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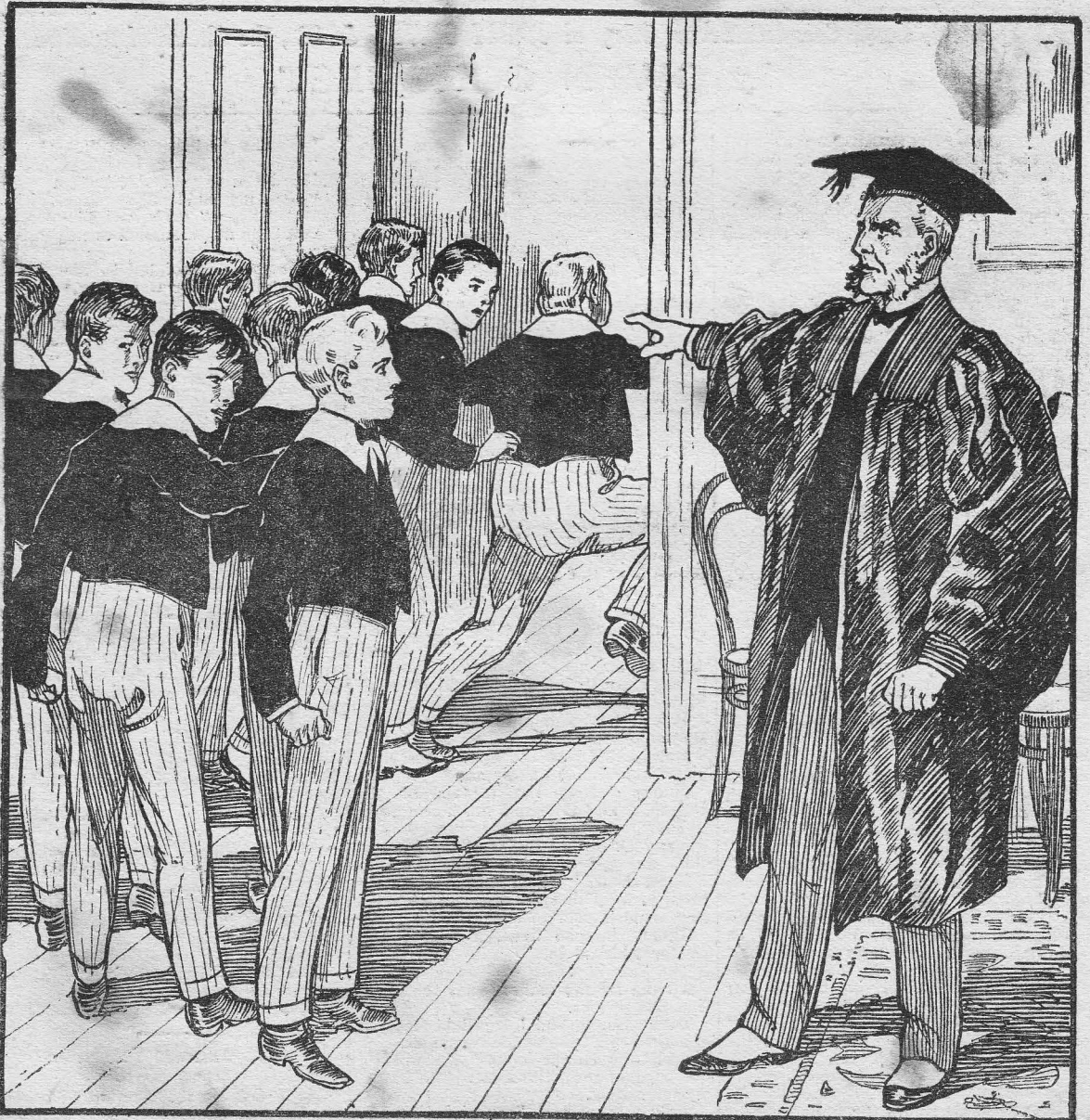
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**THE HEAD OF ROOKWOOD QUELLS THE GREAT REBELLION!**  
(A DRAMATIC INCIDENT FROM THE LONG COMPLETE TALE OF ROOKWOOD IN THIS ISSUE.)



# By Order of the Fourth!

A Splendid, Long, Complete School Story of JIMMY SILVER & CO., the Chums of Rookwood.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Fourth Form Mean Business!

**D**EAR me!" said Mr. Bootles. The master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood blinked round the Form-room over his spectacles.

Mr. Bootles was a minute late for his class that morning.

Naturally, he expected to find the Fourth there waiting for him.

But of all the Rookwood Fourth, Classical and Modern, there was only one member in the Form-room, and that was Mark Lattrey, the outcast of the school.

"Bless my soul!" went on Mr. Bootles, in great surprise. "Lattrey, where are your Form-fellows? What—what?"

He blinked inquiringly at Lattrey. "They haven't come in yet, sir," muttered Lattrey.

"Most extraordinary!" ejaculated Mr. Bootles. "Very extraordinary!" Lattrey came forward towards the master.

There was a harassed look on his thin, sharp face.

"If you please, sir—" he began.

"Well?"

"I—I think it's got something to do with me, sir."

Mr. Bootles raised his eyebrows.

"With you, Lattrey?"

"Yes, sir."

"I really do not understand you," said Mr. Bootles testily. "Do you mean to say that the whole Form are staying away on your account? Don't talk nonsense, Lattrey!"

"There—there's something on, sir," muttered Lattrey. "The—fellows want me to leave Rookwood!"

"Quite natural, under the circumstances!" snapped Mr. Bootles. "You can hardly expect the boys to feel otherwise, Lattrey, after your ruffianly action which resulted in depriving one of your schoolfellows of his sight."

"Dr. Chisholm allows me to stay," said Lattrey sullenly. "It isn't for the fellows to decide."

"Quite so—quite so. I must see into this matter," said Mr. Bootles hastily.

"Do you know where the juniors are at present, Lattrey?"

"I think in the Common-room, sir."

"Very well. You will remain here."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bootles whisked out of the Form-room, somewhat excited and angry.

Lattrey sat down in his place, his face dark and clouded.

The black sheep of Rookwood was bent upon "sticking it out" at the school, in spite of the scorn and avoidance of all the other fellows.

He hoped in time to live down what had happened.

That was not likely, however.

Mornington, of the Fourth, was blind, and it was Lattrey who had caused that terrible catastrophe.

It was a thing that the Rookwood fellows were not likely to forget or forgive.

Mr. Bootles whisked away towards the junior Common-room.

All the other Forms were at work, and the master of the Fourth was very irritated by this insubordination on the part of his own Form.

He threw open the door of the Common-room, and found himself in the presence of the Fourth.

The whole Form was there, Classical and Modern.

First lesson was taken with Mr. Bootles by both divisions of the Form. And in staying "out" this morning it was clear that Classics and Moderns were in agreement.

It was but seldom that the rivals of Rookwood found themselves in accord.

But in this case the accord was complete, and almost unanimous.

Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, was addressing the Form from a chair, when the door opened, and Tommy Dodd, the leader of the Modern side, was punctuating his remarks with "Hear, hear!" which was a sufficient proof in itself that the lion and the lamb had made it pax, so to speak.

Jimmy jumped down as the Form-master whisked in.

The buzz of voices died away.

All the fellows realised that the situation was serious.

Tubby Muffin and Leggett backed out of sight behind the window-curtains.

Peel and Gower looked very uneasy, but most of the fellows faced the Form-master calmly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "You—you are here! What!"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Why are you not in the Form-room?"

"We are staying out, sir."

"We are—we is!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell under his breath.

"Bless my soul! Are you out of your senses, Silver?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "You have no permission to stay out this morning."

Jimmy Silver pointed to Mornington. The blind junior was there, with Kit Erroll, his chum, by his side.

"You see Mornington, sir," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "You know what's happened to him. Lattrey ought to be sent to prison. At least, he ought to be turned out of Rookwood. We refuse to go in to lessons with Lattrey!"

"You—you refuse?" ejaculated Mr. Bootles, in amazement.

"We're all in this, sir," said Erroll quietly. "The Head knows that Lattrey ought to be expelled. He's chosen to let him stay, but he can't compel us to associate with him."

"Do you venture to dictate to your headmaster?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"In this—yes, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Bootles was at a loss.

The juniors were looking grim, and it was clear that they did not intend to obey his order to proceed to the Form-room.

Exactly what Mr. Bootles was to do was not clear.

Certainly, he could not take the whole Form by the scruff of the neck and march them in.

"Once more, I order you into the Form-room!" he said at last.

Silence. But the juniors did not stir.

"I must, then, call the Head to deal with you," said Mr. Bootles.

He paused a moment or two, but there was no reply, and no movement. He left the Common-room somewhat agitated.

The Fourth-Formers looked at one another in grim silence.

They awaited the arrival of the Head.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Unconquered!

**N**OW for it!" murmured Lovell. A heavy footstep was heard in the corridor.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath, and looked towards the door.

Jimmy was the prime mover in the

matter, though the other fellows were backing him up heartily.

Whether the juniors would face the Head, as they had faced the Form-master, remained to be seen.

It was not easy to think of disobeying the orders of the Head in his stately presence.

There was a hush in the Common-room as the stately figure of the Head, with rustling gown, appeared in the open doorway.

Dr. Chisholm's face was hard and set. His reasons for allowing Mark Lattrey to remain in the school were not known to the juniors.

They were not reasons he could have explained, even if he had considered it necessary to make explanations to the Lower School.

But he did not in the least.

The Head was a great disciplinarian, and anything in the nature of questioning his authority was sure to arouse his ire, whatever motives the mutineers might have.

His look was thunderous as he gazed into the Common-room.

Some of the fellows evinced a disposition to get out of sight behind the others. But the majority stood firm.

"So!" The Head's voice rumbled like distant thunder. "So it appears that this Form has taken upon itself to disobey a Form-master's orders, and to question the authority of the head-master of Rookwood!"

Silence. "Go into your Form-room this instant!"

The Head made a commanding gesture.

There was a hasty movement among some of the fellows. But Jimmy Silver's voice rang out.

"Stand where you are!" The movement ceased.

"Silver!" thundered the Head. "Are you instructing your Form-fellows to disobey me?"

"We have explained to Mr. Bootles, sir."

"Mr. Bootles has informed me of your unexampled impertinence!" thundered the Head. "I decline to hear it repeated. You are plainly the ringleader in this mutiny, Silver. I order you into your Form-room! Disobey me, and you shall be taken to the station by a prefect within ten minutes, and sent back to your home!"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver's face was pale now. But he did not stir.

"Lattrey, sir—" he began.

"I am not here to discuss Lattrey with you, Silver. I am here to see you return to your duty. If the Fourth Form does not obey me at once, you, Silver, will be immediately expelled, and every other member of the Form will be publicly flogged."

There was a gasp from Tubby Muffin. The fat Classical scuttled out from behind the window curtains and started for the door.

Peele and Gower hurried after him.

Lovell caught Jimmy Silver's arm anxiously.

"Come on, Jimmy!"

"We're staying out, Lovell."

"You're not going to be sacked, you fathead!"

"Look here—"

"Come on, ass!"

Lovell fairly dragged the captain of the Fourth to the door. The rest of the juniors followed.

Dr. Chisholm stood aside, frowning, as the juniors passed.

Not a fellow remained in the Common-room.

Jimmy Silver's face was white with anger as he went. But the Head's threat was too much.

Jimmy pictured his sudden return home early in the term—the dismay and amazement of his father and mother. It was too much.

After the first moment's resistance he went quietly along with Lovell.

With a stern face, the Head followed the juniors into the Fourth Form-room.

Mr. Bootles was there, awaiting them.

Mr. Bootles' kind face was very distressed.

He sympathised to a great extent with the rebels, and the whole incident was painful to him.

In grim and gloomy silence the Fourth Form went to their places.

The Head surveyed them with a frowning brow.

"This Form will be detained for two hours this afternoon, as a punishment for insubordination!" he said. "If there is no recurrence of it, I shall allow the matter to drop there. But remember this—if the slightest disrespect or disobedience is shown to Mr. Bootles this morning the delinquent will be punished with the greatest severity. I am ashamed of this Form!"

And with that Parthian shot the Head swept out.

"Ahem—ahem!" murmured Mr. Bootles.

The crushing of the revolt had been complete—so far!

But Jimmy Silver & Co. had yet another card to play—unknown either to the Head or the Form-master.

The "staying-out" had been only the first step.

That action had made it clear to the Head in what light the Fourth regarded his amazing leniency to Lattrey.

If he did not choose to do what the whole school expected of him, there were consequences to follow—already decided upon.

Mr. Bootles had no trouble with his class that morning, although he had quite expected it.

The juniors liked their Form-master, and had no desire to give him trouble.

They knew, too, that in his heart, Mr. Bootles shared their feeling with regard to Lattrey.

The good little gentleman's only desire was to smooth over the matter, hoping that there would be no more of it.

But Lattrey, at least, knew that there would be more of it, and his face was clouded that morning.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon, but the sentence of detention had to be carried out.

When morning lessons were over, Mr. Bootles directed his class to return to the Form-room at the usual hour for afternoon classes.

The juniors left the Form-room quietly.

Mark Lattrey looked round rather nervously outside the Form-room. But the other fellows did not approach him, or speak to him.

They moved off at once to the junior Common-room.

The plan of campaign was to be discussed before dinner.

Erroll took Mornington out into the quadrangle, the blind junior walking with his arm in his chum's.

But the rest of the Fourth turned up at the meeting.

Jimmy Silver mounted on a chair.

"We've taken the first step, you fellows," he said. "It hasn't been a success."

"Rotten failure!" remarked Townsend.

"Shut up, Towny!"

"We didn't know how it would turn out," continued Jimmy Silver, unheeding Townsend. "We wanted to make it clear to the Head that we wouldn't stand Lattrey in the school at any price. It was his duty to kick Lattrey out, and he hasn't done it. He knows what we think now, and he's taken no notice."

"An' he won't!" said Peele.

"Now we've got to take the second step," said Jimmy Silver. "The Head won't expel Lattrey. But Lattrey's going to be expelled!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Gammon!" said Gower.

"Dry up, Gower!"

"Order!"

"If the Head won't expel him, the Fourth Form will do it," resumed Jimmy Silver. "We've decided on that, and we're going to carry it out."

"You'll get sacked," said Topham.

"I'm risking that!"

"I'm jolly well not goin' to risk it!"

"Yah! Funk!" bawled Lovell.

Townsend shrugged his shoulders.

"Funk or not, I'm not backin' up against the Head," he answered. "It's not good enough. Come on, Topy; I'm fed up with this!"

Townsend and Topham cleared off, and two or three other fellows followed them.

The matter was getting too serious for their taste.

"Anybody who feels funky had better clear out while he's got the chance," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Once in, there's no drawing back."

Jimmy's invitation was accepted by several more fellows.

But the majority, both Classical and Modern, remained.

"Now the Bolos have gone, let's get on with the washing," remarked Raby, and there was a laugh.

"You know the programme," said Jimmy. "Lattrey is going to be sacked. He's entitled to an inquiry by the Head, and a just sentence—and he's getting neither. The Fourth Form are, therefore, going to take the matter in their own hands, and give him a fair chance, and sack him."

"Hear, hear!"

"He will be sentenced to expulsion by the Form, and sent away!" said Jimmy Silver firmly. "I know it's an unusual thing—"

"My hat! It is, rather!"

"But what else can we do? Are we going to stand that rascal here?"

"Never!"

"The Head refuses to do his duty, and we're going to do it for him. Lattrey will receive his sentence, and he will be taken away and put in the train for home."

"Great Scott!"

"There'll be trouble with the Head afterwards," said Tom Rawson.

"I know that!"

"And it will be jolly serious, bedad!" remarked Flynn.

"We shall have to face that together. We've got to stick to one another, of course. If one or more fellows get the sack, the others have got to leave the school with him, and see him through. If it comes to expelling nearly the whole of the Fourth Form, the Head will have to call a halt."

"Hear, hear!"

"Any fellow who funks it can get out while there's still time."

But there were no more defections. Jimmy Silver had the hearty support of the Fourth.

"Look here," said Tommy Dodd, "it's THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

all very well about letting the funks off, but I don't see it. The Fourth ought to stand together as one man against the enemy. United we stand, divided we fall."

"That's so."

"If it comes to a tussle, we want the Form all in it," continued Tommy; "and I vote for compelling the shirkers."

"Hear, hear!"

"It may not come to that," said Jimmy. "If the Head lets Lattrey go when we turn him out, well and good. We don't want trouble in the school. But one thing's dead certain—we don't stand that rascal Lattrey here any longer!"

"Hear, hear!"

