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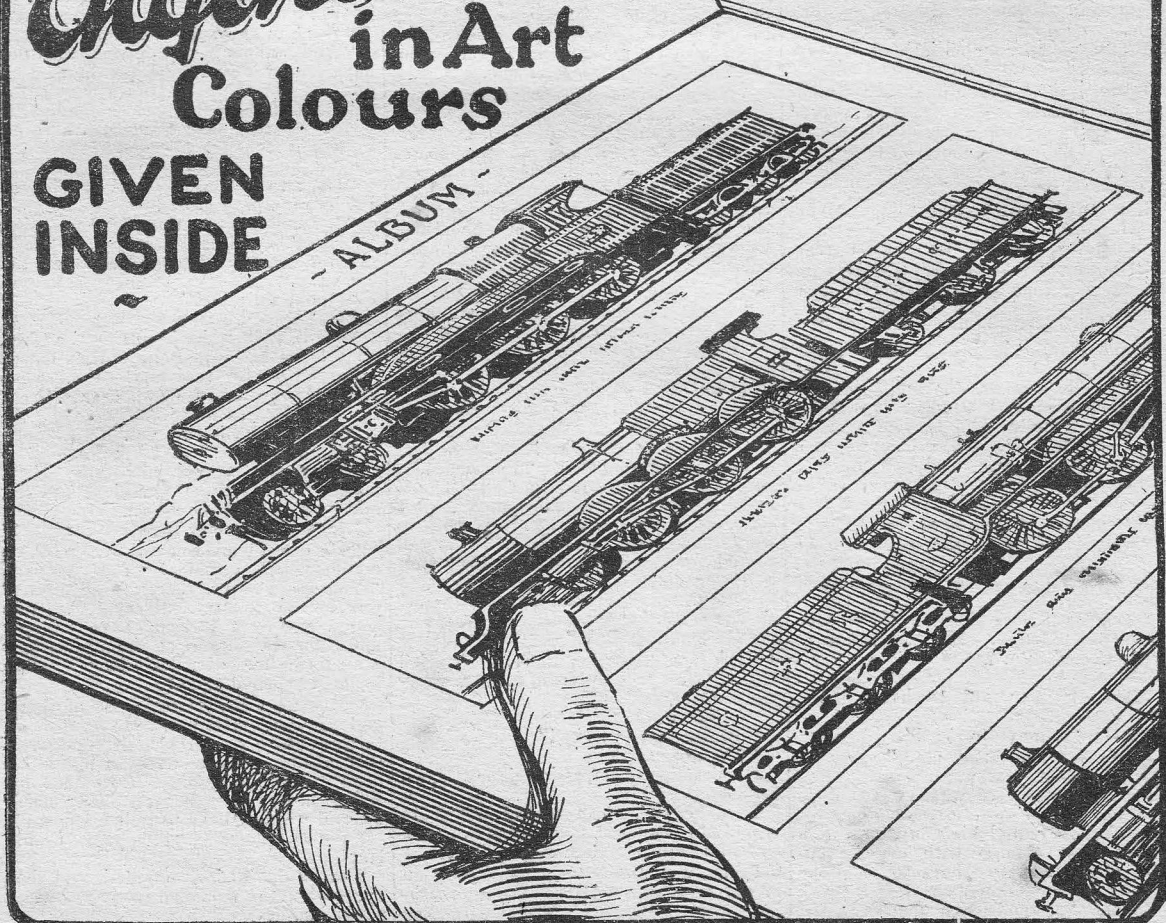
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4 Complete School Stories, Grand Serial, and "Billy Bunter's Weekly"!

A STIRRING STORY TELLING HOW FRANK RICHARDS MADE THE
ACQUAINTANCE OF THE DESPISED REMITTANCE MAN'S SON.



A Long, Complete, Story of the School-
days of the Famous Author, Frank
Richards, in the Backwoods of Canada.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD,

Author of the famous tales of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Good Samaritans!

HOLD on, Bob!"
"What's the row?"
"Look!"

School was over at Cedar Creek. Frank Richards and his cousin, Bob Lawless, were trotting along the forest trail homeward, chatting as they rode.

