted, blotchy face of the man he had been in conversation with. The disgust and contempt in Tommy Dodd's face struck Jimmy to the very heart. He knew what conclusions the Modern junior must draw from seeing him in such a place with such a companion.

"Caught!" said Tommy Dodd. "Ain't you pretty thoroughly ashamed of yourself, Jimmy Silver?"

"Faith, and you ought to be!" said Doyle.

"Who are these boys?" asked John Silver.

"Rookwood chaps!" said Jimmy, in a faltering voice. "What the dickens are you doing here, you Modern rotters?"

"We came after you, to bump you," said Tommy Dodd, "and we happened to run you down here, that's all."

"Well, now you've run me down, you can clear off."

"Not quite," said Tommy Dodd grinning. "We're not leaving you here." Jimmy Silver started.

"What the dickens—" he began.

"You remember how you helped to handle Smythe, when he took to going to the Bird-in-Hand," said Tommy Dodd. "You held that a Rookwood fellow had no right to disgrace his school, and that it was up to all of us to chip in. Well, we're taking you at your word. You're coming back to Rookwood with us."

"Why, you cheeky ass—"

"No!" said Jimmy Silver, his temper rising. "Mind your own business, hang you!"

"We're making this our business," said Tommy Dodd coolly. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the giddy gander. It's the same medicine that you served out to Smythe."

"That was different—"

"Where does the difference come in, except that this a lower and rotter den than the Bird-in-Hand?" said Tommy Dodd sarcastically. "I suppose you didn't come here to give this chap tracts on temperance, though he looks as if he could do with them."

"You don't understand."

"I think I do. I think you're a shady blackguard, Jimmy Silver. I heard what you were saying as we came up—you're going to raise money to give this man, and to bring it to him to-morrow night. I know what that means—backing geese!"

"It's nothing of the sort, you dunny!"

"What is it, then?"

"That's not your business."

"We don't agree on that," grimed Tommy Dodd. "Smythe told you it wasn't your business when he sneaked down to the Bird-in-Hand to gamble with Gunter and that shabby crowd. If you had any decent reason for coming here, I suppose you can tell us what it is?"

"Go and eat coke."

"That's not a reason. We're taking you back to Rookwood with us, same as you'd have done with Smythe. As for this giddy blackguard, I've a jolly good mind to duck him in the trough!"

John Silver gave his nephew an expressive look, and retreated into the house. The three Moderns stiffed as he departed.

"Are you coming, Jimmy Silver?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"Better come," said Tommy Cook. "Your boozey friend is gone, and there's nothing to stay for. Hain't he given you a tip for the Swindleum Plate?"

"Or the Welsher's Handicap?" grimed Doyle.

"It's nothing of the sort!" shouted Jimmy Silver angrily. "It was a little too much to be supposed to be a sporting blackguard like Adolphus Smythe. 'If you silly Modern asses had an ounce of brains among you, you'd know that!'"

"We know what we see," said Tommy Dodd, "and we know that you're coming home, before you get into any more trouble. We're out for moral reform, you know. This way!"

"Hands off!"

"I shall hit out!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver fiercely.

"Well, so shall we," said Tommy Dodd. "If you can lick the three of us, you're welcome to stay here till you grow as boozey as your seedy friend."

The three Moderns closed in on Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy kept his word.

His blood was up.

There was a wild yell from Tommy Cook as Jimmy's right crashed upon his nose, and Cook went down into the grass with a bump.

The next moment Jimmy was in the grasp of Dodd and Doyle before he had time to hit out again.

He was swept off his feet, struggling

wildly. The ostler came out and stared at them. Cook sat up and nursed his nose and roared.

"Ow, ow! Yow! Squash him!"

"This way!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Get him off before his rowdy friends can come out—I dare say there's a regular gang of them here! Buck up!"

"Leego!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

Struggling furiously, Jimmy was rushed out of the garden between the two Moderns. Tommy Cook picked himself up and followed, dabbing at his streaming nose. He ran Jimmy's bike out into the road for him.

"Mount!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Sha't!"

"Bump him!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Will you get on now?"

"No, you rotters—no!"

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

The Moderns went business. Jimmy Silver struggled and roared in their grasp. But it occurred to him that his business at the Ship was finished, and that it was, as a matter of fact, high time to ride back to Rookwood, unless he was to miss calling-over.

"Let go, you rotters!" spluttered Jimmy breathlessly. "I'll mount!"

"Good egg!"

The dusty and furious Classical was placed on his bike, and the Moderns mounted round him. They rode off in a dusty bunch, several faces staring after them from the Ship Inn.

Jimmy Silver was in a savage temper. He was greatly inclined to dismount and renew the combat, but it was not much use tackling such odds. Instead of that, he put on speed, and rode as if on the cycle-track in a race.

"Faith, he's trying to dodge us!" exclaimed Doyle. "After him!"

"Buck up!" rapped out Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver grinned as he pedaled on. He was a hard rider, and could beat any other fellow in the Fourth on the cycle-track. He put all his hoof into it now as a punishment for the interfering Moderns. Tommy Dodd & Co. rode as they had seldom ridden before to keep up with him. But in spite of their efforts they lost ground.

As they came out of the rough track on the moor and entered the lane Tommy Cook was left hopelessly behind, and Tommy Doyle was tailing off. Only Tommy Dodd still held on in the race.

But in the lane, half-way to Rookwood, Jimmy Silver dropped him too.

Jimmy arrived at the school in ample time for locking-up, with a crimson face and in a profuse perspiration. Tommy Dodd was out of sight, way back along the lane.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

High Words!

"**O** II, so you've got back!" Lovell and Baby and Newcome were waiting at the gates.

