

THE OUTCAST OF ROOKWOOD!

A SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY INSIDE.

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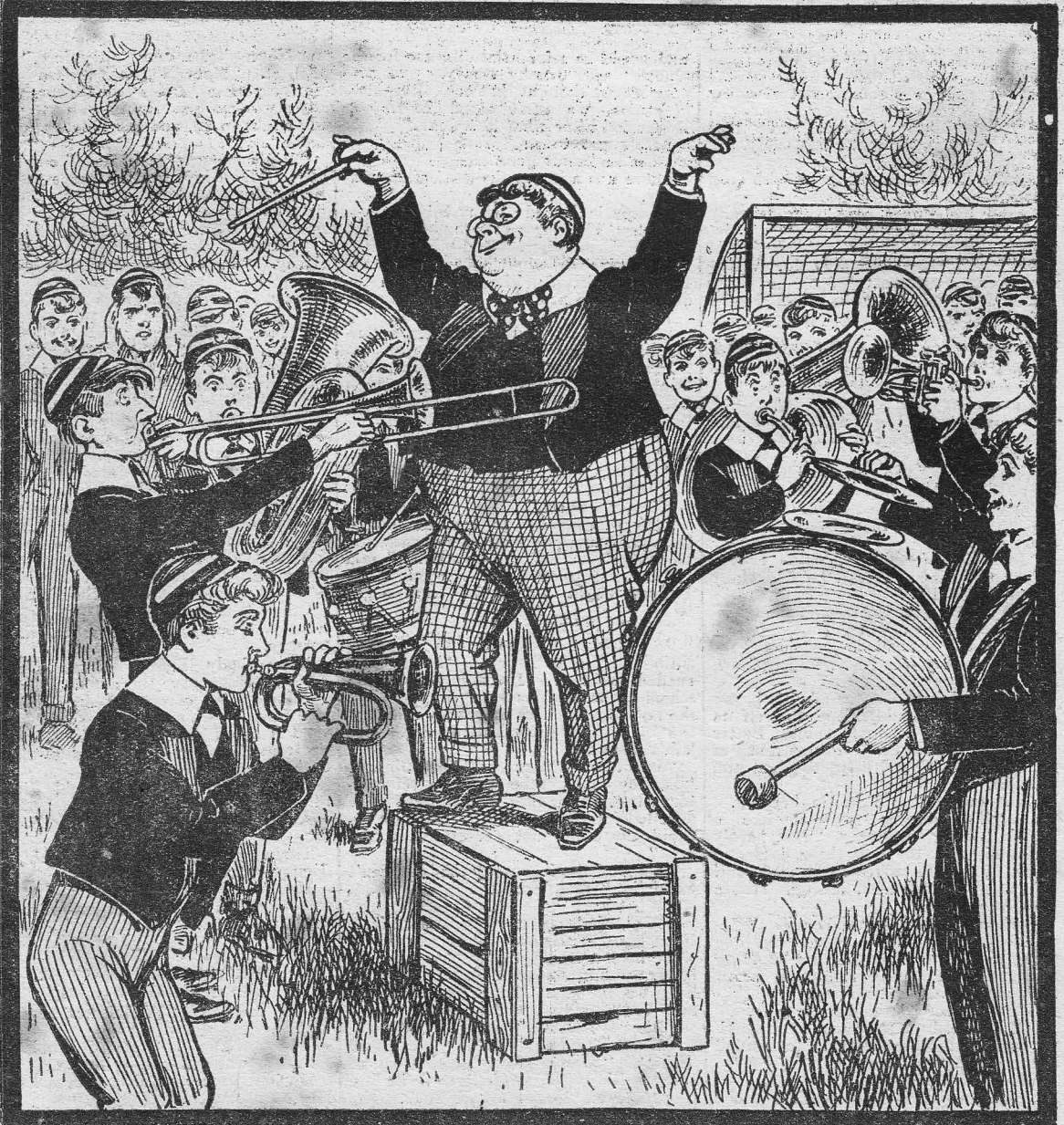
Greyfriars

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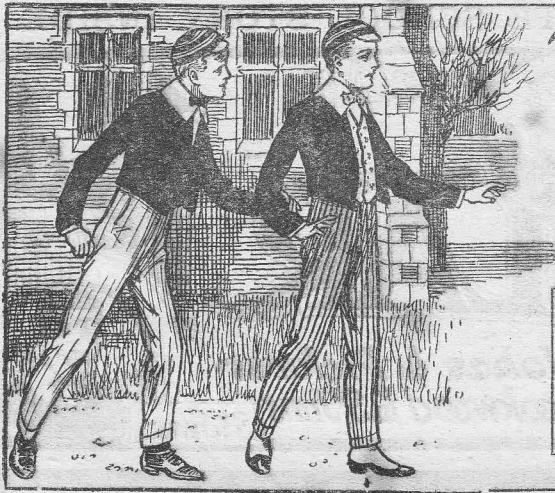
Stories, Jokes & Pictures
of Greyfriars, Rookwood & St. Jims

Rookwood St. Jims



BILLY BUNTER'S BIG BRASS BAND AT "PLAY"!

(SEE THE GRAND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT IN THIS ISSUE.)



THE OUTCAST of ROOKWOOD

A Splendid, Long, Complete Story of
JIMMY SILVER & CO., the Chums
of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Lattrey Must Go!

MORNY'S coming out of sanny to-day!"

Jimmy Silver made that remark in the end study.

"Poor old Morny!"

Arthur Edward Lovell spoke with deep feeling.

Lovell had never been very friendly with Mornington of the Fourth.

But even the fellows who liked him least felt a deep sympathy for Valentine Mornington now.

For a week Morny had lain in the school sanatorium, under the doctor's care.

Now he was coming out, to resume his old life in the school, but not under the old conditions.

For he was blind!

The greatest of all misfortunes had fallen upon Mornington, once the dandy of the Fourth.

Henceforward, the sun was blotted out of the sky for Mornington. Daylight and darkness were the same to him.

The thought of it made Jimmy Silver's heart heavy.

"Poor old Morny!" repeated Lovell. "Poor old chap! It will be frightfully rough on him!"

"He's staying at Rookwood, though?" remarked Raby.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"And coming into class?" asked Newcome.

"Yes, so I hear. After all, it's better for him. He would mope himself to death at home, I should think. Better for him to keep up his work as much as he can. We'll all help to see him through."

"Yes, rather!" said the Co. heartily.

"Erroll's sticking to him like a Trojan," said Jimmy. "He hardly closed his eyes the first three days and nights of it. He looked fairly worn out. He's going to look after Morny. He's a good chap!"

"One of the best," said Lovell. "But what about Lattrey? Isn't anything going to be done to Lattrey for handling Morny like that? He can't stay here; we won't stand him!"

Jimmy Silver's face became grim.

"Of course, he'll have to go," he said. "I hear that Morny's guardian wanted to have him prosecuted."

"Serve him right!"

"Somehow it fell through. I fancy Morny was against it."

"My hat! Morny used not to be such a forgiving chap."

"Well, it wouldn't do much good now,

and would be a frightful disgrace for the school," said Jimmy slowly. "I suppose Morny thought that out. But—but, of course, we can't stand Lattrey at Rookwood after what he's done."

"He's got to go," said Raby. "I wonder he hasn't gone already."

There was a tap at the door of the end study.

"Come in!" said Jimmy Silver.

It was Mornington Secundus, of the Second Form, who entered—the fag who was always called "Erbert" by the Rookwood fellows, his old name in the days when he had been a homeless waif.

The fag's face was pale and troubled.

Little Erbert had felt Morny's misfortune heavily.

Indeed, the one-time waif of Rookwood would rather have had the misfortune fall upon himself than upon his cousin, the once superb Morny of the Fourth.

"Hallo, kid!" said Jimmy. "Trot in!"

"Master Morny's comin' out to-day," said Erbert.

"Yes, we know."

"He won't want to see that 'ound Lattrey 'ere, when he comes—leastways, he couldn't see 'im now he's blind," said Erbert, with a catch in his voice. "But Lattrey ought not to be 'ere, ought he?"

"No."

"Sir Rupert Stackpoole was for prosecuting 'im," said Erbert. "Morny persuaded 'im not. He didn't want the school to be disgraced an' dragged into the newspapers. But everybody said that the 'Ead would turn Lattrey out. He ain't done it."

"I can't understand it," said Jimmy.

"Lattrey ought to be sent to a reformatory; but, at any rate, he will have to be expelled from Rookwood. I can't understand the Head not dealing with him yet!"

"Some of the fellers say the 'Ead can't expel 'im," said Erbert.

"What rot!"

"Well, that was wot 'appened afore. Even Mr. Bootles thought he was going, when he was in disgrace last time, an' 'is father came to see the 'Ead, and Dr. Chisholm let 'im stay. If the 'Ead's goin' to sack 'im, why ain't 'e done it?"

"Blest if I know!"

"Well, I've been thinking, sir," said Erbert. "Master Morny's comin' out of sanny. It's rotten for Lattrey to be 'ere when Master Morny comes back. The 'Ead ain't done anything. S'pose we make Lattrey go afore Master Morny comes back."

"Oh!"

"He can't be very 'appy 'ere," said Erbert. "Nobody speaks to 'im. Even 'is study-mates, Peele and Gower, won't say a word to 'im. But he's sticking 'ere. He ought to go, and the fellers ought to make 'im!"

"Right enough," said Lovell emphatically. "How he's got the nerve to stick here, after what he's done, beats me!"

"The rotter's got nerve enough for anything!" growled Newcome.

"Erbert's right," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "I can't understand Lattrey still being here, after blinding poor old Morny. He's a dangerous beast! He's got to go! We'll tell him so."

"Hear, hear!"

"You leave it to us, Erbert," said Jimmy Silver. "We'll make it plain enough to the cad."

The Fistical Four lost no time.

They left the end study at once, and Jimmy Silver muttered a few words of instruction to his followers.

The four juniors separated, and called in at the various studies.

There was immediate and unanimous backing for the Fistical Four. Not a fellow in the Classical Fourth dissented.

Van Ryn and Pons and Conroy joined up at once, and Rawson and Oswald and Topham, and the Nuts of the Fourth.

Other fellows, as soon as they heard what was on, joined the crowd in the passage.

"Everybody here?" asked Jimmy Silver, looking over the crowd.

"Everybody except Tubby Muffin," said Lovell, with a grin.

"I'm here!" squeaked Tubby, bolting up from the stairs, with a smear of jam on his fat chin.

"Follow your leader!" said Jimmy Silver.

And he strode to Lattrey's study, and thumped hard on the door.

There was no answer from within, but Jimmy did not wait for one.

He hurried the door open and strode into the study, with his followers crowding at his heels.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Jimmy Silver's Resolve!

MARK LATTREY was alone in the study.

The outcast of Rookwood was not looking happy.

He had been a good deal of a hermit for the past week.

Frozen silence and scornful looks greeted him when he appeared among his Form-fellows.

Peele and Gower avoided the study,

and did their prep in other fellows' quarters.

The black sheep of Rookwood had often been near the limit before. This time he had passed it, and there was no possible forgiveness.

His hatred of Mornington had led him too far. True, he had not foreseen the result of his reckless and brutal act.

He had struck the dandy of the Fourth with a heavy metal candlestick, the first weapon that came to hand, not knowing or caring what injury he might do.

Even his hard heart had felt a twinge of remorse when he learned that Valentine Mornington had lost his sight as the result of that brutal blow.

But remorse was swallowed up ere long, in fear for himself.

He had breathed more freely when he found that the law was not to take cognizance of his action.

And since then he had begun to hope that the affair would blow over.

He did not fear expulsion from the school. He knew that his father possessed an influence over the Head which had saved him before.

He felt certain that it would save him again, and with each passing day that certainty became more assured.

But he had reckoned without the Rookwood fellows.

So far from the thing blowing over, their scorn and detestation of the cad of the Fourth only intensified.

His shamelessness in remaining in the school, after what he had done, added, if possible, to their contempt and disgust.

Lattrey was stretched in the study arm-chair, smoking a cigarette, when Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived.

He started as the door was thrown open, and took the cigarette from his lips.

The crowd of grim faces in the doorway made him wince.

He rose to his feet, the cigarette in his fingers.

"What do you want, Silver?" he snapped harshly.

"Come in, you fellows!" said Jimmy.

The Fourth-Formers crowded into the study, as many as there was room for.

The rest crowded the doorway and the passage outside.

"We're all here, Lattrey," said Jimmy Silver. "You can see there's the whole Classical Fourth. I'm taking the lead, as captain of the Form, but we're all of one mind."

"You bet!" said Conroy tersely.

"It's a week since you struck Mornington down," went on Jimmy. "You're still at Rookwood."

"Well?" sneered Lattrey.

"I don't know why the Head hasn't kicked you out yet."

"I fancy the Head isn't going to kick me out, either!"

"Then you're thinking of staying in the school?" roared Lovell.

"Certainly!"

"After what you've done?" exclaimed Oswald.

Lattrey set his lips.

"I never meant to hurt Morny," he said. "You know that! I was fighting him, and I—I caught up the candlestick. I never dreamed that he would be so much hurt. You all know that!"

"You didn't know, and didn't care, you cur!" said Van Ryn.

"Morny may get well, too," said Lattrey. "The doctor said the case wasn't absolutely hopeless. It's an injury to the optic nerve, and—"

"There may be a chance of that," said Jimmy Silver. "It's a slim chance, and it doesn't alter what you've done. You've blinded Mornington, and you're not fit to be at Rookwood. You're not

fit to go to a reformatory, for that matter; you're not fit to live anywhere outside Prussia. But you've got to get out of Rookwood."

"That's for the Head to decide."

"The Head's a long time making up his mind. Morny's coming back to-day, and you're not going to be here when he comes."

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you mean to say that you won't go?" demanded Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Well, you're going. If you like to go and pack your box, we'll give you time, and then we'll see you off."

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Lattrey contemptuously. "I'm not going."

"That's done it!" shouted Lovell. "Collar him and kick him out!"

"Hands off!" yelled Lattrey, springing back. "I tell you—Hands off, you fools! I'll shout for help!"

"Shout away, you cad!"

The juniors rushed at Lattrey.

He fought savagely as their grasp closed on him. But he was powerless in the grasp of so many hands.

"Have him out!" roared Conroy.

"Kick him out!"

"Shove him along!"

Struggling in the grasp of five or six fellows, Mark Lattrey was whirled through the doorway, into the passage.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help! Bulkeley! Mr. Bootles! Help!"

"Shut up, you rotter!"

"Yank him along!"

"Help!"

In a rush of excited juniors, Lattrey was borne along, struggling, to the stairs, and shrieking for help.

There was a heavy footstep on the stairs, and Bulkeley of the Sixth strode into the Fourth Form passage.

"Help, Bulkeley!" screamed Lattrey.

"Stop that!" exclaimed the captain of Rookwood angrily. "What are you young sweeps up to?"

There was a roar at once.

"We're turning Lattrey out!"

"He's got to go!"

"Stop, I tell you!" rapped out Bulkeley.

He strode among the juniors, and grasped Lattrey, jerking him away from the hands that clutched him.

The juniors stood round, angry, panting, a good deal like wolves at bay.

They were very much inclined to rush Bulkeley himself. But the captain of Rookwood was very popular, and the habit of discipline was strong.

"Look here, Bulkeley, he's got to go!" shouted Lovell.

"That's not for you to decide," said the prefect gruffly.

"Morny's coming out of the sunny to-day; that fellow can't be here when he comes!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "It's not decent."

"I know that as well as you do," growled Bulkeley. "I don't know why he's not turned out yet. But you can depend on it that he will be expelled. There isn't the slightest doubt about that. Do you think the Head can possibly let him stay, you young asses?"

"Why hasn't he gone already, then?" demanded Flynn.

"I don't know," said Bulkeley frankly.

"But it's for the Head to decide, not for you. Lattrey, go into your study!"

Lattrey, panting, scuttled into his room, followed by furious glances. But not a hand was raised now to touch him.

"Mind, you're to let that young villain alone!" said Bulkeley warningly. "I'll look over this, as I understand how you feel about it, but don't let there be any more of it. No rioting here, or you'll

hear from me. Lattrey's not to be touched!"

And with that, the captain of Rookwood turned and strode away.

The Classical juniors looked at one another.

"I—I suppose we've got to let old Bulkeley have his way!" murmured Raby uncertainly.

"I—I suppose so."

"Why doesn't the Head sack him, if he's going to?" growled Higgs.

"There's something fishy about it," said Oswald. "Lattrey thinks he's not going to be expelled."

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.

"We'll do as Bulkeley says," he said. "We can't very well do anything else. We'll let him alone. But if he stays here much longer, we'll take the law into our own hands, and expel him from Rookwood ourselves. If he's here tomorrow, we'll send a round robin to the Head, demanding his expulsion."

"Good egg!"

"And if the Head doesn't do it, we'll do it."

"My hat!"

"Hear, hear!" shouted Lovell.

"That's the game!"

And most of the Classical Fourth concurred.

The Head was to be given one more chance to do his obvious duty, and if he did not do it, then the juniors of Rookwood would take the matter into their own hands.

And serious as that step undoubtedly was, it was certain that Jimmy Silver would have plenty of support in taking it.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Blind!

"TAKE my arm, old chap!"

Kit Erroll spoke softly.

The junior by his side was groping strangely, as he moved down the gravel path in the hospital garden.

Erroll's face was kind and tender.

The friendship between Mornington and Kit Erroll was deep and sincere, but, in the quiet British way, it was seldom that either of them showed an outward sign of it.