Frank suddenly pulled in his pony as a figure came in sight on the trail ahead.

It was that of a man in shabby clothes and dilapidated boots, with a ragged Stetson hat on the back of his untidy head. As he came plodding up the trail he was lurching strangely from side to side, with a curiously unsteady gait.

Bob Lawless looked at him, and his lip curled.

"Come on, Frank!" he said curtly.

"Hold on!" said Frank. "What's the matter with that fellow, Bob? He must be ill!"

"Oh, he's all right! Come on!"

Frank glanced at his Canadian cousin in surprise.

As a rule, Bob was the first to extend a helping hand to a stranger in distress. Frank had known him to ride a dozen miles to help a new settler in the section to clear his land or run up a shack.

But Bob's good-natured face, as he looked at the lurching figure on the trail expressed only contempt and disgust.

"Dash it all, Bob, the man must be ill!" exclaimed Frank warmly. "I'm jolly well going to see! Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Bob shortly. "I've seen him often enough. He hangs out at Cedar Creek town."

"Who is he?"

"Nobody you want to know. His name's Beauclerc."

"Well, I'm going to stop!"

"He's a remittance man," growled Bob; "and if you weren't a howling tenderfoot, you'd see what's the matter with him!"

Frank had halted his pony, and Bob did likewise, though with evident unwillingness. The two boys watched the man as he came slowly towards them.

"What's a remittance man?" asked Frank.

It was the first the English lad had

heard of that curious and well-known character of the Far West.

Bob grunted.

"A man who lives on remittances from home," he said. "There's a good many of them spoiling the landscape in British Columbia, I can tell you. Shiftless wasters who come out to try their luck in the Colonies, you know. The way they try their luck is to hang round the stores, playing poker with the cattlemen, or drinking, or putting on side.

"When their remittance arrives from some ass in the Old Country, they sport new clothes and put on more side. When it doesn't, they loaf about in tatters, or beg, borrow, or steal. That chap is a good specimen. He's supposed to have no end of big connections in England, and they're glad to give him a handsome allowance to keep him a few thousand miles away."

"Oh!" said Frank, rather blankly.

"Want to make his acquaintance now?" grinned Bob.

"But if he's got a handsome allowance from his relations in England, he doesn't seem to thrive on it," said Frank, with a pitying glance at the remittance man's wretched clothes.

"Because he gambles it away as fast as he gets it," said Bob. "I've seen him painting the town red in Cedar Creek and the other camps. He gets a job, of sorts, sometimes, but he's too lazy to work—and too aristocratic!" Bob sniffed. "That's not the kind of man that Canadians want to see arrive from the Old Country, Frank. But they come, all the same."

"He looks ill, Bob."

"Oh, you champion duffer!" growled Bob. "He's only suffering from an overdose of tangle-foot."

"Of—of what?"

"Tangle-foot—whisky!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Frank felt his compassion simmer down very considerably.

To a healthy, clean-minded lad, there is probably no sight more repulsive than that of a man in a state of intoxication.

Frank was about to set his pony in motion again, to ride past the approaching remittance man, when the latter gave a sudden lurch, and pitched over heavily among the larches beside the trail.

He made an effort to rise, but sank back again.

Frank paused once more.

"Bob!"

"Oh, come on!"

"We can't leave him there," said Frank. "He's an awful beast, but—hang it all—it will be dark in an hour or two, and he can't get home like that!"

"Let him sleep there, then!"

"And wake up with pneumonia, perhaps," said Frank. "Look here, Bob, you can get on to the ranch if you like, I'm going to lend the poor chap a hand!"

Bob Lawless gave his cousin a rather impatient look, but his good-humour conquered, and he grinned.

"Oh, all right! If you want to, I guess I'll help! Jump down!"

"I knew your bark was worse than your bite!" said Frank, laughing. "Let's get him home. I suppose he doesn't live far away."

"About six miles."

"Oh!"

"He lives in a shack outside the town, on the creek," said Bob. "He's not at home much, for that matter—not when he's got any money, at all events."

"Does he live alone?"

"Except for his son, yes."

"He has a son?" said Frank.

"Yes; not a specially nice chap, either," said Bob. "Proud as Lucifer, and poor as a church mouse!"