Jimmy and Lovell greeted Jimmy Silver rather gruffly as he wheeled his machine in. Jimmy was as red as a beet-root, and perspiration was trickling down his face.

"Yes, here I am!" gasped Jimmy.

"What's the hurry? You came up the lane like lightning!" said Baby.

"Some Modern worms thought they could ride," he explained. "I jolly well showed them that they couldn't. They came crawling in presently—if they still alive."

Jimmy chuckled—quite his old chuckle. "But where have you been all this time?" asked Newcome.

"Long ride," said Jimmy Silver.

"I'm glad you got a rub-down now."

And he hurried away to put up his bike.

The Co. looked at one another expressively. Not a word of explanation as to that sudden and mysterious outing, they were evidently to be left in the dark. What had come over Jimmy Silver, once so open and so frank?

There was a whir of a bike on the road, and Tommy Dodd came dragging up. He was quite spent. He tumbled rather than jumped off his machine. The three Classics regarded him critically. "Learning to ride?" asked Raby affably.

Tommy Dodd snorted. "Has that waster come in?" he asked. "Haven't noticed any Moderns come in."

"I mean that worm Silver!" hooted Tommy Dodd. "If he's dodged us and gone back, we'll jolly well go after him again. We're not going to be disgraced by you Classics, I can tell you!"

"Gone back where?" exclaimed Lovell.

Tommy Dodd gave him a quick look. "Mean to say that you don't know about it?" he demanded. "I thought you four asses were always hand-in-glove!"

"We don't know where Jimmy Silver's been, if that's what you mean!" growled Lovell. "He didn't choose to tell us, for some reason!"

"Jolly good reason, too, I should say! But if he's keeping it dark, I'm not going to give him away. Has he come in?"

"Yes, he's come in!"

"Oh, all right!"

Tommy Dodd wheeled in his bike without another word.

"Well," said Lovell, with a deep breath, "what do you fellows make of that?"

"Don't ask me," said Raby. "It beats me. That Modern bouncer must have dropped on Jimmy, wherever he's been, and they had a row. Jimmy was dusty from head to foot."

"Here comes Doyle."

"Tommy Doyle came limping in, wheeling his bike. He was dusty and breathless.

"Silver come in?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, then he wasn't dodging us to go back, after all the spalpeen!"

"To go back where?" shrieked Lovell.

"Where we found the thafe of the world, begorra!"

"And where was that?"

"Hasn't Jimmy Silver told you?"

"No, he hasn't!"

"Sure, then, I won't; I'm not a sneak!"

"Look here—"

But Tommy Doyle marched in. Lovell and Raby and Newcome glared after him, exasperated. What did it all mean? They were mystified, and they did not like being mystified.

"Let's collar him and bump it out of him!" suggested Newcome.

Lovell shook his head, with an unusually bitter expression on his face.

"No," he said. "Let Jimmy Silver keep his secrets if he wants to. If he doesn't choose to tell us, let him keep it dark!"

"But why shouldn't we know?" demanded Newcome.

"Better ask Jimmy Silver that."

The chums of the Fourth were turning away from the gates, when Tommy Cook came in. They were feeling moody and restless, but they could not help grinning at the sight of Tommy Cook. His nose was enlarged in size, and red as a peony. Evidently Tommy Cook had been in the wars.

"Great Scott! Where did you get that nose?" ejaculated Lovell.

Tommy Cook snorted.

"I got it from a shady backguard, dragging him away from a pub, if you want to know," he hooted, as they went on, without deigning any further information, leaving Lovell and Raby and Newcome in a state of consternation.

"A—a—a pub!" gasped Lovell. "It can't be true! Jimmy Silver at a pub!"

"Is that why he's keeping it so jolly dark?" muttered Raby. "He wouldn't tell us, and those Modern cads happened to drop on him there!"

"Like their cheek to chip in, anyway!"

"Of course, they're cheeky rotters! But—but it can't be possible! Look here, we're going to have this out with Jimmy Silver."

The three juniors hurried to the end study. Jimmy Silver was not there yet; he was rubbing down in the dormitory. But he came in a few minutes later.

"You fellows had your tea, I suppose?" he remarked.

"We had tea in Hall. What about you?"

"I had to give it a miss in baulk," said Jimmy. "Never mind—there's some toffee. And what's the odds, so long as you're happy? Coming down; call-over in a few minutes, you know."

"We're not coming down till we've had an explanation," said Lovell determinedly. "If you're playing the giddy ox, like Smythe of the Shell, Jimmy Silver, we're jolly well going to stop you!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" urged Jimmy Silver. "Do I look the same kind of idiot as Adolphus?"

"Well, no; but what have you been doing?"

"Biking."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes, I've been doing the Moderns," said Jimmy Silver. "I've given them the ride of their lives. Let's go down."

"Not yet. Cook came in with a nose like an orchid, and he said he got it dragging a shady backguard away from a pub!"

"Did he?"

"Yes, he did. Did those Modern cads find you at a pub?"

Jimmy Silver made a restless movement.

"Well, suppose they did?" he said at last. "Not in a pub—near a pub. I suppose you don't think I went there to booze, do you?"

"Why can't you tell your pals what you went there for?"

"It's a secret."

"You never used to have any secrets from the study."

"Well, it's never too late to mend, you know," said Jimmy Silver flippantly.

"You had an express letter this afternoon, and you bolted off without a word, and the Modern cads found you at a pub, and made you come away," said Lovell. "We can see plainly enough that you went there to meet the fellow who'd written to you."

"Well, let it go at that."

"And you won't explain?"