Upon that point there was unanimity and grim resolve, and the meeting broke up in a mood of great determination.

Lattrey was to go, and if there was trouble with the Head afterwards, Jimmy Silver & Co. were prepared to face it.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Outcast!

**M**R. BOOTLES was relieved to see his Form turn up for their detention at the appointed hour.

He had feared a repetition of the morning's outbreak, and the necessity for another intervention by the Head.

Mr. Bootles flattered himself that the trouble had blown over.

But the quietness of the Fourth was only the calm before the hurricane, if he could have guessed it.

The juniors went steadily through their detention task.

Lattrey was not detained with the rest; he was the only member of the Form who had not given offence that morning.

But the cad of the Fourth was not very cheerful that afternoon, though he had escaped detention.

He was "gated" by order of the Head, since his surreptitious visits to a certain disreputable inn had come to light.

His only resource was to "mooch" about the quadrangle, and smoke cigarettes in his study, and wonder how long it would be before the affair blew over.

The other Forms were enjoying their usual half-holiday, and a football match was going on, on the playing-fields, between Classical and Modern fags.

Lattrey, bored with cigarettes in his study, strolled down to the football ground to look on.

Fag football was mostly kick and rush and roar, and the scene was quite lively. Lattrey did not find it very interesting, however.

Algy Silver, Jimmy's cousin in the Third Form, was looking on, with his hands in his pockets and a frown on his brow.

Algy had made friends with Lattrey, though he had not spoken to him since the accident to Mornington, excepting to tell him to keep his distance.

But the "sport" of the Third looked so ill-tempered and disconsolate now that Lattrey was encouraged to make advances again.

Even the company of a discontented fag was better than "mooching" about with his hands in his pockets.

Moreover, Algy Silver prided himself upon being "goey," and it was a keen enjoyment to Lattrey to encourage Jimmy Silver's cousin in breaking the rules of the school, and sinking deeper into blackguardism.

"Not playing, kid?" remarked Lattrey, joining the fag near the goal-posts.

Algy Silver looked round surlily.  
THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

It was on his lips to tell the outcast of Rookwood to sheer off, but he did not.

He was feeling lonely himself. "Wegg won't play me in the Third," he said, with a sneer. "He says he won't play a goat who smokes! Silly fool!"

"Cheeky ass!" agreed Lattrey. "You've got good little Georgies in the Third, it seems, same as we have in the Fourth."

"I'm sick of Rookwood!" growled Algy. "Dull hole, after what I was used to at High Coombe. Rotten shame to send me here!"

"You have the great advantage of being under your cousin Jimmy's eye, and brought up the way you should go," suggested Lattrey.

"Oh, rats!"

"You don't enjoy that?"

"No, I don't!"

Lattrey smiled.

"Your Form's detained," remarked Algy, looking at Lattrey rather curiously. "Was it because they won't stand you any longer? 'Erbert says so."

"'Erbert's a sneakin' little cad!" said Lattrey.

"But was it?"

"Never mind! You don't get on with your cousin Jimmy any better than I do," sneered Lattrey. "Are you keen on watchin' this game?"

"Bored to tears!"

"Come up to the study, then."

Algy hesitated.

He fully agreed with the rest of Rookwood in being "down" on the rascal of the school, and he did not want to have anything to do with Lattrey. But he was in a perverse mood, and he was angry and peevish.

He nodded at last.

"Banker?" he asked.

"Yes; if you like."

"All serene; I'm on!"

"Trot along, then," said Lattrey cheerfully.

They moved off towards the School House.

"Silver II!" bawled a fag. "Let that cad alone. He's in Coventry!"

"Go and eat coke!" was Algy's reply.

And he went into the House with Lattrey.

A few minutes later they were in Lattrey's study and cards were on the table, and the two young rascals were smoking and playing.

That was Lattrey's honourable occupation while his Form-fellows were grinding through their detention task.

Lattrey was finding his afternoon enjoyable, after all.

In the present odium in which he was held he had been unable to indulge his favourite vice of gambling of late.

It was a pleasure to him to see the glimmer of the cards and to hear the chink of the money once more.

It was not so much pleasure to the reckless fag of the Third, because Lattrey was winning his money.

But the more he lost, the more the fag was determined to win it all back—which exactly suited Lattrey's game.

The silence was broken suddenly by the tramp of many feet in the passage outside. Lattrey started.

The detention was over, and the Fourth Form were released.

They had evidently returned to their quarters.

Lattrey rose quickly from the table. "Better lock the door!" he remarked.

Algy chuckled. "Safer, perhaps," he agreed. "We don't want cousin Jimmy lookin' in here just this minute."

Lattrey crossed quickly to the door. He uttered a savage exclamation of

anger as he found that the key was missing from the lock.

"By gad!"

"What's the row?" asked Algy, looking round from the table.

"Have you seen my key?"

"No; is it missin'?"

"Yes," said Lattrey, between his teeth.

"My hat! Looks as if your pals meant to pay you a visit this afternoon, and didn't want you to lock them out," grinned Algy. "Somebody's taken it!"

The same thought was in Lattrey's mind, and he was looking round hastily for some means of securing the door.

He seized a chair, and shoved it against the door, to jam it back under the handle.

But before he could do so the handle was turned from without, and the door pushed open.

"He's in here!" It was Lovell's voice. "Come on!"

Lattrey, alarmed now, jammed his foot desperately against the door, while he strove to shove the chair in position under the handle.

"Hallo! He's holding the door!"

"Shove away!"

"Now, then, altogether!"

"Help me, Algy!" breathed Lattrey.

The fag rose hesitatingly. But his help would not have been of much use, and there was no time for it.

Half a dozen fellows were shoving hard on the outside, and Lattrey was pressed back.

He yielded at last, and the door flew violently open, and Jimmy Silver & Co. swarmed into the study.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In the Hands of the Philistines!

**L**ATTREY jumped back, panting. The Fistical Four were first in the study.

After them came the Colonial Co. and the three Tommies of the Modern side.

Lattrey cast a wild look towards the doorway.

But outside the juniors were swarming.

There was no escape for the outcast of Rookwood.

Algy Silver stood by the table, a cigarette still smoking between his fingers, quite at a loss.

Jimmy started as his eyes fell upon his cousin.

"You here, Algy!" he exclaimed.

The fag gave him a look of defiance.

"I can be here if I like, I suppose!" he retorted.

Jimmy suppressed the angry reply that rose to his lips.

He was not there for a dispute with his cousin.

"Get out!" he said briefly.

"I'll get out when I choose!" said Algy independently.

In answer to that, Jimmy Silver strode towards him and grasped him by the shoulders.

Algy roared.

"Let go! Leggo, you rotter!"

"Stand clear, there, you fellows!" said Jimmy quietly.

"Right-ho!"

"Ha, ha!"

The crowd outside the door surged back.

With a swing of his strong arms Jimmy Silver sent the sport of the Third whirling out.

Algy swept through the doorway, and collapsed on the floor.

Three or four boots impinged upon his  
YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

"THE REBELS!"

A GRAND  
YARN

person as he sprawled there, and helped him along the passage.

The fag disappeared, with a howl. Then the crowd closed up in the doorway again.

Lattrey would gladly have followed the fag, but there was no chance of that.

With clenched hands and a bitter look on his face, the cad of the Fourth waited for what was to happen.

Jimmy Silver turned to him, his eyes gleaming.

"Come with us, Lattrey!"

"I won't!"

"Take his arms, Lovell and Newcome!"

"What-ho!"

Lattrey backed away, breathing hard.

"What do you want?" he muttered thickly.

"What do you want with me, hang you? I'll yell, and bring Bulkeley here, as I did before!"

"You won't yell this time?" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"You'll have your mouth stopped fast enough if you do."

Raby picked up a duster and folded it, evidently for use as a gag, if wanted.

Lattrey, with Lovell and Newcome grasping his arms, was propelled towards the door.

In the passage he made a desperate attempt to shout for help.

But a hand was clapped over his mouth at once, and the intended shout died away in a gurgle.

"No, you don't!" remarked Conroy.

"Stick the duster in his mouth, Raby!"

"You bet!"

"Gurrrrrr!" came from Lattrey, as the duster was driven into his mouth, filling it, and effectually silencing him.

Van Ryn produced some whipcord, and whipped it round the duster and knotted it behind Lattrey's head.

"That does it!" he remarked. "Now march!"

Lattrey's eyes were dilated now.

The measures that the Fourth-Formers had already taken showed that they were in deadly earnest.

His face was pale with mingled fear and fury.

He had a hope that he was to be taken down to the Common-room, and that a prefect of the Sixth Form might spot what was going on, and come to his rescue.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. were not taking the risk of that.

They were determined not to be stopped, even if Bulkeley himself, the captain of Rookwood, had chipped in.

But they did not want trouble with the prefects, if it could be helped.

Their business was with Lattrey.

Instead of going downstairs they headed up the passage, and Lattrey's brief hope died away.

It was into the box-room that he was taken.

It was a large room, but it was pretty well filled by the time Jimmy Silver & Co. had crowded into it.

"Shut the door!" rapped out Jimmy.

Tommy Dodd closed the door and locked it.

The Fourth were safe from interruption now, even if a prefect came along.

Lattrey had sunk down on an empty box, and he was sitting there, his dilated eyes watching the grim juniors.

He had never seen Jimmy Silver & Co. in a mood like this before.

He was wondering what was coming.



Jimmy Silver passed a rope round Lattrey under his arms, and fastened it. Then four pairs of hands swung him out of the box-room window in the gathering dusk, and he was lowered to the ground. (See Chapter 5.)

NEXT FRIDAY!

"FAGS TO ORDER!"

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

It was only too clear that the Fourth Form did not mean to accept the Head's decision unquestioningly.

But at all events they could not turn him out of Rookwood, he said to himself savagely. And if there was a ragging there would be punishment for the ragers.

But he was feeling extremely uneasy and apprehensive.

"Now to business!" remarked Tommy Cook.

Jimmy Silver removed the duster from Lattrey's mouth.

Lattrey gasped for breath.

In the box-room, at the end of the long corridor, his shouts were not likely to be heard if he shouted for help.

The Fourth-Formers gathered round eagerly.

"What is this foolery for?" hissed Lattrey. "I warn you that if there's any ragging I shall go straight to the Head about it!"

"There isn't going to be any ragging," said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh! What's the game, then, confounded you?"

"You are going to be expelled from Rookwood."

Lattrey jumped.

"What?" he ejaculated.

"Stand there!" said Jimmy. "You're going to be given a fair hearing, same as if you were before the Head. If you've got anything to say in defence, you can

say it, and you'll be heard. We're doing this duty because the Head's left it undone."

"You—you fool!" panted Lattrey. "How can you expel me? Are you mad?"

"Not at all."

"Sure, it's aisy enough," remarked Tommy Doyle. "You'll be kicked out and put in the thrain for home, you spalpeen!"

"You can't do it!" shouted Lattrey furiously.

"You'll see!"

"You dare not!"

"Wait and see!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"Yes, rather! Wait and see. And not so much of your irrelevant-rhetoric!" chuckled Lovell.

Lattrey clenched his hands.

The hare-brained scheme was evidently a deliberate intention. The juniors were in earnest.

Yet Lattrey could hardly believe that Jimmy Silver & Co. would have the hardihood to carry such a plan into effect.

What would the Head say? What would he do?

But the Fourth Form of Rookwood were facing that. From their point of view their headmaster had failed in his duty, and they were determined that that duty should not remain undone.

THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

## Expelled!

"GET on with the washing, Jimmy!" said Tommy Dodd briskly.

"Go it, Jimmy! You're the Head now!"

"Good old Head! Ha, ha!"

"I'm going it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Now, Lattrey—"

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Lattrey. "Do you think I'm going to take this foolery seriously?"

"You can please yourself about that," said Jimmy coolly. "We're taking it seriously, and that's enough for us. You're accused—"

"Hang you!"

"Silence!" rapped out Lovell.

Lattrey ground his teeth.

"You know what you're accused of," said Jimmy Silver. "If you've anything to say, we'll give you a hearing. You biffed Morny with a stone in a snowball, and he licked you for it, as you deserved a dozen times over. You hit him in the face with a heavy metal candlestick, and injured him, and he became blind in consequence. You might have been sent to a reformatory for it. You would have been, only Morny himself begged his guardian not to prosecute you. After that you've the nerve and brazen impudence to stay at Rookwood! There's the charge against you in a nutshell. Have you anything to say?"

"Hang you!"

"That isn't evidence!" remarked Pons.

"Anything else?" remarked Jimmy Silver, unmoved. "I've said that you'll have a fair hearing, if you choose. You can look on me as the headmaster, empowered to expel you from the school."

"Fool!"

"Is that all?"

"You rotter! You—"

"That's enough!" said Jimmy Silver. "You've no defence to make. We can get on with the washing."

Lattrey set his lips.

"It was an accident about Morny," he muttered at last. "You can't believe I ever meant—"

"I know that. But you hit him in the face with a heavy weapon, never thinking or caring of what the result might be."

"I—"

"It was the act of a cowardly ruffian, a sneaking Hun, not the kind of fellow we want at Rookwood," continued Jimmy Silver. "If it hadn't had such an awful result it would still have been a dirty, cowardly, heelegant trick, that you ought to be sacked for. As it was, it blinded Mornington. He may never recover his sight. And you're the cause. If you had as much decency as a Prussian you'd want to get away from the school. How you can look any fellow in the face here after it beats me."

"I'm not going!" said Lattrey between his teeth. "I'll stick it out here, in spite of you all!"

"That's your intention, is it?"

"That's it; and I'm sticking to it."

Jimmy Silver looked round.

"I want to be fair to the worm," he said. "The sentence goes by the majority. I put it to the Fourth Form of Rookwood that that reptile ought to be expelled from the school. Hands up for expulsion."

A forest of hands went up at once. The meeting was unanimous.

Of all the Fourth, Classical and Modern, not more than six or seven fellows were absent, and all present assented.

"Hands up against!" added Jimmy Silver.

THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

Not a single hand was raised.

"That settles it!" said Jimmy. "Lattrey, you are sentenced by the Fourth Form to be expelled in disgrace from Rookwood School!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Fool!" shouted Lattrey.

"The sentence will be carried out at once. You will pack your box, if you choose, and it can be sent after you."

"I shall pack nothing!"

"As you like. Will one of you fellows cut away and get Lattrey's coat and cap?"

"I'm your man!" said Lovell.

The door was unlocked, and Lovell quitted the box-room.

Lattrey stood breathing hard, looking savagely from face to face. In every face he read nothing but grim determination.

"You fools! You fools!" he muttered, in a choking voice. "You can't even get me out of the school! You know you can't!"

Jimmy Silver did not trouble to answer. He waited for Lovell to return.

The early winter evening was falling, and the shadows were deepening in the room.

In a few minutes Arthur Edward Lovell came back into the box-room, with Lattrey's coat over his arm and the cap in his hand.

"There you are, Lattrey," said Jimmy quietly. "Put them on!"

"I won't!"

"Put them on him, you fellows!"

Lattrey struck out savagely as he was seized. But he was held, and the coat was forced upon him, and the cap jammed on his head.

Then Lovell and Conroy seized his arms.

Jimmy Silver looked at his watch.

"The last train from Coombe to Latcham leaves at six," he said. "That's the train Lattrey is to catch. From Latcham he can look after himself."

"I'm not going to Coombe!" hissed Lattrey.

"You are!"

Jimmy Silver opened the box-room window.

"Shove that duster over his jaws again, Lovell!"

"What ho!"

Lattrey uttered one desperate shout before the duster was jammed into his mouth.

The whipcord secured it in place again. He stood silent, in the grasp of the juniors, his eyes burning.

Jimmy Silver took a strong knotted rope from a trunk, where it had evidently been placed in readiness.

He passed the rope round Lattrey, under the arms, and fastened it.

Lattrey understood then, and his teeth bit furiously into the duster.

Three or four pairs of hands swung him out of the window in the gathering dusk, and he was lowered to the ground.

The Fistical Four followed him from the window. The rest of the Fourth left the box-room by the door.

"Come on!"

The Fistical Four gathered closely round Lattrey, and hurried him away in the gloom.

Lattrey could not resist with an iron grasp upon both of his arms, and he could not call for help, with the duster choking all utterance.

With burning eyes he tramped in the midst of the four Classics, as they led him by devious ways round the School House, taking care to keep out of sight from the windows.

Jimmy Silver & Co. reached the school wall, where it was darkly shadowed by

the beeches, and there they found a crowd of the Fourth already arrived.

It was clear to Lattrey that all the proceedings had been cut and dried in advance.

Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn were "bunked" to the top of the wall, the trees screening them from the view of the quad, if anyone had been out of doors in the chill evening gloom and mist.