"Must be a pretty hard life for him!"

"He doesn't make it any easier by his manners and customs!" Bob laughed. "You see, Franky, there are all sorts of folk in this country. Every fellow who comes out from England isn't a fellow like yourself. Some of the immigrants are silly duffers who don't know enough to go in when it rains!"

"This man Beauclerc is one of them, and his son's another. He dresses in tatters, and puts on airs of superiority that makes a fellow want to punch his head!" Bob grunted. "If we take his father home, he will most likely insult us, and we may have to pull his nose!"

"We'll chance that!" said Frank, laughing.

The cousins had dismounted, and they approached the wretched figure sprawling in the larches.

Now that he was closer, Frank Richards did not need telling what was

the matter with the man. There was a very powerful aroma of spirits about him. Repressing his disgust, Frank bent over him.

In spite of his degraded state, Frank noted that his features were handsome and well-cut. In spite of all, there was an air of what had once been refinement about the man.

"We'll stick him on my pony," said Frank. "I can walk."

"Right-ho!" The remittance man said nothing. He was unconscious. He did not even open his eyes as the two lads lifted him and placed him on Frank's pony.

Bob Lawless remounted his steed, riding close and supporting the man, and Frank walked, helping to support the poor wretch, and leading the pony. It was a strange enough procession, following the long trail under the trees in the sunset.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Son of the Remittance Man!

"HERE we are!" exclaimed Bob Lawless at last.

Some distance from Cedar Creek town, on the bank of the creek, stood a long shack on half-cleared ground, surrounded by patches of bush.

There was no sign of life about the place as the boys halted outside and lifted their charge to the ground.

"This the place?" asked Frank.

"Yes. The kid must be somewhere about. Get him inside."

Lascelles Beauclerc was lifted by his shoulders and his feet and carried into the shack, of which the pine door stood wide open.

There were only two rooms in the shack, one the living-room, and the other the bed-room.

The furniture consisted chiefly of old packing-cases and boxes and a rusty stove.

But the bed-room into which the man was carried was very clean and tidy.

There were two beds, made up of old cases spread with buffalo robes.

On the larger one the insensible man was laid.

Frank glanced round him with saddened eyes.

He was thinking of the remittance man's son. What surroundings of a growing lad was the thought in his mind.

"Vere doesn't seem to be around," remarked Bob. "Working out in the fields, perhaps."

"Vere!" repeated Frank.

"Yes. The kid's name is Vere Beauclerc."

"What a stunning name!" said Frank, with a smile.

"Oh, we don't go much on names out here," said Bob carelessly. "Beauclerc or Brown, Plantagenet or Puddings; it's all the same, so long as a man's a man. We haven't any use for snobbery in Canada—too busy!"

Frank laughed.

"I guess we can leave him here," said Bob. "The kid will find him when he comes in. Hallo! Here he is! Talk of angels—"

There was a step in the outer room, and a lad of about fifteen came striding across.

He stood in the doorway of the inner room, looking at the two intruders, with a flash in his eyes.

Frank Richards regarded him with keen interest. He was somehow very much interested in this scion of a noble family in the Old Country, who found

himself among such strange surroundings in the great West.

Vere Beauclerc was somewhat tall for his age, slim, and gracefully built. His face was extremely handsome, but it was marred by an expression of haughtiness which seemed strangely out of place there, for he was dressed with painful shabbiness.

But he might have been a nobleman at home in a baronial hall by his manner.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed, and his voice was sharp and haughty. "You have no right here!"

For the moment Beauclerc did not see the still figure on the bed. His dark, flashing eyes were fixed upon the two boys.

Frank felt his cheeks flush at the tone of the remittance man's son. Bob's eyes gleamed.

"Do you think you can enter this house as you please? Beauclerc went on passionately.

"Oh, cheese it!" broke out Bob. "Do you think we want to enter your blessed old shack? We came to bring your father home."

Beauclerc started.

"My father!"

Bob made a gesture towards the bed.

"Oh! Is my father ill?"

"Er—er—that is—you see—"

Bob broke off suddenly.