"I can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"Because—oh, because," said Jimmy Silver, "I can't really say my secret. Least said soonest mended. Look here! I suppose you fellows can trust me not to play the shady rotter, can't you?"

"Well, I always thought we could," said Lovell tartly. "But when a fellow goes to a pub, and tries to keep it dark that he's going, and won't make any explanation when it all comes out, I must say it looks fishy."

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"Hold your row, both of you!" interposed Newcome, the pacific. "You'll be rowing soon, and that wouldn't do any good. Let Jimmy keep his blessed secret; I dare say there's no harm in it. There goes the bell for call-over!"

Lovell grunted, and said no more. As a matter of fact, it was Jimmy he was anxious about, and it was not mere curiosity that troubled him; but a quarrel in the end study would have served no purpose. The matter was dropped, but was in an unusually moody frame of mind that the Fistical Four went down to Big Hall to answer to their names.

Jimmy Silver's usually sunny face was clouded. It had dawned upon his mind

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that his uncle's secret—and his—meant distrust and suspicion in the study, for he could not explain even to his best chums that his uncle was in hiding at the Ship Inn. John Silver's safety came before everything else. He could only hope that by his aid John Silver would soon be gone, and the matter would be at an end.

But John Silver could not—or, perhaps, would not—go until he had money. That money Jimmy had to provide, and Jimmy was much exercised in his mind about it.

He believed in his uncle's innocence, and felt that he ought to help him. But to raise a large sum of money was quite out of the question for a junior in the Fourth Form. Under the circumstances, he could not write home for a remittance; moreover, he had already written home for a remittance on general principles, and it had not come.

He had to raise the money amongst his friends, to be repaid out of his allowance at a future date, and it was not a pleasant prospect. Jimmy hated getting into debt. On his own account he certainly would never have gone into debt. For the sake of another he had to do it.

It was soon remarked in the Fourth Form that Jimmy Silver was seeking loans. It was so unusual a proceeding on the part of Jimmy Silver that it was bound to attract attention. Fellows were willing enough to lend to him, but their lending was only in shillings, as a rule—and a large number of shillings were required to make up any sum that would be of use to John Silver.

With about five pounds, Jimmy considered, the fugitive would be able to get away, at least, and perhaps he could send him some more money later, to some seaport where he would be able to get a passage out. Ten pounds ought to be enough to enable him to take his passage. How was Jimmy to raise either of these sums?

After morning lessons he was very busy.

A dozen loans among the juniors gave him about a pound in ready cash. Smythe, of the Shell, rolled in filthy lucre, and could have lent him "quids"; but he was not on good terms with Smythe. Besides, how could he have repaid quids out of his allowance; he had to think of that. As he did not require his bat any longer, he sold it in the Fourth; but in the football season, naturally, bats were not in great demand, and Jimmy's handsome willow reaped only five shillings. He thought of his bike. To part with his "jigger" would be a heavy blow. But it seemed as if there was no other resource.

Jimmy went into afternoon lessons with a moody brow. So far, he had raised twenty-five shillings, and that was next to useless. Some of the juniors regarded him curiously during lessons, especially Leggett. Leggett was a Modern junior, and extremely unpopular. He was as keen as a razor, and made money out of his schoolfellows in all kinds of sharp ways—especially by lending money at weekly interest. Leggett was not a rich fellow by any means, and he sometimes betted with the "Nuts," and with Joey Hook the bookmaker, which certainly did not make him any the richer. But he could generally raise the money for a loan when it was required, making his own terms about the repayment, like a young Shylock.

After lessons Leggett joined Jimmy Silver as the latter left the Form-room. Jimmy gave him a stare and walked out into the quad, and Leggett followed him. Jimmy wanted to be alone to think out his problem, and he had avoided his

chums, and he certainly did not want Leggett's company.

"Hold on," said Leggett smoothly, "I hear you're in want of tin, Silver." "What the dickens do you know about it?" said Jimmy gruffly. "I haven't asked you for a loan, anyway!"

Leggett grinned. "Half Rookwood knows it by this time," he said.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Jimmy.

"Don't get huffy. I'm the chap you want to see," said Leggett. "I dare say I could lend it to you, Silver, if it isn't too much you want."

"My hat! You?"

"Why not?"

"Well, we're not on very good terms for one thing," said Jimmy, in great surprise. "I don't see why you should take the trouble to do me a favour."

"That's a loan," said Leggett coolly. "It's business with me. You'll have to pay for the loan."

Jimmy Silver's lip curled.

Leggett's eyes opened wide. "Ten quid! Oh crumbs! What on earth have you been doing?" Jimmy Silver frowned. Leggett's natural assumption was that he was in monetary difficulties owing to some "giddy ox" episode.

"Never mind that," said Jimmy curtly. "If you've got the quids and you like to lend them to me, I'll pay you what you like."

"I've got more than that in the post-office savings-bank," said Leggett. "When do you want it?"

"This afternoon."

"Phew! I couldn't get it out so quick."

"Then it's no go!" said Jimmy Silver. He was half glad that it was "no go," in spite of his difficulties. He did not like dealing with Leggett.

"Hold on," said Leggett. "I can manage it. I can show my book-keeper to old Bootles, and ask him to let me have it because I've got to pay for a



Jimmy Silver struggled and roared in the grasp of the Modern juniors. "Are you going to mount quietly?" asked Tommy Dodd. "No! Let me go, you rotters! I'll—!" Bump! Bump! Bump! The Moderns evidently meant business. They were going to teach Jimmy Silver a lesson, and one which he would not forget in a hurry! (See Chapter 5.)