Jimmy tossed the rope up to them.

The three Colonials grasped it, and Lattrey was drawn up the old stone wall, and landed on the top.

He began to struggle there, but he was dropped outside the wall, and lowered into the shadowed road.

The three Colonials jumped down after him, and he was pinioned again, as he was making clutches at the gag in his mouth.

"No, you don't!" smiled Conroy.

And he replaced the gag firmly.

The Fistical Four followed, and then the three Tommies.

The rest of the Fourth remained within walls.

There were ten juniors gathered in the road with Mark Lattrey—more than ample to look after him.

Lattrey, unable to resist, walked among the juniors, till the dim glimmer of the village lights came in sight at last.

Jimmy Silver looked at his watch by the light of a match.

"Plenty of time for the train!" he remarked.

"I say, we can't take the rotter into the station like this," remarked Tommy Dodd doubtfully.

Jimmy shook his head.

"No, we can't," he agreed. "But we're going to take him. You cut on and take Lattrey's ticket, Lovell—take it to Latcham—that will save any delay. We'll give you five minutes."

"Right-ho!"

Lovell was back with the ticket within five minutes, and the juniors hurried on to the village with Lattrey.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

## The Last of Lattrey!

JIMMY SILVER halted just outside Coombe.

The duster and whipcord were removed, and Lattrey panted for breath.

His eyes were glittering in the gloom.

"Do you think you'll get me to the train?" he hissed. "The moment we set foot in the High Street I'll yell for help!"

"I don't think you will," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I've thought of all that, Lattrey. Hold him, you fellows, and smash him if he makes a sound."

"I've got my knuckles ready for his nose!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver took out his pocket-knife and ripped the duster.

"Open your jaws, Lattrey!"

"I won't!"

"Take his nose and chin, you chaps!"

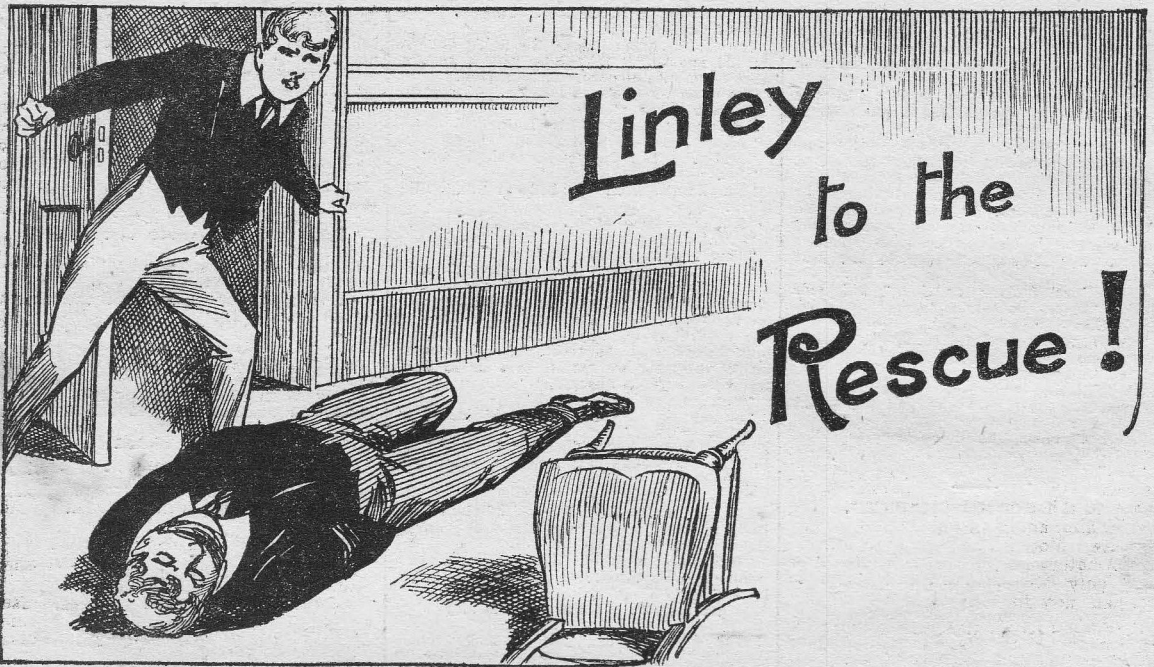
"Yow-ow! Groogh!"

Lattrey's jaws came open, with Lovell's grip on his nose and chin. He had no choice about that.

Jimmy Silver jammed the portion of the duster into his mouth, just filling it, and at a sign from him Lovell jammed Lattrey's jaws shut again.

Then Jimmy took Lattrey's handkerchief and his own, and tied them together round Lattrey's mouth, chin, and one side of his face in the manner of a bandage.

(Continued on page 17.)



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

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Mysterious!

"O H, hang!" Thus Bob Cherry, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. The usually cheerful fighting-man of the Remove could not sleep, and he lay tossing from side to side in his bed in the darkened dormitory. For Bob Cherry had much to worry over at the time.

Paul Tyrrell, his cousin, a crook who had fled from justice, had returned. He had had the astounding audacity to take up the position of footer coach at Greyfriars, and ever since he had recognised Yorke as Tyrrell, Bob Cherry had scarcely had a moment's rest. That Yorke was at Greyfriars for some shady purpose Bob had not the slightest doubt.

Up to the present, Yorke had not shown interest in anything save the football qualities of the Remove. Still Bob was suspicious—and it was his worried, suspicious mind that was keeping him awake.

"Hallo! What's the matter over there?" called a voice softly.

"Can't sleep, Marky!" said Bob Cherry. "Ate you going down to swot to-night?"

"I'm just going down now. Must do a bit to-night," replied Mark Linley, the scholarship-boy from Lancashire. "Coming down, as you can't sleep?"

"I won't disturb you, Marky!"

"That's all right!"

Bob Cherry dressed himself. He was worried and sleepless; he knew that he would not sleep, and he was glad of the break in the wretched monotony of a wakeful night. It was not a new thing for Mark Linley, the scholarship junior, to steal an hour from the night for his study.

He was working for an examination, and, as he said, it was getting on his nerves a little, and interfering with his sleep. An hour's grind downstairs with his books would send him back to the dormitory tired enough to sleep.

The two juniors left the dormitory quietly, and descended to the Remove passage. They entered Study No. 13, and Mark closed the door carefully before he lighted the gas, and laid a rug along it to keep the glimmer of light from escaping into the passage.

Then he got out his books.

Bob Cherry sat down in the armchair, with a corrugated brow.

"It will be a rotten thing for you, sitting

there doing nothing, Bob," said Mark, with a glance at him.

"Oh, it's all right!"

"Why can't you sleep?"

"Worried!" said Bob briefly.

Bob Cherry's manner did not encourage inquiry, and the scholarship junior turned to his work.

Mark worked away steadily for an hour, and Bob Cherry sat in the armchair and watched him working.

The Lancashire lad hardly looked up from his books in that time, and Bob Cherry did not speak. He was not in a humour for talking, and he did not want to disturb Mark.

Mark closed his books at last, with a sigh, as the hour of midnight tolled out from the clock-tower.

Greyfriars was very silent.

The last door had closed, the last light had been extinguished, save that in Study No. 13, where the scholarship boy had been "swotting."

"Finished?" asked Bob.

Mark nodded.

"Yes; I feel tired enough to sleep now," said Mark.

"I suppose I'd better come, too," said Bob, rising and stretching himself. "I sha'n't be able to sleep. It's rotten to have a worry on your mind!"

"I suppose so," said Mark, looking at him curiously. "Blessed if I can understand you at all lately, Bob. There's something the matter with you!"

"There is?"

"Can't you tell an old pal what it is?"

"I wish I could," said Bob, with a sigh. "Then pile in!"

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Well, I won't press for any secrets," said Mark. "I wish I could help you, that's all. It seems to me jolly queer. Let's get back to the dorm."

He turned out the light, and opened the door.

The juniors crept softly upstairs. To regain the Remove dormitory they had to pass the door of Mr. Quelch's bed-room. Mr. Quelch, the Form-master of the Remove, was known to be a light sleeper, and if he had heard them there would have been trouble.

Mr. Quelch encouraged hard working among his boys, but he would have frowned very severely upon midnight swotting. To

be discovered outside their dormitory at that hour would have meant heavy punishment to both the juniors.

They reached the upper passage, and as they drew near to Mr. Quelch's door Mark suddenly laid his hand on Bob's arm.

"Hold on!" he breathed.

"What is it?"

"Quelch is up!"

"I didn't hear—"

"Quiet!"

They remained silent, crouching against the wall in the darkness, and listened intently. There was a faint sound in the darkness—the sound of a door being closed with infinite caution, and it was within a dozen paces of them.

They strained their ears.

There was a light footfall—so faint that they would not have heard it if they had not been listening with all their ears.

Another, and another—closer!

They crouched harder to the wall, their hearts thumping. Mr. Quelch had come out of his room for something, and he was coming towards them.

Had he discovered them? But that was impossible! In the darkness he could not have seen them. Besides, he would have spoken to them, or turned on a light, at once. And why had Mr. Quelch closed his door in that cautious manner? Why was he walking on tiptoe down the passage?

They felt the walker pass them; they heard his breathing as he passed, and he almost touched them, but not quite.

Then he was gone, in the direction of the stairs.

Every faint sound died away, but for many minutes the juniors remained quiet, motionless, with beating hearts.

Mark Linley broke the silence.

"That's queer!" he muttered.

"It was Quelch!"

"I—I suppose so!"

"Must have been," whispered Bob Cherry. "That's his door along there, and we heard it shut!"

"I heard it open, too!"

"Queer that he should tiptoe about like that!" muttered Bob. "Perhaps he's on the track of something—looking for some chap who's broken bounds, perhaps! He may have found out something about Loder's little excursions!"

"Perhaps!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

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

NEXT FRIDAY!

"FAGS TO ORDER!"

"What are you thinking about, Marky?" "I don't think it was Mr. Quelch's door, after all," said Mark, in a low tone. "Feel along the wall here. We're only a yard from Quelch's door."

Bob Cherry caught his breath. In the thick darkness of the passage it was difficult for the juniors to "place" themselves. But Bob knew that Mr. Quelch's bed-room door was the first from the direction of the stairs. He groped along the wall, and felt the door, scarcely a yard further on than where they had been crouching. But the door that had opened and shut was certainly further along the passage. It had not been Mr. Quelch's door at all; it was the door of the next room.

"The door further on, Bob," whispered Mark. "It wasn't Quelch."

Bob Cherry was shivering.

"The next door belongs to Ty—to Yorke's room?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then it was—"

"It must have been Yorke, and not Quelch at all, who came out and passed us."

"Yorke?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Face to Face!

**B**OB CHERRY stood still. It seemed to him for a moment or two that his heart had ceased to beat.

Yorke—alias Paul Tyrrell!

It was his cousin who had left his room cautiously at midnight, and was creeping downstairs in silent shoes, on tiptoe.

Why?

All Bob's suspicions seemed to come suddenly to a head now.

What was his cousin creeping about the house for at midnight, when the rest of Greyfriars was fast asleep?

Bob trembled.

"Queer!" said Mark.

"Yes," said Bob thickly. "It's queer—very queer!"

"I suppose it's no bizney of ours," said Mark, after a pause. "We'd better get back to the dorm."

"You get back, Marky!"

"But you?"

"I'm going into his room."

"Into his room?" repeated Mark, in amazement. "What on earth for?"

"To make sure."

"What does it matter to us?"

"It matters a lot to me!"

"Hold on, Bob!" said Mark Linley, catching his chum's arm again as he was moving. "Don't be an ass, you know! We may be mistaken; it may have been Quelch, after all. If the man Yorke is in bed—"

"Well, it won't hurt him to look at him."

"But—but what excuse—"

"I don't want any excuse!"

"Bob, old man, chuck it! There will be a row about this! Yorke won't stand fellows poking into his room at midnight and disturbing him. He'll complain!"

"He won't complain of me!"

"How do you know?"

"Never mind how—I do know!" said Bob. "You cut back to the dorm, Mark; I'm going into the rotter's room, to make sure about this."

"Better come back!"

"Rats!"

Bob Cherry groped along the dark passage. Mark Linley followed him, wondering.

"I'm coming with you, Bob," he said.

"You're not going to do it alone, anyway! If there's going to be trouble, we're both in it!"

"Better get back to the dorm!"

"Rats!" said Mark Linley, in his turn.

Bob Cherry made no rejoinder. He reached the door of Mr. Yorke's room, turned the handle, and opened it quietly. The two boys listened in the doorway for a sound of breathing. All was pitch dark within, but if there had been a sleeper in the bed they must have heard some sound. But the silence was unbroken.

Bob Cherry stepped into the room, and fumbled in his pocket for a box of matches. There was a scratch, and a flare in the darkness.

Light glimmered in the room.

Both the juniors glanced instantly towards the bed. It was empty. The room was THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE REBELS!"

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

empty, save for themselves. There was no sign of Cecil Yorke.

The match burned down to Bob's fingers. He did not notice it, till he gave a sudden start of pain, and dropped the match.

The room was plunged into darkness again. "He's not here!" said Mark.

Bob Cherry clenched his teeth.

"I knew he wasn't," he said.

"And the bed hasn't been slept in."

"No!"

"He hasn't been to bed at all," said Mark.

"No," said Bob again.

"What can it mean?"

"That's what I want to know!"

"He went to bed before eleven," said Mark. "He was in the dark then. We passed this door going down, and there was no light under it. He must have been in the dark, but he wasn't in bed. But he must have been in his room. If he had come up to bed later we should have heard him, while we were in the study."

"Yes, he was in his room."

"Sitting up in the dark," said Mark, in wonder. "Why?"

"To give the impression that he was gone to bed as usual, of course!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

"But—but why?"

"He was waiting for the rest of the school to be asleep, so that he could sneak downstairs in the dark by himself!"

"But why?" muttered Mark again, in utter wonder. "Why, Bob? You speak as if you knew!"

"I don't know, but I'm going to know!"

"How?"

"I'm going to ask him when he comes back!"

"Bob!"

"I shall wait here for him," said Bob quietly. "You go back to the dormitory, Mark. I want to see him alone!"

Mark Linley did not move.

"You suspect him of something, Bob?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"I hardly know, but I suspect him."

"It looks suspicious, but he may have an explanation."

"If he has he can give it to me."

"He's hardly likely to do that, Bob."

"He will have to," said Bob, between his teeth. "I'll make him."

"You can't, Bob, old man. Better come back to the dormitory. After all, it's no business of ours," urged Mark.

"It is my business."

Mark paused.

"You mean that it's true that you did know the man before he came here, as some of the fellows say," Mark said, at last.

"Yes, it's true."

"Do you know any harm of him?"

"Yes."

"You mean, he's a wrong 'un?"

"A dead wrong 'un."

Mark Linley whistled softly.

"Bob, old man, that alters the case. But if you knew that he was a wrong 'un, oughtn't you have told the Head?"

Bob Cherry groaned.

"Very likely, Mark; but—but it wasn't easy."

"Why not?"

"Because he's my cousin," said Bob, at last.

Mark started.

"Yorke—your cousin?"

"Yes," groaned Bob.

"Not the cousin who wrote to you from South Africa?"

"Yes; the one I told you about."

"But you said his name was Tyrrell—Paul Tyrrell?"

"So it is."

"But this man—"

"He's here under a false name."

There was a dead silence in the shadowy room. Mark Linley understood at last—understood the trouble that had been on Bob Cherry's mind for he past week. No further explanation was needed now.

"I—I'm sorry, Bob," he said, at last. "I—I didn't guess anything like this, of course."

"Of course you didn't," said Bob drearily.

"and the others didn't. But you see now why I couldn't stand hearing that villain telling lies to the fellows—you understand now that he was lying."

"I understand now."

"Of course, this is a secret, between us, Mark. I don't want anybody else to know that Yorke is my cousin," said Bob hastily.

"I've had to tell you, but—"

"Of course it shan't go any farther, Bob," said Mark quietly. "You can trust me."

"I know I can, Marky," said Bob gratefully.

"And you want to stay here and see him?"

"Yes. I'd better see him alone—you understand that now."

"I understand now, Bob. I'll clear. I'm awfully sorry for this, old chap. I'll get back to the dorm—and mum's the word."

"Thanks, Marky!"

The Lancashire lad stepped quietly out of the room. He returned to the Remove dormitory, though not to sleep. He was tired, but he lay thinking of his chum—waiting down there in the dark for the mysterious football coach to return to his room?

Bob Cherry waited in silence.

Where was his cousin?

The man had been gone half an hour or more—it seemed like hours to the junior, waiting there alone in the darkness.

One!

The clock struck again.