Vere Beauclerc understood, and a crimson flush dyed his face to the very ears as he went hastily to the bedside.

Bob touched his cousin's arm.

"Come on, Frank! Let's get out."

Frank followed him from the shack. They caught the ponies that were browsing outside, and were about to mount, when Vere Beauclerc came hastily out of the shack.

His handsome face was still flushed, but his manner was changed.

"I am sorry I spoke to you as I did," he said. "I—I did not know you had brought my father home."

"All serene," said Bob carelessly. "No bones broken."

"I am very much obliged to you!" The words almost seemed wrung from the boy. It was plainly an effort to him to curb his proud and passionate temper and speak civilly to the two strangers who had seen his father in such a state of degradation. "I thank you very sincerely!"

"Not at all," said Frank, speaking for the first time. "I am very glad we found Mr. Beauclerc in the wood."

Beauclerc gave him a quick look.

"You are very kind!" he said.

He raised his ragged hat gracefully, and turned back into the shack.

The cousins mounted and rode away down the creek, heading for the distant Lawless Ranch.

"Popper will be wondering what's become of us," said Bob, as they set their ponies to a gallop. "Get a move on!"

The sun had almost disappeared by the time they reached the ranch.

Frank and Bob were very glad to sit down to the substantial Canadian supper. But when they went to their room Frank was thoughtful. He sat up in bed a little later.

"Bob!"

"Yaw-aw! Hallo!" came Bob's sleepy voice from the other bed.

"I've been thinking about that chap."

"Yaw-aw! What chap?"

"Beauclerc."

"Oh, bother Beauclerc! Go to sleep!" yawned Bob.

And Frank Richards, warned by a deep snore that further conversation was barred, decided to go to sleep.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Over the Rapids!

"LOOK out for squalls!"

"It's all right!"

"Pride goeth before a fall," grinned Bob Lawless.

It was the next day, and morning classes had finished at Cedar Creek School. Frank Richards was standing in a birch-bark canoe on the creek, and Bob was watching him from the bank—a little anxiously.

Frank had done a good deal of canoeing with his cousin, and had picked up the use of the paddle. But he was ambitious to handle a birch-bark canoe on his own, and he was trying his luck.

"I say, old chap, do be careful!" said Bob. "If you get out into the rapids—"

"I'm not going near the rapids."

"You mayn't be able to help it when you get into the current," said Bob. "There's been a lot of rain, and the creek's swollen. You can see that."

"All serene."

"Better let me come. You can try it on your own on the lake at the ranch."

"I'll try it here," said Frank.

"Well, a wilful ass will have his way!" said Bob. "Keep her head to the current, anyhow, if you get carried down."

"I sha'n't get carried down," said Frank cheerfully.

And the canoe shot out into the creek.

Bob watched the English boy anxiously. He knew that there was danger for an inexperienced canoeer, a fact that Frank did not realise. He ran along the bank as the canoe glided along.

It seemed plain sailing enough at first, and Frank was glad that he had made the venture alone.

But he discovered soon that the trees on shore were fleeting by with great swiftness, and that Bob, running along the bank, was left behind. He was shouting, but his voice was lost in the distance.

Frank decided to turn back. The swiftness of the water warned him that he was getting near the rapids.

The rapids on the creek were not of a dangerous character to one who knew the ropes. But they were very new to the lad fresh from the Old Country.

Frank had persuaded himself that he was quite a master of the paddle. To his surprise, the canoe refused to come round.

Instead of doing so, the light little craft rocked broadside on the swiftly-running water, and very nearly capsized.

Frank's heart thumped.

He paddled desperately, and the canoe righted, but with her nose on the current, gliding swiftly down stream.

"My hat!" muttered Frank, in dismay.

He had made the interesting discovery that he could not round the canoe in the swift current, and that if he attempted it again he would probably finish his voyage at the bottom of the creek.

He set his teeth hard.

The realisation that he owed his danger to over-confidence—what he himself would have termed "swelled head"—did not comfort him.

The danger was plain enough. He remembered Bob's advice, and as he drew nearer and nearer to the rapids he kept the canoe's head to the current.

The banks were fleeting by now at what seemed express speed to the boy in the birch-bark canoe.