"Oh, I forgot!" he said. "You lend a chap a bob, and charge him twopenny a week for it. Well, I don't want any of our bobs!"

"I could make it quids, if you liked."

Jimmy Silver paused.

He wanted the money at once, and if he sold his bike at an hour's notice he was not likely to get a good offer for it. That handsome jigger, which had cost fifteen pounds, might have to go for two or three.

A loan from Leggett, if large enough, would tide him over—and he could sell his bike on more favourable terms if he took his time about it—and perhaps some remittance from somewhere might enable him to pay Leggett and save the bike, after all.

It was a chance, anyway, and worth the interest Leggett would charge him, if the fellow was cad enough to take interest on a loan.

"I've got twenty-five 'bob," said Jimmy, at last. "I want to make it up to ten quid if I can."

new bike. Old Bootles never smells a rat, and he'll do it like a shot."

"I don't want you to start telling lies on my account!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Let it drop!"

"But, I say—"

"Oh, rats!"

Jimmy Silver stalked away. He ruminated by himself for a long time. There was nothing for it, apparently, but to sell his bike and several other articles of value for what they would fetch. He had given his promise to John Silver, and his promise had to be kept.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome came out into the quadrangle, but they did not join Jimmy. He was avoiding them, and they let him do so.

But while he was still ruminating under the old beeches Leggett rejoined him, with a grin on his face. Jimmy gave him an impatient look.

"Do let a chap alone!" he exclaimed.

"It's all right," said Leggett soothingly. "I've got the quids."

"By Jove!"

Leggett opened a little purse and showed a crumpled bunch of currency notes.

"Nine quid," he said. "Never mind what I said to Bootles—that's my business, not yours."

"I suppose it is. But—"

"Do you want the money?"

Jimmy hesitated.

"Tain't every fellow I'd trust with a sum like that," said Leggett, with a grin. "I know you're square, you are. Of course, I'm not taking the risk for nothing."

"There's no risk!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Well, anyway, I want you to agree to give me back ten quids for the nine in a week," said Leggett. "That's fair."

"My hat!"

"Please yourself," said Leggett.

Jimmy Silver hesitated some moments more, and then slipped the currency notes into his pocket.

"Done!" he said.

"Put your name on this paper," said Leggett.

"Eh? What is it?"

"An IOU for ten quid."

"But you've lent me only nine—oh, the interest—I see! All right."

Jimmy Silver signed his name, and Leggett, with a satisfied grin, put the paper away carefully in his pocket-book and walked away.

The black sheep of the Fourth had done a good stroke of business. And great as was Jimmy Silver's repulsion towards Leggett, he was relieved at finding in his hands the sum he needed. Once that ten pounds was placed in John Silver's hands there was nothing to prevent his flight to safety.

Jimmy Silver hurried at once for his bike.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. The Last Word!

"JIMMY!"

Lovell hurried up as Jimmy Silver was leaving the school gates. His face was very red.

That Jimmy had been avoiding him Lovell could not fail to see. He was strongly tempted to stand on his dignity, and let Jimmy go his own way. But Jimmy was, after all, too good a pal for

that. Lovell put his pride in his pocket, and hurried after him.

"Jimmy?" he repeated.

Jimmy Silver frowned a little. He had wanted to get away without any talk with his chums.

"Well?" he said. "What's the trouble?"

"Don't go," said Lovell.

"I've got to."

"Look here, Jimmy," said Lovell earnestly. "You won't tell me about it, and I won't ask you. But you're getting into trouble. I know you've been borrowing money right and left to-day. What do you want all that money for?"

Jimmy Silver was silent.

"I know where you're going now," said Lovell. "You're going off to where those Modern cads found you yesterday. Isn't it so?"

No answer.

"You don't ask me to ride with you."

"I—I've got to go alone," said Jimmy.

"To see that fellow again, whoever he is?"

"Well, yes."

"You're meeting him secretly. He has no right to make you do that. And in a shady place, too. And if he were decent he wouldn't do it."

"You can't understand, Lovell, old chap. I can't explain," said Jimmy.

"But I should think you could trust me."

"You're going to get into trouble, and get the sack, perhaps," said Lovell, "and you don't want your pals to chip in. Look here! I'm coming with you!"

Jimmy shook his head.

"I mean it," said Lovell. "You're jolly well not going to get sacked. If you do, I'll get sacked along with you. I'm coming!"

"You can't come," said Jimmy.

"Don't say any more, Lovell. It can't be helped. It's not my fault, anyway."

Lovell's face set a little.

"You won't let me come?" he said.

"I can't!"

"You're looking up to somebody or do something that your best pal mustn't see!" said Lovell bitterly. "Well, if that's what you think my friendship's worth, I won't bother you with it any more, Jimmy Silver."

Lovell turned back to the gates, his face hard and set.

"Lovell!"

"Well!" Lovell turned round again.

"Am I to come?"

"No; but—"

"Will you stay in, then?"

"I can't. But—"

"That's enough, then."

Lovell drove his hands deep into his pockets, and strode in at the gates. His mind was made up.

Jimmy Silver stood quite motionless, his hand resting on his bike. Through the open gateway he saw Lovell joined by Raby and Newcome. They glanced out towards Jimmy, but made no movement to approach him.

Jimmy drew a deep breath and mounted his bicycle. With a black brow he rode away. It was hard that it should come to this—that the friendship which had seemed to be founded upon a rock should be broken by that wretched secret.

Jimmy Silver's motto was "Keep smiling." But he was not smiling now. His heart was heavy, his brow was gloomy.

He reached the Ship Inn, and found John Silver smoking in the garden. The Wastrel's eyes lighted up at the sight of the ten pounds that Jimmy placed silently in his hand.