Then the half-hour rang out.

Bob Cherry, chilled and troubled, stirred uneasily. He had groped to a chair, and was sitting down, and waiting, and wondering.

What was the man doing?

Where was Yorke?

Had he left the School House? Did this midnight excursion mean that he had left the school—that he had bolted? Why could he not have gone in the daylight?

But if he was still in the house, what did it mean?

There seemed to be only one explanation; and it was the suspicion that had been lurking at the back of Bob Cherry's mind ever since his cousin had come to Greyfriars under a false name.

Once before an attempt had been made to rob the school at night; to carry off the valuable Greyfriars plate, worth more than a thousand pounds.

The Greyfriars silver was well known, and it was a prize worth the efforts of a thief.

Could even Paul Tyrrell have descended to that?

Was he thinking of robbing Greyfriars—of biting the hand that fed him, like an ungrateful dog?

Bob Cherry was sick at the thought. He had driven the suspicion from his mind again and again, but it would return. He knew that Tyrrell must have some undisclosed motive for remaining at Greyfriars. If it was not this, what was it? And where was he now?

Perhaps he had already effected the robbery, and fled!

Bob started as he thought of it. Then he reassured himself.

The brief glimpse of the light by the match had shown him Tyrrell's bag and coat and hat and other belongings still in the room.

The man would return to his room before he fled, even if he robbed the school.

Indeed, he was most likely to remain, and brazen the matter out in the morning. Excepting for Bob Cherry, there would be nothing to connect him with the theft, if it occurred. He would receive the news with surprise in the morning like the rest of the school—having already hidden the plunder in some secure place, to be removed later. Thus he would be able to leave Greyfriars unsuspected, after the lapse of a week or two to avert suspicion, and enjoy his ill-gotten gains in peace.

Bob Cherry clenched his hands.

Were his suspicions carrying him too far? He wondered.

There was a sound in the passage, and his heart beat. He rose to his feet, and waited, his hands tightly clenched.

It was his cousin returning.

Bob Cherry heard him come into the room and close the door softly, and then there was a sound of a faint chuckle.

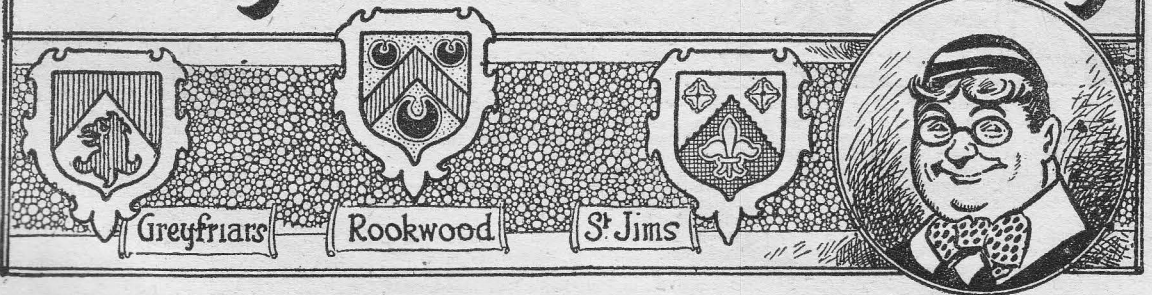
Tyrrell groped towards the bed, and sat on the edge of it, and Bob heard him taking off his rubber shoes.

(Continued on page 13.)

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!

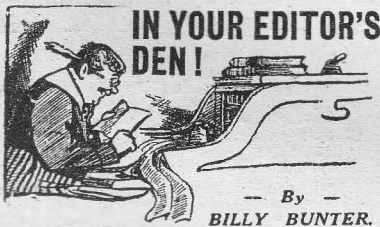


# Billy Bunter's Weekly



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.



My Dear Readers,—What is money? I have received several answers to this question. Bob Cherry replies: "That which Billy Bunter is always short of!" And Hurree Singh, who always mixes up our proverbs, says: "Money is the loot of all evil!" Skinner—the beast!—declares that "Money is a commodity which Billy Bunter is always trying to raise on the strength of imaginary postal-orders."

Not one of these answers is satisfactory. My own answer is as follows: "Money is the stuff that makes life worth living."

Gold, silver, copper, paper-money, postal-orders—all these things help a fellow to enjoy life. Without them, a chap might as well throw up the sponge.

There are some people who pretend that they have no use for money. "Give us the simple life, and the joys of Nature," they say. Well, I've nothing to say against the joys of Nature. A country walk may be all right; but without money it will be all wrong. What are you going to do when you get tired and hungry, and you come to an attractive teashop? What are you going to do if you look in a shop window, and see a bicycle or a watch that takes your fancy? Unless you have money, life is a misery and a mockery. I know that from bitter experience.

I know two fellows in my own Form. One gets as much as two pounds a week pocket-money. The other gets sixpence—and he has to walk four miles to cash the postal-order! There is a tremendous difference in the dispositions of these two fellows. The wealthy chap is always smiling. Life, to him, is one grand sweet song. But the poverty-stricken, tanner-a-week fellow is as miserable as they make 'em. And no wonder! The poor chap can't buy himself any tuck, or togs, or toys. He spends his days moaning and moping. I'm not going to tell you the fellow's name, but his quarters are not a mile from Study No. 7!

Money has been in my thoughts a good deal lately. So much so, that I have decided to publish a Special Finance Number of my "Weekly." It ought to prove as popular as the POPULAR itself! It is packed with fine features, though none of them come up to the high literary standard of the Editorial, of course!

Your pauperised pal,

**Your Editor.**

## The Song of the Gobbler!

(Adapted from "The Cobbler's Song!")

Written by  
**DICK PENFOLD.**

Sung by  
**BILLY BUNTER.**

I sit and gobble with fork and spoon  
From the rise of sun to the set of moon.  
Gobble and gobble as best I may,  
Gobble all night, and gobble all day,  
And I sing as I gobble this doleful lay.

The more I gobble the more I need,  
I never say "No" to a first-class feed.  
The fatter I get the more I eat,  
And my figure is really a perfect treat!

And as I gobble and gorge in Hall,  
The words of Quelch like thunderbolts fall:  
"Bunter, you fat and greedy boy,  
You sha'n't have a sixteenth saveloy!"  
And my heart gives a jump—though not with joy.

Pies I gobble, and puddings, too,  
Curry and rice, and a bowl of stew.  
Doughnuts, cakes, and tarts galore;  
Then I rise to my feet and howl for more!

I sit and gobble with fork and spoon  
At morning, midday, and afternoon.  
Gobble and gobble as best I may,  
Gobbling the golden hours away;  
And I sing as I gobble this doleful lay.

Sportsman and hero, bully and beast,  
Stand in need of a stunning feast.  
Why then worry? Both rich and poor  
Snacks and spreads alike adore!

## Stock Exchange Notes!

By FISHER T. FISH.

There is another drop in oils. The petrol-tank of Coker's motor-bike is leaking!

Rubbers were in great demand this morning. Everybody made mistakes during the drawing lesson, and wanted to erase them.

Home rails are in a shocking condition. The railings near the football-ground have been broken down completely.

There continues to be a brisk demand for shares in the Greyfriars Ham Sandwich and Panned Pickle Jar Corporation. Applications for shares should be made to the managing-director of the concern—Mr. Fisher Tarleton Fish.

Minerals are going very slowly. Mrs. Mimble, at the tuckshop, tells me she only sold two bottles of ginger-pop in a week! This cold weather has made the sale of minerals a "frost."

Shares in the Courtfield Cinema Company cost five pounds each. But you can purchase them at five guineas apiece from Fisher T. Fish, and save yourself the beastly fag of tramping over to Courtfield.

Coppers are not doing very well. P.c. Tozer has made no arrests for a month!

Woollens are very brisk. Alonzo Todd having bought himself a new muffler!

Steels are very well to the fore. In fact, Billy Bunter "steals" from the school kitchen every night!  
(Be careful, Fish! There's such a thing as a law of libel, you know!—Ed.)  
THE POPULAR.—No. 153.



## Saving the Situation!

By Fatty Wynn

IT was Figgy's idea, and Figgy deserves full credit for it. Trust a New House fellow to think of these things!

Figgy was looking very serious when he came into the study for tea.

"What's wrong?" inquired Kerr. "I've prepared a feast fit for a king," I added. You ought to be smiling all over your chivvy, Figgy, instead of looking like a chap who's lost his way in a snowstorm!"

Figgy dropped into a chair. "I've just been reading the local rag," he said. "It appears that they've got to close down two of the wards at the cottage hospital. That means twelve beds less, and there's a long list of patients waiting for admission as it is."

"But wherefore this thushness?" asked Kerr. "Lack of funds," said Figgy briefly. "There's a collecting-box outside the hospital—which depends entirely on voluntary contributions, you know—and it's only on rare occasions that anybody drops a copper in. They clear the box at the end of each month. At the last clearance, how much cash do you think they discovered?"

"Two quid?" I said, hazarding an estimate.

"No. Two bob."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Of course, there have been other contributions—sent through the post, and that sort of thing. But there haven't been enough to keep the place going, so two of the wards are being shut up."

"A rotten state of affairs," said Kerr. "Beastly!"

Figgy seemed to be taking it to heart, for he merely toyed with his food.

"It's a shame that our hospitals should have to suffer and go short," he said. "Charity ought to begin at home. And yet a lot of the public money is going abroad. I know there's a frantic lot of distress in some of the countries on the Continent, but I think we ought to relieve the distress in this country first."

"Hear, hear!" I said.

"But what can we do?" asked Kerr helplessly.

"We must help," said Figgy. "We must get those wards open again. What do you say to a penny trail?"

"A trail of pennies stretching from the gateway of St. Jim's to the gate of the hospital?" I said.

"Exactly! Tom Merry & Co. and Jack Blake & Co. will give us a hand with it. The St. Jim's fellows will start the trail, and then we'll call on all the pedestrians and motorists to give a hand."

"Ripping!"

"Of course, we shall have to collect hundreds and hundreds of pennies to do any good," said Figgy; "but I think we shall succeed."

"The three of us can set the ball rolling with a hundred pennies," said Kerr. "When do you propose to start the trail, Figgy?"

"Saturday's a good day. There will be more people on the road then."

We continued to discuss the arrangements, and when we made them public dozens of fellows volunteered to help.

Saturday dawned bright and clear.

The penny trail was started after breakfast. We went to the tuckshop and changed our silver, and led off with a hundred pennies.

The Terrible Three continued the line with another hundred. Then Jack Blake & Co. added a hundred.

The coins were placed at the side of the road, so that they should not be disturbed by traffic.

The trail grew rapidly. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who had received a big remittance that morning, caused a sensation by coming on the scene with two hundred and forty pennies, which he proceeded to add to the trail.

At every ten yards or so a fellow was posted in order to guard the trail.

Pedestrians were stopped, and politely asked to make the trail longer, and in the

majority of cases they contributed cheerfully. Redfern and Lawrence, of the New House, carried a banner, which explained the object of the trail.

"We're going along famously!" said Figgy, his eyes gleaming. "We're not a quarter of the way to the hospital yet, but we'll stick at it all day."

He broke off and hailed the driver of a passing car. The man wore a fur coat, and was oozing prosperity. He slowed up, groped in his pocket, and produced four half-crowns, which he tossed into the roadway.

"Convert 'em into pennies, and carry on with the good work!" he said, as the car leapt forward.

"Thanks awfully, sir!" shouted Figgy.

"Wish there were a few more like that about!" remarked Kerr. "We should get to the hospital in no time!"

By lunch-time the trail extended half-way to the hospital.

The St. Jim's fellows went in to lunch in two relays, so that the trail could be guarded all the time.

In the afternoon the road became congested with traffic of every description, and the

majority of cases they contributed cheerfully. Redfern and Lawrence, of the New House, carried a banner, which explained the object of the trail.

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trail prospered. As it drew near to Wayland it seemed as if half the population of the little town had turned out to help.

Men, women, and children—chiefly women—appeared on the scene with pennies. And half an hour before dusk the great work was complete. There was a trail of pennies extending from St. Jim's to the cottage hospital!

The hospital authorities made arrangements for the money to be collected. The counting of it occupied them until a late hour, and it was found that there was sufficient money to reopen the two wards.

A full description of that wonderful penny trail appeared in the local Press. But Figgy was very modest about it, and he had insisted on his name not being mentioned.

Personally, however, I do not believe in the good deeds of others being hushed up, so I am giving full publicity to Figgy's stunt in these columns.

I think you will all agree that it was simply splendid of Figgy. But when we told him so he merely shrugged his shoulders, and hastily changed the subject.

"What do you fellows think of our chances in the next House match?" he asked.

But the subject of the penny trail was not to be finally dismissed; for Figgy received a letter next morning from the matron of the cottage hospital, and the nice things she said about him brought a blush to his cheeks.

Undoubtedly Figgy had deserved well of his country!

## THE BALLAD OF BAGGY TRIMBLE!

My name is Baggy Trimble, and my brains would fill a thimble,  
According to that cheeky bounder Clive!  
I am weary and dejected; a remittance I expected.

But the beastly postal-order won't arrive!  
I've been wanting it for ages; for I have no wealth nor wages.

I'm a pauperised young porpoise, so to speak.

All the fellows think it funny that I get, as pocket-money,  
Just a small and nimble sixpence every week!

I should like to buy a cycle, but my stingy Uncle Michael  
Has buttoned up his pockets, don't you know!

And for cash I vainly parley with my mean old Uncle Charlie.

And I cannot raise a cent from Uncle Joe. They're as stingy as they make 'em. I should like to go and shake 'em

(They would tremble at the sight of my physique).

Yet I cannot lift a finger; and in poverty I'll linger.

With a revenue of sixpence every week!

When I see a chap like Gussy, who's so finicky and fussy,  
Getting banknotes for a fiver every day,

I am jealous to distraction; how I wish that just a fraction

Of that hefty lump of wealth would come my way!

I should ride about in motors, I should dine on seasoned bloaters,

And the pleasures I should have would be unique.

Yes, but what's the use of hoping? I shall have to go on moping,

With an income of a tanner every week!

Why should others have the pleasure, and the luxury and leisure?

Why should other fellows bag the £ s. d.?

I should be for ever grateful if a lovely piled-up plateful

Of silver, gold, and banknotes came to me! Oh, but what's the use of dreaming,

Of plotting, and of scheming?

For we never seem to capture what we seek.

I must go on being "stony," while my hateful Uncle Tony

Sends me just a mouldy tanner every week!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



TOM REDWING (Greyfriars).



# Fishy's Folly!

By Frank Nugent

**F**ISHER T. FISH, the Yankee junior, has come a cropper so many times in connection with his "stunts," that it is surprising to see him keep bobbing up with fresh ones. Yet he does. Nothing can damp Fishy's enthusiasm for long. He is ever seeking ways and means of adding to his scanty supply of pocket-money.

His latest brain-wave was to insure fellows against injuries on the football-field.

Full particulars of the scheme appeared on the notice-board:

**"FOOTBALL INSURANCE!"**

All wise galoots will take advantage of my wonderful scheme for insuring against injuries sustained on the football-field.

By paying a paltry premium of sixpence, a footballer will receive the following benefits:

	£	s.	d.
(1) In the case of a broken arm or a broken leg ...	5	0	0
(2) In the case of a broken collar-bone ...	3	0	0
(3) In the case of injuries not serious enough to send the victim to the sanny, yet sufficiently serious for him to retire from the game ...	10	0	
(4) In the case of chills, coughs, and colds contracted by playing football ...	5	0	
(5) For each separate bruise or bump contracted whilst playing ...	2	6	

Don't delay! Take advantage of this amazing offer at once.

(Signed) FISHER T. FISH."

Harry Wharton & Co. were the first to spot the announcement. They laughed. "Fishy's up to his old tricks again!" said Bob Cherry. "He's never happy unless he's getting something for nothing!"

"This football insurance isn't a bad wheeze," said Harry Wharton; "but it's too one-sided. Fishy will reap all the benefit. He talks of paying out a fiver for a broken limb. But how often do we get a broken limb in a junior match? Not once in a blue moon."

"And he generously offers three quid for a broken collar-bone," I said. "But broken collar-bones are as rare as golden sovereigns."

"At the same time," said Johnny Bull thoughtfully, "it's worth while paying a tanner, and receiving half-a-crown for every bruise or bump that one gets. There are always lots of bumps and bruises; so I question whether Fishy will make much capital out of this stunt, after all."

"I vote we go along and pay our tanners!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!"

We went along to Fishy's study.

Business was very brisk. The apartment was besieged by fellows eager to insure.

Even Billy Bunter was there, eager to enrol. The fat junior had unexpectedly found a sixpence in the pocket of his Sunday trousers.