But Mornington's blindness had altered that.

Now, the once reckless and daring Mornington was as helpless as a child, and he needed all his friend's care. And it was given unstintingly.

Morny, after his week in the sanatorium, looked little different from of old.

There was still traces of the bruises on his face, but his half-closed eyes did not seem at the first glance to be sightless.

It was from his manner that it was evident that he was moving in deep darkness, while the sun shone upon his face.

How Morny would take it was a puzzle to his schoolfellows. He was taking it quietly.

At first there had been misery and wild despair—he had called for death to put him out of his helpless misery. But he had calmed.

There was a reserve of strength and courage in Morny's nature that helped him to bear this most fearful of all misfortunes.

He did not intend to let it knock him over.

In helpless darkness, he was still to some extent the proud old Mornington; he would not "go under." Instead of feebly cursing his fate, he would bear up under it with grim endurance.

His whole proud nature shrank from

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moving the pity of others. Pity was the worst that he feared.

The sun in the heavens was dark to him, but he was still Mornington, proud and unsubdued.

Erroll watched him anxiously, keeping close to him.

It was like Morny to attempt to walk alone, as soon as he was outside the building.

The gravel crunched under his feet.

"Morny, old fellow—" murmured Erroll.

"Let me alone, Kit. I know this path. Dash it all, a fellow ought to be able to follow a path he knows with his eyes shut!" said Mornington. "Let me try."

He swung on, followed closely by Erroll.

His chum's arm caught him.

"Don't!" snapped Morny. "I'm going right— Oh, gad!" He stretched out his hand, and touched the bark of the tree before him, into which he would have walked but for Erroll's restraining hand.

He stood quite still for some moments, his face flushing and paling, his breath coming thick.

Erroll watched him, with inexpressible pain in his face.

"By gad!" Mornington spoke at last. "I'm a fool, Kit—the same old fool—swankin', as usual! I can't walk a yard by myself. By gad, you'd better get me a dog to lead me on a string!"

He laughed—a laugh so full of sardonic bitterness, that Erroll shivered to hear it.

"Morny!" he muttered.

"Catch hold of me, Kit—guide me!" said Mornington. "I won't play the fool again!"

Erroll took his arm.

They moved down the path, and Erroll opened the gate into the quadrangle.

"So it's come to this!" said Mornington. "That's the quad we're getting into, Erroll?"

"Yes, Morny."

"There's a beech-tree close—only a yard or two away, I remember."

"It is close by you, Morny."

"An' I can't see it. Kit, old man, will you do me a favour?"

"Anything."

"Lead me down to the river, then, and put me on the landin'-raft, and leave me there."

"Morny, old chap, you don't know how you hurt me, when you talk like that," said Erroll, in a stifled voice. "Don't, old chap! I know how bad it is! Goodness knows, I know that! But—"

"Only jokin', dear boy," said Mornington lightly. "I'm all right. As soon as I can hobble about with a stick, I sha'n't worry you any more."

"You'll never worry me, Morny."

"You're a good fellow, Kit, but you'll get fed up," grinned the blind junior. "I should, I know that! After a week or two—"

"I shall not get fed up, Morny," said Erroll quietly. "I don't believe you really think so, either. And I know you'd do as much for me, as I'm going to do for you, old fellow."

"Perhaps."

"I know it! I've got eyes for both of us now," said Erroll cheerfully. "I'm only thankful that I'm here, Morny, and able to look after you. That's the only comfort for me now. This way, old son!"

"Blind!" muttered Mornington, as his chum led his uncertain steps towards the School House. "Blind! I've heard of people, but I've never thought about it. Lots of soldiers have got it—blinded in the trenches—and they haven't got the

thing I've got to help make up for it. Poor chaps! Poor chaps!"

Erroll's eyes were moist.

Mornington could think of others, as well as himself, while his misfortune lay so heavily upon him.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Face to Face!

JIMMY SILVER ran forward, as Erroll came up the steps of the School House with his unseeing chum.

"Hallo, Morny!" said Jimmy heartily. "Glad to see you out again!"

"Thanks!" said Mornington. "Sorry I can't say the same—can't see, you know. Feelin' very sympathetic?"

Jimmy looked at him curiously.

Morny was evidently in a bitter and sardonic mood; he was still the Morny of old. But the blind junior could say what he liked without giving offence.

"Certainly, Morny!" said Jimmy. "No harm in feeling sympathetic, I suppose. But never mind that. You're looking jolly well."

"Oh, good!" said Morny, more agreeably.

"We've been waiting for you," continued Jimmy. "Tea-time, you know. Ready for tea?"

"Oh, yes!"

"There's a spread in the end study—a feast of the gods," said Jimmy impressively. "We've had to watch Tubby Muffin like a hawk to keep him from scoffing it."

"Ha, ha!"

Jimmy grinned with satisfaction; he had succeeded in making Morny laugh, at all events.

"You're awfully good!" said Mornington. "I'm afraid I should be a bit too much trouble, though."

It was the touchiness of the blind again. But Jimmy had tact.

"My dear chap, we sha'n't let you be a trouble," he answered. "We don't stand on ceremony in the end study. Buck up! Lovell's making the cocoa. You don't mind having no tea for tea? Tea's off."

"I'd rather not—"

"Trot along, then," said Jimmy, deaf to Mornington's half-uttered refusal.

"I'll get along, and see that the eggs aren't boiled hard. Can't trust Newcome."

Jimmy scudded up the stairs.

"Come on, Morny!" said Erroll.

"Hold on, here's Bootles," said Morny coolly.

Erroll looked at him in astonishment.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, had just stepped out of his study, though how the blind junior knew it was a mystery.

Mornington chuckled. He felt, though he could not see, the surprise in his chum's face.

"I know his step, you ass," he said. "When you can't see your eyes, your ears get sharper. Isn't it Bootles?"

"Yes, Morny."

"My dear Mornington!" Mr. Bootles came up, rustling and sympathetic. "My dear lad, I am very glad to see you amongst us once more!"

"Thank you, sir!"

"You are feeling well, my dear boy?"

"Rippin', sir!"

"My dear Mornington, I am very, very glad to see that you are not repining," said the master of the Fourth.

"Not at all, sir. The fact is, I'm enjoyin' it."

"What—what?" ejaculated Mr. Bootles.

"It's really quite a novel, an' entertainin' experience, sir," said Mornington

calmly. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

He blinked at Mornington over his glasses. Morny was quite grave, and surely he could not be suspected of pulling his Form-master's leg!

Mr. Bootles coughed, and coughed again, very much perplexed. And Mornington went up the staircase with his chum's guiding hand on his arm.

Mornington chuckled when they reached the landing.

"I think old Bootles must have been a bit flummoxed, Kit," he murmured.

"He was a bit surprised, at any rate," said Erroll, laughing. "What were you pulling his leg for, you duffer?"

"I don't want his dashed snuffy sympathy!"

Erroll made no reply to that.

"Hallo, Morny! Top of the afternoon to yez!" shouted Flynn from his study doorway.

"Hallo, fathead!" was Morny's reply. Tubby Muffin came scudding up.

"Morny, old chap! Hallo, Morny!" squeaked Tubby. "I say, Morny, how does it feel to be blind?"

"How does it feel to be a born idiot?" asked Mornington.

"Eh?"

"You answer my question, and I'll answer yours."

"Oh, I say, Morny—"

"Kick him for me, Erroll!"

"Why, you beast," howled Tubby indignantly, "I was going to say I felt jolly sorry for you, and now I won't!"

"Will you kick him, Kit?"

Tubby Muffin scuttled away without waiting to be kicked.

He confided to half the Fourth that Mornington was as big a beast as he had ever been, and that he, Reginald Muffin, wasn't going to bother his head about him, for one.

Mornington chatted cheerily during tea, and when he left with Erroll afterwards, he left an impression behind him of cheery contentment.

"Morny's standin' it jolly well," Lovell remarked. "Blest if I thought he'd be so cool about it!"

"He's got lots of pluck," said Jimmy Silver.

And on that point certainly there was no doubt.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Whip-hand!

LATTREY'S pater, by Jove!"

It was the following morning, and near time for lessons, when the cab from the station stopped at the School House, and a hard-featured man descended.

The Fistical Four recognised him at once.

They had seen Lattrey's father once before, and they had not liked his looks.

It was known at Rookwood that Lucas Lattrey was the head of a firm of inquiry agents, and was, in fact, a detective—or a spy, as Mornington had preferred to put it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. glanced at him curiously as he passed into the House. Jimmy looked relieved.

"He's come for Lattrey," he said.

"All the better," said Lovell, equally relieved. "I couldn't imagine what the Head was at, letting that rotter hang on here. I suppose he was leaving it till his father could come for him."

The news spread in the Classical Fourth that Lattrey's father had come, and was in the Head's study. Nobody doubted that Mr. Lattrey had come to fetch his

son away from the school, and the relief was general.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy Silver & Co. were taking a little too much for granted, as they would have learned if they could have heard what was passing in Dr. Chisholm's study just then.

The Head of Rookwood rose hurriedly to his feet as Mr. Lattrey was shown in. His face, which the juniors always knew as calm and composed, expressing little of human feeling, was agitated and tense.

Mr. Lattrey wore a grim expression.

"You received my letter?" exclaimed the Head, motioning his visitor to a chair.

"That is why I am here!"

"It is several days since I wrote."

"I am a busy man!"

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips.

There was an almost brutal terseness in Mr. Lattrey's manner.

"Well, you understand from my letter that—"

"That is what I have called to see you about," said Mr. Lattrey quietly. "You tell me that you wish my son to leave Rookwood. You told me so before, and I explained to you that I could not consent. I have only the same answer to make now."

"The case is altered now, Mr. Lattrey," said the Head, in a low, clear voice. "On the previous occasion your son had been guilty of rascally conduct. I should have sent him away from Rookwood. You held over my head the threat of revealing to the world the disgrace of my younger brother, and covering me with shame. That is what is called blackmail."

"You did not ask me here to tell me that, I presume?"

"No! I wish to tell you that the case is altered—your son, going from bad to worse, has acted in a way that cannot be forgiven. I explained the circumstances in my letter. He has blinded one of his schoolfellows, by a brutal blow struck with a weapon!"

"An accident," said Mr. Lattrey tartly. "I have heard from my son, explaining the matter. He was attacked—"

"A schoolboy fight," said the Head. "But—"

"He struck Mornington to protect himself, and there was an unfortunate result—a quite unforeseeable accident."

"No doubt he has told you so," said Dr. Chisholm, his lip curling. "Mark Lattrey is incapable of truth, as he is incapable of honourable conduct of any kind."

"I do not think so!"

"That is my observation, as his headmaster. After such an occurrence, Mr. Lattrey, the boy cannot remain in the school. Mornington's guardian was with difficulty dissuaded from prosecuting him. It was Mornington, who suffered by his brutality, who pleaded with Sir Rupert Stackpoole not to bring that disgrace upon Rookwood. Sir Rupert will be satisfied if the boy goes. He must go! You can see that for yourself."

Mr. Lattrey's jaw set squarely.

"He cannot leave!"

"Mr. Lattrey!"

"We may as well speak plainly, sir," said Mr. Lattrey, in his cold, incisive tones. "Expulsion from a school of the standing of Rookwood is a lifelong disgrace. My son could never live it down. I shall not see him begin life handicapped in this manner, while I can prevent it."

"It does not rest with you. You will take him away with you, when you go, or I shall direct a prefect to take him to the railway-station!"

"You mean that?" asked Mr. Lattrey calmly.

"Yes."

"Very well." The detective took up his hat. "Then I need stay no longer. I take it for granted that you have considered all the consequences of your action."

The Head drew a panting breath.

"You—you mean that you will proceed to reveal to the public the shameful secret I have guarded so many years, and which you learned in a way no honourable man could have used?" he exclaimed.

"Put it as you like! You are very well aware, Dr. Chisholm, that you could not retain your present post if that secret were known."

"I know it!" muttered the Head.

"If my son leaves Rookwood, you leave Rookwood!" said Mr. Lattrey coolly. "If he leaves in disgrace, you leave in disgrace. And you have a wife—a child—to share your disgrace! Have you thought of them?"

Dr. Chisholm pressed his hand to his brow.

"Heaven knows I have thought of them!" he said falteringly. "But—but I must do my duty. And my duty is to compel your son to leave this school, where he is not fit to associate with any of my boys."

"Do your duty, and I will do mine!" said Mr. Lattrey. "Good-morning, sir! It is war between us, and you have chosen it."

"Stop!" exclaimed the Head huskily. "You have me in your power, and you know it! If nothing will move you—"

"I have already answered."

"I—I will think what can be done," faltered the Head.

Mr. Lattrey, unmoved, glanced at his watch.

"I am a busy man," he said. "I have a return train to catch. It was only with great difficulty I was able to call here. I must ask for your final decision within five minutes."

He waited, watch in hand.

Dr. Chisholm sat at his desk, a stunned look upon his face.

He knew that he was under the detective's thumb, that he dared not quarrel with him.

He had hoped, vaguely, that even Mr. Lattrey would see that it was impossible for his son to remain at Rookwood School. But at the first sight of the detective's iron face, he had realised that his hope was a delusion.

There was neither understanding nor mercy there.

Mr. Lattrey closed his watch with a snap, and returned it to his pocket.

His steely eyes questioned the Head of Rookwood.

"Well?" he said. "Does my son stay or go?"

"I—I—"

"Please answer!"

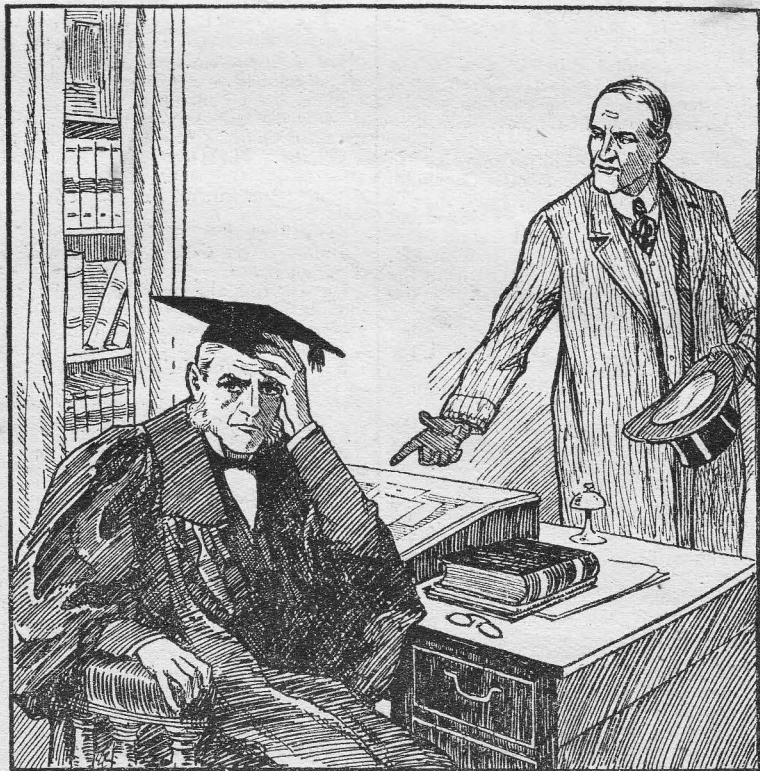
"You—you insist—"

"I have said so."

"Then—then I—I will see what can be done. I—I will let him stay—for the present, at least," muttered the Head. "Heaven forgive you, Mr. Lattrey, for your wickedness! Go! Your son shall stay!"

"Good-morning!" said Mr. Lattrey calmly.

He quitted the study.



"If my son leaves Rookwood, you leave Rookwood!" said Mr. Lattrey coolly. "If he leaves in disgrace, you leave in disgrace. You—and your wife—and child. Have you thought of them?" Dr. Chisholm pressed a hand to his brow. "But—but I must do my duty!" he faltered.

(See Chapter 5.)

NEXT FRIDAY!

"LINLEY TO THE RESCUE!"

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

A minute later the Rookwood fellows saw him step into his cab—alone! He had not even seen his son.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared blankly after the vehicle as it rolled away.

"He's—he's gone!" said Lovell.

"And Lattrey hasn't!"

Jimmy rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"The rotter must be going!" he said.

"He's bound to go! Anyway, the sentence of the Fourth holds good. If he's still here after dinner we send a round robin to the Head."

The cab-wheels died away in the distance.

Mark Lattrey, looking from his study window, smiled.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Round Robin!

MORNINGTON came into the Fourth Form room, with Erroll's hand on his arm.

The sightless junior was guided to his place by his chum.

So far as possible, Mornington was to participate, as before, in the work of the Form.

There was much that he could no longer do, but there was no need for him to give up everything.

All eyes were on Mornington as he sat down. He knew it, though he could not see.

Lattrey glanced at him very curiously.

Mr. Bootles was very kind and considerate to Mornington. So was everyone in the Form.

There was a calm and cheerful expression on Mornny's face.

Bitter as his affliction was, he would not allow his feelings to appear in his face. And the determined effort to keep up a cheerful countenance helped him to real cheerfulness.

It was hammering in his mind all the time that he would not be an object of pity. He was blind—he was almost helpless, but no one should hear him complain.

Only once a flash of bitter anger passed over his face as Mr. Bootles spoke to Lattrey by name.

Lattrey was there, within a dozen feet of him—Lattrey, who had struck him down and darkened his eyes, and his life.

Lattrey was still there, still within the walls of Rookwood, in sight of the terrible harm he had done!

Some of the fellows wondered what Lattrey was made of that he had the nerve to remain.