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A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE RIGHT STUFF!"

The lumber school had long vanished behind.

Dizzy with the speed, Frank still kept his head, and kept the canoe steady as he rushed into the rapids.

By luck more than anything else he kept to the main channel, and avoided the dangerous snags that rose on both sides from the swirling water.

The din of the waters seemed deafening to his ears. Foam curled round the bow as the canoe fled on.

He realised that he was "shooting the rapids."

The speed slackened.

Frank panted for breath. The rapids were behind him now, though the water was still running fast. The worst of the danger was over. From somewhere on the bank he heard a sudden shouting. It was a warning, he knew; but before he quite realised it there was a stunning crash.

The canoe had crashed into a floating log, and in a twinkling it was capsized, and Frank was struggling in the water.

His head struck something as he struggled. It was the bottom of the overturned canoe. His senses were leaving him, but he still struggled to swim.

The water flooded over his head, but he came up again, bravely fighting for his life in the heavy swirl. But his head went under again.

The last thing he knew was that a sudden grasp was fastened on his collar, and he was dragged up.

For a second he caught a fleeting glimpse of a face beside him in the swirling water, and then his senses left him.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Frank's Rescue!

FRANK RICHARDS opened his eyes.

There was a dull ache in his head. He gazed about him dizzily.

He was lying in the grass by the shining creek that rushed and sang by within a few feet of him.

He lay in a pool of water, wet to the skin, drenched and dripping. Something was supporting his head, and as his senses cleared he realised that it was a strong arm. A face bent over him, a handsome face he remembered.

"Feel better?"

"Beauclerc!" gasped Frank.

The son of the remittance man nodded and smiled.

"Yes. I saw you come over the fall, and shouted to you. You're not used to a canoe, are you?"

Frank laughed breathlessly. He was quickly recovering.

"I thought I was, but I'm not. Thank you for fetching me out. I should have been drowned."

"Well, I suppose you would, really," said Beauclerc. "You've got a bump on your head. You had a knock."

"You must be a jolly good swimmer," said Frank.

"Yes, pretty fair," said Beauclerc carelessly.

Something of his old manner was returning now, but Frank was determined not to observe it. He sat up, Beauclerc still supporting him.

"Bob will be anxious about me," said Frank. "I shall have to get back as fast as I can. Am I far from the school?"

"A good six miles."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Longer than that by road," said Beauclerc.

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Beauclerc. "And I suppose you couldn't paddle back, could you?"

"Not much good if I could," said Frank ruefully. "I suppose Bob's canoe is at the bottom of the creek?"

Beauclerc laughed.

"Not at all. I brought it ashore after I'd landed you. There it lies."

Frank looked round. The canoe was out of the water.

"By Jove!" said Frank. "You're awfully good, Beauclerc!"

Beauclerc hesitated a moment.

"Would you like me to paddle you back?" he asked.

"Could you?"

"Easily!"

"I say, you're awfully good!" said Frank gratefully. "If you've got the time to spare—"

Beauclerc shrugged his shoulders.

"I've plenty of time. I do a great deal of idling. There's little enough for me to do at the shack. Lend me a hand with the canoe. It will have to be portaged to the other side of the rapids. Can't paddle uphill, you know."

"I suppose not," assented Frank.

The two boys picked up the birch-bark canoe between them, and carried it up the steep bank.

The "portage" was a long one, and the canoe had to be carried some distance before it could be launched above the rapids.

Beauclerc led the way, Frank trusting to his guidance. They lost sight of the creek two or three times as they went on. But Beauclerc evidently knew every foot of the way.

"Here we are!" he said at last.

The canoe was set down, and slid into the creek. Frank was glad enough to sit down. Beauclerc took the paddle, and the canoe glided up-stream.

Frank watched him with interest.

The strange situation of the remittance man's son appealed to him. He could guess that shame at his father's degradation was part of Beauclerc's reason for wrapping himself up, as it were, in an armour of cold pride and disdain.

"Beauclerc!" said Frank at last, breaking the silence—only broken hitherto by the ripple of the paddle.

Beauclerc looked at him.

"Excuse me," Frank coloured a little. "Why don't you come to our school? You could if you liked."