"One at a time, please, gents!" said Fishy. "I guess my motto is hustle, but I can't attend to thirty fellows at once. Now then, where are we? Bulstrode, sixpence; Hazeldene, sixpence; Brown sixpence. I'll give you your receipts in a jiffy."

Fishy's new scheme was working like a charm. He raked in no less than thirty sixpences in a quarter of an hour, and found himself with fifteen shillings in hand. That was very good, so far as it went. But what would happen if somebody was unfortunate enough to break a limb? How could Fishy possibly meet the claim? But the Yankee junior consoled himself with the fact that

nobody was likely to meet with so serious an accident.

The Remove's next football match was against Courtfield Juniors.

Now, Courtfield played a robust, bustling sort of game. They did not stand on ceremony. Their backs were big, overgrown fellows who put their "beef" into everything they did.

Fisher T. Fish went down to the ground to see the match, fervently hoping that the Remove players would come through unscathed.

Alas for Fishy's hopes!

The game was only a few minutes' old when Harry Wharton, who was in the act of going through on his own, was hustled off the ball by one of the burly backs.

Wharton fell heavily, and injured his knee in so doing. The damage was not serious, but it was sufficient for Wharton to have to retire from the game. Had he played on, his knee might have given out completely.

Wharton limped off the field. Fisher T. Fish watched him, with a groan.

"Ten bob gone!" he muttered. "Wharton's bound to claim compensation."

After Wharton's departure, play became rough and ragged.

There were no deliberate fouls, but the



Claimants appeared in the study in a swarm. They surrounded Fisher T. Fish. "Pay up, Fishy!" "Half-a-dollar, please!"

Courtfielders put in some heavy shoulder charging. The Remove players were very light, and they went down like ninepins. There were no broken limbs nor broken collar-bones, and nobody was badly enough hurt to have to leave the field. But bumps and bruises were as plentiful as leaves in Vallombrosa.

In spite of Wharton's absence, the Remove had the better of the exchanges. They were constantly being bowled over; yet their forwards were always on their feet again in a twinkling, and making for goal. I managed to net the ball, and Vernon-Smith and Hurree Singh also scored, so that we were three goals to the good at half-time.

In the second half there was quite a crowd of minor casualties. And when the final whistle sounded, with the score standing at five goals to one in favour of the Remove, there wasn't a fellow on our side who hadn't a bump, or a bruise, or an injury of some description.

Fisher T. Fish had left the ground in deep disgust. He expected a big crowd of claimants to invade his study that evening. And his expectations were realised!

Claimants appeared in a swarm. They surrounded the insurance manager grimly.

"Pay up, Fishy!" "Half-a-dollar, please!"

"Two quid this way!"

Fishy gasped.

"Who said two quid?" he asked.

"I did," said Bulstrode, with a grin. "Eight bumps and eight bruises, at half-a-crown apiece. That's my little packet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Guess I want proof before I start paying out big sums like that!" said Fish.

"Feel my napper," said Bulstrode. "You'll find four distinct bumps there. And I've two on this arm and a couple on this leg. That makes eight. Now, if you want to learn the geographical position of the eight bruises you—"

Bulstrode's sentence was cut short by the appearance of Billy Bunter.

The fat junior was coughing and spluttering in a most alarming manner. But for his portly appearance one might have thought he was consumptive.

"Gee-whizz!" gasped Fish. "What's the matter with you, porpoise?"

"I"—cough!—"want fifteen bob"—cough!—"from you"—cough! said Bunter.

"Fifteen bob!" echoed Fish aghast. "How do you make that out?"

Coughing and spluttering and sneezing, Billy Bunter explained that five shillings compensation had been promised in the case of chills, coughs, and colds contracted by playing football. Bunter asserted that he had contracted all three; and he held out his hand for the fifteen shillings.

"But you haven't been playing footer, you jay!" hooted Fish.

"Oh, really, Fishy! I turned out this afternoon for Friardale Fat Boys against Wapshot Skeletons!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fishy scowled.

"I guess you're not going to obtain money by false pretences!" he said. "I've got as much as I can do to meet the genuine claims. In fact, I can't meet 'em."

At this there was a roar from the crowd in the study.

"He can't pay out!"

"He's bagged our premiums, and he won't pay compensation!"

"Bump him!"

"Pulverise him!"

The next few moments were like a nightmare, so far as Fisher T. Fish was concerned. He was very soundly bumped, and his yells of anguish awakened the echoes.

And that bumping did not constitute the end of his troubles. He was compelled to refund all the sixpences which he had taken in premiums.

It was a very forlorn and dejected insurance manager that was left groaning on his study sofa. And that evening there was a curt intimation on the notice-board that no more football insurances could be effected!

**DON'T MISS**

Next Week's Grand  
Number of—

**"BILLY BUNTERS WEEKLY."**

—W. G. B.



# The Trials of "Uncle Ted"!

— by Kit Conroy —

**T**EDDY GRACE, of the Fourth, awoke one morning and found himself famous. At the tender age of fifteen, Teddy had blossomed into print—not as a writer of fiction, not even as a poet, but as the writer of the "Children's Corner" in the local paper—the "Latcham Chronicle."

"I'll tell you how Teddy came to get the job. He was idly turning over the pages of the local "rag" one day, when he came across the following paragraph:

"We regret to record the death of Mr. John Joicey—better known to our boy and girl readers as 'Uncle Jack.' For nearly twenty years Mr. Joicey had conducted the Children's Corner, and it will be extremely difficult to find a worthy successor to such a charming and kindly journalist. For the time being, the Children's Corner will have to be suspended."

"Dash it all," murmured Teddy Grace, when he read that announcement, "it isn't so very difficult to do a Children's Corner—a few puzzles and tricks, and so forth! I'll have a shot at it myself. It'll help to kill time during the long winter evenings."

Teddy set to work with that enthusiasm which was characteristic of him, and which he always infused into everything he did. It took him a whole evening to write a Children's Corner. And, let me at once say—lest Teddy's motives should be misunderstood—that he was not writing it for personal gain, but simply that the juvenile population of Latcham and district might not be disappointed at the absence of a Children's Corner.

Teddy started off with a cheery letter to his "Dear Young Friends," and he signed it "Uncle Ted." Then he gave them a few simple puzzles to fathom; after which he showed them how to do certain tricks with matches, and drew several diagrams to make it clear. He finished up with a short fairy story.

"There! I fancy that will fetch the youngsters!" murmured Teddy. "I'll post it off to the editor, and I won't breathe a word about it to any of the fellows. After all, it's quite on the cards that the stuff will be turned down."

But it was not turned down. The editor jumped at it. He liked Teddy's simple and charming style. And he promptly sent for him.

Teddy cycled over to Latcham on the next half-holiday and saw the editor. A kindly-faced man was this editor, but Teddy could not help noticing how shabby his clothes were, and how underfed he looked.

"This was not to be wondered at, for the "Latcham Chronicle" had a circulation of only a few hundred copies. The advertisements were scanty, and yielded very little revenue. In addition to this, there was a reporter, a compositor, and an office-boy to be paid. The editor, therefore, found it difficult to make ends meet.

"Sit down, my boy!" he said to Teddy Grace. "Your Children's Corner is excellent—even better, I think, than poor old Joicey's! He sometimes used to go over the kids' head. He was too high-flown in his language. Your own style is simple, and cannot fail to appeal. I congratulate you!"

Teddy's face glowed with pleasure.

"You'll be able to use my Corner, sir?"

"I should like you to write one every week, but—" The editor paused. His voice faltered a little. "I'm afraid I couldn't pay you more than half-a-crown a week. You see, this paper isn't exactly a gold-mine—"

Teddy Grace cut in quickly.

"I don't want payment, sir. I didn't THE POPULAR.—No. 153.

expect it. I want to write just for the pleasure of it. If my humble efforts make the youngsters happy, that's all I care about."

The editor laid his hand on the junior's shoulder.

"I am glad to hear you say that, my boy," he said quietly. "We live in a mercenary age, and many writers would expect—nay, insist upon—at least half-a-guinea for writing the Children's Corner. I don't know if you intend to take up journalism as a profession—"

"I hadn't thought about it, sir. But I may do one of these days."

"Then I hope you will prosper!"

After a few more kindly remarks the editor shook hands with Teddy Grace, who went back to Rookwood feeling very pleased to think he had been of use.

For two weeks Teddy conducted the Children's Corner without the knowledge of his schoolfellows. And then the whole thing leaked out.

Tubby Muffin happened to glance over Teddy's shoulder one day, and saw what he was writing.

The fat junior lost no time in spreading



Jimmy Silver slapped Teddy Grace on the shoulder. "Bravo, Uncle Ted!" he exclaimed. "Congrats on your literary achievements!"

the news. He burst excitedly into Jimmy Silver's study, where the Fistical Four were at tea.

"I say, you fellows, what do you think? Teddy Grace is a giddy author! He does the Children's Corner for the 'Latcham Chronicle.'"

"My hat!"

"He must have been doing it for weeks, and keeping it dark," said Tubby. "Making a pot of money on the Q.T., you know, and saying nothing about it."

"You mean to say," said Lovell, "that the chap who signs himself 'Uncle Ted' is Teddy Grace?"

Tubby nodded.

"Then we'll go along and congratulate him!" said Newcome. "Faucy old Teddy blossoming into print, and hiding his light under a giddy bushel!"

The Fistical Four hurried away to Teddy Grace's study.

"Teddy must be making his fortune!" said Raby. "It's up to him to stand a feed to celebrate his success."

"Yes, rather!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were rather ignorant of journalistic work on a small provincial paper. They imagined that the person who

wrote the Children's Corner every week was in receipt of handsome remuneration. It would not have surprised them to learn that Teddy Grace was making a guinea a week out of it.

They dropped in on Teddy just as he was putting the finishing touches to his Corner for the current week. They caught him red-handed, as it were, and could not doubt that Tubby Muffin had told them the truth.

Jimmy Silver slapped his schoolfellow on the back.

"Bravo, Uncle Ted!" he exclaimed. "Congrats on your literary achievements, dear boy!"

Teddy Grace flushed, and smiled.

"So you know?" he said.

"Of course we know! Why, you were working on your Children's Corner when we came in!"

"I always did say that Teddy had some brains stowed away somewhere," said Lovell.

"Rats! Any ass could write a Children's Corner!" said Teddy.

"Finished your Corner for this week?" inquired Newcome.

"Pretty nearly."

"Well, buck up! We want you to take us along to the bunshop in Latcham, and stand us a feed."

Teddy Grace gave a groan. He had in his pocket the princely sum of fourpence. How he could possibly feed the Fistical Four, and himself into the bargain, with such a sum, was beyond him.

"I—I'm awfully sorry, you fellows—" he started to stammer.

"No excuses!" said Jimmy Silver promptly. "Now that you're swimming in a sea of giddy prosperity, it would be mean of you not to stand your pals a feed!"

In vain Teddy Grace tried to explain. Jimmy Silver & Co. would not listen to him. And at last he gave it up, and suffered himself, when he had finished his Corner, to be dragged away to Latcham.

"We'll have a ripping tuck-in, and we'll drink the health of Uncle Ted!" said Raby.

"Hear, hear!"

Teddy Grace was in a terrible plight. It would be useless, even if he had a chance, to explain to Jimmy Silver & Co. that he was practically penniless. They would not understand. They imagined he was being handsomely paid for his weekly contributions to the "Latcham Chronicle," and they expected to be treated to a first-class spread.

What was to happen when the waitress brought the bill? That was what Teddy Grace kept asking himself, and he shuddered as he thought of all the possibilities.

The next half-hour was a nightmare to the unfortunate Teddy.

Jimmy Silver & Co. piled into the good things, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

At last, as in a dreadful dream, Teddy Grace saw the waitress approaching with the bill. He took the slip of paper mechanically. The "damage" was eighteen shillings.

Teddy Grace heaved a deep sigh, and glanced wildly towards the door as if contemplating flight.

It was at that moment that relief arrived.

Who should walk into the bunshop but Teddy Grace's uncle, who was on his way to Rookwood to see his nephew.

Teddy's uncle was a good sport. He was delighted to find his nephew in the bunshop, into which he had dropped for a snack; and he insisted upon paying the bill, and on the juniors having an extra cup of tea each while he chatted to them.

So all ended happily for Teddy Grace, affectionately known to the boys and girls of Latcham as "Uncle Ted"!

**Linley to the Rescue!**

(Continued from page 8.)

The man did not know he was there. He had not the faintest suspicion that anybody besides himself was in the room. But Bob did not intend to leave him in ignorance.

His voice broke the silence. "Paul!"

There was a bound from the man on the bed—a sharp oath—a glimmer of steel in the gloom. The voice had guided Tyrrell; and the next moment Bob Cherry, with a strange, peculiar feeling down his spine, found himself with the muzzle of a revolver pressed against his face.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
In Desperate Hands!**

**S**ILENCE!" Paul Tyrrell muttered the word between his teeth.

Bob Cherry was silent. He remembered Billy Bunter's story of the revolver in the bag. He had not thought about it; but Bunter, for once, had evidently not been exaggerating. Tyrrell had brought a deadly weapon to Greyfriars with him; proof enough that, from the first, he had had no intention of running straight. A man turning over a new leaf, intending to lead an honest life, would not provide himself with a revolver.

"Silence!" muttered Tyrrell again. "On your life!"

Bob Cherry stood quite still, without speaking.

His voice, when he uttered his cousin's name, had been husky and low, and Yorke had evidently not recognised it. The man did not know that it was Bob Cherry who was in the room with him. The revolver had leaped into his hand—the hand of an habitual criminal, as Bob realised miserably, or he would not have been so ready with a weapon.

"Who are you?" murmured Tyrrell. "Don't you know me?"

Tyrrell started; he recognised the voice now.

"Bob?" "Yes."

"You are spying on me!" Tyrrell's voice came out in a low hiss.

Bob Cherry flushed in the darkness. In spite of the revolver, he came very near at that moment to driving out his fist into the man's face.

"I'm not spying on you!" he said savagely.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Put that fool pistol away!" growled Bob Cherry. "Don't play the giddy goat. This isn't a melodrama!"

Tyrrell hesitated a moment and then put the revolver into his pocket. Then he crossed to the door and locked it. He turned on the gas, and lighted it, a dim glimmer sufficient to show them to one another.

Tyrrell's face was pale and set, but no paler than Bob Cherry's.

"Now," said the man, "I'm waiting. What are you doing in my bed-room?"

"What were you doing out of it?"

"How did you know, if you weren't spying on—"

"If you call me a spy again, there will be trouble here!" said Bob Cherry. "You're a man and I'm a boy, but I think I could lick you."

Tyrrell tapped his pocket where the revolver reposed.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Bob Cherry contemptuously. "Do you think I believe you'd use that? You don't want to be hung!"

"Don't be too sure!" said Tyrrell menacingly. "You are not so safe here as you fancy. What are you doing here at all?"

"I came down with a chap who's doing late swotting," said Bob Cherry. "As we came up to the dorm again you passed us in the passage."

Tyrrell started violently.

"You were there—then?"

"Yes; nearly two hours ago."

"Oh!" said Tyrrell. "And the other boy—who is he?"

"Never mind who he is," said Bob Cherry.

"He's going to keep his mouth shut, for the present, at any rate. You've been out of your room from midnight to nearly two in the morning. What for?"

"It would be easy enough to explain," said Tyrrell calmly. "What do you think I went out for? To commit a robbery or a murder?"

He laughed. "I don't know. I want to know."

"Why should I answer your questions?"

"Because you've got to," said Bob Cherry grimly.

"And if I don't—"

"If you don't, I shall go to Wingate's study, and wake him up, and ask him to see whether there's anything wrong in the house—any signs of a robbery."

"You suspect me—"

"Yes!" said Bob bluntly.

Tyrrell's face had a strange look in the dim light. His eyes were burning, and his hand hovered over the pocket where the revolver lay. Bob Cherry's lip curled scornfully as he saw it.

"Don't be a fool!" he said. "You had that revolver with you when you went downstairs. What did you want it for? But don't think you can scare me with it. You dare not use it, even if you are villain enough—and I don't believe you are. You are a rascal, and, I believe, a thief, but you're not of the stuff murderers are made of. You're not villain enough for that, and you haven't nerve enough. I know you, you see."

Tyrrell ground his teeth.

"Don't be too sure," he muttered.

"I'm waiting," said Bob coldly.

"Waiting for what?"

"Waiting for you to explain. I know you were asking Gosling questions about the school silver—Bunter heard you, and I heard him say so. I know the Head had money sent down from the bank to-day—it comes the same day every week, and you haven't been here a week without finding that out. Have you been laying hands on the school silver and the Head's money?"

Tyrrell laughed.