"By gad, you are a trump, Jimmy," he said—"a real trump, by gad!"

"You'll be able to take your passage now, and get clear out of England?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

"Yes."

"And you'll leave at once?"

"To-morrow morning."

Jimmy Silver rode home to Rookwood with a somewhat lighter heart. At least, he had saved his uncle. His heart would have been heavier if he could have seen his uncle at that moment. While Jimmy was pedalling away for Rookwood John Silver was seated in a low-ceilinged, smoky room with three or four companions round a dirty table, with dirty cards in his hand and a glass of potent liquor by his side and a cigar between his teeth. The ten pounds which had cost Jimmy Silver so much thought and trouble was going rapidly. Poor Jimmy!

Lovell's face was like a rock when Jimmy Silver came into the end study.

Jimmy did not speak.

Between the chums of Rookwood lay, like a black shadow, Jimmy Silver's Secret.

THE END.

THE SNOB!

(Continued from page 5.)

—Henry Hopkins—and I'm the son of the village innkeeper at Sanford. You know me!"

The words came bursting out wildly from the boy's twitching lips. John Hopkins tried to stop him, but it was impossible. Lord Mauleverer ran forward.

"Begad, Leigh, then you are a decent chap after all!" he exclaimed.

"By Jove, give me your hand, dear boy!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"You see, I knew it all the time, but I never thought you were as decent as this! There's some good in a snob, after all. Bravo!"

The tears were streaming down the face of old John Hopkins. He had been proud of his boy before, but never so proud as now; and never, certainly, had he had so much cause for pride.

"My boy! 'Erny!' he murmured, almost inaudibly. "Erny!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 116.

And then Leigh, with his hand in his father's horny hand, walked proudly out of the room by the side of the old gentleman, leaving the crowd in a buzz.

Leigh had expected that that announcement in the common-room would be his ruin at Greyfriars; and he did not care, so long as he was set right with his father.

But it turned out far otherwise. John Hopkins was not allowed to leave Greyfriars till the last train from Friarfield. Harry Wharton & Co. rallied round him, so to speak, and the old gentleman was entertained to a glorious feed in Study No. 1. Lord Mauleverer handsomely plunking down a banknote in the tuck-away stand the "oxes" for the occasion. Leigh and his father were the guests of honour. The snob of the Remove felt like a fellow in a dream; it seemed all unreal to him. But it was real enough. By that one act of manliness he had won the respect of his Form-fellows. There were a few, perhaps, who might sneer and gibe, but the best fellows in the Form stood by him; and Lord Mauleverer, who in his conceit and

miserable vanity he had passed off to his father as his chum, confided to Wharton that he really did feel like chumming with Leigh now.

"A fellow who could speak up as he did then must have a lot of good in him," said Lord Mauleverer sagely. And Wharton agreed.

A crowd of juniors walked down to see Mr. Hopkins off. After their return, Leigh returned Lord Mauleverer the sovereign he had borrowed; and when Trimble approached him on the subject again, the rascal was met with a right-hander that levelled him with the floor, instead of the bribe he had expected. And finding that the whole story was now known, and Leigh unharmed, he did not care. Trimble was careful to give his former victim a wide berth during the remainder of the time that he stayed at Greyfriars. And Leigh, much to his own astonishment, found himself walking to the Form-room the next morning arm-in-arm with Lord Mauleverer. His lordship was chumming with the fellow who had been—but no longer was—ashamed of his father!

THE END.



THE DAREDEVIL SCHOOLBOY

Exploits of a High Spirited and Fearless Boy,
Whose Wild Pranks Cause Him to be Expelled
from the School and Join a Cinema Company.

By PAUL PROCTOR.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Dick Trafford, a high-spirited, fearless boy of St. Peter's School, brings about the downfall of Jasper Steele, the scrupulous headmaster, and is expelled by the latter out of revenge.

Dick is wandering along the country road, driven from his father's house in disgrace, when he comes in touch with the World-Famed Cinema Company on "location" near the railway. The "stunt" actor jumps the dangerous jump over the bridge at the last moment, and Dick comes forward and offers to take his place. The producer sees at once that Dick is no ordinary boy, and accepts the offer. Dick, dressed in the uniform of a convict, waits on the parapet for the train on which he is to jump. The train comes racing through under the bridge, and Dick, at the signal from the producer, jumps.

(Now read on.)

Saving the Train!

HE landed with a dull thud upon the heaped-up coal of the tender, and clutched desperately at a large and heavy lump to save himself from rolling off the tender to the line.

For a moment it seemed that he must slip down the side of the piled-up coal, but the next instant he managed to brace his foot against the steel side of the tender, and thus preserve his balance.

The fall had knocked almost every particle of breath out of his body, and for a few seconds Dick lay there breathing heavily, feeling badly bruised, and wondering if he had broken any bones.

Then his gaze wandered towards the cab of the engine itself, and a gasp of horror escaped from his lips.

Lying prone upon their backs on the footplate of the express engine were both the driver and his fireman, completely unconscious!

The door of the furnace was open, suggesting that the fireman had been in the act of stoking his fire when both he and his mate had lost their senses.

And then as Dick gazed spellbound for the moment at this strange, grim sight he began to realise the cause of the two men's collapse.

Pouring from the furnace were dark-coloured fumes, and even from his position way back on the tender Dick could feel the overpowering and stupefying effect of them.

"There must have been something in the coal!" he thought quickly to himself.

And then fumbling in the pocket of his own trousers, which he still wore beneath the convict's clothes, he drew out his handkerchief and tied it over his mouth and nostrils.