But it would not be for long. Jimmy Silver was determined on that.

It was simply inexplicable why the Head did not expel him. But if the Head had forgotten his duty the school was ready to remind him of it.

After the Fourth were dismissed Jimmy Silver stopped Lattrey in the passage.

"You still here, Lattrey?" he said quietly.

"Looks like it!" sneered Lattrey.

"You're not under orders to go?"

"Not at all!"

"The Head hasn't even sent for you?"

"Oh, no!"

"And you intend to stay?"

"Certainly!"

"Then it's time for us to set to work," said Jimmy quietly; and he turned his back on Lattrey.

The latter sauntered out into the quadrangle, still with a sneering smile on his face.

He was not without hopes that the affair would blow over in time, and be forgotten.

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"BY ORDER OF THE FOURTH!"

Mornington might leave, and then he would have a better chance of living down his blackest deed in a rascally career.

At all events, he was resolved to "stick it out."

But Jimmy Silver was resolved, too.

After dinner there was a meeting in the junior Common-room, and it was attended by Moderns as well as Classicals.

Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern side, were at one with Jimmy Silver in this matter.

Erroll was in the quadrangle with Mornington, but nearly all the rest of the Fourth were present. And a crowd of the Shell, the Third, and the Second had come in to swell the meeting.

Never had the Lower School, Classicals, and Moderns alike been so unanimous on any subject.

Jimmy Silver mounted on a chair. "Gentlemen of Rookwood—" he began.

"Go it, Jimmy!"

"I've only a few words to say. You all know what Lattrey of the Fourth has done?"

"Yes, the rotter!"

"Rotten Classical cad!" came from Tommy Cook.

"Shut up, you Modern!"

"Pile in, Jimmy Silver!"

"You all know what he's done. You know that Mornny, the fellow he's injured, stood between him and prison. For some reason I don't profess to understand the Head won't turn him out of the school. The Head's got to turn him out!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I propose that a round robin be sent to the Head, calling upon him to expel Lattrey at once!" pursued Jimmy Silver.

"Bravo!"

"The document will be written out and signed in the form of a round robin by every chap present. Hands up for the round robin!"

Every hand went up.

"Good!" said Jimmy, jumping down from the chair. "We'll strike while the iron's hot. The Head goes to his study after lunch, and we'll let him have the round robin there, before afternoon lessons!"

"Good egg!"

Jimmy Silver took a pen and a sheet of impot paper.

He chewed the handle of the pen thoughtfully for a few moments, the juniors crowding round him and looking on eagerly.

But the captain of the Fourth was soon at work.

His pen glided rapidly over the paper, and the juniors buzzed approval as they read what he wrote.

"Put it plain enough, Jimmy!" said Lovell.

"Yes, rather!"

"I'm doing it," said Jimmy. "No chance of the Head making any mistake about that."

The epistle to the Head was finished at last, and Jimmy Silver signed his name to it first.

The Co. followed, then the three Colonials, then Tommy Dodd and his chums, and then, in order, nearly all the Fourth, the Shell, and the Third, and some of the Second Form.

'Erbert's name—"Mornington II."—was written with especial emphasis. The names were in a circle round the document, and the paper was covered with the army of signatures.

The round robin was complete at last.

"Now, that's got to be taken to the Head!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Ahem!"

Smythe & Co. of the Shell sauntered

out of the Common-room. They had signed the paper, but they did not want to interview the Head.

"I'll take it!" said Jimmy Silver at last. "I'll slip it under his study door, and tap, and—and clear!"

"Good egg! That's all right!"

And the many signatures on the round robin having been blotted and dried, Jimmy Silver slipped the sheet under his jacket, and made his way to Dr. Chisholm's study.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Coming to a Climax!

THE Head of Rookwood was alone in his study.

He was sitting at his table, his head drooping, his chin resting on his hands. His expression was one of utter dejection.

The Head had a strong sense of duty, and he knew that it was his duty to turn the black sheep of Rookwood out of the school. But—

But he was in the detective's power.

Lucas Lattrey knew that miserable old secret, so long and so carefully guarded, and the old gentleman's whole nature shrank from the bitter shame of it if all should be dragged out into the light of day.

He was feeling weary and tired as he thought it over, and had sunk into deep and melancholy reflection, when he was aroused by a sudden tap at his study door.

He glanced at the door, and to his astonishment saw that a sheet of paper had been slipped under it into the room.

There was a sound of receding footsteps in the corridor without.

The Head sat for some moments gazing in surprise at the sheet of paper that lay just within the room.

He rose at last, crossed the study, and picked it up.

He started violently as he looked at the thickly-scrawled paper. For this is what he read:

"Sir,—We, the Lower School of Rookwood, consider that Mark Lattrey, of the Fourth Form, should not be allowed to remain in the school. We are surprised that he has not been expelled from Rookwood, and we beg to point out that we cannot, and will not, tolerate him in the school, and we humbly and respectfully call upon you, sir, to send him away at once.

"As witness our signatures:"

Then followed a circle of names, beginning with "J. Silver."

Dr. Chisholm held the paper in his hand, staring at it blankly. At first it was astonishment and dismay that were expressed in his face. But anger soon followed. Kind-hearted man as the Head was, he was severe also, and he had a very strong sense of discipline.

Circumstances had compelled him to come to a decision which he knew was wrong.

But he was still headmaster of Rookwood, entitled to the unquestioning obedience of the school, and determined to exact that unquestioning obedience to the last jot and tittle.

His brow grew darker and darker.

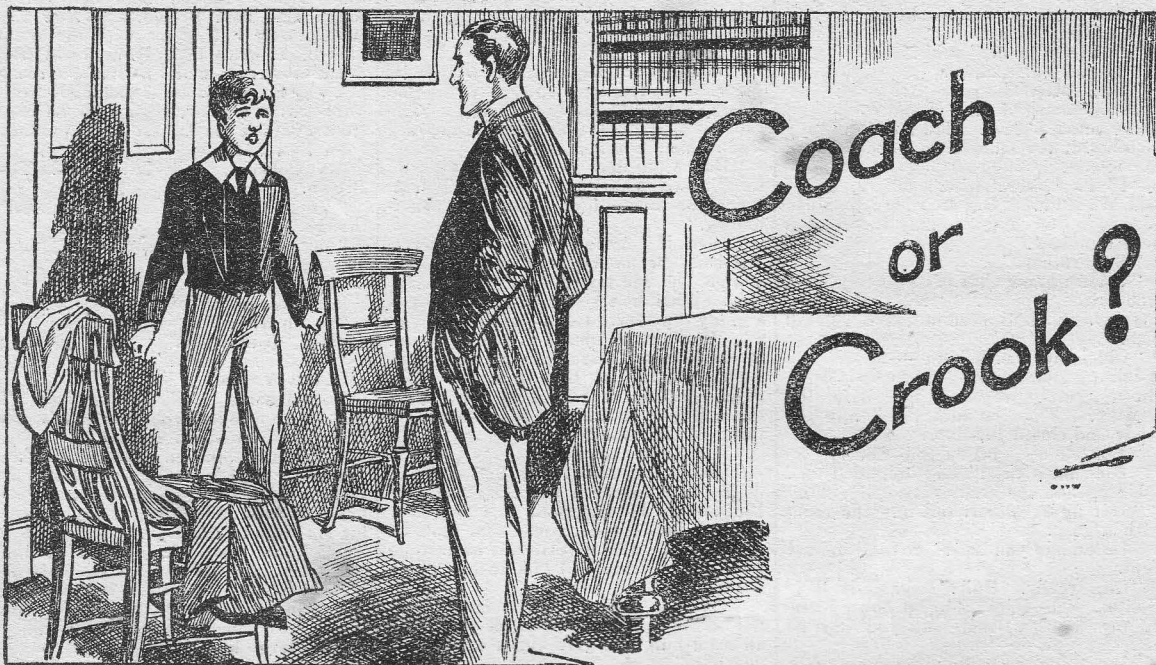
He touched the bell at last, and sent the page for Mr. Bootles. He was seated at his desk, the paper before him, when the Form-master entered.

He was quite calm again now, but his brows were knitted.

Mr. Bootles was not looking quite his

(Continued on page 16.)

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Early Adventures of HARRY WHARTON & CO. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry Gets Bad News!

"THE rotter!"
"Crash!"
"Oh!"

Bob Cherry of the Remove had been reading a letter for the last five minutes in his study at Greyfriars. Mark Linley, his study-mate, was hard at work at the table on a Greek exercise. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky junior of the Remove, was watching Bob Cherry's face, as he read, with a curious and friendly interest. Bob Cherry's face had been growing darker and darker as he progressed through the letter; and as he reached the end, and the signature, he uttered an angry exclamation and crumpled the letter in his hand, and banged it down upon the table with a terrific bang.

"The cad!"

Mark Linley jumped.

Bob Cherry, in his excitement, had fairly made the table dance, and the ink had splashed out of the inkpot, and from Mark's pen. Mark Linley's Greek exercise looked more Greek than ever.

"Oh, Bob!"

"The beast!"

"Look here—"

"The rotten cad!"

"But, I say—"

"The beastly outsider!"

Mark Linley looked at his study-mate in amazement. Bob Cherry sometimes got excited; but it was very unusual to see him angry. The letter had had a very disturbing effect upon the most sunny and good-tempered fellow in the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

"I say, Bob—" began Mark mildly.

Bang!

The table danced again.

"Bob, old man—"

"The awful cad!"

"Take it calmly, old man," said Mark soothingly. "What is it—a tailor's bill?"

"No, ass! The beast!"

"The beastfulness of the esteemed Bob's correspondent must be terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I—I—I— Oh, the cad!"

"Hallo! Anything the matter here?"

asked Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, looking into the study. "What are you getting your wool off about, Bob?"

"The rotter!"

"There was a letter for you, with a foreign postmark," said Harry Wharton.

"I was going to bring it up—"

"It's all right; Johnny Bull brought it!" said Mark. "I wish he'd left it downstairs. Bob has gone dotty since he's read it!"

"The outsider!"

"Who's the outsider, cad, rotter, beast, and the rest?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Anybody at Greyfriars?"

"No, ass!"

"Oh, good! Anybody we know?"

"No, fathead!"

"Good again! Anybody you know?" asked Harry Wharton, with undiminished good-humour.

"Yes, chump!"

"Well, go into the box-room and say things about him," suggested Mark Linley. "I've got to do my exercise over again."

Bob Cherry looked at the spoiled exercise for the first time.

"I'm sorry, Marky, old man!" he said.

"Yes, I should think you were," said the Lancashire junior grimly. "There's a good hour's work spoiled."

"Oh, I'm sorry! But if you knew—"

Bob Cherry crumpled the letter harder in his fist.

"Well, I don't know," said Mark.

"But you can tell me if you like—if it's not a secret. I'm really to sympathise."

"Same here," said Harry Wharton cordially.

"The samefulness of my esteemed and

judicious self is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry glanced at the letter again. Then his brows knitted again, and he gave a stamp upon the floor.

"Oh, the rotter!"

"Hallo! He's beginning again!"

Johnny Bull of the Remove came into the study, and Frank Nugent followed him in. Billy Bunter blinked in at the doorway through his big spectacles.

"Order!" said Johnny Bull. "I'll hold your jacket, Bob."

"And I'll hold the other party's," said Frank Nugent. "Let's have things in order."

Bob Cherry stared at them. "What are you jabbering about?" he asked politely.

"Isn't it a fight?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No, fathead!"

"Oh, I thought it must be! I could hear you half-way down the passage," said Johnny Bull. "We came in to see fair play."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The esteemed Bob is somewhat excited over an esteemed letter from his august correspondent," said Hurree Singh.

"The beast!"

"Chorus, gentleman!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But the laugh died away as the juniors saw the look of real distress that came over Bob Cherry's face as his excitement died down.

"I say, is there anything really the matter, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, in a tone of concern.

"Yes," said Bob Cherry shortly. "I'm sorry, old man! Can we help you?"

"No."

"Don't mind us," said Nugent. "If it relieves you to ramp, Bob, then ramp away!"

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"LINLEY TO THE RESCUE!"

"Fathead!"
 "Not bad news from home, is it?" asked Mark Linley.
 "Not from home," said Bob.
 "Then it's bad news?"
 "Yes, rotten!"

The chums of the Remove looked grave enough now. Bad news for any member of the famous Co. concerned all the rest.

"If it's a secret, don't tell us, Bob," said Wharton. "But if it isn't, you can confide in us, and we may be able to help somehow."

"Yes, rather!"

"I don't know that it's a secret," said Bob, after a pause. "Not among us, anyway. Kick Bunter out, and I'll tell you!"

"Oh, I say, you fellows—"

Johnny Bull swooped down upon Billy Bunter, and propelled him into the passage. Then he came back into the study and closed the door.

"You see—" began Bob Cherry.

"Hold on a tick!" said Johnny Bull.

He opened the study door suddenly.

A fat figure almost fell into the room with a gasp.

"Listening, you cad!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I—I just stooped down to tie up my shoelace, and—and you startled me. Ow—ow—"

"I'm going to startle you some more," said Johnny Bull, beginning operations on Bunter with a very heavy boot. "Take that—and that—and that—"

"Ow, ow! Yow!"

"And that—and that—"

Bunter fled down the passage.

Johnny Bull closed the door again, secure now from the spying of the Owl of the Remove. Bob Cherry crumpled the letter hard in his hand, looking as if he wished that he were crumpling the writer instead.

"Well, Bob?"

"It's from my cousin," said Bob.

The juniors looked surprised. Letters from relations might be a bore—generally were, in fact. But a letter from a cousin did not seem an adequate cause for Bob Cherry's anger and excitement.

"Wants to borrow money?" hazarded Johnny Bull.

"No, chump!"

"Oh, my mistake! Go on!"

"It's from my cousin—Paul Tyrrell," said Bob.

"Well?"

"The beastly cad!"

"Oh, it's your cousin who's the rotter, is it?" said Harry Wharton, in wonder.

"Yes. The rottenest, rankest outsider! You see, he left England in disgrace. He was in a bank, and he speculated with cash that wasn't his. And he would have been prosecuted if the family hadn't rallied round to save him. My poor old pater had to stomp up with the rest, and you know the pater hasn't much money to spare. It hit him pretty hard; but he stood his whack with the others to keep that rotter out of chokey, where he ought to have gone, and save the family name. The condition was that Paul should bunk, and he bunked. Of course, nobody ever expected to see the waster in England again. That was understood. He's in danger if he comes back, and the family are in danger of disgrace. And now he's come back."

"Rotten!" said Wharton sympathetically. "What's he come back for?"

"Money, I suppose!" said Bob Cherry savagely. "He says he can't get on in the Colonies. They only want hard workers there, and he wasn't born for

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hard work. He's coming home—in fact, he's come, and he says he's coming to see me!"

"You!"

"So he says. He says I'm not to be surprised if I see him any day." Bob Cherry's hands clenched hard. "The cad! You'd think that common decency would make him keep away."

"But what does he want to see you for?" asked Wharton. "You can't stand much for him out of a junior's pocket-money."

"Blest if I know!" said Bob Cherry. "It can't be money he wants from me. I expect he will try to stick the pater for that. What he's going to see me for is a giddy mystery. I don't get on to it at all. But I know what I shall say to him. It won't be a pleasant jaw we shall have—not pleasant for him, I mean. My pater had an awful twist to find money for him once, and I shall tell him what I think of him, the rotter!"

"When is he coming?"

"He doesn't say. Only that he'll be in England before I get this, and that I'm not to be surprised if I see him. He says he's turned over a new leaf. Of course, that's all rot! He was born to go crooked. My hat, I'll talk to him when I see him!"

"Tell you what," said Johnny Bull. "if he comes down here to see you, we'll all meet him, and give him a ducking, if you like."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Well, that's not a bad idea," he said.

"I don't want him coming here. Of course, you fellows understand this is a secret. I don't want to let the chaps know I've got a relation who was jolly near going to chokey once, and might go again, if the firm knew that he was in this country. The agreement was that he was to keep away. Not a word outside this study, of course."

"Not a whisper," said Wharton.

Bob Cherry jammed the letter into the study fire, and stirred it into the coals. It was consumed in a moment.

"Now that's safe," he said, "and mum's the word."

"Mum's the word," agreed the juniors.

Wharton looked very thoughtful as he left the study with Nugent, and returned to No. 1, his own quarters. Frank gave him a queer look.

"Jolly queer business, Harry!" he remarked.

Wharton nodded.

"What can the black sheep of the family want with old Bob?"

"I can't make it out," said Wharton, with a puzzled look. "I should think it was blackmail, or something of that sort, only—"

"Only Bob's got no tin."

"Exactly!"

"But he must have some object in coming. It can't be simply for the pleasure of a talk with Bob."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No; it won't be a pleasant talk, from what Bob says. There's more in it than we can see now. We shall have to look after Bob."

And the chums of the Remove looked forward with a great deal of curiosity, and some misgiving, to that visit from Bob Cherry's cousin.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Under False Colours!

THE new coach is coming to-day!" Frank Nugent remarked, at the tea-table in Study No. 1 the next day.

The juniors in the study were all interested, with the exception of Bob Cherry. Bob was thinking about some-

thing else. Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh and Tom Brown, the New Zealander, were having tea with the chums of No. 1; and Tom Brown was very much interested in the new footer coach. He was known to be a Colonial—hence Tom Brown's interest—though he came from a part of the Empire distant enough from New Zealand.

"A Colonial, isn't he?" said Tom Brown.

"Yes; not from your part of the world, though."