"I don't like."

"I wish you'd come to Cedar Creek," said Frank. "You'd find the fellows right as rain. My cousin Bob—"

"I've met your cousin Bob," said Beauclerc. "You'll excuse me if I say I don't like him."

"Oh!" said Frank, taken aback.

"And I shouldn't like the fellows at your school," said Beauclerc. "Do you?"

"Yes."

"Tastes differ!" said Beauclerc.

Frank was silent. He understood that the Beauclercs, father and son, were the very last persons to get on in any way in the breezy West. Pride of birth was ludicrously out of place in the shadow of the mighty Rockies, where every man was valued for what he was, and not for what his ancestors might have been.

Beauclerc had saved his life, and Frank felt cordial and friendly towards him. It came as a shock to feel that his new acquaintance was something of a snob, for that was what it amounted to.

He did not speak again, as Beauclerc paddled on untiringly. He was glad when the lumber school came in sight at last.

There was a shout from the bank as the canoe came gliding up.

"Here he is!"

Bob Lawless fairly dragged Frank from the canoe, almost hugging him in his relief.

"Frank! You duffer! I reckoned you were a goner! Thank goodness you've got back! Come on! You're late for school." He paused, and looked curiously at Vere Beauclerc, who had stepped from the canoe and made it fast. "What's happened, Frank?"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
The New Boy at Cedar Creek!

VERE BEAUCLERC did not glance at Bob Lawless. He methodically made the canoe secure, apparently ignorant of the Canadian's presence. Bob's eyes were beginning to gleam.

"I came to grief on the rapids," said Frank hastily. "Beauclerc fished me out of the water, Bob. I should have been drowned."

"Oh, by gum!" ejaculated Bob.

"He's paddled me back. Goodness knows when I should have got here if he hadn't. I say, Beauclerc, how are you going to get home?"

"Walk," said Beauclerc laconically.

"It's a jolly long way!"

"That's nothing!"

Beauclerc paused a moment, and then held out his hand to Frank Richards.

"Good-bye!" he said.

"Good-bye!" said Frank, as he shook hands with him. "And thanks again!"

"Not at all!"

Frank coloured with vexation as Beauclerc turned away. He had not taken the slightest note of Bob's presence, even by so much as a look.

"That's a queer fellow, Bob!" said Frank, as they entered the school-house.

Bob grunted.

"Too queer for my taste. He's got the manners of a grizzly bear, if you want to know what I think of him! The son of a drunken waster, turning up his nose at everybody in the section!" growled Bob.

"He can't help his father!"

"He can help being a silly snob, I suppose?"


"Well, I suppose so," admitted Frank. "But—but I believe he isn't a bad sort, in the main, Bob. He ought to be at school here. He would get the rot knocked out of him in next to no time."

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"Well, I'd help!" said Bob, his face relaxing into a grin.

Ten minutes later the cousins entered the school-room.

Afternoon lessons were half over, and Miss Meadows gave them both a very severe glance.

But the schoolmistress was placated by Bob's explanation, and they took their places for the remainder of the lessons.

Frank Richards was generally one of Miss Meadows' best pupils. But this afternoon he could not help his thoughts wandering.

It was no light service that Vere Beauclerc had performed for him, and Frank was not likely to be ungrateful. He knew that Beauclerc, however good a swimmer he was, must have run considerable risk in plunging into the water for him below the rapids.

schoolboys after breakfast, and they parted with him at the fork of the trail. Mr. Lawless rode on to the town, while his son and nephew trotted off to school.

During morning lessons Frank Richards could not help wondering how the rancher's visit to the remittance man's shack had prospered.

He wondered, too, whether he had done right in asking the rancher to intervene. Yet he could not feel sorry if it resulted in the wayward lad being taken away from the half-savage life he was condemned to by his wastrel father's indifference and selfishness.

After dinner, in the school dining-room, Frank and Bob went down to the creek to try the canoe again.

The canoe kept them busy till the bell rang for afternoon lessons.

The Cedar Creek fellows were going

Beauclerc made a scornful gesture.