Then with great caution Dick pro-

ceeded to scramble, inch by inch, foot by foot, over the loose and shelving coal.

Any moment might have been his last, for as he moved great lumps of coal slipped from under his foothold, and went rolling over the edge of the tender.

At length, however, after several narrow escapes, Dick reached the footplate of the engine.

With frantic gaze he glimpsed through one of the glass porthole-like windows in the front of the cab, and perceived the signals all dead against him. Another train stood on the same line ahead!

A silent prayer came from Dick thanking Providence that he had during one of his holidays from school chummed up with one of the engine-drivers upon that very line and he had had the functions of the various levers in the engine explained to him.

Dick knew full well which lever turned off the steam, and which when pulled would apply the vacuum brakes.

He sprang at first to the steam control lever, and forced it over, and then dragged back the brake lever.

A hiss of escaping air sounded, and mingled with the roar of steam which, now it no longer passed into the cylinders, was rushing through the safety-valve.

Dick next slammed to the door of the furnace, and then felt the train slowing down, and before it had gone another four hundred yards it had come to a standstill.

The guard came rushing along the line towards the engine, and when he perceived what to his eyes appeared to be a convict standing upon the footplate of the engine with a handkerchief tied over his mouth and nostrils, his surprise knew no bounds.

"What in the name of—!" he commenced, when Dick cut him short.

"It's all right!" he cried excitedly. "I'm not really a convict. I'm a cinema actor. I jumped into the engine from the bridge back there, and it's as well I did, for look at the driver and the fireman." And as he spoke he pointed to the two unconscious men. "And," he added, "if you take my advice, you'll help me get 'em out of here as quickly as possible. The fumes from the furnace are stupefying. Mind you don't get a whiff of them!"

By this time a group of excited and curious passengers had also alighted from their carriages, and were standing grouped round the guard.

One man, wearing a heavy fur coat, a shiny silk hat, and smoking a big cigar, pushed himself forward.

"Did I hear you say you were a cinema actor, young man?" he asked.

"Yes, that's right!" laughed Jack.

"Why?"

"Because I happen to be the principal of one of the biggest moving picture-producing concerns in this country," re-

plied the man in the fur coat. "Eustace Henderson is my name, and I run the World-Famed Cinema Company. I understand you've been responsible for saving the lives of everyone on this train, young man, and I'd be very glad to give you a permanent position in my company. You're the sort of stuff we want."

Dick roared with laughter.

"You're Mr. Eustace Henderson, the principal of the World-Famed Cinema Company?" he exclaimed.

Eustace Henderson nodded.

"Well, if that isn't the biggest coincidence that ever happened!" cried Dick. "I'm working as an impromptu 'extra' for your own company now. Your Mr. Samuel K. Beech just engaged me for the day!"

"Is that so?" returned Eustace Henderson. "Well, I engage you for five thousand pounds a year to start with. You're the sort of daredevil I've been looking for. Come round to my office in London to-morrow, and we'll sign the contract."

Dick Trafford gasped.

"Five thousand pounds a year!"

Why, that was more than his own father had ever made in a couple of years!

It all sounded like a wonderful dream.

"Pinch me, somebody!" laughed Dick. "I'm asleep!"

"Oh, no you're not, my lad!" laughed Eustace Henderson. "You're the most wide-awake youngster it's ever been my good fortune to meet. Don't forget! Eleven o'clock, at my office in Wardour Street, London, to-morrow!"

"I won't forget!" Dick assured him.

And then the other passengers who had overheard the conversation rushed towards the cab of the engine, and dragging Dick out, hoisted him shoulder high and cheered his bravery as they receded from certain death.

It presented a strange spectacle.

A boy, dressed in convict's clothes, carried shoulder high along the railway line towards the little country station of Potefield, being cheered by some hundreds of people.

But, it was as nothing when compared to some of the strange spectacles which Dick was shortly to present before the lens of the movie-camera in the near future.

"Is it a Dream?"

DICK TRAFFORD awoke with a start. Spasmodically he sat up in bed and gazed about him.

He found himself to be the occupant of a single bed in what appeared to be a room in a good-class hotel.

A puzzled expression appeared upon his handsome young face, and he ran his

fingers through his thick, fair hair in a perplexed fashion.

"Well," he murmured half-aloud to himself, "I suppose this dream will come to an end soon—and I shall wake up to find myself back in my own room at home to hear the pater hammering on the door and demanding to know how much longer I intend to stay in bed!"

With a curious little sigh of fatigue Dick sank back upon the pillows of his bed and gazed with unseeing eyes at the white ceiling above him.

"If only it were not all a beautiful dream!" he was thinking to himself. "If only it were true that I had taken the part of the cinema actor and played the part of the escaping convict! If only the millionaire proprietor of the World-Famed Cinema Co. had really offered me a salary of five thousand a year to do 'stunts' before the moving-picture camera for him!"

Then, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders, Dick restlessly rolled over on his side—and as he did so he gave a little cry of pain.

He had unwittingly pressed upon his left side, which was badly bruised from his courageous leap from the bridge on to the moving train below—an incident which he now believed to have been all a dream.

"That's funny!" murmured Dick to himself. "I don't remember hurting myself. And, anyway, it's strange to feel physical pain in a dream! Perhaps—perhaps it's not a dream! Perhaps I'm really wide awake now, and all this that I thought I'd dreamed really did happen!"

Dick sat up in bed again, rubbed his eyes, and pinched his own arm.

"I'm awake!" he cried. "I'm awake! Then it's true! I really did jump on to that moving train for the pictures!" And then, as Dick sat up in bed, he noticed something hanging over the back of a chair which had escaped his eyes until that second.