"Where does he come from?" asked Johnny Bull.

"South Africa."

Bob Cherry looked up.

"South Africa?" he repeated.

"Yes, so they say."

"What's his name?"

"Cecil Yorke."

"Good name," said Johnny Bull. "I like it. I wonder what the man's like. Is he just from the Colonies?"

"Oh, no, I think he's been in England some time; but he really got his appointment from abroad," said Nugent. "I heard it from Wingate minor—he heard his major and North talking about it. They know, being in the Sixth; they have it from the Head. A friend of the Head's is out there, and he met this chap Yorke in some place with a fearful name that I can't remember, and Yorke chipped in to save him from being roughly handled by a gang of tippy Kaffirs. Yorke was playing in a team there—whether a professional team or not I don't know; but it seems that he wanted to come home, and wanted an opening in England, and somehow or other it was arranged. It sounds like a giddy romantic story, doesn't it?"

"Chap must be plucky, anyway, if it's true," said Tom Brown. "I'm curious to see him. When is he coming?"

"To-day, Wingate minor said."

"I wonder how he plays footer," remarked Harry Wharton. "That's the most important point about a coach—not where he comes from. But I'm curious to see him, too."

The study door opened, and Micky Desmond looked in.

"He's come!" he said.

"Who's come?"

"Faith, the coach?"

The juniors rose to their feet at once. Bob Cherry went on sedately with his sardines.

"Shall we go and have a look at him?" said Tom Brown. "I've finished tea."

"Where is he, Micky?"

"Gone in to see the Head."

"What's he like?"

"Sunburnt chap," said Micky Desmond. "Rather good-looking. Looks as if he can play footer. I should say. Nothing particular about him, though. He's going to have a room in the house next to Mr. Quelch's; it was got ready to-day. Billy Bunter nosed that out. Some of the fellows are waiting to see him when he comes out from seeing the Head. Wingate minor says he's killed lots of lions in South Africa, and Kaffirs, and—"

"I don't suppose he's killed many Kaffirs!" grinned Wharton. "But we may as well go and see him. Come on, Bob!"

"All right!"

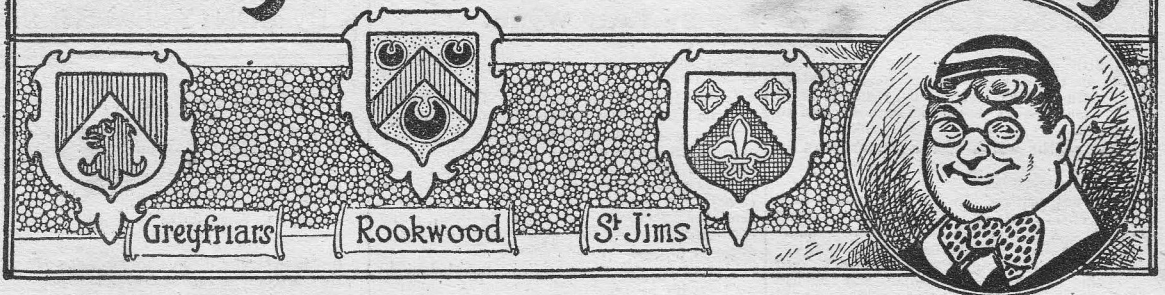
The juniors went downstairs.

Quite a little crowd had gathered at the end of the passage to see Yorke as he came out after his interview with the Head.

A man from South Africa, with a reputation of having killed lions, and perhaps Kaffirs, was naturally an object of

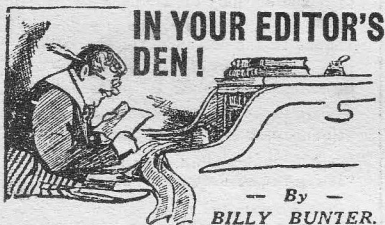
(Continued on page 13.)

Billy Bunter's Weekly



Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars.

Assisted by his Four Fat Subs—SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—Next to a good feed, I should plump for a musical evening as the greatest joy in life.

I am very fond of music. I suppose I inherited my love of it from Sir Mozart Mendelssohn Bunter, O.B.E., my respected grandfather, whose all-on-one-note version of the "Dead March" has become so popular.

A love of music proves that a fellow possesses a refined temperament and a soul that rises above the humdrum things of life.

There are many fellows who can't stand music at any price. The warbling of a tom-cat on the tiles fills them with fury. The melodious strains produced by a comb and tissue-paper make them hurl bricks at the unhappy mortal who happens to be performing. In cases like this the charms of music do not soothe the savage breast. They only tend to make it still more savage.

The majority of the readers who take in "Billy Bunter's Weekly," however, are music-lovers. I know that for a fact. Have I not stood outside the newsagent's shop in Court-field on a Friday afternoon and seen an endless procession of boys and girls streaming in, with the request: "The 'Popular,' please—and a book of comic songs!"

It is a matter for regret that fellows like Harry Wharton & Co. don't appreciate good music.

I endeavoured to get up a brass band in the Remove—in fact, I had actually succeeded in so doing—when these music-hating beasts chipped in and spoilt everything. I feel very savage about it. But I won't air my grievances in this column. I will leave it to Peter Todd to tell of my tribulations overleaf.

Wharton and the others have banned my band, and they are a band of rotters. There is no longer a band on my programme. I've had to a-band-on it. (Joak!)

I hope this Special Music Number of mine will meet with the reception it deserves. Even those of you who don't care much for music are bound to enjoy the fine features I have got together.

And now, dear readers, I will love you and leave you, as the saying goes.

Your musical pal,

Your Editor.

AN APPEAL TO BILLY BUNTER!

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

Come sing to me, dear porpoise of my choice,
Come sing to me, and make my heart rejoice.
Thou hast a voice like Gosling sawing wood,
Few of thy songs are ever understood!

Come sing to me,
Dear Uncle Bill,
We'll throw at thee
Missiles at will.
Brickbats and eggs
Soon will be hurled.
And off thy legs
Thou wilt be whirled!

* * *

Come sing to me, in true Bunterian style,
Come sing to me, "The Sunshine of Your Smile."
Sing silly songs, in accents loud and shrill,
Then we'll arise, and bump our Uncle Bill!

Come sing to me,
My worthy Owl,
We'll deal with thee,
And make thee howl.
Greyfriars believes
In tit for tat.
You reach "E" sharp,
We'll knock 'ee flat!

* * *

Come sing to me, a song called "Drake Goes West,"
Then thou wilt follow, by pursuers pressed.
They'll bump thee hard, and cause thee untold pain,
And thou wilt never lift thy voice again!

Come sing to me—

(I refuse to do anything of the sort, Penfold, you beast!—Ed.)

ESSAY ON MUSIC!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

Music is a concord of sweet sounds. It is very important that the sounds should be sweet; otherwise, there is no music.

Some fellows seem to think they can produce harmony with a frying-pan and a poker. Others rattle tin-cans until the welkin rings. But this is not music. It is merely sound and fury, signifying nothing.

There are many varieties of music. There is the music of the tom-cat on the tiles (which is more penetrating than sweet); there is the music of the ffoot, and the clarrinet, and the pickle-o. Then we have what is known as "string band" music. This is supplied by vile inns, and banjoes, and joozarpes.

Then, of course, there is human music. When a fellow is being licked by his Form-master, he generally renders delightfully sweet music. His notes are high, even though his spirits may be low.

Only the most refined fellows—like myself—have a taste for music. It does not appeal to the common herd. I have known chaps to be put to the torture for playing a mouth-organ, or making weird noises with a comb and tissue-paper.

The Bunter family has always been musical. There was Sir Arthur Sullivan Bunter, who wrote as many bars of music in a single day as there are bars of chocolate in Mrs. Mimbles's shop. Then there was Colonel Blair Bunter, who led the Charge of the Light Brigade with his cornet. These gallant gentlemen, both of whom had an Adversity education, have made their mark in music for all time.

It is a shame that music should be so unpopular at Greyfriars. Quite recently my major got up a brass band, but the other fellows poured cold water on it—metaphorically speaking, I mean. They told him that the big drum was a thumping nuisance, and that the kettle-drum made them boil. They also passed rude remarks about the cornets and the trombones.

Personally, I consider that music is the most sublime art going—except the art of gormandising.

Of course, to a fellow who has no feeling, music means nothing. He doesn't sob when the melody is sad; he doesn't guffaw when it is cheery. He just sits and listens, with a face like a boot, and the whole thing is meaningless to him.

I might mention, in conclusion, that I shall be pleased to give music-lessons to any of my fellow fags at a tanner a time!

There is no music-master at Greyfriars—more's the pity—so let Sammy Bunter be your tutor!



By Fatty Wynn.

PEOPLE have been writing a good deal in the newspapers lately, advocating music with meals. They say it is of real benefit both to the body and to the mind.

Listen to the words of one famous man on this subject:

"It is not realised what a tremendous help to the enjoyment and digestion of a meal music is. A dinner should start with something light and fanciful and gay, such as a two-step. The soup should be taken with something happy and frolicsome, and the fish with a soothing, pensive air. Game should always be accompanied by some beautiful waltz, and the sweets with something delicate and dainty."

Eating meals to the accompaniment of a gramophone is also strongly recommended.

Those in favour, show their hands. Mine won't go up, I can assure you! I have had some experience of these musical meals.

The other day I received an invitation from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy to a study feed. Armed with knife, fork, and spoon—and a healthy appetite—I made my way to Gussy's study. On entering I saw a row of fellows seated on the window-sill. Herries was resting a cornet on his knees, Digby was fondling a tin whistle, and Jack Blake had a mouth-organ. There were three other fellows with combs and tissue-paper.

I glanced inquiringly at Arthur Augustus. "What do those fellows imagine they're doing?" I asked, pointing to the musicians on the window-sill.

Gussy smiled.

"That's the orchestwa, deah boy!" he said. "Eh?"

"I have just been weadin' in the papas about musical meals, an' I think it's a perfectly pweiless stunt! Anyway, I'm goin' to twy it as an expewiment."

I grunted.

"Aren't you in favour of musical meals, Fatty?" chuckled Jack Blake.

"I don't quite know yet," I replied. "We'll try it, and see how it goes."

Gussy and I sat down at the table. We were the only two who were going to eat. I understood that the musicians would be fed afterwards.

We were waited upon by Gussy's minor, the cheeky-faced Wally. That grubby young gentleman ladled something out of a large saucepan which stood on the hob.

"The soup, deah boy," explained Arthur Augustus. "It's a tomato soup, an' I twust it will be to your likin'."

He then nodded significantly to the orchestra.

Instantly the musicians struck up.

Herries blared on his cornet, his cheeks swelling visibly; Digby screeched on his tin whistle; Jack Blake made weird noises on his mouth-organ; the remaining members of the orchestra brought their combs and tissue-paper into action.

The dia was deafening.

"You ought to provide your guests with cotton-wool to put in their ears, Gussy," I said.

Arthur Augustus failed to hear my remark. He attacked his soup with great gusto.

"Music with meals suits me down to the ground," he remarked.

"You call that music?" I shouted. "Why, it's Babel let loose!"

What the musicians were supposed to be playing I know not. Possibly, they didn't know themselves. Their one ambition was to make a noise; and they certainly succeeded.

I was hungry, but I couldn't touch my soup. The noise got on my nerves. I pushed my plate away from me, and Wally D'Arcy

dished up the next course, which consisted of sardines.

Instantly the music changed. The orchestra switched off on to something sentimental.

There was still no harmony about it, however. Each fellow seemed to be playing whatever he liked, as the spirit moved him. Herries played "The Old Rustic Bridge," and Digby "The Lonely Ash Grove." Jack Blake rendered "Trooper Johnnie Ludlow," and the members of the comb-and-tissue-paper brigade played "Home, Sweet Home."

I tried to eat my sardines, but I had to give it up. How Arthur Augustus managed to eat in the midst of that mournful jangle I know not.

"You don't appear to be enjoyin' yourself, Fatty!" he said.

"I'm not!" I replied frankly. "Musical meals aren't a success—not in my case, anyway."

"Wait till the cold chicken's served, deah boy!" said my host with a smile. "A beautiful, dreamy waltz will be played then."

That "beautiful, dreamy waltz" proved to be the last straw.

I had been trying to behave as a guest should, but now I could control myself no longer.

Leaping to my feet, I proceeded to pelt the orchestra.

There was a loaf on the table. I threw



Leaping to my feet, I aimed the cruet at Blake. It caught him in the chest, and bowled him over like a nine-pin.

it, and it knocked Herries' cornet into his face. I aimed the cruet at Blake, and it caught him in the chest. I hurled half a pound of butter at the comb-and-tissue-paper brigade, and they shared it between them, for it smote the middle member of the trio under the chin, and bits flew off and struck those on either side of him.

Finally, I dashed the contents of my teacup over Digby, and he acknowledged the receipt of the scalding tea with a fiendish yell.

I then turned to Arthur Augustus, who had risen to his feet, and was regarding me with shocked reproach.

"Sorry to have to smash up the happy home, Gussy" I said, "but I couldn't have endured that awful din a moment longer. It would have driven me off my dot!"

"Weally, Wynn—"

"Mob the cheeky rotter!" roared Jack Blake, sliding down from the window-sill.

I didn't wait to be mobbed. I strode abruptly out of the study, feeling even more hungry than when I had entered it.

Music with meals? Well, I suppose it's a matter of taste. One chap's meat is another chap's poison. But no more musical meals for me!"

THE MAD MUSICIAN!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

When Herries on his cornet plays
I feel I'd like to end his days!

And when he blares on his trombone
I give a deep, despairing groan.

If he should play the violin
I bear it, though it's hard to grin.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
I cannot stand his piccolo!

Oh, help! The din continues yet.
He's screeching on his clarinet.

How can I stop him? That's the riddle.
My hat! He's started on his fiddle!

I'll go clean off my rocker soon.
The madman's playing his bassoon!

Stay! There's a roar like Baggy Trimble's!
It is the clashing of the cymbals!

With anguish dire my face is yellow,
Thanks to the screaming of the 'cello!

He's now performing on the flute.
Oh crumps! Methinks I'd better scoot!

Say, D'Arcy! Has an earthquake come?
"No, no, deah boy. That's Hewwies' dwum!"

What is that discord from afar?
"It's Hewwies' stwummin' his guitar!"

Those intonations, shrill and sharp—
"They emanate fwom Hewwies' harp!"

What are those wailing sounds of woe?
"It's Hewwies' thumpin' his banjo!"

We'd better bag that bat of Merry's
And try our hand at thumping Herries!

"Yaas, wathah! That's a wippin' wheeze!
I'll come an' help you slay him, please!"

The music's wailing disappears.
Then human wailing greets our ears!

The mad musician has been slain.
Peace, perfect peace, prevails again!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



GERALD CROOKE (St. Jim's).

[Supplement II.]



Bunter's Brass Band!

by Peter Todd.

THE silence in Study No. 7 was broken by the sound of Billy Bunter's voice. "I say, you fellows, I'm going to get up a brass band!"

Alonzo and your humble servant laid down our pens—we were doing prep at the time—and stared in astonishment at our plump study-mate.

"A brass band," Bunter went on, warming to his subject, "is what Greyfriars has been wanting for years."

"I fear you are mistaken, my dear Bunter," murmured Alonzo. "We do not want our tranquillity disturbed by the blatant blare of cornets. A brass band would be an abomination!"

"Hear, hear!" I said. "It isn't often that I agree with Lonzy, but I'm on his side about this. Anyway, Bunter, how could you possibly get up a brass band? You haven't the instruments."

"But I can get them."

"Do you realise what band instruments cost, you fat duffer? Do you suppose you can pick up trombones at tuppence apiece, or buy a big drum for a mere song?"

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"Musical instruments can be obtained on the hire-purchase system," he said. "There's a firm of musical instrument makers in Courtfield—Messrs. Mellow, Dee & Co. They're offering a complete set of instruments for ten bob a week. I shall form a brass band, and every member will subscribe towards the cost of the instruments."

"My hat!"

"Will you join my brass band, Teddy?"

"No jolly fear!" I said promptly. "I'm not going to be a party to any tomfoolery of that sort."

"But Greyfriars wants a brass band—"

"You'll jolly soon have it made clear to you that Greyfriars doesn't!"

"Oh, really, Teddy—What about you, Lonzy? Can you play a cornet?"

"I am no musician, my dear Bunter."

"Ass! You don't need to be a musician to be able to play a cornet. I can teach you inside five minutes."

"I decline to be associated in any way with your brass band," said Alonzo.

"Fat lot of support I'm getting from this study!" growled the Owl of the Remove. "I'm going to search elsewhere for recruits for my band."

Although there was no enthusiasm for Bunter's brass band in Study No. 7, the fat junior got plenty of support elsewhere.

Fisher T. Fish consented to join the band, and Skinner, Snoopy, and Stott—more for the fun of the thing than anything else—gave an undertaking to join.

Bolsover major gladly volunteered to "bash the big drum," as he expressed it. Bolsover liked making a noise. And Sammy Bunter, who insisted in belonging to the band, offered to clash the cymbals.

So far, so good. Billy Bunter could not induce anybody, however, to part with a subscription.

"We'll pay after the instruments have arrived," said Skinner. "If we were to pay now, you'd blue the money on tuck, and the whole thing would fall through."

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"You won't get a farthing of our money until the instruments turn up," said Bolsover major.

And Billy Bunter had to accept that as final.

In the hope of getting more musicians, the fat junior presented himself in Study No. 1. The Famous Five were at home. Hurree Singh was playing chess with Nugent, and the others were looking on.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as Bunter rolled in. "Dropped in to see the chess match, porpoise?"