"Is that what you suspect?"

"Yes." "You are complimentary. If you woke up the captain of Greyfriars, and he found that a robbery had been committed, and you accused your own cousin, it would not reflect credit on the family."

"I should risk that," said Bob calmly.

"You could hardly remain at this school, I should think, after such an exposure."

"I don't know; but that wouldn't make any difference. If you did anything dishonest here, I should denounce you at once, as I told you the day you came," said Bob steadily.

"Without considering the consequences to yourself?"

"Without considering them for a single moment."

"And suppose," said Tyrrell, in a low tone—"suppose that I declared that you were an accomplice, and had lost your nerve and turned on me?"

Bob Cherry started.

"I dare say you'd be villain enough for that," he said. "But nobody would believe you. And even if they would, I shouldn't care. I should denounce you all the same, and chance it."

"I believe you would," said Tyrrell, looking at him.

"I certainly should."

Tyrrell laughed again lightly.

"Then it's fortunate for me that I haven't been robbing the school, or stealing the boots out of the boot-room," he said banteringly.

"If you have been robbing the Head, I'll give you a chance to put it back and clear out," said Bob Cherry. "After what's happened, you can't stay here, anyway. You thought you'd make your position here safer by telling lies about your doings in South Africa. You forgot that I'm not a liar, too, and that I wouldn't hear your rotten yarns without giving them away. All the fellows are jawing about that scene in Wharton's study. Sooner or later something must come out. You can see for yourself that it can't go on much longer."

"I had already seen that," said Tyrrell, with a nod.

"It's time for you to clear," said Bob.

"Yes, that is so."

"And I suppose you've been making a haul to take with you?" said Bob. "Is that it?"

"If that were the case, Bob, I should be

gone already," said his cousin. "I could have cleared out while I was down below."

"And so you would have, if you'd known that I was here," said Bob Cherry. "My belief is that you've robbed the Head's safe, and hidden the stuff somewhere outside. You'll leave here unsuspected, if you can, bag the stuff, and clear out to-morrow, or in a few days."

Tyrrell compressed his lips. There was an almost murderous look in his eyes as he stared at the junior. It needed little more than his expression to convince Bob Cherry that the surmise was correct.

"You ought to be a detective," said Tyrrell lightly; but with the same look of suppressed fury in his eyes. "Your talents are wasted in a junior form in a school, Bob."

"Have I put it right?"

"Not at all. I went down because I couldn't sleep. I've been for a stroll round the Close," said Tyrrell. "I put the revolver in my pocket, because that's a habit I contracted in South Africa. I've lived in places where a man always takes a shooter if he goes out for a stroll at night. That's all."

"Is that all?"

"Yes." "You have not been to the Head's study?"

"No." Bob Cherry drew a deep breath.

"I wish I could believe you," he said.

"You don't believe me?"

"I can't, without proof."

Tyrrell shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you can do as you choose," he said. "I'm going to bed now. You can go back to your dormitory, or you can stay there and think it over—as you like. You don't mind my going to bed, do you?"

He took off his coat.

Bob Cherry stood, hesitating.

Tyrrell's manner was calmness and coolness, and nothing else, but Bob's suspicions were by no means allayed. Tyrrell removed his waistcoat, and folded it up carefully. He was very neat and careful with his clothes.

He put the revolver into a drawer of his table, and locked the drawer. Then he sat on the bed and removed his socks, and shook out his pyjamas, which were folded on the bed.

He cast a quizzical look at Bob Cherry.

"Are you going to stay here all night?" he asked.

"No," said Bob at last; "I'm going to satisfy myself that you've told the truth. If you have, I'll be jolly glad, and I'll go back to the dorm."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I'm going down to look at the Head's safe to see whether it's been tampered with."

"The Head keeps his study door locked at night."

"Very well. If you've been in the room, you've had to force the lock. I shall see whether it has been tampered with."

"You are wasting your time, Bob. You'd better go back to bed, and leave the matter alone. Don't be an ass!"

"You are afraid of what I shall find."

Tyrrell yawned.

"Not in the slightest. Go down, if you like, and come in here when you've finished, and tell me what you have found."

"I will!" said Bob Cherry.

Tyrrell unfastened the studs in his collar with a manner of perfect indifference. But his eyes were gleaming. Bob Cherry crossed to the door, and turned back the key, and as he did so his back was to Tyrrell. He heard a movement, and turned, but it was too late. The man was upon him with a spring like a tiger. Bob Cherry went to the floor with a crash, and Paul Tyrrell was upon him, clutching at his throat.

Bob Cherry gave a wild glance up at the savage face above him—a face, white, savage, furious, merciless. He opened his mouth to shriek for help, but the grasp upon his throat held back the utterance. He struggled desperately, and, as he began to struggle, Tyrrell crashed his head down upon the floor.

Bob Cherry gave a low moan, and his limbs relaxed.

He was not stunned, but his senses were swimming, and for the time he was helpless. Tyrrell planted a heavy knee upon his chest, and dragged his hands together, and knotted a handkerchief round his wrists. Then he jerked out Bob's own handkerchief, and

THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

stuffed it into the boy's mouth. He tied it there, with a string passing round the back of the junior's head.

Bob Cherry struggled again faintly, hopelessly. Tyrrell dragged a sheet from the bed and wrenched it into strips, and tied Bob's ankles together. Helpless to move hand or foot, Bob Cherry lay, gagged and bound, looking up at the scoundrel with dim, reeling eyes.

Tyrrell did not speak a word to him, hardly glanced at him once he was secure. He hastily resumed the clothing he had discarded, put on his coat and his hat, picked up his bag, took the revolver from the drawer, and then turned out the light. In the darkness there was a sound of a door softly closing, a key clicked outside, then silence.

Bob Cherry, half-unconscious, silent, helpless, lay with reeling brain in the darkness of the room.

Paul Tyrrell was gone!

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Mark Linley to the Rescue!

**M**ARK LINLEY stirred uneasily. The Lancashire lad had not slept since he had returned to the Remove dormitory. But he was not thinking of exams or Greek irregular verbs now. He was thinking of his chum waiting down in the darkness in Yorke's room.

Why did not Bob return?

Two o'clock had sounded. It was more than an hour since he had left Bob, and there was no sign of him yet.

Mark was growing more and more uneasy. Bob Cherry had felt no fear in remaining alone to see the man whom he suspected of being a criminal. But Mark could not help fearing for him.

Suppose Bob's worst suspicions turned out to be correct! Suppose that the man was really a criminal! Suppose—

Mark sat up in bed, shivering, as he continued his suppositions. The man was a scoundrel; and if he had been engaged in some nefarious work in the darkness of the night, was he likely to allow Bob Cherry to discover him and betray him? Bob was his cousin, certainly; but that fact was not likely to weigh much with Tyrrell if he found himself in danger of prison and punishment.

The junior's uneasiness grew too great for him at last. Bob Cherry was in danger, he knew that. If his suspicions were correct, he might be in deadly danger. Mark Linley stepped out of bed and dressed himself. After all, Bob Cherry had confided the whole matter to him now. He would not be surprising any secrets if he went down to see if all was right with Bob. And he was too anxious to wait for him in the dormitory any longer.

The Lancashire lad slipped quietly out of the dormitory, and tiptoed to Cecil Yorke's room. All was dark and silent there.

Bob must be still inside the room. If he had left it he would have come back to the dormitory. Mark turned the handle of the door quietly, and pushed, but the door did not open. It was locked.

A thrill ran through the junior.

Bob Cherry could not have locked the door, as he was waiting there for Paul Tyrrell to come in. The locking of the door meant that Tyrrell had returned. And then, why was the door locked? What had happened to Bob?

Mark felt a creepy terror coming over him. How desperate the man might be he could not tell; but—but what had happened to Bob?

Mark knocked softly at the door.

"Bob!" he whispered through the keyhole. Silence!

"Bob—Bob Cherry!"

Still no answer. Mark thought he heard a sound in the room—a sound as of a body that dragged itself into motion with effort, but nothing more.

"Bob!"

In his anxiety the junior raised his voice. But still no reply came from within the room.

What had happened? If Tyrrell had returned and gone to bed, and Bob was gone Tyrrell would have replied. The silence showed that he could not be there. The door was locked; the key could not be seen, but it was evident that it was locked on the outside. The room was untenanted—or else THE POPULAR.—No. 153.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE REBELS!"

its tenant could not speak. What had happened?

Mark Linley felt his brain whirling.

To give an alarm in the depth of the night was a step he shrank from, but his terror of what might have happened to Bob Cherry overmastered every other feeling.

He had to get into the room—to see! He bent down to the keyhole again, and called in.

"Bob! Are you there, Bob?"

Again that sound of a dragging body. Mark, listening with strained ears, thought he could hear, too, a low, suppressed moan. That sound was enough to decide him. At the risk of waking Mr. Quelch in the next room, at the risk of waking the whole school, he had to get into the room. He remembered Bunter's story of the revolver he had seen. True, there had been no shot—he would have heard it in the dormitory. But—but— A vision of a boy lying stunned, covered with blood, floated before Mark's eyes. At any cost he must get into the room. Someone was there, and that someone could not, or would not, speak. What did it mean?

Mark Linley thought rapidly.

The lock on the bed-room door was an ordinary one, easy enough to break, though not without noise. Mark hurried down to his study. He had a tool-chest there, and it was the only thing to do. In a minute or less he was back at the door with a hammer and a strong chisel. He drove the chisel between the door and the jamb, and wrenched at it, and there was a loud crack as the lock gave. The noise of the hammer, of the yielding lock, rang through the passage, with a sound that seemed like thunder to the junior's startled ears in the darkness and silence of the night.

But he did not care. The door was open now. He rushed in, and in the darkness he stumbled over something on the floor—something that moved and moaned faintly.

Mark's blood turned cold for a moment.

He knew that it was a human body.

But his nerve came back in a flash. He turned on the gas and struck a match and lighted it.

In the light Bob Cherry lay at his feet, and Mark drew a sobbing breath of relief as he saw that he was bound and gagged, and not what he had feared.

Bob Cherry's eyes met Mark's.

In a moment the Lancashire lad was upon his knees beside the bound junior, and was tearing the gag away.

Bob Cherry gasped painfully.

"Thanks, Marky, old man! Thanks! Get me loose—quick!"

"What's happened?" Mark's fingers were busy with the bonds he was speaking. "Has Tyrrell done this?"

"Yes—quick!"

There was a step at the door. Mr. Quelch, in a dressing-gown and slippers, stood there, looking sternly in. He had been awakened by the noise in the adjoining room, and he had come out immediately to see what was

the matter. The open door, the flare of light from Yorke's room, brought him there at once, and he almost staggered at what he beheld there. He could hardly believe his eyes for a moment.

"Cherry! Linley! What does this mean?"

He came into the room. Mark Linley looked up, but his fingers did not cease their rapid work for a moment.

Mr. Quelch gazed down upon the bound junior in stupefaction.

"Cherry! How did you come here? Who tied you up like this? Where is Mr. Yorke?" At a glance the Remove master had seen that the bed was empty.

"He's gone, sir!" gasped Bob.

"Gone! Mr. Yorke gone!"

"His name isn't Yorke, sir—it's Tyrrell, and he's a thief!"

"What?"

"Quick, Marky—he'll get away!"

"How do you know this, Cherry?"

"He's my cousin, sir," said Bob bitterly.

Mr. Quelch started violently.

"Your cousin, Cherry?"

"Yes, sir."

"You—you said nothing of this before."

"I'll explain afterwards, sir. He's robbed the Head!"

"Wha—a-at!"

"He's robbed the Head's safe, sir, and fastened me up here so that I couldn't stop him getting away with the money."

"Good heavens!"

Bob Cherry dragged his sturdy limbs free from the last of the bonds. He sprang to his feet. His head was aching fearfully, but he was clear-witted enough now. He rushed to the door.

"Cherry!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I—how—"

"He'll get away, sir!"

"But what—"

But Bob Cherry was gone.

Bob Cherry had only one thought now—to prevent the escape of the thief with his plunder.

The disgrace could no longer be avoided. There was no help for that. But Bob could at least atone for the harm his silence had done—he could at least prevent the robbery from being carried out. He hoped so, at least.

There might still be time for that. It was a quarter of an hour since Paul Tyrrell had left him, bound and gagged, in the bed-room. Had that time sufficed for the rascal to remove his plunder from the place where he had concealed it, and to escape from the precincts of Greyfriars? That was what Bob Cherry had to find out.

Mr. Quelch stood dazed for a moment.

"This is—this is—amazing!" he ejaculated.

"We'd better go after Bob, sir," said Mark.

"Yes, yes—come!"

And they hurried after Bob Cherry.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### Caught!

**B**OB Cherry was outside the School House already.

Hurried and excited as he was, his brain was clear enough, and he thought rapidly. He knew that Paul Tyrrell had robbed the Head's safe; he knew that he had concealed the plunder in a secure place, to be removed afterwards. The unexpected meeting with Bob Cherry in his room had changed Tyrrell's plans, and he had resolved upon the only course left open to him—immediate flight. Where had he concealed the plunder? Outside the house—Bob was sure of that. Inside the building there was no place secure from discovery; but outside, in the old Cloisters or the ruined tower, or some part of the rambling old buildings, there were places enough. And outside the house it would be easier to recover it when the time came. All this passed through Bob Cherry's mind like a flash, and he was outside the house a few moments after Mark Linley had released him from his bonds.

Where was Tyrrell?

Believing that Bob Cherry was safely secured, the man would probably not hurry himself, and he had only had a quarter of an hour, so far. It was most likely that he was not yet outside the school walls. The plunder, if carefully concealed, would take some little time to recover—especially if Tyrrell had buried it, as was most likely.

But where?

Bob Cherry paused in the Close, the cool night air blowing upon his fevered face.

Where was Tyrrell?

A GRAND

::

YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

::

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He listened.  
The wind was soughing in the branches of the old elms; faintly from afar came the sound of the sea breaking on the rocks of the bay. In the old Close of Greyfriars all seemed still.

But another sound came to Bob Cherry's ears as he strained them to listen. It was a faint clink from the distance.

His heart leaped.  
He knew that it was the sound of a spade upon a stone.

Tyrrell had buried his loot, then, as he had suspected, and he was not yet finished disinterring it.

Bob Cherry hurried in the direction of the sound.

Clink!  
It was the spade again.

A glimmer of starlight showed up the ghostly buildings and the ruined tower of old Greyfriars—that old tower which had once been the scene of a barring-out. Bob Cherry knew every inch of the ground. He hurried to the open doorway of the old tower, and a glimmer of light struck upon his eyes.

He looked in, trying to still his panting breath.

Tyrrell was there!  
A lantern upon the ground shed a glimmer of light in the old tower. One of the flat flagstones of the floor had been lifted and turned over: Tyrrell was digging in the earth below.

His bag lay open beside him, ready to receive the hidden loot when he had taken it from its hiding-place.

Bob Cherry smiled grimly.  
He had made no sound; Tyrrell had no suspicion that eyes were upon him. He was working steadily and coolly, like a man who had ample time at his disposal.

He had turned up a large heap of earth, and was turning up more by the spadeful. He had buried his plunder in that safe place, and it was taking him some time to recover it. As Bob Cherry looked in Tyrrell uttered a low exclamation, and laid down the spade, and bent over the excavation he had made.

Bob held his breath as he watched.  
The man bent into the excavation, and dragged up with both hands a heavy sack—a sack that sagged and clinked.

He dragged the sack from the excavation, and laid it upon the floor beside him and opened it.

There was a glimmer of metal.  
Tyrrell, with quick but steady fingers, removed the plunder, one article after another, from the sack, and placed them in the bag.

It was the school silver. The plate that was used at Greyfriars on state occasions—all of it was there. In metal alone it was worth more than a thousand pounds. The scoundrel had made a splendid haul, if he succeeded in getting away with it. And along with the massy silver was a bag that clinked as it was lifted, and which Bob Cherry knew contained money—the money the Head had received from the bank only that day.

Tyrrell had made a clean sweep.  
With steady hands the thief packed the plunder into the travelling-bag, and then kicked the sack back into the excavation.

Bob Cherry clenched his hands, and drew back a little into the darkness.

Tyrrell was finished; he was about to go. If Bob Cherry had been six or seven minutes later he would have been too late.

But now he was in time. And so long as Bob Cherry had breath in his body the thief should not escape with the plunder!  
He waited.

The light footsteps of the thief came towards the doorway of the old tower, and a dark shadow loomed up before Bob Cherry's eyes.

And as he saw it he sprang.  
There was a startled exclamation.

The attack was so sudden, so utterly unlooked for, that Tyrrell had no chance of bracing himself to meet it.