It was the buff-coloured tunic of a convict, and branded upon it were the hideous broad arrows.

With a wild cry of delight Dick sprang from the bed, and, snatching up the convict's tunic, danced round and round the room, waving it above his head triumphantly.

"It's true! It's true! It's true!" he cried at the top of his voice, as if to reassure himself that he was not still dreaming. "I'm a real, live cinema actor! Hooray!"

Dick gave the tunic a final joyful twist in the air, and he did so something fell from one of the pockets and fluttered to the ground.

Dick dropped the coat and snatched up this something from the floor.

It proved to be a small piece of paste-board—a man's visiting-card—and engraved in the centre appeared:

"EUSTACE HENDERSON,

Proprietor

The World-Famed Cinema Co.,
Wardour Street, London, W."

And scribbled in pencil across the face of the card were the words:

"Eleven o'clock."

Then in a flash Dick's memory came back to him.

"Why, of course!" he cried. "I remember now. This Mr. Henderson was on the train I jumped on to! I saved his life, together with that of all the other passengers on the train.

"It was he who told me to come round to see him at his offices in Wardour Street, London, to-day, to sign the contract for five thousand pounds a year!"

"I wonder where I am now, and what
THE POPULAR.—No. 116.

the time is!" added Dick anxiously, as he stopped across to the fireplace and pressed the electric bell-push there.

A couple of minutes later a uniformed servant appeared at the door.

"You rang, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Dick. "What's the time? And where am I?"

It is just after nine, sir," answered the servant. "I had instructions from Mr. Henderson, who brought you here last evening, that I was to call you not later than nine-thirty, and to remind you that you had an appointment with him in his office at eleven o'clock."

Dick nodded.

It was all right!

There was no longer any doubt about it—it was true!

"And where am I now?" asked Dick. "This is the Astoria Hotel, sir," answered the servant. "Shall I prepare your bath for you, sir?"

Dick nodded silently.

It all seemed so strange to him!

What was he doing in London at all—and at the Astoria Hotel?

How came he to be there?

Why was it he remembered nothing of his arrival there the previous evening?

For a moment Dick looked puzzled and worried; but the next instant he thrust all this aside, and commenced to whistle a gay little tune.

"What's it matter, anyway?" he thought to himself. "What's it matter how I got here, so long as I am here and in time to be at Mr. Henderson's office by eleven o'clock to sign that contract? I expect he'll be able to explain what happened last evening. I don't suppose there's any real mystery at all."

And with this decision Dick donned the rich silk dressing-gown which the hotel servant had brought and laid without a word over the end of the bed, together with a pair of red morocco-leather slippers.

Dick thrust his feet into these, and then, opening the second floor of his bedroom found himself in a luxuriously equipped bath-room.

Beautiful, hot, sweet-smelling water was gushed into the porcelain bath from the silver taps, and Dick hugged himself with pleasurable anticipation.

This, then, was the sort of thing he was going to be used to in the future.

Soft-footed servants anticipating his every want; the best rooms in the finest hotels, and everything of the choicest and most expensive.

Truly it had been a lucky moment for him when he had sighted the figure of the cinema actor, Frank Foster, standing upon the parapet of the railway-bridge at Peterfield; and a still luckier one when that individual's nerve had failed him, and this had given Dick an opportunity to leap into the breach thus caused.

Stripping off his dressing-gown and pyjamas, Dick tumbled into the tempting hot bath, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

When he returned to his bed-room, it was to find the same respectful servant busily laying on a brand-new suit for Dick, and threading real gold links into the cuffs of a rich silk shirt.

"Where did all these things come from?" asked Dick, in surprise.

"All from the big store in Oxford Street, sir," answered the valet. "I presume to the order of Mr. Eustace Henderson. He told me to apologise to you for having to send you a ready-made suit, but the time did not allow him to have one made to measure. I believe, however, Mr. Henderson wishes you to go to his own tailors in Saville Row immediately after your interview with him, and order what clothes you may require."

"Phew!" breathed Dick. "This certainly wants some believing!" he added to himself. "It's very difficult to bring myself to realise that this is not all a wonderful dream!"

With the assistance of the manservant Dick Trafford was rapidly and neatly dressed.

The last button of his patent-leather boots was fastened by the valet, and then the musical boom of a gong sounded.

"Your breakfast, sir," announced the manservant. "This way, sir." And as the servant spoke he respectfully opened the door for Dick to pass through.

A door upon the opposite side of the thickly-carpeted corridor stood half ajar, and within Dick saw an appetising breakfast laid.

He pushed the door of the room open still wider and strode in.

A uniformed footman stood at attention beside Dick's chair, which he drew back for Dick to seat himself, as he entered.

A menu was then handed Dick, and the young boy glanced down the items upon it.

Dick had never seen quite so many good things to eat enumerated upon a menu before in his life, and for a moment he was too embarrassed to say what he would have.

There was everything there for him to choose from, from grilled kidneys down to a ham omelet.

At length Dick chose grilled mushrooms and bacon, and in less time than he could possibly imagine it took to cook them they appeared upon a silver dish before him.

Tea and coffee were placed before him, and he chose coffee.

Before Dick even realised that he had any wish to see a morning paper this was anticipated by the servant who stood at his elbow.

A silver salver appeared at Dick's left elbow, and upon it rested three or four morning daily newspapers.

The leading pictorial newspaper lay upon the top, and idly Dick took it and shook out the folds.

Hardly had he done so before he perceived his own features staring at him in photographic form.

Dick caught his breath, and examined the photograph of himself a little closer.