"Blow the chess! I say, you fellows, I'm getting up a brass band—"

"Eh?"

"What?"

The game was suddenly suspended. Five pairs of eyes were turned towards Billy Bunter.

"Not getting deaf, I hope?" said the fat junior. "I remarked that I was getting up a brass band. Greyfriars wants one badly."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Roughly speaking, there are three hundred fellows in the school," he said. "If you were to ask them to vote for and against a brass band, you'd find about ten in favour of it, and two hundred and ninety strongly opposed to it."

"Yes, rather!"

"Leave brass bands to the Huns," said Johnny Bull bluntly. "We don't want 'em here."

"Oh, really, Bull—I was counting on you fellows joining my select party of musicians."

"You can go on counting," said Nugent, "but you'll be wrong in your reckoning."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How are you going to get the instruments, anyway?" asked Wharton.

Bunter explained.

"Well, I advise you to give the thing a

go on every cornet, he clashed the cymbals, he rattled the kettle-drum, and he gave the big drum such a mighty bill that he nearly burst it.

"Look here," I shouted, jumping to my feet, "I'm not going to put up with this unearthly din any longer! If you don't take these instruments away this instant I'll pitch 'em out of the window!"

Bunter saw that I was in earnest. And he wisely decided to hold his first band practice in the wood-shed, where nobody would be disturbed.

Skinner & Co. turned up, and entered into the proceedings with zest. Their one object seemed to be to make as much noise as possible. Harmony was completely lacking.

The noise made in the wood-shed that afternoon by the members of Bunter's brass band must have been greater in volume than the noise of the celebrated Tower of Babel.

It was not until the juniors had puffed and blown themselves into a state of exhaustion that the din ceased.

Billy Bunter, breathless but happy, beamed at his companions.

"We're getting along first-rate, you fellows!" he said.

"When do we make our first public appearance?" inquired Skinner.

"To-morrow afternoon, at the footer match. Greyfriars First are playing St. Jim's, and we'll go and play in the middle of the pitch before the match starts, like they do at all the big League matches."

"Good wheeze!" said Bolsover major approvingly.

"I guess we mustn't forget to go round with the hat," said Fisher T. Fish. "We ought to raise a tidy sum."

"Yes, rather!"

There was quite a sensation on the following afternoon when the members of Bunter's brass band, armed with their instruments, took up their position in the middle of the playing-pitch.

Wingate of the Sixth, who was chatting to the St. Jim's skipper in the dressing-room, gazed at the intruders in astonishment.

"What the thump—" he began.

"Where did you dig up your brass band, old man?" asked Kildare, with a smile.

Before Wingate could reply the "music" began. Trombones and cornets and drums and cymbals blended in one terrific, hideous din.

What the band was supposed to be playing no one knew. The tumult was deafening. Billy Bunter & Co. were putting their beef into it, and the discord was truly appalling.

The spectators endured it for exactly two minutes. Then, with one accord, they swarmed on to the pitch, and the amateur musicians were surrounded and mobbed.

Billy Bunter's brass band was effectively stifled into silence.

As for the musicians, they felt as if they had been through a mangle by the time the crowd had finished with them. With limping gait, towelled hair, and torn collars and ties, they crawled painfully away. And a shower of missiles followed them.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Skinner. "I feel as if I've been under a traction-engine!"

"Same here!" moaned Snoopy. "We might have known it would end like this!"

"I feel as if I want to let off steam," said Bolsover. "Let's bump Bunter!"

The Owl of the Remove backed away in alarm.

"Hands off, you rotters—"

But the protest was futile. Billy Bunter was soundly and thoroughly bumped, and left groaning on the ground.

Next day the musical instruments—some of them slightly dented—were returned to Messrs. Mellow, Dee & Co. And that was the inglorious and untimely end of Bunter's brass band.



The spectators swarmed on to the pitch and surrounded the musicians. In a short time the band was effectively stifled.

miss," said the captain of the Remove. "There's enough noise at Greyfriars already, what with Tom Brown's gramophone and Hoskins' violin. If you spring a brass band on us, you'll be mobbed!"

Billy Bunter would have been wise to follow Wharton's advice. Good advice, however, was utterly wasted on the Owl of the Remove.

Next day Bunter borrowed my bike—without permission, of course—and went over to Courtfield. He interviewed the manager of Messrs. Mellow, Dee & Co., and arranged for a complete set of instruments to be sent over to Greyfriars, on the hire-purchase system.

Had the manager known Billy Bunter more intimately, he would have thought twice before carrying out the transaction. But the firm was new to Courtfield, and the manager looked upon Bunter as a typical sample of the wealthy public school boy.

The instruments arrived at Greyfriars that same afternoon.

There was tremendous excitement.

Bunter had the instruments brought along to Study No. 7, and he tested each one in turn. He sounded each trombone, he blared



The "Star Turn"!

By Val Mornington.

"I'm not overfond of music," said Jimmy Silver. "I don't shake with soos while a sentimental song is being sung; and I don't split my sides with laughing when I hear a blue-nosed comedian render a so-called comic song. All the same, I admire a really great singer."

"Same here!" said Lovell.

"We shall have a rare treat this evening," said Newcome. "Fancy England's greatest singer, Mr. Barry Tone, consenting to come and sing at a Rookwood concert! It's a tremendous honour!"

The Fistical Four—to say nothing of the remainder of the Rookwood fellows—were greatly excited at the prospect of hearing one of the world's finest singers. And everybody agreed that it was splendid of Mr. Barry Tone to volunteer his services.

There was to be a concert in the lecture hall, and lots of the fellows were to sing and dance and recite. But the "star turn" of the evening would be Mr. Barry Tone. There was no question about that.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were still discussing the great event when there was a peremptory knock on the door of the study. "Come in, fathead!" sang out Lovell.

The "fathead" proved to be a very portly and dignified gentleman of middle-age. He walked into the study as if he owned the earth and all that was therein.

The juniors rose to their feet. They stared in a stupefied way at the intruder.

The stout gentleman calmly took possession of the armchair which Jimmy Silver had just vacated. He picked up a copy of the "Boys' Friend" which lay on the floor, and proceeded to fan himself with it. He was flushed and breathless.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances. Presently Jimmy spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but we haven't the er—pleasure—"

The stranger announced his identity in a deep voice, which rolled through the study like the sound of thunder.

"I am Mr. Barry Tone, the world's greatest vocalist!" he said.

"Oh!"

"My hat!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. gazed at the stout gentleman with something approaching awe. At the same time, they were a little disappointed. The really great men of the world do not usually advertise themselves as such, and Mr. Barry Tone's boastfulness created a bad impression.

"I have just arrived," said the visitor. He glanced significantly towards the table. "I am hungry," he added.

Jimmy Silver & Co. promptly bustled about to prepare tea for their eminent guest. It was not every day that they had the honour of entertaining one of the great men of the age.

They could not understand why Mr. Barry Tone had come to a junior study when the Head or any of the masters would gladly have provided him with food. They wanted to ask questions, but the celebrated singer did not seem in the humour to satisfy their curiosity.

Jimmy Silver went to the cupboard, and brought forth a loaf, some butter, and a tin of sardines. Lovell put the kettle on to boil. Raby disappeared with a plate and a cup and saucer, in order to wash them. Newcome stoked up the fire.

Mr. Barry Tone watched these preparations with a frown.

"Haven't you anything more substantial than sardines to offer a hungry genius?" he asked.

Jimmy Silver flushed.

"I can get some sausages from the tuck-shop, sir," he muttered.

"Hurry up, then! And bring a cake, will you? I have a weakness for plum-cake."

Jimmy Silver hurried away to do the great man's bidding.

The news that Mr. Barry Tone had arrived at Rookwood, and was being entertained by the juniors, had been spreading like wildfire through the school like wildfire. And the fellows took it in turn to peer through the keyhole of the study door, so that they might get a glimpse of the great singer.

It was fortunate that the Fistical Four were in funds.

Once he started eating, Mr. Barry Tone gave the impression that he was never going to stop. He was Tubby Muffin on an adult scale. As soon as the sausages were fried, he pitched into them with avidity, and despatched the whole lot. He then demolished the sardines, and an enormous quantity of bread-and-butter.

The plum-cake was on the small side. Mr. Barry Tone reduced it to a few crumbs; then he sent for another.

"You might bring me some bananas as well," he called after Jimmy Silver, who was in the act of making a dazed exit. "I always finish up with fruit."

Jimmy Silver reappeared shortly afterwards with another cake and a bunch of bananas. When these had been disposed of the great singer leaned back in his chair, produced a cheap cigar, and proceeded to fill the study with noxious fumes.

The juniors endured it as long as they



Mr. Barry Tone was heaved on to the shoulders of a couple of juniors and borne away in triumph to the lecture hall.

could, but gradually they were smoked out. One by one they tottered to their feet, and staggered out into the purer atmosphere of the passage.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Lovell, as soon as he had recovered his breath. "It isn't all honey, entertaining great singers!"

"Not by any means!" growled Jimmy Silver. "He's cost us a small fortune. Did you ever see such an appetite in your natural?"

"He's a domineering old buffer, too!" said Raby.

"Never mind," said Raby. "If he brings the house down to-night with his singing, we'll forgive him everything. We'll even overlook the fact that he smoked us out of our own study!"

The time of the entertainment was now drawing near. Already a stream of chattering fellows was wending its way towards the lecture-hall.

Jimmy Silver & Co. waited in the passage for Mr. Barry Tone to appear.

"He'll be late for the show if he doesn't buck up," said Lovell.

"P'raps he doesn't know the time," suggested Newcome. "Shall we go in and tell him?"

"No jolly fear!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I'm not going to face those beastly cigar fumes again!"

Shortly afterwards the study door opened, and Mr. Barry Tone appeared.

Instead of proceeding to the lecture-hall, he made his way hurriedly towards the quad

"This way to the lecture-hall, sir!" sang out Raby.

The great singer took no heed. "You're going the wrong way!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Barry Tone did not even turn his head. He quickened his pace. His immediate aim in life seemed to be to get out of the building as quickly as possible.

Out in the quad, however, he was frustrated.

A noisy crowd of juniors caught sight of him, and one of them suggested carrying Mr. Barry Tone shoulder-high to the lecture-hall as a mark of admiration.

Instantly there was a rush of feet, and the great man was surrounded. In spite of his expostulations, he was heaved on to the shoulders of a couple of sturdy juniors, who bore him away with great difficulty—for he was no light-weight—to the lecture-hall.

Hurricane cheers greeted the entry of the famous singer. And when the din had subsided the concert commenced.

Mr. Barry Tone was obviously ill at ease. He seemed to be casting around for some way of escape. There was a hunted look in his eyes.

Presently the Head appeared on the platform. He made a short speech, in which he announced that Mr. Barry Tone had been generous enough to come and sing at the Rookwood concert. He then called upon the talented vocalist, who shambled awkwardly to the platform.

"Ahem!" he began. "I—er—very much regret having to back out of my engagement, but the fact is I have developed a sore throat, and should not be able to do myself justice. Some other evening—"

"You are an impostor, sir!"

The voice rang through the crowded hall. All eyes were instantly turned towards a tall, distinguished-looking man who stood in the doorway.

"Who—who are you, sir?" gasped the astonished Head.

"I am Mr. Barry Tone, the singer!"

"Bless my soul! Then this man—"

"Is an impostor, sir! He is no stranger to me. He has attempted to pass himself off as me on several occasions. His real name is Hapstein."

There was a loud murmur of indignation, which swelled into a roar.

Mr. Hapstein made a wild dash for the exit. A horde of pursuers—including Jimmy Silver & Co.—rushed after him in full cry.

"Spoofed!" panted Jimmy Silver.

"Collar the rotter!"

Mr. Hapstein, after the tremendous cry he had made, was in no condition for sprinting. He was captured and overpowered in the passage, and was dragged and bumped and biffed and sat upon until he howled for mercy.

By the time the juniors had finished with him he resembled a pricked balloon, and it was as much as he could do to limp off the premises.

Jimmy Silver & Co. got back to the lecture-hall just in time to hear the genuine Mr. Barry Tone sing. And their verdict was that the great singer deserved all the fame and glory—and wealth—that he had accumulated. But nothing—not even the wonderful singing of Mr. Barry Tone—could console the juniors for the loss of about fifteen shillingsworth of tuck!

SPECIAL
FINANCE NUMBER
NEXT FRIDAY!
W.G.B.

Coach or Crook?

(Continued from page 8.)

interest to the juniors, especially as he was going to be their football coach.

"Doesn't look up to much," said Bolsover, of the Remove, disparagingly. "I've seen him. Quite commonplace."

"Looks like a bounder to me," said Vernon-Smith, the junior who was known as the Bounder of Greyfriars.

"Well, if you two don't like him, that's a recommendation, isn't it?" said Frank Nugent cheerfully.

"Oh, rats!"
"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, joining the group, "I've seen the labels on his trunk, and—"

"And seen inside!" sneered the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"What did he have in his bag?" asked Ogilvy.

"Well, I only just got a peep into it—"

"My hat! Do you mean to say you've had the cheek to look into the man's bag?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Well, I helped Gosling carry it upstairs, and it happened to come open."

"You—you spying worm!"

"Oh, really, Wharton, it isn't my fault that I happened to see that there was a revolver in it!"

"A—a—a what?"

"A revolver, in a case," said Billy Bunter. "I suppose chaps in South Africa naturally carry revolvers. But—"

"Rats!"

"It's your sight, you know, Bunter," said Nugent sympathetically. "The revolver will turn out to be a hairbrush, or a boot-tree."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent, I know it was a revolver, and—"

"I should fancy he'd keep his bag locked if it were!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Well it was locked."

"How did you spy into it if it was locked, then?"

"It happened to bump on the stairs, and the lock burst. It's an old bag—not much class, really—"

"You awful rotter!" said Wharton. "You've bumped his bag open on purpose to spy into it! You ought to be scragged!"

"Of course it was an accident," said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "I hope I am incapable of spying into a man's bag. I couldn't help seeing the revolver—"

"The hairbrush, you mean!"

"Or the boot-tree!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you fellows—"

There was a cry: "Here he is!"

The door of the Head's study had opened.

The eyes of all the juniors were fixed at once upon the man who came out.

He was a man of medium size, rather good-looking, with a sunburnt face, and somewhat cold and steely eyes. He looked about thirty years old. He was a little surprised at seeing the crowd of juniors there, and then he smiled.

"You're the new coach?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Yes, I have that honour," said the stranger.

"I'll show you to your room, if you like, Mr. Yorke," said Billy Bunter, in his officious way.

"Thank you!"

And the man from South Africa, with his overcoat on his arm, followed the fat junior.

"Well, he looks all right," said Harry Wharton. "What do you think, Bob? Hallo! Where's Bob Cherry? He was here a minute ago."

"He cleared off just as Yorke came out," said Russell.

Bob Cherry had disappeared.

Billy Bunter came back in a few minutes as the crowd dispersed. There was a curious expression upon his fat face.

"Blest if I don't think it's a cheek!" he exclaimed.

"What is, fathead?" asked Nugent politely.

"Why, Bob Cherry—"

"Bob Cherry! What is he doing, ass?"

"Marching into the coach's room after him, and shoving me out of the way as if I—I was simply dirt!" said Bunter.

"Well, you are, you know!"

"Oh, really—"

"Bob Cherry's gone into the coach's



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room!" repeated Wharton. "What do you mean?"

"Well, he has," said Bunter. "I was telling him it was a cheek, and he slung me out, and went in, and closed the door after him!"

"My hat!"

The juniors could not help wondering. Bob Cherry was the least of all fellows afflicted with the vice of inquisitiveness, and it was certainly extraordinary that he should have followed the new footer coach into his room. The juniors would have been more surprised still if they had seen Bob Cherry at that moment.

Mr. Yorke had gone into his room, and laid his overcoat on a chair, and, as he turned round, he became aware of the fact that a junior had followed him in.

Yorke looked surprised as his eyes fell upon Bob Cherry.

"What—" he began.

Then he broke off.

Bob Cherry had closed the door carefully. He was looking at Yorke with gleaming eyes, and his face was white and set.

"You rotter!" he said.

Yorke did not speak. Bob Cherry clenched his hands, and came towards him, his eyes seeming to burn.

"You rotter!" he repeated hoarsely. "Paul Tyrrell, what are you doing here?"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Strange Situation.

BOB CHERRY'S face was white as chalk.

A deadly fear was in his heart—a fear he could scarcely have defined in words.

This man was his cousin—this man, who had come to Greyfriars under the name of Cecil Yorke, under the pretence of being a football coach, was his cousin, Paul Tyrrell.

Bob had recognised him the moment he stepped out of the Head's study.

For a moment the junior had been stricken dumb, and then he had hurried away, lest his friends should read in his face what was in his mind.

But, in his direct, straightforward way, Bob had gone at once to Yorke's room to "have it out," as he would have expressed it.

The defaulting bank cashier, who was not even safe in England if his former employers learned of his return—what was he doing at Greyfriars?

Yorke looked sharply at the boy.

His own face had grown a little pale, but he was perfectly cool.

"So that's you, Bob?"

"Yes."

"You had my letter?"

"Yes."

"Then you expected to see me?"

"Not like this," said Bob.

Tyrrell smiled.

"I told you I had turned over a new leaf," he said. "I have written a new name on the new leaf, that is all."

"Started afresh with a lie, you mean!" said Bob Cherry scornfully.

"My dear infant, would it have been of any use to start afresh in England under the name I was known by before?" said his cousin, in a tone of mild remonstrance.