He reeled back under Bob Cherry's spring, and crashed down upon his back, the bag dropping from his hand with a crash.

Bob Cherry was upon the fallen man, his knee upon his chest.

For an instant Tyrrell did not struggle. He was too astounded by the sudden attack and the shock of the fall.

But it was only for an instant that he lay quiescent under the weight of the junior. Then he struggled, and his right hand slid into his coat.

Bob Cherry felt rather than saw the movement, and he gripped the right wrist of Paul Tyrrell with a tenacious grip.

"No you don't!" he muttered.  
Tyrrell gasped hoarsely.

"You, Bob!"  
"Yes—Bob!" said Bob Cherry, between his teeth.

"You! I thought—"  
"You were wrong. I've got you, you scoundrel!"

"Let me up!" said Tyrrell huskily. "Are you mad? Think of the disgrace! You'll be turned out of the school!"

"You are not getting away with that loot, you villain!"  
"I will leave it here! Let me go!"

"Liar!" said Bob Cherry. "You want to get a chance of getting at me! Once bitten, twice shy, you rotter! Keep still!" Then he raised his voice. "Help! I've got him!"

"Bob—"  
"Help!"  
Tyrrell strove to wrench his right hand free.

There was little doubt that he would have used his revolver at that moment, if he could have got at it.

Bob Cherry realised it, and he clung desperately to the man's right hand, and held it fast by the wrist.

"Help!"  
A voice called from the distance. It was Mark Linley's voice:

"Bob, where are you?"  
"Here, in the old tower! Help!"  
"We're coming!"

Tyrrell made a desperate effort. His hand was wrenched free, but the next moment Bob Cherry's clenched fist was dashed into his face, and his head crashed down on the hard ground.

"You would have it!" muttered Bob.  
Paul Tyrrell, half stunned, lay still for a moment, and Bob gripped his wrist again, and held it like a vice.

"Help!"  
There was a sound of hurrying feet. Mark Linley dashed up, and stumbled over them, and the next moment his firm grip was upon Tyrrell.

"Hold his hands!" gasped Bob. "He's trying to get at a revolver!"

"I've got him!"  
Mr. Quelch hurried up.

"Have you got him?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Hold him while I get a light."  
"There's a lantern there, sir. If you've a match—"

Tyrrell was struggling again, but he had no chance against the two sturdy juniors. Mark Linley had grasped his wrists, and dragged his hands above his head, and Bob Cherry was kneeling upon his chest, pinning him down. There was the flare of a match, and then the lantern gleamed upon the scene.

The bag had burst in its fall, and several of the massy pieces of silver had rolled out upon the ground. They glimmered in the light of the lantern.

Mr. Quelch's brow grew dark.

"There is no doubt about it, then," he said. "Have you got the rascal safe?"

"Quite safe, sir!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "If you'll lend a hand, sir, we'll tie him so that he can't bunk!"

"Very good!"  
Tyrrell struggled again, but unavailingly.

Mr. Quelch took Mark Linley's handkerchief, twisted it, and knotted it securely round the man's wrists, while Mark held them firmly together.

"He is safe now," said Mr. Quelch. "Let him up."

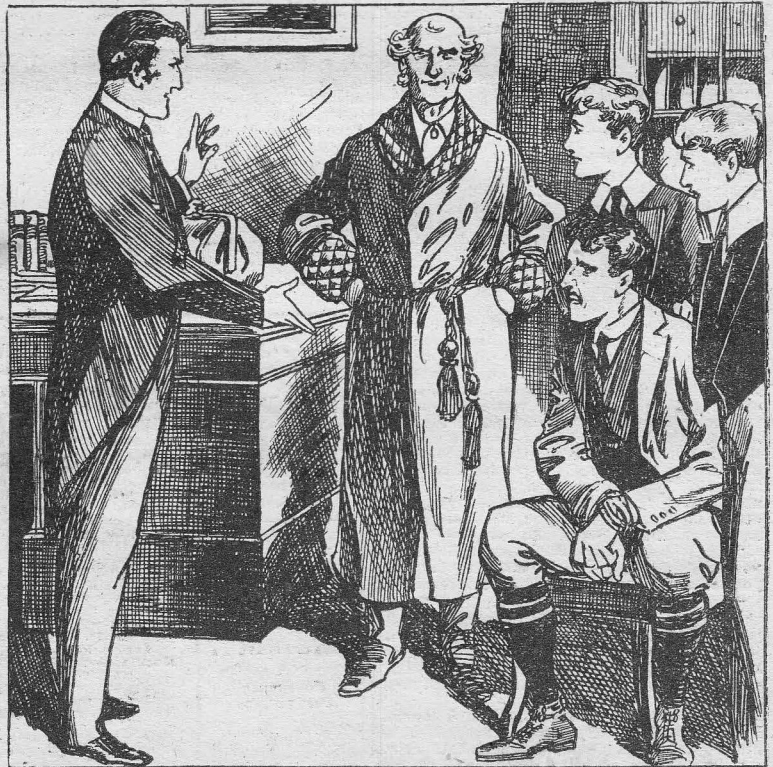
The rascal was allowed to rise, the two juniors keeping a grasp upon his arms. Paul Tyrrell's face was white with fury.

"Bring him into the house!" said Mr. Quelch. "I will take these things, and call the Head at once!"

"One moment!" said Tyrrell hoarsely. "That is my cousin—"

"He has already told me so," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "Whatever you have to say, you can say to Dr. Locke. Bring him in!"

And the baffled and infuriated rascal was marched into the house and into the Head's study, there to await the arrival of Dr. Locke.



"I knew that he had come to rob the school," said Bob Cherry, "so I kept an eye on him. I came upon him to-night by chance!" Tyrrell laughed his scoffing laugh again. "You came down to help me in cracking the safe, and you know you did!" he said. (See Chapter 6.)

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

## The Last of the Secret!

"BESS my soul!" said the Head.  
Mr. Quelch had called him, and the Head came down to his study—to find that his safe was open, and the contents of it reposing in the football coach's bag, which lay open upon the table where Mr. Quelch had placed it. The football coach himself was sitting sullenly in a chair, with his hands bound tightly together, and the two juniors standing on guard over him.

Dr. Locke, in dressing-gown and slippers, came into the study in a state of amazement. He gazed at the rified safe and at the bag on the table, and then at the sullen and savage face of the prisoner.

"Bless my soul!" he repeated.  
"The school silver has had a narrow escape, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "The money is here, too. Everything was taken from the safe; but everything appears to be intact. And we have the thief!"

"Good—very good!"  
"And it is owing to these two juniors," said Mr. Quelch.

"It's owing to Bob Cherry, sir," said Mark. "I shouldn't have known anything about it but for Bob. I only lent him a hand."

"How did you know anything about this man, Cherry?"

Bob Cherry coloured painfully.

"He's my cousin, sir."

"What?"

Tyrrell broke into a bitter, scoffing laugh. "Yes; I'm his cousin," he said, "and he can go to prison with me."

The Head looked at him.  
"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"I mean that Bob Cherry knew it all along, and turned on me at the last minute!" said Tyrrell fiercely. "He recognised me the day I came here, and agreed to keep the secret, and share in what I could get. He was in the game all along, and he has turned on me at the last moment because he did not trust me to give him his share when I had turned the stuff into money."

Bob Cherry's face went white.

"You don't believe that, sir?" he gasped.  
Dr. Locke shook his head.

"I should certainly require very strong proof before I believed anything of the kind," he said.

"He knew me all along. He knew that I was here under an assumed name. He knew that I was wanted for defrauding a bank!" hissed Tyrrell. "He dare not deny it!"

"You can explain, Cherry, I have no doubt."

Bob's face grew haggard.

"I can explain, sir, but I don't know whether you'll forgive me. I did recognise him the day he came to Greyfriars, and I had it out with him then; but he swore to me that he had reformed, and that he was only trying to get a chance of earning an honest living, and—"

"And you believed him?" said the Head gently. "I quite understand, Cherry."

"No, sir!" said Bob. "I've got to tell you the whole truth. I didn't believe him. I hoped he was telling the truth; but I didn't believe him. I know now I ought to have given him away at once; but—but he's my cousin, sir, and—there was the disgrace, too, and—there was a chance that he meant to be honest. I gave him the chance. But I told him that at the first sign of his playing the rascal I'd be down on him. That was how we arranged it, sir. I know now that I ought to have come to you at once, and told you that you had a scoundrel here under a false name. But—but—"

"But it would have been very difficult for you to do that, Cherry—I understand. And you hoped that the man had reformed?"

"I did, sir! And—and I couldn't think that even he could be villain enough to rob you when you had taken him in—though it was in my mind all the time. I meant to keep an eye on him; but that wasn't easy, either. It was by chance that I found him out to-night."

Tyrrell laughed his scoffing laugh again. In his fall, it would be some consolation to him to drag Bob Cherry down also to ruin.

"Chance!" he repeated mockingly. "You came down to help me in cracking the safe, and you know you did!"

"Do you declare that?" asked the Head sternly.

"Yes, I do!"

"Good!" said Mark Linley. "Then I can THE POPULAR.—No. 158.

prove that he's lying, sir. Bob Cherry came down with me. I came down to my study to do some work for the exam, sir, as I couldn't sleep. Bob was awake, worrying over that rotter and what he might do, and he came down to keep me company. I was working in my study from eleven to twelve, and Bob was with me all the time. When we went up again, somebody passed us in the passage—we thought it was Mr. Quelch at first, and we lay low—but we found that whoever it was had come out of Yorke's room, and so we knew it was Yorke. Then Bob told me Yorke was his cousin, and said he'd wait for him, and asked me to go back to the dorm. I came down again because I was alarmed about him—I knew this villain had a revolver, because Bunter had seen it—and I was afraid he'd done Bob some harm, as he didn't come back to the dormitory. I found Bob Cherry tied hand and foot, and gagged. I had to burst open the door to get to him, and Mr. Quelch heard me and came out."

"Quite true!" said Mr. Quelch.

Tyrrell ground his teeth.

"You utter rascal!" said the Head of Greyfriars, his eyes glinting as he turned them upon the thief. "This boy's evidence completely clears Cherry, even if I had doubted him, which I did not."

Tyrrell scowled.

"Well, telephone for the police!" he said savagely. "At all events, Bob Cherry's name will be dragged through the police-court with mine. Everybody at this school will know that he's cousin to a burglar; his life won't be worth living here after that. That will be revenge enough for me!"

Dr. Locke gasped.

Bob Cherry compressed his lips. He did not look at his cousin; he fixed his eyes upon the Head.

"I shall have to leave Greyfriars, sir," he said. "I can't stay here when it comes out—I couldn't face it! But I'm glad I saved the school silver, all the same, and I'm glad that villain is going to prison!"

"Stay!" said the Head. "At present, it appears, no one outside this room knows that this man Yorke, as he calls himself, is in reality your cousin."

"No, sir."

"The stolen articles have been recovered," said the Head musingly. "No harm has been done, thanks to you, Cherry! I owe you much—very much!" He paused, and exchanged a glance with Mr. Quelch.

The same thought was in the minds of both masters. Was it fair that Bob Cherry should suffer disgrace and humiliation for having done his duty?

"Linley," said Dr. Locke quietly, "you may return to your dormitory. I can trust you to say nothing of what you have learned here."

"Certainly, sir!" said Mark.

The Lancashire lad quitted the study at once. Dr. Locke turned to the bound man

in the chair. There was a glimmer of hope in Tyrrell's face now.

"I am afraid that what is in my mind is not in accordance with the law," the Head said slowly. "But I cannot bear that this brave and honourable lad should suffer because he has done what was right. He might have held his tongue, and allowed me to be robbed, and no one would have known anything to blame him for. Tyrrell, you know that penal servitude is the punishment for what you have done. I shall send for the police—that is my duty! If you are captured by them, you go to your punishment. But you have the remainder of the night. If you leave England at once, you are free, and you have a chance to profit by this lesson. Release him!"

Mr. Quelch silently untied the rascal's hands. Tyrrell rose to his feet, no hand being put out to detain him now.

"Understand," said the Head, "I do not choose to take the part of a policeman, and arrest you—but to-morrow the police will be looking for Cecil Yorke."

Tyrrell grinned.

"That is more than enough time for me," he said.

The next moment—without a word or a look to his cousin—he was gone. Dr. Locke laid his hand kindly upon Bob Cherry's shoulder.

"Go back to bed, Cherry," he said. "You have done me a great service, and I have done my best to prevent you from suffering for it."

There were tears in Bob Cherry's eyes.

"Thank you, sir!" he said huskily.

And the junior returned to the Remove dormitory.

And as the early rays of dawn crept in at the high windows of the dormitory, the chums fell asleep.

Greyfriars learned the next day what had happened—but not all of it. The Head's safe had been robbed; Cecil Yorke, the football coach, had fled, but the plunder had been left behind.

The police looked for Cecil Yorke; but they did not find him. The Greyfriars fellows discussed the matter excitedly, and with undying interest, for several days; but, with the exception of Bob Cherry's closest chums, the facts were not known. Bob Cherry told the whole story in Study No. 1, to Harry Wharton & Co., and they understood at last what had puzzled them before.

"Poor old Bob!" said Harry Wharton. "So that's why you were up against Yorke—I mean, Tyrrell. But, of course, we couldn't see it—then!"

"Well, it's all right now!" said Bob Cherry. "The rotter won't come back to England again after this; I've seen the last of him. And I'm jolly glad that I haven't got a secret to keep any longer! Let's go down to the footer!"

THE END.

(There will be another long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars in next week's issue of the POPULAR.)

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE REBELS!"

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



**By Order of the Fourth!**

(Continued from page 6.)

Lattrey's eyes glittered at him with helpless fury.

He could not open his mouth now, but the tied handkerchief looked only like a bandage, as if he had a very bad tooth-ache.

And the juniors, grasping his arms, would look only as if they were supporting the victim of an accident.

His rage was too great for words—if he could have spoken.

"I rather think that will pass muster," remarked Jimmy Silver, with satisfaction. "If anybody speaks to us, leave the talking to me."

"Right-ho!"

"Now come on!"

Jimmy Silver led the way into the village street, followed by Lovell and Raby, with Lattrey between them, tightly gripping his arms, the rest of the juniors bringing up the rear.

The village street was gloomy enough with its few gas-lamps. But about the railway-station there was a good deal of light.

A portly form loomed up in front of the juniors as they approached the station.

"Good-evening, Mr. Boggs!" said Jimmy Silver politely.

"Hevenin'!" said P.-c. Boggs. "Haccident—wot?"

His official eye blinked at Lattrey's bandaged face.

Lattrey made a furious effort to get his jaws loose. But Jimmy Silver had done his work too thoroughly for that.

"We're looking after him," said Jimmy Silver, without directly replying to the question. "Come on, you fellows! Cheer up, Lattrey! We'll be at the station in a minute or two now."

The last remark was judiciously uttered for the hearing of Mr. Boggs.

The juniors marched on with their prisoner.

Lattrey threw his whole weight on Lovell and Raby, and they half-carried him along. But Lovell gave his arm a twist as a hint to walk, and Lattrey decided to walk.

The party of juniors entered the station.

As the ticket for Lattrey was already taken, they proceeded directly to the platform.

The porter glanced at them curiously. But the man knew the Fistical Four well, and, naturally, made no demur about their assisting the bandaged junior to the platform.

Lattrey, his eyes burning with rage, found himself upon the platform with his conductors, in the shadiest part of the station. There they waited.

Lattrey turned his eyes upon Jimmy Silver's face more than once with savage questioning. But he read no sign of relenting there.

It was borne in upon his mind that the juniors were in grim earnest. That he was to go—that the train was to bear him away from Rookwood by order of the Fourth Form.

And there was no return train that night, at all events.

From Latcham he could proceed to his home, if he liked, but he could not return to Rookwood until the morrow.

He almost choked with rage as he thought of it.

"Train's signalled!" said Raby at last. "Here she comes!"

The train stopped in the station, and Jimmy Silver ran forward to secure an empty carriage, if possible.

There were few passengers, and an empty carriage was easy enough to secure at Coombe.

Farther up the line it was likely to fill. Jimmy tore the door open, and beckoned to his comrades.

Lovell & Co. scuttled across the platform with Lattrey, giving the cad of the Fourth no chance to resist.

"In with him!"

Lattrey was bundled into the carriage. Lovell followed him in, and jammed him down on the seat.

"I'll stay here till she goes," grinned Lovell.

"Only half a minute."

The juniors gathered round the door, watching the guard.

Lovell, with a grip of iron, held Lattrey upon his seat. The guard waved his flag.

"Come on, Lovell!"

Arthur Edward Lovell jumped out, and Jimmy slammed the door. In the carriage, Lattrey staggered to his feet, tearing at the bandage over his jaws.