After a few moments' inspection he recognised it as one which had been taken of him at a sports meeting after he had won the half-mile championship for his school.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed. "That's extraordinary! I wonder where they got that from?" And then he went on to read the lettering which appeared beneath the photograph.

"Mr. Richard Trafford," he read, "who by his brave deed yesterday saved the lives of all the passengers upon the Great Southern Express at Peterfield Junction. For further details, see full report upon news page."

Dick gave a short, light laugh as he read the printed words.

This was proof enough, then, that what he had at first feared had been a dream all too wonderful to be true was, indeed, a fact.

"It's true enough!" he murmured to himself. "I did do it!"

And as he spoke the words half aloud he turned to the news page, and read the report of the sports meeting.

Here he learned how, thanks to his courageous leap on to the coal-heaped tender of the express train, he had, upon finding both the fireman and engine-driver to be unconscious, succeeded in stopping the train and saving the lives of all those upon the express.

(To be continued.)

POPULAR FAVOURITES!

No. 10.—JOHNNY BULL.



Most fellows call him Johnny, and few think of calling him John Bull. Somehow plain Johnny fits his extraordinary character more than the full name, and it's easier to remember.

When he came to Greyfriars, towards the end of a Christmas term, he brought a concertina with him, and this instrument led him to more than a little trouble at the start. Sometimes a concertina will sound musical, if properly played; but get a fellow with an unusual ear to attempt it, and you have productions of noises just short of a pandemonium. The fellows stood this noise gallantly for a little while, then they revolted, and Johnny's concertina was heard no more.

Quite early in his career at Greyfriars, Bull was chosen to make the Famous Four the Famous Five, and from then until now he has been with them, sharing their exploits, and on one occasion, when he had to leave the school for a short period.

Bull and Vernon-Smith did not by any means hit it together in the days when the Bounder lived up to his nickname. Too outspoken was Johnny, and he said plainly what he thought of Vernon-Smith, which was not at all to the latter's liking. No doubt you will remember the capital yarns centred round these characters, when the Bounder started the notable campaign against the Famous Five. You remember Johnny was the first victim—he was expelled on "false evidence." Then, when he returned, cleared up, and Bob Cherry had another narrow squeak. But pluck and honesty will come out victorious any time against cunning.

It is also worth while to mention that J. B. is a very useful man at football and cricket, and has many times helped the Remove to victory on the field of play.

Here is his signature:

John Bull

WRITE TO YOUR EDITOR ABOUT IT!



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!

We have another fine programme for next Friday, my chums. The first grand complete story is of Harry Wharton & Co.'s early days at Greyfriars, and is entitled:

"AT WAR WITH THE PREFECTS!"
By Frank Richards.

The story deals with the revolt of the Remove against fagging, and it is only necessary to mention here that Harry Wharton & Co. make their meaning very plain to the Sixth-Formers. You must not on any account miss this splendid story.

The second long complete school story is of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Bookwood. The story is entitled:

"THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP!"
By Owen Conquest.

Readers will have become aware of the fact that Jimmy Silver has a secret which he is keeping from his chums. This secret leads to trouble, but the chums find out all about the matter, and set their heads together to think out a way of helping their friend. This is another fine story, boys and girls, and I do hope you will order your copy of the "Popular" in advance, so that there will be no possibility of your missing these splendid stories.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

I have a note from W. G. B. to the effect that the

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!"
which will appear in next Friday's issue of the "Popular" is better than ever—in fact, he says it's "extra speculul—the best isew he's put out."

That, I think, leaves us wondering what on earth he is going to turn out for us. Suffice to say, it will be funny!

"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 10.

Here are the examples for this week's competition:

- Trusting Billy Bunter. Wally D'Arcy's Check.
- Pitying Skinner. Brand New Bat.
- Todd's Gentle Ways. Why Mauveover
- Letters that Matter. Asking for Peace.
- Helping Kildare. Tubby Muffin's Waist.
- Figgin's Big Feet. Cousin's Ethel's Smell.

Now, select Two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE of the words in your sentence must commence with ONE of the letters in the example.

You must study these riles carefully before you send in your effort:

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

2. The postcards must be addressed "Poplets," No. 10, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

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

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 April 14th, 1921.

TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH to senders of the TEN BEST "POPLETS."

RESULT OF "POPLETS" No. 4.

The following readers have been awarded the ten prizes of Five Shillings in this competition:

- J. Bonston, 48, London Street, Belfast. Sent to Coventry.
- An "Unspeakable" Sentence.
- A. Gibbs, The Green, Hickling, Norwich. Deeds, Not Words.
- Silent Kindnesses.
- F. Brown, 45, Menbury, Suttley, Birmingham. The Empty Cupboard.
- "Fills" Bunter—with Dismay.
- L. Parker, 19, St. Andrew's Square, Hastings. The Prizewinner.
- We All Envy.
- H. Carmichael, Cliff House, Back Row, Cullercoats, Northumberland. The Giftwinner.
- His Zeal Rewarded.
- F. Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Perth, Glam. Deeds, Not Words.
- Whou Bunter Spots Grub.
- Miss Lily Brown, 45, Menbury Road, Washwood Heath, Birmingham. The Empty Cupboard.
- Bunter Evidently been "There."
- A. Tipping, 46, Dame Agnes Street, Nottingham. Sent to Coventry.
- Ticket Not Transferable.
- F. James jun., 519, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol. Deeds, Not Words.
- When Railton "Raises cane."
- A. Pavling, 38, Commercial Road, Peckham, S.E. 15. The Bounder.
- Once Bounder—now Sounder.

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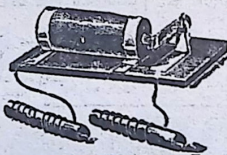


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