"You oughtn't to have returned to England!" said Bob fiercely. "Why could not you keep away? You promised to."

"Since I've reformed—"

"Oh, rats!"

"You don't believe me?"

"No!" said Bob bluntly.

"You were always straight from the shoulder, Bob," said Tyrrell, though he bit his lip. "I know you always say what you think. But, dash it all, I'm your cousin, and you might be a little glad to see me. There's my fist!"

He held out his hand.

Bob Cherry glared at it, but did not touch it.

"You won't shake hands with me?"

said Tyrrell.

"No."

"Why not?"

"After what you've done—"

"Oh, that old affair of the bank!" said Tyrrell lightly.

"Spending money that didn't belong to you, and worrying all your relations to make it good afterwards, to keep you out of prison!" said Bob.

"I hope to repay all that one of these days, Bob. Your father stood five hundred, and I'm going to make it all good."

"How?" asked Bob bitterly. "You'll never get another chance at a bank's funds!"

Tyrrell laughed.

"Well hit!" he said. "But I've told you that I've learned my lesson. A year of roughing it in South Africa would teach a fellow a lot—you should try. I

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got a chance of getting back to England and starting again. Don't you think I should have been a fool not to take it?"

"You intended to come here when you wrote to me?"

"Yes; I wanted to prepare you for the meeting. It would hardly have done if you had called me by my old name before anybody."

"You didn't tell me you were going to take a post here."

"I couldn't very well, in case you had let anybody see the letter. One doesn't put those things into writing. The change of name, you see—"

"What have you come here for?"

"I'm football coach now. You know I was always keen on footer in an amateur way; in fact, I gave more attention to League matches than to the bank's business—"

"To betting on them, you mean!" said Bob scornfully.

"Yes, I used to turn a penny that way sometimes," said his cousin, with a nod.

"But that's all over, of course. Now I'm starting afresh. I'm turning to account my old knowledge of the game. I got some playing for money out there in South Africa. It helped to make both ends meet. Sometimes a professional match, and sometimes some coaching. I've worked in the mines, and I've hunted lions, and I longed every day for England, home, and beauty. You don't know what it is to be stuck out in a savage country, when every bone in your body aches for the light and glitter of London."

"You won't get much of the light and glitter of London here at Greyfriars."

"It's a beginning."

"And you want to make me believe that you mean business—that you're going to settle down here to work and coach?"

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be like you."

"Not like I used to be; but I've learned my lesson, you see. Anything is better than exile; and, besides, I shall have the advantage of the company of an affectionate cousin."

"Oh, rot!"

"I'm really glad to see you again, Bob."

"I don't believe it!"

"Ahem!"

"You made up your mind to come here, and you weren't glad I was here," said Bob. "You'd rather I hadn't been here."

"My dear Bob—"

"Why did you come?"

"I tell you it was my first chance. Old Professor Herrick was looking for geological specimens, and nearly got himself eaten by a lion. I chipped in and saved him. He was grateful, naturally. We camped together for several days, and became very friendly. I was useful to him, and I meant to make him useful to me."

"I've no doubt you did!"

"I knew he was a big man in some ways in England, and had influence. I wanted him to use it for me. Hang it all, hadn't I saved his life? He spoke of Dr. Locke and Greyfriars one evening, and I was interested, as I had an affectionate cousin here—"

"Oh, cheese that!"

"I hinted that I wanted to get home—that South Africa didn't suit my health; that all I wanted was a job with moderate pay and steady work."

"You!"

"Well, that would have been better than bossing a gang of Kaffirs in a mine," said Tyrrell. "The professor was THE POPULAR.—No. 157.

NEXT FRIDAY!

BY ORDER OF THE FOURTH!

in correspondence with Dr. Locke; they are old chums, you know, and the professor is one of the governors of Greyfriars. He took the matter up as I hoped he would, and wrote to Dr. Locke about it, asking him if he could do anything, giving a full list of my qualifications. As I had acted as football coach to a team out there, the professor put that in, and so came about this appointment. Naturally, the doctor thinks that a man like me, evidently well educated and connected, would make a better football coach than an old professional of the ordinary sort. Quite right, too. He takes me on the professor's recommendation. I jumped at the chance—anything better than vegetating out there as I was doing. I'm going to lead a steady and honest life, and make up for the past."

"Rot!"

"Don't you believe me?"

"Not a word!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

Tyrrell bit his lip.

"Dash it all!" he exclaimed angrily. "What do you think I have come here for, then?"

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"That's what I can't quite make out," he said. "You haven't come here to do steady and honest work, because it isn't in you. You had a chance of doing that before, and you gambled and speculated with other people's money. The best I can think is that you've taken this job to get your bread-and-butter until something else turns up."

"Put it at that, then," said Tyrrell.

"Where's the harm?"

"You're under a false name—"

"What matters?"

"You're putting it on to me to help you deceive the Head."

"Do you think the Head cares whether my name's Tyrrell or Yorke?"

"Well—no."

"What difference does it make, then?"

"None, so long as you run straight."

"Do you think I've come here to pick the boys' pockets, and steal cricket-bats?" demanded Tyrrell impatiently.

"Well—no. I suppose you're like the lion in the story, wandering around seeking what you may devour."

"Well, I shall not devour footballs and cricket-bats and stamp-albums," said Tyrrell disdainfully. "It will be all right here."

"I—I suppose so," said Bob. But—

"But what?"

"I don't know how I can help you keep your secret and take the Head in in this way."

Tyrrell compressed his lips.

"You don't mean that you're going to give me away?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Bob Cherry doggedly.

"Well, in the first place you'd spoil my only chance of leading an honest life," said Tyrrell.

"If I could believe you meant it—"

"I do mean it. In the second place, it seems to me that you'd suffer pretty considerably yourself. It wouldn't benefit you to announce to all Greyfriars that you have a cousin who's defrauded the bank that employed him."

Bob Cherry's lip curled.

"You mean that if I don't stand by you you'll give the whole story away to all the school?" he demanded.

"What do you expect? If you ruin me, for no reason whatever, you can't expect me to hold my tongue, I suppose?"

Bob Cherry was silent.

"You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours," said Tyrrell, smiling again.

"Look here, Bob, I mean what I've said—every word. I've had bad luck, and it's taught me a lesson and made a man of me. If I get a chance at a better job, I shall leave Greyfriars, and you won't see me again. While I'm here you needn't have anything to do with me, not more than the other junior boys have. I only ask you to hold your tongue and give me a chance. If you should see that I don't play the game, it will be time enough to talk."

"You won't play the game," said Bob; "it's not in you."

"Give me a chance. You can keep an eye on me if you choose, and the first time you see me off the track come down as heavy as you like."

Bob Cherry reflected. There was a chance that his cousin meant what he said. Bob Cherry did not want to be hard on him. But he had an incurable distrust for the light, cynical nature of the man. He could not believe that Paul Tyrrell meant to run straight. And yet to drive him out of Greyfriars might be to spoil a chance of his reformation and drive him to inevitable crime for his daily bread. And the man was his cousin, after all. The junior thought the matter over, while Paul Tyrrell watched his face.

"Give me a chance, Bob," he repeated.

"Keep an eye on me, but give me a chance until you see that I'm not playing the game."

Bob Cherry nodded at last.

"I'll keep your secret," he said.

"Good!"

"Until," Bob Cherry went on grimly,

"until I have any reason to believe that you are playing your old game; but any gambling, and any rotten business of any kind—anything that's not above-board—and I go straight to the Head and tell him who you are, what your record is, and the rest, and you can disgrace me, if you like, after."

"It's a bargain," said Tyrrell.

"It's not a bargain," said Bob. "I'm going to hold my tongue so long as you run straight, and not a minute longer. And the less I have to do with you, and the sooner you get out of Greyfriars, the better I shall like it."

And Bob Cherry quitted the room without another word.

Tyrrell watched the door close behind him.

He clicked his teeth together, and his eyes gleamed under his knitted brows. But his expression cleared in a few moments, and he smiled. It was not a pleasant smile, and if Bob Cherry had seen it his doubts as to the genuineness of his cousin's reformation would certainly not have been diminished.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mysterious!

"HERE he is!"

"Well, Bob?"

Bob Cherry came into the Remove passage with a grim, frowning brow. He started as his chums surrounded him, asking questions all at once.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob.

"What's he like?" asked Harry Wharton. "Do you know him?"

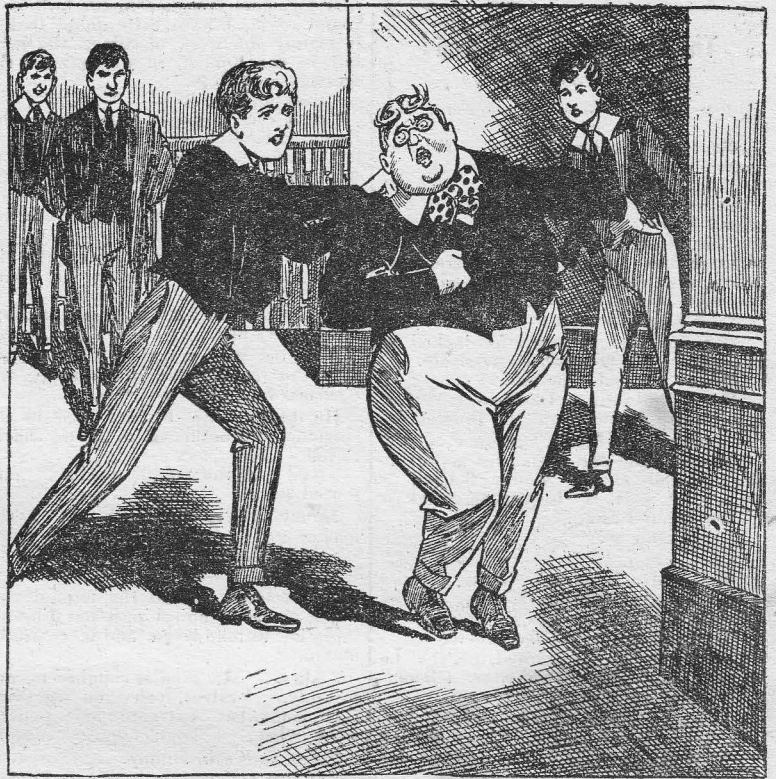
"Know him?"

"Old friend—eh?" said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Old friend?" stammered Bob.
 "I guess you must know the guy, or you wouldn't go into his room for a jaw the first hour he's at Greyfriars," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.
 Bob Cherry coloured.
 "Well, what's the giddy mystery?" asked Bolsover major. "You know the man, I suppose?"
 "Where have you seen him before, Bob Cherry?"
 "What have you been jawing about?"
 "I say, you fellows, they were talking away like anything," said Billy Bunter.
 "I happened to be in the passage—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "And you happened to hear," said Vernon-Smith. "Of course you did."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Bob Cherry's colour died away.
 At the thought that Billy Bunter, the Peeping Tom of the school, had listened to the talk in Yorke's room, a chill crept into his breast. If Bunter knew the secret, all Greyfriars would soon be in possession of it.
 Bob Cherry grasped the Owl of the Remove by the shoulder.
 "You fat cad," he shouted, "you've been listening!"
 "Oh, really, Cherry—"
 "What did you hear, you spying beast?"
 "Ow! Oh!"
 "Tell me, you cad!"
 "Yow! If you sh-sh-shake me like that my gl-gl-glasses will fall off, and if they get broken—ow!—you'll have to pay for them!"
 "You rotter! You've been listening!" roared the infuriated junior.
 "Ow! Yow! Yaroo! I haven't! I happened to hear voices, that was all. I wasn't near the door!" howled Bunter. "Yow! I didn't hear anything you were saying—ow!"
 "Is that true, you cad?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, shaking the Owl of the Remove roughly.
 "Ow! Yes! Yow!"
 "It's all right, Bob," said Harry Wharton quietly. "If Bunter had heard anything he'd have told it to everybody in the Remove by now."
 "Oh, really, Wharton—"
 "Well, that's so," said Bob, releasing the fat junior.
 "Goo! Oh! Ow!"
 "Shut up, Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull.
 "Ow! I'm hurt! Yow!"
 "But what's all the blessed fuss about?" demanded Vernon-Smith. "Suppose Bunter did hear what you were talking to Yorke about, Bob Cherry, where's the harm?"
 "I suppose you haven't had any deadly secret to discuss, have you?" asked Snoop.
 "What's the mystery, anyway?"
 "Mind your own business," said Bob Cherry gruffly.
 "But what have you been talking to Yorke about?" demanded Bolsover major.
 "Find out!"
 "Well, that's what we're trying to do. Is it a secret?"
 "Find out, again!"
 "Do you know the man?"
 "Rats!"
 "Of course he knows him," said the Bounder. "He wouldn't visit him in his room and jaw to him if he didn't know him."
 "Then why can't he say so?"
 "There's something shady in this," said the Bounder, with his sneering smile. "I don't see why Cherry can't explain."
 "It's none of your business, for one



Bob Cherry grasped Billy Bunter by the shoulder. "Have you been listening?" he shouted. "Have you been spying, you fat ass?" The thought of Bunter listening to the talk in Yorke's room sent a thrill through Bob's breast. If Bunter knew the secret, all Greyfriars would soon be in possession of it. (See Chapter 4.)

thing," said Bob Cherry angrily. "Go and eat coke!"
 "But look here—"
 "Oh, rats!"
 Bob Cherry strode on towards his own study, and went in and slammed the door. The juniors looked at one another in astonishment.
 "I guess there's something queer about it," said Fisher T. Fish.
 "What do you think, Wharton?"
 "I think we may as well mind our own business," said Harry. "It's no concern of ours, anyway."
 "Oh, rot!"
 "I guess—"
 Harry Wharton went into his own study. Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed him in, and the door was shut.
 Inside the study, the chums of the Remove looked at one another in silence. Wharton had said that it was no business of the Remove. But he could not help feeling astonished, and, to some extent, uneasy.
 "What on earth does it mean?" Nugent exclaimed at last. "Looks to me as if old Bob's going off his rocker."
 "He must know the man," said Johnny Bull.
 "It's queer."
 "The queerfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But probably our esteemed chum will explain."
 "I dare say he'll explain," said Harry. "But I sha'n't ask him any questions, for one. After all, I suppose it's his own business. But if he doesn't explain the whole blessed form will be making surmises about it."

The chums of the Remove did not mention the matter to Bob Cherry again. They awaited his explanation. But the explanation did not come.
 Bob Cherry met them later in the evening, but he did not refer to the matter of the football coach and his curious interview with him. Whatever it was he had in common with Cecil Yorke, evidently he did not want to talk about it.
 It was a secret.
 That much was clear, but why it should be a secret was a mystery the juniors simply could not guess.
 It was so utterly unlike Bob Cherry to be secretive or mysterious that it astonished them the more.
 But as he did not choose to explain, they did not ask him for information, and the subject seemed to be dropped for good among the Famous Five.
 The other fellows were less reticent.
 Bob Cherry was questioned on all sides by curious fellows thirsting for information, but his replies were so gruff that the eager seekers for knowledge were not encouraged to pursue the subject.
 But although not appearing to do so, Bob kept an eye upon his cousin's movements. Yorke, however, behaved in an exemplary manner, and there was nothing to show that he was—or had been—a crook.
 Of one thing Bob was certain. He would never be in a peaceful state of mind so long as Yorke remained in Greyfriars. That, however, was not likely to trouble Yorke.

(For particulars of next week's story of Greyfriars, see Chat page.)

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY: "LINLEY TO THE RESCUE!"

The Outcast of Rookwood!

(Continued from page 6.)

ordinary self as he came in. He was nervous, and more fussy than usual.

Mr. Bootles, like everybody else at Rookwood, was simply astounded to find Mark Lattrey remaining in the school.

"Mr. Bootles, I have just received this extraordinary paper," said the Head, in a low, even voice. "It was slipped under my door by some person whom I did not see. Kindly glance at it."

The surprised Form-master looked at the paper, and coughed expressively.

"Bless my soul!" he said.

"The handwriting, I believe, is that of a member of your Form, Mr. Bootles?"

"I think so, Silver," stammered Mr. Bootles. "But the signatures appear to be those of all the Lower School, or nearly all. It is, I suppose, what is called a round robin."

"I presume so."

"I—I am not wholly surprised, sir," ventured Mr. Bootles. "Great surprise has been caused by the fact that Lattrey has hitherto remained at Rookwood."

"Indeed!" said the Head coldly.

"It was taken for granted, sir, that he would be expelled from the school," murmured Mr. Bootles.

"I have considered the matter, Mr. Bootles, and for certain reasons I have decided to allow Lattrey to remain—for the present, at least."

The Head spoke in a tone of cold formality.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Bootles.

"Naturally, having reached this decision, I am not likely to allow myself to be dictated to by the boys of the lower Forms."

"I—I suppose not, sir. But—but the senior boys are also very much astonished that Lattrey has not gone yet."

"The senior boys, I presume, will have sense enough to refrain from questioning the decision of their headmaster."

"I—I presume so."

"The junior boys, apparently, lack that amount of common-sense," said the Head dryly. "This must be rectified. Although

this document is signed in the form of a round robin, I have little doubt that it is mainly the work of Silver, the head boy in the Fourth, in whose hand the message is written."

"It is possible."

"It is very probable, I think. Under those circumstances, Mr. Bootles, I leave the matter in your hands. You will speak to Silver, and warn him that any further impertinence of this kind will be visited with severe punishment."

"Oh! Very well, sir."

"That is all, Mr. Bootles. Take the paper and destroy it, after you have reprimanded Silver."