The train moved.

"Stand back, there!"

With a shriek from the engine the train rolled out of the station.

The juniors stood on the platform and watched it go.

The long line of windows curved down the line, and from one window a white,

furious face looked and a savage fist was shaken.

Lattrey disappeared from the sight of the juniors as the train vanished down the line.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"He's gone!" he said.

"Expelled!" grinned Lovell.

"And—and, my hat!—what will the Head say?" murmured Newcome.

"Let him say what he likes!" said Jimmy Silver resolutely. "We've done what he ought to have done! If Lattrey comes back, we'll turn him out again—with a flogging thrown in. Head or no Head, Lattrey won't stay at Rookwood!"

"Hear, hear!"

The juniors left the station in a some what serious mood.

The excitement of their proceedings had debarred them from much reflection so far. But now it was over, now that Mark Lattrey was gone, they realised that the matter was terribly serious.

They had realised it before, but not so clearly. Lattrey was gone. They had done their self-imposed duty, and now the consequences were to be faced.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. had the courage to face them.

The juniors ran all the way back to Rookwood, and found themselves just in time for call-over when they dropped in over the school wall.

Mr. Bootles was taking roll-call, and there was no answer when he came to Lattrey's name.

"Lattrey!" repeated the Form-master.

But no voice answered "Adsum!"

Mr. Bootles marked Lattrey down as absent, frowning portentously. He little dreamed where the missing junior was.

A crowd of fellows gathered round Jimmy Silver & Co. as they came out of Hall.

"Well?" inquired a dozen voices. "Is he gone?"

"He's gone," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Good egg!" said Oswald. "But—but— My only hat! What a shindy there'll be when the Head knows!"

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver.

Whether the juniors could keep smiling or not, there was no help for it now.

With all the resolution they could muster, the Fourth Form of Rookwood waited for the bursting of the storm.

THE END.

(There will be another long complete tale of Rookwood next week.)

**RESULTS OF "POPLETS" COMPETITION.**

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**NEXT  
FRIDAY!**

**"FAGS TO ORDER!"**

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

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GAN WAGA, an Eskimo, who belongs to the crew of the yacht, and who is ever on the lookout for japes on his shipmates. Greatly attached to Ching Lung.

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.

Beneath an old hunting-lodge near the Schloss they discover the secret entrance into the galleries. After a careful investigation, they find that there are others who are after the treasure. Ferrers Lord and the prince are searching through the ruins when they come upon a party of men digging.

(Now read on.)

## The Rival Seekers!

IT was treacherous going, but the prince did not hesitate. They were just turning into the passage that led to the steps when they heard a creaking of wheels. A man with an electric-lamp fastened to his belt, was wheeling a barrow along a plank. He shot the rubbish out of the barrow, raising a cloud of dust, and turned back. Then came other sounds, the puffing of an engine and the clanking of steel buckets. Wheelbarrow followed wheelbarrow in steady succession. Quite a little army of men were at work.

"Chief," said the prince, with a quiet chuckle, "I've discovered at last that you're not infallible, that you are a human being, like the rest of us, for you were making a mistake."

"I make many mistakes, my dear prince," said the millionaire quickly, "more than you ever dream of. We were all born to make mistakes. I fancied they were using the drill to test the depth of the rubbish, but it seems they were only testing the quality of it to see whether it was hard or soft. They are doing this on quite a lordly scale."

The stream of wheelbarrows came and went steadily. The rubbish was dumped through a convenient hole in the floor into the spacious kitchen below. Even with their camouflage it was too dangerous to attempt to go farther, but it was plain by the rubble and refuse that came along that the excavations were proceeding at a rapid pace.

They went back to the hunting-lodge. Ferrers Lord beckoned to Hal Honour, and the engineer knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"They must have a hundred men at work up there, Honour," said the millionaire. "How deep they have got I don't know, but they are working at a great pace. Will you report?"

The big engineer nodded, and, taking his lamp, gas-mask, and wading-boots, he made

his way to the cellar, followed by the little bow-legged mechanic.

"How far did your ramble take you, Ching?" asked Rupert Thurston.

"Clean into the Schloss itself, my son, or what is left of it," said the prince. "We found it quite a busy place. There's no eight hours a day rule here, unless they are working overtime. They're digging and delving and chucking out rubbish at full blast. We're not the only pebbles on the beach. Somebody else is having a shot at the treasure downstairs."

"First come, first served," said Thurston, yawning. "We're on the spot, and it will take those chaps weeks to get through. They'll find to their grief that they're too late to empty the money-box—that some kind friend has emptied it before they got there."

"Money!" said Prout, puffing at his pipe. "What is it like, by honey? If I could get what I'm owed out of that rascal, Barry O'Rooney, I'd be a rich man."

"How much does he owe you now, Tom?" asked the prince. "The last time I heard the subject mentioned you were owing him a trifle, just a few odd thousands."

The steersman consulted a small, black-covered pocket-book in which he kept an account of his financial dealings with the gentleman from Ballybunion Castle. These accounts were gambling accounts, and not recoverable in a court of law. The two mariners were in the habit of playing nap for stakes that would have made a millionaire gasp.

"I ain't quite sure whether the last figure is a five or a seven, for O'Rooney had lost his temper, and was punching the table with his fist when I wrote it down," said the steersman. "If it's a seven, he owes me ninety-seven thousand pounds, by honey, and if it's a five two thousand less. I'd like to sell the whole debt for three-and-nine-pence."

"You must have had an astonishing run of luck to win a big fortune like that, Tom,"

said Rupert Thurston. "I hope you haven't been cheating."

"By honey, if you didn't cheat when you play cards with Barry O'Rooney, he'd cheat you till he'd won the shirt off your back and the socks off your feet!" grinned Prout. "You see, we have a different pack every week. Last week it was my private pack we used, and all the top cards—aces, kings, queens, jacks—knew me so well that they were nearly tame enough to sit up on their hind legs and beg for sugar if I asked them. They wouldn't go to O'Rooney. They didn't like the look of his face, and came to me for protection."

Rupert Thurston yawned, leaned his head against the wall, closed his eyes, and began to snore. Seated at the deal table, Ferrers Lord and his agent were conversing in subdued tones. The prince's head drooped on his chest, and, seeing that he had no one to talk to, the steersman settled himself back in his wooden chair and also indulged in a nap.

At last the millionaire turned his head as he heard the echoing tread of the engineer in the flagged passage. He glanced at his watch.

"You have made good time of it, Honour," he said, as the engineer entered. "I hope you have brought back a satisfactory report from our point of view."

The burly engineer shook his head gloomily, and the little man at his heels, who was in the habit of imitating his master, did the same.

"Some big hard stuff, a lot of small soft stuff," grunted Hal Honour, and swept his hand floorwards.

"You mean that if they loosen the hard stuff, the soft stuff will roll down the steps of its own accord and clear the way for them," said Ferrers Lord.

Hal Honour nodded. There were some heavy lumps of masonry in the blockage, but much of the rubbish was light. It was the larger blocks that were holding the other up.

"How long do you give them, Honour? If it all came down with a rush, the lower wall would bank it up roof-high, and they would have to dig through it, not an easy task."

"Not with me, Chief," said the engineer. "Water in two hours."

Hal Honour would have had no barrier to dig through if he had been digging through the great staircase of Schloss Schwartzburg. Ferrers Lord knew exactly what his laconic words meant. After the slide he would have directed a powerful stream of water on the rubbish heap below, washing all the loose away into the gallery, and leaving himself room to deal with heavy blocks if they were in his way. Had these men a suitable plant and a sufficient water supply? The Huns produce good engineers. If they had the appliances and the water within two hours they might be raiding the galleries in force, as Honour had said.

"Let me have your wireless, please, Honour!" said the millionaire quietly.

The engineer gave him the latter instrument, and a message sped away from the hunting-lodge of Schloss Schwartzburg to the invisible helicopter that was winging its way under the stars over the North Sea to its cavern home. Then Ferrers Lord rapped the table sharply with his knuckles, and the three sleepers started into sudden wakefulness.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry to interfere with your slumbers, but others are working while you sleep. Quick, for we have important business to attend to!"

Before they reached the water, and it was necessary to put on the gas-masks, Ferrers Lord spoke to Ching Lung. He turned to the others, and told them to go forward.

"We'll go as far as the treasure vault, if you can manage to find the way, Ching," he said. "Who has the other wireless—you, Thurston? Thank you! I'll borrow it. If anything alarming is happening at the other end, send a message, and we'll join you as quickly as we can. Leave our waders at the edge of the water, Prout."

Ching Lung stood in doubt as the lamps of their receding comrades grew dimmer. It was not easy to recall the turns and twists of those dark tunnels.

"I know that, coming out of the sandstone gallery, you go to the right," he said. "When I went for a bottle of water to keep

YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT  
FRIDAY!

"THE REBELS!"

A GRAND  
::

our acetylene lamp working I missed the turning on my way back, and had to keep on ahead, with Goltz, the professor, and a Hun soldier following me. Thanks to my camouflage of invisibility, I managed to squeeze into a hollow, and let the two of them pass me. Great oaks from tiny acorns rise, and big events from mere trifles. It was that miserable bottle of water that brought me to know the secret of the Schloss."

"Here is your sandstone gallery on the right, so I presume we keep right ahead," said Ferrers Lord, strapping the little wireless apparatus to his left wrist. "Now I am ready."

Presently he stopped, with one of his quiet, amused laughs, and shone his lamp on the rocky wall where it bulged out almost blocking the tunnel. Across the bulge, that had been smoothed for the purpose, was painted in vivid red and large characters the one word "verboten."

"The commonest word in the Hun language, Ching!" said the millionaire. "They must be a tame people or a tyranny-ridden people, for wherever you go in Germany that word confronts you—'Forbidden.' Everything seems to be forbidden. In this case it is useful, for it points out that we are going the right way."

"Yes, this was the limit for the soldiers," said Ching Lung. "I believe anyone who took a step beyond it and got caught was stuck up against the wall and shot out of hand. On my last memorable visit the soldier with the torch stayed behind, and I was in the unenviable position of being between Goltz and Von Kreiger and the chap's bayonet. Dear old Hal got me out of that mess by choking the soldier, and showing me the way back to our cave. Hal is a most useful fellow to have around when there's a lot of trouble."

"Have we far to go?"  
"There you absolutely beat me, Chief," said the prince. "I couldn't give you the remotest idea of the distance. I was far too busy wondering how to get out of a nasty corner to count my paces. It seemed a long way to me, but it may be a very short one. I'd be jolly cautious, for we may tumble across those beastly wires, and go up in the air before we dream of it!"

"You are in a most cheerful frame of

mind, Ching," said the millionaire. "Try how far you can throw this stone without hitting the walls or roof."

The prince took a short run, and flung the stone into the darkness. It traveled far beyond the range of the lamps, and they heard it strike and fall.

"A good throw!" said Ferrers Lord. "You hit the end of the gallery, and the end of the gallery ought to be the gate of the treasure cave. Now we'll take your advice, and be cautious."

They moved by inches, for they knew they were in a perilous place. Goltzheimer might have disconnected the batteries before blowing up the powder-magazine; and no doubt if he was unaware that there was another entrance, he would have done so, for a double explosion would have made the task of boring through to the treasure cave an enormous one. It was very unsafe to trust that possibility. The mine might still be there, accurately wired, and a deathtrap to any uninitiated person who was foolhardy enough to approach the robbers' cave. Ching Lung bent down and touched a piece of wall that jutted out. It was not cold, and it was not hard.

"Steady, Chief!" he said. "Here's a lump of rock that isn't rock, but cork. And, by Jove, here's an electric battery hidden behind it! And, like an ass, I have no wire-cutters!"

"I have some here," said Ferrers Lord. "Give a sharp, clean cut!"

The wire-cutters clicked twice.  
"That's that!" said the prince. "But I'm not satisfied yet. Goltzheimer seemed a long time fumbling about. There may be another battery."

It was quickly found, and rendered harmless. When they took another step forward the ground seemed to yield beneath them. Here was the trap—a five-foot-wide steel plate, covered with a layer of imitation stone. The weight of a man upon it formed the electric contact, and fired the mine concealed beneath it. And then the gallery ended.

"We are standing on the threshold of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, Chief," said Ching Lung. "This dummy door opens by means of a spring; but, even if we find out the trick of that, it will take Hal Honour and that bow-legged chap who shadows him to force the door at the back."

"I have seen all I want to see, thank you!" said the millionaire. "Has some brilliant thought struck you, as you are rubbing your head?"

"I was only thinking, Chief, that, if those beggars dig through, it would be pretty useful if we could wire up those batteries again to give them a welcome!"

"If that had been any use I would not have had the wires out, Ching. Depend upon it, they knew all about the batteries, and exactly where to find them. It is the members of the Supreme Council, whom I did not gather into my net, who have arranged this. I don't want any bloodshed—that is the last thing I wish for—and a concealed mine is murder."

From the instrument on the millionaire's wrist came a clear, silvery chime, and the little luminous hand on the dial swung about with a faint ticking noise.

"From Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "He says he can hear the men working quite plainly, and that they cannot be more than thirty feet away. Well, we are prepared!"

He set off with a long, swinging stride that swiftly brought them to the water. Hal Honour had found some chairs in the cells, and he, Thurston, and Prout were sitting there comfortably about twenty yards away from the foot of the steps. They were without their masks, for the air was much purer. At the sight of the millionaire and Ching Lung, the engineer sprang to his feet. His assistant was kneeling, working a hand-drill, with which he was boring a hole in the rock almost level with the floor.

"Is it as bad as that, then, Honour?" asked Ferrer Lord, glancing at the mechanic.

The engineer made one of his quick nods, and hurried towards the steps. Quite distinctly they could hear the clinking of pails, the scraping of shovels, and the rattle of a chain. The finer rubbish had spread farther out over the landing. It was trickling over the steps in little black streams. The millionaire shot out, and pressed Hal Honour close to the wall.

"Look out, below!" he cried. "Look out there, and stand clear!"

A heavy piece of masonry, weighing several hundredweights, rolled out of the grey-black mass, and went bounding down the steps, crashing against the wall below.

(Another grand instalment next week.)



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The Flavour Lasts!



## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

### FOR NEXT FRIDAY!

#### "FAGS TO ORDER!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of next week's grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, in which Fisher T. Fish, the enterprising Yankee junior, takes a very prominent part. An idea occurs to him that Greyfriars has been wanting a 'Fag Agency,' where members of Forms above the Third can state their requirements and a fag is ushered into their service. To a lazy fellow like Mauleverer it is a grand idea. It is a thing he has been waiting for for some time—someone to look after him, keep the study in order, cook his meals, act as valet, and do numerous other jobs which he has hitherto been forced to do himself.

You must not miss this grand story. It abounds in surprising and humorous inci-

dents, and is a story which, I am sure, will receive a cordial reception at the hands of my many chums.

To follow this will be another long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled:

#### "THE REBELS!"

By Owen Conquest.

In the story the juniors are still determined that Lattrey shall be expelled from Rookwood, as the Head, for reasons of his own, will not, or cannot do so. Dr. Locke is firm in his intention of keeping him on, and Jimmy Silver & Co. are equally resolved that he shall not remain. Law and order disappears. The juniors defy the Head and the masters' commands, and there is a great rebellion at the school.

You simply must not miss this story.

#### BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY.

Next week Billy Bunter will put before his numerous readers one of the finest numbers of his supplement that he has ever compiled. The great programme of stories and articles, penned by the boys of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood, will beat all records, and that's saying a lot.

There will also be another long, thrilling instalment of our wonderful serial:

#### "THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"

By Sidney Drew,

in which Ferrers Lord and his companions,

Ching Lung & Co., continue their quest of the great treasure which has been buried beneath that great pile of ruins, the Schloss Schwartzburg, the former residence of the once all-powerful Kaiser. There are many dangers to go through and obstacles to overcome before they reach their destination and recover the treasure.

Judging by letters received, it is easy to see that this grand story is very popular among my reader-chums, and I might add that there are many exciting incidents to come in the subsequent chapters of

#### "THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"

If you have a chum who is not a reader of the POPULAR, you will be doing both him and your editor a good turn by introducing this splendid paper to him, and getting him to order a copy to be saved for him every week.

#### COMING SHORTLY.

Within a few weeks I shall be able to announce the nature of the grand surprises I have been preparing for you for some time. So I advise you to keep your eyes open for further announcements, otherwise you may miss a grand treat.

## Your Editor



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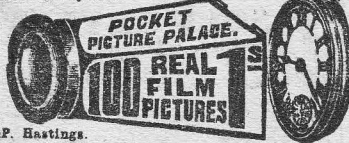
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