"As you wish, sir," said Mr. Bootles, somewhat stiffly.

The Fourth Form master left the study with the round robin in his hand, and returned to his own quarters.

He passed the Fistical Four in the corridor, and beckoned to Jimmy Silver to follow him.

"Now for the merry verdict!" murmured Lovell.

Jimmy Silver followed the Form-master quietly into his study. He could see that a storm was brewing, and he did not fear it.

If the Head refused the request conveyed in the round robin, it was Jimmy's intention to take larger and more drastic measures.

"Ahem!" Mr. Bootles coughed uncomfortably. "Silver, you—you see this—this somewhat extraordinary paper—what, what?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"It appears to be a—a—round robin, I think it is called, Silver?"

"Exactly, sir!"

"The message is written in your hand, Silver. Dr. Chisholm concludes that you have been the ringleader in this—ahem—piece of impertinence."

"We're all in it together, sir," said Jimmy firmly.

"Really, Silver—"

"Does Dr. Chisholm refuse our request, sir?"

"Certainly—most certainly!"

"Is Lattrey to stay, sir?" asked Jimmy, very quietly.

"Dr. Chisholm's decision at present is that Lattrey is to remain at Rookwood, Silver."

Jimmy compressed his lips.

"This paper," continued Mr. Bootles, "I shall destroy, by the Head's instructions." He tossed it into the fire as he spoke. "Now, Silver, I recognise that feeling has been very much excited in the school by the wickedness of Lattrey's conduct. Doubtless he will be punished. But that is not a matter for you or your schoolfellows to decide. Dr. Chisholm's decision is absolute. I shall not punish you now, Silver, but it must be understood that there is no more of this—this impertinence."

Jimmy did not answer.

"You understand that, Silver?" exclaimed the Fourth Form master sharply.

"I understand, sir, that Lattrey can't remain at Rookwood!" said Jimmy Silver steadily.

"What, what?"

Jimmy did not flinch.

"The fellows will not stand it, sir!" he said.

Mr. Bootles coughed.

"Silver, I do not wish to cane you. Leave my study at once, and kindly let there be no more of this—this insolence! Not a word more! You may go!"

Jimmy Silver left the study.

His face was dark and set as he rejoined his chums.

"Well?" demanded the Co. with one voice.

"Lattrey is to stay!" said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth, his face pale with anger. "That's the Head's decision. And if we say anything more about it we're to be punished!"

"My hat!"

"Why, what a rotten shame!" broke out Lovell furiously. "We're not going to stand it! We won't stand it for a minute!"

"No fear!"

"We're not standing it!" Jimmy said. "We've asked the Head to do the right thing. He's refused. We're ordered to put up with that scoundrel in the school as if nothing had happened. We're not going to do it! Lattrey is going to be expelled from Rookwood! The Head won't expel him, and so"—he paused a moment—"we're going to expel him!"

"Us?" breathed Lovell.

"Us!" said Jimmy Silver steadily. "He's going, whether the Head likes it or not! Lattrey's going to be expelled from Rookwood by the Lower School!"

"Hear, hear!"

The bell rang, and the Fourth went into their Form-room. Lattrey, in class, gave Jimmy Silver a vaunting look. He knew what had happened, and he knew that it had failed. But Jimmy Silver & Co. were not yet done with the fellow who was condemned by the school!

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long, complete story, dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, next week. Order your copy of the POPULAR to-day!)

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"BY ORDER OF THE FOURTH!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!

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RUPERT THURSTON, a young Englishman, and friend of Lord's.

HAL HONOUR, known as the man of silence, engineer of Ferrers Lord's wonderful submarine. Honour has invented a marvellous paint which causes things to become invisible when painted with it. He has also built a new kind of aeroplane which he calls a helicopter, and which is covered with this new paint, but which is destroyed by

KARL VON KREIGLER, a mysterious professor, who has great power in Germany, and who holds the secret of Germany's great treasure-chest. Ferrers Lord has ferreted out one or two of the professor's secrets, and Von Kreigler realises that Lord is a very dangerous man. After this attack, Ferrers Lord despatches Rupert Thurston, with Honour and Ching Lung, with a message to Kreigler.

They are detained, but escape, after many exciting adventures. Thurston & Co. return to the yacht, where Ferrers Lord has been waiting for them. The yacht returns to England again, and Ferrers Lord & Co. set about building a new aeroplane.

Von Kreigler holds a council at the general's house, and arranges a ball to hide his movements. But Ferrers Lord discovers the plot, and pays the Supreme Council a surprise visit. Although the house is full of troops and guests, Ferrers Lord kidnaps both the professor and the general, and takes them on board the yacht.

Armed with the plans of the secret passage into the ruined Schloss, Ferrers Lord & Co. return to Germany to locate the whereabouts of the treasure. They are met at the Schloss by an agent of Lord's, who tells them he has discovered some of the treasure buried under Von Kreigler's house in Potsdam.

(Now read on.)

Back to Schloss Schwartzburg!

"So that is what they have been doing all this time," thought Ferrers Lord, with some amusement. "Braynham," he added aloud, "you may as well move what you found in Von Kreigler's house."

"To-morrow night, Chief," said the millionaire's secret agent. "We tried to rent the house next door to the professor's, but failed, and had to purchase it outright. After that, before we could get possession, we had to pay the tenant heavily to get out, for houses are as scarce here as in England. The cellars do not quite adjoin, but we tunneled through. I found the manuscript I sent you in an old box, quite a long time before the other passages began to accumulate, behind the wine-barrels. One night when I was watching through the hole we had made, I saw Von Kreigler playing with a string of jewels, and licking his lips over them as greedily as if he wanted to eat them. I have no doubt that some of the choicest jewels that ever came into Germany for hundreds of years are in that cellar. They would naturally take the lightest, most valuable stuff."

"Then go to Potsdam to-morrow and remove them," said Ferrers Lord. "There is another man in the secret, and evidently it is General Goltzheimer, for had it been anyone else he would have removed them for his own special benefit after the dramatic disappearance of Karl von Kreigler."

They went on in silence, an occasional backward flash from the guide's lamp keeping them together. Then the moon broke through the clouds, but only a little of her light managed to filter through the thick branches. At last they came to the edge of the forest. Half a mile away the towering crag of Schloss Schwartzburg, topped by its roofless buildings and turrets, rose black as ink against the sky.

"There you are, Rupert," said Ching Lung. "Behold the old barn in which we spent so many happy hours together, old son. There's the Schloss."

"And considerably the worse for wear," said Thurston. "I don't know so much about

the happy hours. If you were enjoying them, I didn't notice it."

"You weren't likely to notice it in the dark, were you?" chuckled the prince. "If it had been light you'd have seen me bubbling with joy."

"I failed to notice any bubbles even when that acetylene lamp was going, my friend, but perhaps I'm short-sighted," said Rupert Thurston. "Why have we come to a dead stop? I suppose that shanty over there must be the hunting-lodge we're making for."

The lodge was a modern imitation of an old watch-tower—a four-sided, two-storied erection with a few outbuildings behind it. A light shone from one of the lower windows. Then came an order, and the shadows moved forward and surrounded the lodge. The guide knocked, and then stepped back. Inside someone was playing a harmonium. The guide knocked a second time, and the music stopped, and a man opened the door.

"Who is that?" he asked in German, and peered about him. "Who is it that knocked, and why are you hiding yourself?"

His gruff voice had no hint of suspicion or alarm in it. He came forward a few paces, and then two of the shadows, Prout and Hal Honour, leapt at him and seized him. The man was too petrified with fear even to cry out. With Honour's big hand pressed over his mouth, he was hustled back into the lodge, and Ferrers Lord stripped off his long cloak and threw it over his arm. A dog in one of the outbuildings set up a furious baying.

"Keep guard here," he said, "and let none pass!"

The room was lighted by a paraffin lamp. The engineer and Prout had become dimly visible. They released the man as Ferrers Lord entered, but had to clutch him again, for otherwise he would have fallen to the floor, he was so limp with terror. He was an old man, with bushy white hair, that fell to his shoulders.

"Put him in a chair, and give him some of this," said Ferrers Lord, taking a silver brandy-flask from his pocket. "If I had known that the old fellow had no company with him, I'd have paid my visit in a less

alarming way. We've frightened him badly, but the brandy will bring him round."

Then he began to speak soothingly in German, and made a sign to Prout and the engineer to leave them alone together.

"Are you the secret police?" asked the lodgekeeper, staring at the millionaire with wide, startled eyes.

"Why should you ask that, my honest friend?" said Ferrers Lord. "Why should you take me for one of the secret police?"

"Because I know, and have known for a long time, that I was being watched, Herr Officer. It happened soon after the Schloss yonder was burnt down. There were shadows in the forest, there were eyes at my window. I thought at first they were watching for Hermann Trubner, the deserter, thinking I was hiding him. It is true he came to me that night, and I helped him to escape, and lent him some old clothes and tied heavy stones in his uniform and threw it down the well. I did not tell a soul, but as that is my only crime I confess it. Let me be punished then, Herr Officer of the secret police. Ach, any punishment is better than those haunting shadows in the forest and those peering eyes always at my window!"

Ferrers Lord had not forgotten that Hermann Trubner was the German soldier Honour, Ching Lung, and Thurston had left gagged and bound on the bank of the moat after boring their way out of the cave. Unconsciously, in aiding the deserter to escape the lodge-keeper had done the millionaire a highly-valuable service, for if Trubner had been captured, Professor Karl von Kreigler and General Goltzheimer would have learned that they had destroyed Schloss Schwartzburg for nothing at all.

He also knew that the eyes and the shadows that old German spoke of were the eyes and shadows of his own agents—not of the Hun secret police.

"You have nothing to fear," he said. "For aiding Trubner you will not be punished, but well rewarded. What's your name?"

"Rudolf Greiner, Herr Officer. I came from the city, from Berlin, and I hate this lonely forest life; but I am poor, and cannot please myself. I did not understand what it would be like when the kind professor put me here. Ach, he is a good, kind man, that Professor von Kreigler! It was springtime then, and it was a home and little work, and the pay was good. It was pleasant then. But now that the cold nights have come, and there are ghosts in the forests— Ach, I hate it!"

"Well, I'll send you back to the city, or, at least, to Potsdam, and give you a little house of your own—the very house next door to Professor von Kreigler's—if things turn out well," said Ferrers Lord, with a smile. "I know the professor well, and it is because he is—er—staying with me that you have not seen him."

"Ach, the good professor! I am glad of that, for he deserves well a holiday!" said the old man. "And he has sent my wages? I thought he had forgotten."

"Yes, I am here to pay your wages, Greiner. I do not know what they amount to, so I must trust to your honesty."

It was only a trifling sum, but as the lodgekeeper named it in German marks it sounded enormous. He was a simple-minded old fellow, who would suspect nothing, and believe nothing wrong against the good and kind professor who had befriended him—just the man to suit Von Kreigler's purpose.

Ferrers Lord had quickly cured him of his fright. When the millionaire paid his wages for six months in advance his eyes glistened.

"Ach, the good professor, how good he is!" he cried. "I want the money, and yet I do not want to stay here. It is too lonely—too lonely and too cold!"

"I'll see that you go to Potsdam before the real winter comes and the snow sets in," said Ferrers Lord. "The professor will be willing for you to go if I ask him. There are some things here, too, that I wish to take away."

"Ach, yes, the fossils the professor digs out of the tunnel," said the old man. "It is strange to me that anyone can take pleasure in bits of rock and stone; but so it is. I am a carpenter, Herr Officer, as the good professor may have told you, but I can only work slowly and a little now. But I have made the boxes, and they are ready in the shed. Always at night the professor came

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NEXT
FRIDAY!

"LINLEY TO THE RESCUE!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF
GREYFRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

for his fossils, and that is strange to me. Always at night!"

"He is a busy man, and has little leisure in the daytime," said Ferrers Lord. "Show me where the fossils are, and then I will send you for the boxes."

The old man took up the lamp, and the millionaire followed him down a narrow, stone-flagged passage. At the bottom of the passage was an arched doorway opening on a flight of broad, winding steps.

"The cellar is below, Herr Officer. I have never been down, for the professor did not wish me to go. My legs are weak and stiff, and the stairs are slippery. He warned me that if I had a fall and broke my limb in this lonely place, I might lie there and die of hunger and pain before any aid came. Ach, the good, kind professor! He has a thoughtful heart for others!"

Ferrers Lord took the lamp from his hand, and went down the steps. The cellar was low and vaulted. There were several empty barrels, and, literally, thousands of empty champagne bottles and hundreds of broken wine-cases, telling that on hunting days, when the ex-Kaiser and his guests visited the lodge, they were thirsty souls, and found plenty of good wine with which to quench their thirst. But some of the cases not tumbled about, but fairly evenly stacked, attracted the millionaire's attention.

Putting down the lamp, the millionaire removed them. There were some planks behind, whitewashed years ago to match the wall.

He pulled one away, and, going back for the lamp, squeezed his way through a low tunnel. At one place rough steps had been cut in the rock leading upwards, apparently to the surface of the ground. No doubt this was the original entrance to the secret passage, but it had been bricked over.

Twenty paces farther on a door of solid six-inch steel plate barred his way. It had four locks.

The millionaire turned back.

"Get your lantern, and bring me four boxes," he said to the old man—"the largest you have; you need not hurry, for I do not wish to tire you, Greiner."

As the light of the old man's lantern went hobbling away, the dog stopped barking, and Ferrers Lord gave a low whistle.

"Get the baggage, and come quickly!" he said, standing in the doorway, lamp in hand. "I shall not need you below, Braynham. I'll introduce you to the old lodge-keeper, and you can keep him quiet. Send him to bed, or talk to him about Von Kreigler. He thinks the professor the greatest saint on earth."

He showed them the way to the cellar, and they went down, Hal Honour swung his flash-lamp round the place, and grunted as he saw the array of bottles.

"No wonder you frown, Hal!" said Ching Lung. "They're all empty, my son, so I'm not surprised you feel miserable. It's a sad sight for a thirsty man, isn't it?"

The business-like engineer made no attempt to reply to Ching Lung's banter, but walked straight up to the planks, and pulled another one down. His mechanic—a little black-haired man, with enormously long, muscular arms and very short bow legs—kept close at his heels like a faithful dog.

They reached the steel door, and Hal Honour pushed it, but very cautiously. If the door to the treasure-chambers of Schloss Schwartzburg was mined, why not this?

"Back!" said the engineer.

"And very strong, master," said the mechanic. "The best of steel, pressed and rolled. Strong as a bank. We haven't any tools to cut through that."

"Back!" said Hal Honour.

He examined the walls and floor in search of hidden wire, and then returned to the cellar, with the mechanic trotting after him to look for hidden electric batteries. Every wine-case was moved, and it took time. They did not disturb the bottles, for the dust of ages were on them. If any batteries were concealed under them there could be no life in them. They must have perished of old age, for the cellar was very damp, and the bottles were the accumulation of years. And it was seven years at least since the ex-Kaiser and his guests had hunted in the forest of Schloss Schwartzburg.

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In the Labyrinths!

WHEN they had satisfied themselves the steel door was not protected by any explosive contrivance, Hal Honour and his mechanic made another inspection of it. From a bulky carpet bag the little mechanic produced bunches of keys of various sizes and extraordinary shapes. None of the four locks would yield to any of them. Honour did not wish to destroy or deface the door if he could avoid it.

When the millionaire came down the steps, Ching Lung, Rupert, and Mr. Thomas Prout were seated on champagne cases munching sandwiches and drinking coffee out of a vacuum flask, both these comforting commodities having been provided by the thoughtfulness of the yacht's steersman. They were only idle because there was no work for them to do. The task of forcing a steel door was the particular business of the engineer and his assistant.

Ferrers Lord passed through the cellar and watched the two men silently as they again tried the collection of keys.

"Are they all different," he asked at last, "or do they run in pairs?"

"All different," said the engineer. "Ah!"

The upper lock seemed to give a little. The engineer withdrew the key, scratched a few lines on it with a piece of fine chalk, and tossed it to his assistant. The little man squatted down and began to file. The engineer tried twenty more keys before he found one to help him. He did some more chalking and dropped the second key at the mechanic's feet. Ten minutes later both men were filing as if their lives depended on it. Twenty minutes later Hal Honour rose to his feet with a grunt of satisfaction. The tongue of the upper lock clicked back then the second and the third. For another half-hour the fourth lock defied them, but it yielded at last. The engineer put his shoulder to the door, and it rolled back on its hinges.

Before entering the gloomy tunnel, Ferrers Lord looked at the plan the engineer had made from Professor Von Kreigler's rough copy. By the plan, the tunnel had many windings. It passed under the moat, and then ascended at a sharp angle into the very heart of the cliff. Von Kreigler had told Ferrers Lord that it was very ancient, and that probably the original cave-dwellers had used it as a hiding-place and a means of escape when attacked by their enemies. On cave dwellings and old-time ruins, Von Kreigler was a noted authority, but unless he had him, as it were, safely guarded on board the Lord of the Deep, where any little trick would recoil on his own head, the millionaire would have placed very little faith in the wily professor's information.

"Call up the others, and let us get on, Honour," he said. "We can fasten the door and open it again without trouble if we return this way, I suppose."

The engineer replied with his usual nod, and beckoned to the supper-party in the cellar to shoulder their packs and come on.

"By honey, it looks dark and ugly, and I never was fond of dark and ugly places," said Prout, surveying the black prospect beyond the open door. "I'm never too high up if I've got one foot on the ground, and I'm never too low down if I'm high up. It's as dark as the time of the air-raids."

"And what did you in the Great War, Tommy?" said the Prince. "I'll wager you made for the nearest tunnel, and were thankful when the raids were on!"

"By honey, I like that! And me fighting all the time like a bunch of heroes!" said the steersman of the Lord of the Deep. "We were an armed cruiser then, and about the nippiest thing afloat, as jolly well your highness knows—free rovers, just to go where we liked, and do what we liked. And didn't the Huns know it! By honey, that was the life! We shook old Jerry Hun up all over the seven seas till he daren't poke any boat's nose outside harbour, or a fathom beyond his mine-fields if she wasn't three times our size! Yes, daddy, that's a bit of what we did in the Great War!"

As they walked their footfalls rang crisply on the clear hard floor of the tunnel, and awakened many echoes. It twisted like a corkscrew, and then began to ascend. Hal Honour picked up the end of a cigar, and further on he pointed to a quart bottle that had once held German beer.

"One of Goltzheimer's relics, I'll wager!" said Thurston. "I don't think our pal the professor cares for beer. At any rate, I'm

sure he's not fond enough of it to drag a bottle that size so far. Do you think, chief, that the general and Von Kreigler are on this swindle of robbing their pals together?"

"From what the agent told me, I am almost sure of it. We have located Von Kreigler's hoard, and it will be removed tomorrow," said the millionaire.

"Goltzheimer would not trust the professor to keep his share, though he would like to keep the professor's, so he must have a hoard of his own somewhere. If my men cannot track it down, I must find some means of persuading the general to tell us where he keeps it."

"I hope you'll succeed, for they both deserve to be skinned down to the very bone," said Ching Lung. "If you had given them much more rope, they'd have had all the cream of the stuff out of the treasure chamber. I guessed at once, when you mentioned Von Kreigler's book and the secret passage, that the professor had been after the stuff. If there had been no other way in, the rascals wouldn't have been so ready to fire the Schloss and choke the upper galleries. But why on earth, if the general professor was the sole possessor of the secret, did he tell Goltz, whom he hates?"

"We must ask him that, for it is an interesting point," said Ferrers Lord. "Don't go too fast, Honour. There is a cautioning cross on the plan here."

The tunnel widened and grew more lofty. They were beneath the moat, and they could hear the scattered drip, drip, drip of water. Flashing their lamps upwards, they saw stalactites hanging in clusters from the roof like huge grey icicles. Hal Honour's deep grunt caused a hundred echoes.

"That's a jolly bad cough you've developed all at once, Hal," said Ching Lung. "Perhaps it's the damp air. Aren't you well?"

"Wrong!" said the engineer, and pointed up at a bunch of slender stalactites. "No explosion!"

It seemed obvious that as they could not be far from the treasure cave, the concussion would have shaken down such brittle objects as the stalactites had the mine that guarded it exploded. But there was another reason that had not, at the moment, occurred to the engineer.

"There's a second door, Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "If it is as sound and firm as the other, that will account for the stalactites being intact."

"By honey, that will please Hal, sir!" said Prout, with a grin. "He ought to have been a burglar, for he loves forcing doors."

Honour uttered another grunt of disgust. It was quite true, there was another door with four locks—a replica of the one they had opened with so much difficulty. But only replica in appearance, for none of the keys they had filed would open the locks. This door did not matter. They feared no intruders from the Schloss side of the moat. The assistant opened his toolbag and put on a pair of smoked mica goggles and a mask, and a thick leather jerkin. They stood back while the engineer sprayed the locks with some powerful acid that hissed and smoked as it touched the steel.

"The lamp," said Hal Honour, and gave his assistant a long metal tube, ending in a fine nozzle.

As the mechanic took the tube in his gloved hands a thin, blue flame started from the nozzle. He touched the lower lock with it, and in an instant the metal melted away like wax, and fell in great molten splashes on the rock below, spluttering and bubbling, and sending up clouds of steam.

"Quite easy when you know how to do it, and pretty to watch, by honey!" remarked Prout. "If old Hal lived next door to me, and I had any valuables, I'd take good care to keep them in the bank. What a crying pity to make such an awful mess of a pretty and expensive door like that!"

"Look the other way!" said the engineer.

It was good advice, for the molten metal gave out a dazzling flare sufficient to blind them for a period if they watched it too long. Before the fierce flame, combined with the acid flux, the last lock vanished into an uneven hole. Honour ran forward and gave the door a kick, and it opened.

"Hallo! We're getting nearer!" said Ching Lung. "I can smell the stuff that I expected to smell. I can't say I relish it very much."

It was a distinctive scent—the scent that clings for ages after a fire. The smell of the burning Schloss had been driven into the galleries, and still clung there. Mingled with it was the odour of water, stale and stag-

nant. Altogether, it was a very unpleasant atmosphere to breathe.

"Do you know where we are?" asked the millionaire. "I'm not expecting any very definite answer," he added, with a smile, "for I know you were here under difficulties. There are three galleries here, and the professor's plan comes to a sudden end at the secret door."

"You haven't told us which way you wish to go, chief," said Thurston. "Are you looking for the treasure chamber?"

"No; I want first to explore the gallery that leads to the staircase up to the Schloss," said Ferrers Lord.

Hal Honour had gone forward. He flashed his lamp towards them, and gave a hail.

"Cave!" he grunted when they reached him. "Come!"

"There are times, Honour, when I could almost wish that you would be less economical with your words," said Ferrers Lord.

"Our hiding-place," explained the engineer, "compelled to use three words instead of one."

It was the sandstone gallery in which Honour, Ching Lung, and Rupert Thurston had discovered their cave of refuge, but it was so altered that scarcely anyone but the engineer would have recognised it. The gallery was piled breast-high with masses of sandstone that had been shaken down from the roof and sides.

"By Jove, Ching!" said Rupert. "There wouldn't have been much left of us if we'd been in the cave when the powder-magazine went up. The force came this way. And there's a dead end, you know. When the concussion had hit that dead end, it would have bounced back red-hot air and gas, going at the rate of umpteen miles an hour, and blown us and our little barricade to smithereens. Down would have come the roof, and—"

"Oh, cut out your vivid description, old chap!" said Ching Lung. "As we happened to be out at the time, I don't care a button what happened to the old cave. I suppose this must be the right gallery, for I didn't notice any other sandstone in the neighbourhood of these cellars, only granite. I say, Chief, I know the way now as well as Honour does. At my back, gentlemen, if you can see in the dark, you will notice the road leading to the treasure vault. Facing me, and some distance ahead, there are four distinct galleries. Taking the first gallery to the right, we come to an arch and a lot of dirty water, and if no wading-boots have been provided with this outfit, we shall all get very wet and very dirty."

The wading-boots were in the pack carried by Prout. Ching Lung's memory of those gloomy vaults had not played him any tricks.

The engineer's lamp gleamed in the still water, that was as black as polished ebony. They pulled on their rubber boots and splashed through it under the low arch.

"It was here, gentlemen," said Ching Lung, mimicking a professional guide who is conducting a party of sightseers, "that mighty Harold Honour, camouflaged as an invisible prize-fighter, smote General Goitzheimer the famous smite on the nose that caused the general much surprise and pain. On that occasion our friend broke all the rules of the noble art by hitting a man when he wasn't looking."

"I had a notion Goltz was looking for me, and looking pretty hard," said Rupert. "It was a glorious punch—the only thing that made me smile since I came here."

"By honey, having met the gentleman, I consider the pity of it is that Hal hadn't got a knuckle-duster or a mallet when he punched," said Thomas Prout.

"And the pity of it is now that I haven't got a clothes-peg to wear on my nose, or a bottle of eau-de-Cologne with me," added the Prince. "Pouf!"

As they advanced, the stale smell of burnt material, musty, damp, and acrid smoke, became almost intolerable. Rupert Thurston began to cough.

"The explosion has burned half the oxygen out of the air," said Ferrers Lord. "The gas-masks, Prout!"

When the grotesque-looking masks were fitted they pushed on, resembling imps more than men—fitting denizens of those black, evil-smelling labyrinths beneath Schloss Schwartzburg.

The Toilers of the Night.

RUPERT THURSTON and Ching Lung stopped to peer into the cell that had been their prison until that enterprising and observant person, Harold Honour, had shown them the way out. The explosion had wrecked it. The others had reached the stone staircase. It was very hot here. They mounted to the first turn of the stairs, and then they were checked, for it was choked up with rubbish.

The engineer held up a warning hand, and stooped to listen. Though it was not very easy to talk when wearing the gas-mask, the masks did not cover the ears or interfere with their hearing.

They heard a curious sound, a steady buzzing, and an occasional faint squeak. The galleries of the Schloss were as silent as the tomb until their hollow echoes were awakened.

Yet the puzzling noise was quite close, and seemed to come from the heart of the rubbish that blocked up the staircase. Some living

thing might have been in there, some great insect that kept up a continual buzz.

The burly engineer looked up through his unsightly goggles, and Ferrers Lord and the millionaire nodded.

Suddenly, as they watched, a shining, twisting object showed itself as it bored its way through. It came at an angle, and, pushing its way forward between the millionaire's feet, it touched the stone step on which he was standing, and began to eat its way through the solid stone. The gleaming object was a pneumatic drill. They had not come too soon. Others were endeavouring to make a way into the galleries of the Schloss, to win the vast treasure hidden there.

Ferrers Lord waited no longer. Though the masks were a safeguard against the poisonous gases left behind by the fire and explosion, they were uncomfortable things to wear.

They marched back, and waded through the water in search of a more breathable atmosphere.

When they unlocked the door of the cellar of the hunting-lodge they were startled to see a light there, and Ferrers Lord's hand leapt to the automatic pistol in his hip-pocket. The man with the light was the agent, Braynham.

"The old fellow has gone to bed, Chief," said the agent. "He has no suspicion at all that anything is amiss; but perhaps it would be better to take him away."

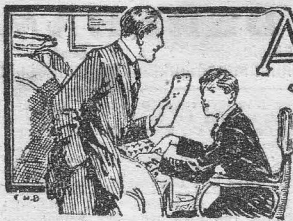
"Yes, take him to Potsdam with you," said the millionaire. "I have promised to make him a present of the house you bought. If he lets off some of the rooms, he will make enough money to keep himself. Without being aware of it, he did me an excellent turn, and the house will be his reward for that. The lodge will be useful to us."

"If you shut it up it won't arouse much suspicion," said the agent. "The old man told me that he scarcely sees a soul except the baker, who calls once a week. I have only to tell him that Professor Von Kreigler wishes him to go to Potsdam, and he will be wild with joy. Shall I tell him that the house is a present from Von Kreigler?"

"Yes, you had better tell him so," said Ferrers Lord. "Such an unexpected gift from a complete stranger would cause a lot of questioning. Go early in the morning, Braynham, and rife the professor's cellars as soon as you can."

"Apsley will have the car waiting for me at the cross-roads about eight o'clock, Chief. What am I to do with the treasure? The frontier police are very alert."

(Continued on page 20.)



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

The first grand, long, complete school story will be entitled:

"LINLEY TO THE RESCUE!"

By Frank Richards.

This is, of course, about the famous chums of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. Bob Cherry, considerably worried by the presence of his cousin, Paul Tyrell, at Greyfriars, finds it a difficult matter to sleep, and goes down to his study with Mark Linley, who is studying for an exam. Later Bob leaves, and completely disappears. How Linley goes to the rescue and upsets a great plot will be told in our next grand story.

There will also be a splendid complete story of the chums of Rookwood, entitled:

NEXT FRIDAY!

"LINLEY TO THE RESCUE!"

"BY ORDER OF THE FOURTH!"
By Owen Conquest.

As Dr. Chisholm refuses to expel Lattrey, the cad of the Rookwood Fourth, for his part in the terrible calamity which has befallen Mornington, the juniors take matters into their own hands. This leads to trouble, and Lattrey comes in for a rough time—besides Jimmy Silver & Co. This is a thrilling story, and is certain to be read with great interest by all my chums.

"Billy Bunter's Weekly."

There will be another issue of the Owl of the Remove's famous supplement next week, and concerns a subject of great interest to him. That is money—he calls it a Finance Number! Big words from a big fellow!

However, the supplement is a splendid one, and will be well up to the

excellent standard the extraordinary William George has set himself.

A Great Treat Coming!

Just before the end of February there is a great treat coming to readers of THE POPULAR. Watch the Chat page for full particulars!

Result of Poplets Competition No. 43.

The Splendid Match Football has been awarded to:

H. COMPSTON,
33, Kipling Street,
Bootle,
Liverpool.

The Ten Prizes of Five Shillings Each have been sent to the following readers:

- F. W. Bowyer, 2, Holmes Cottages, Bechworth, Surrey; Fred Prout, 12, Esh Terrace, Lanley Park, Durham; C. N. Bottrill, 5, Denmark Road, Walsall, Staffs; "Popular Reader," 82, Lowfield Street, Dartford, Kent; A. C. Tipping, 46, Dame Agnes Street, Nottingham; H. Miller, 2, Greggs Cottages, Ulverston, Lancashire; Alec F. Stanford, 34, Allfarthing Lane, Wandsworth Common, S.W. 18; Stanley Lillywhite, 20, Meadowbrook Road, Dorking, Surrey; A. Clegg, 51, College Road, Oldham, Lancs; Dorothy Budd, 256, Portobello Road, North Kensington, London, W. 11.

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

The Invisible Raider!

(Continued from page 19.)

"Even with your passports you would hardly get it through, and if your car was searched, of course the stuff would be confiscated," said Ferrers Lord. "I will arrange matters for you in a safer way. Be in the clearing any time after midnight to-morrow, and show the usual signal to the helicopter."

While the old man snored in his little bed-room upstairs, his mysterious visitors made themselves at home. Ferrers Lord opened the door, and looked up at the sky. The moon had paled, but the stars were very brilliant. Above him loomed the great rock and the black towers of the Schloss. Ching Lung joined him.

"I'm wondering how much progress those treasure-hunting chaps have made in their digging, chief," said the prince. "It's a subject I'd like to know more about."

"Not enough progress to cause us much anxiety, Ching," said Ferrers Lord. "I think their excavations can only be in the experimental stage. You cannot dig a very large hole with a drill. They were using that to find out how thick the rubbish was. If they were only making holes for a cartridge to blast with, they would not have come so low."

"What about putting on our camouflage and having a look at them, Chief?" said the prince. "It's a beastly stiff climb, but it's a very nice night for it."

"Never interfere with honest industry and well-spent energy," answered Ferrers Lord, with a twinkle in his steel-grey eyes. "Somebody will come along sooner or later and purchase Schloss Schwartzburg, and it will

save him money to have his underground staircase cleared for him for nothing. The Schloss forests are magnificent, and, with a little care, they would afford some of the finest shooting to be had in Europe. It could be bought cheaply, too. There has been a great slump in royal forests in this part of the world."

"Are you thinking of investing in some of the estates lately the property of the Kaiser Bill of the Golden Hat, Chief?" asked the prince. "Do you intend to purchase Schloss Schwartzburg?"

"Who knows?" said the millionaire. "Perhaps at the close of this little adventure the grateful Allies will buy it, and present it to me. You are not tired?"

"Now that I've got that beastly smell out of my lungs I'm as lively as a cricket," said the prince. "If you have anything exciting in prospect, I'm with you all the time!"

"Then, prince, I'll change my mind, and we'll go and see what's happening up there," said the millionaire. "Bring my cloak, please, Ching. Have you your pistol?"

"All safe, and a few extra cartridges, Chief."

They skirted the moat, and reached the road. The massive iron gates were closed and chained, and, though the sentry-boxes were still there, there were no sentries. They climbed over the gate. The first frosts had come and nipped the life out of the flowers on the terrace gardens. The drive corkscrewed upwards and at each bend was a rusty neglected machine-gun, placed there by General Goltzheim, when Germany was seething with Socialism and hatred of militarism after her defeat and surrender.

"Old Goltz is a real Prussian," said Ching Lung. "He still believes in blood and iron and the mailed fist. Look at those big guns higher up. If you buy the place, Chief, have the guns thrown in, and you'll get a lot of

your purchase-money back by selling them as old iron."

They reached the last terrace. The Schloss was a mere blackened shell, windowless, roofless, gutted. Only the stout wall stood intact, charred but unconquerable. They pulled the hoods down over their faces as a murmur of voices reached their ears. A light gleamed through the doorless porch of the great hall—the famous banqueting-hall, once the scene of so many joyous revels.

"There's somebody at home," whispered the prince. "It must be a dirty job, too. By the way, if we get any dirt on our camouflage, will it show, Chief?"

"It's an experiment I haven't tried, but I don't think so, unless you get a good deal of it," said the millionaire. "If you are going in, be cautious of your limbs."

The light was travelling away from them. It kept jerking up and down as the man who carried it climbed over the fallen joists and beams. Then the light disappeared.

"As we've come so far, we may as well chance it, and see what's going on," said the prince. "Look out for holes, or we may drop through into Kaiser Bill's royal kitchen."

"We'll try and avoid that fate by using our flash-lamps, Ching."

"True, but I once heard an old soldier say that bullets can see in the dark," said the prince, "and if they pumped a few our way, they wouldn't respect our camouflage. Still, trifles like that are all in the day's march. Let me think a bit. I remember the big room with the beautiful lustres in it, where I was first introduced to the professor and Goltz. When they marched Hat and myself through the hall the room was on the left. I can always remember cheerful things like that. Come along, Chief; I know my old tracks like a book."

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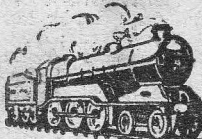
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