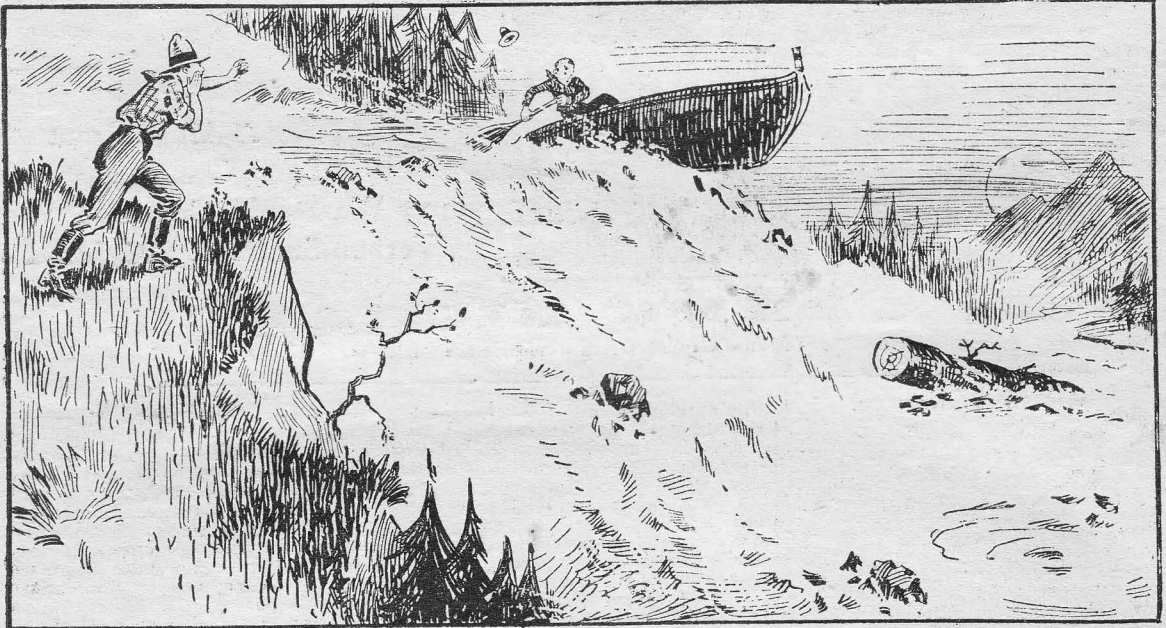
"You were mistaken! I shall make no friends here. I have come against my will, and all I ask of you is to let me alone."

"Please yourself, Beauclerc," said Frank Richards, his own anger rising. "I think you are a pig-headed fool, and it may do you good to be told so. That's plain English, at any rate!"

Beauclerc's eyes flashed, and he made a quick step towards Frank Richards. Before Frank could make a movement Beauclerc's hand had struck him upon the cheek.

"Oh!" gasped Frank.

He sprang forward, his eyes blazing, his fists clenched. In another second Vere Beauclerc would have lain on his back in the grass. But Frank Richards suddenly lowered his hands. Back into his mind came that scene of the pre-



ON THE EDGE OF THE RAPIDS. By luck more than skill Frank Richards managed to keep to the main channel. The din of the rapids seemed deafening to his ears. For one dizzy second he balanced on the edge of the surging mass of water, and then with a stunning crash, the canoe collided with a floating log! (See Chapter 3.)

After school, when the cousins were riding home together, he broached the subject to Bob Lawless.

"Couldn't your pater chip in, Bob?" he asked. "Mr. Beauclerc ought to send his son to school, you know?"

"I'm getting rather tired of your new chum, Frank!" said Bob. "Still, I agree with you. His father's a regular wastrel. I don't believe he ever gives the kid a thought in any way. And the poor chap's got no mother." Bob knitted his brows. "Look here, Franky, we'll tackle dad about it after supper!"

"Right-ho!" said Frank, brightening up.

And after supper, in the ranch-house, when Rancher Lawless was enjoying his evening pipe, he was duly "tackled."

The rancher listened quietly, blowing out big clouds of smoke the while.

He nodded at last.

"I guess you're right," he said. "I'll ride over in the morning on my way to the town."

And with that Frank Richards had to be satisfied.

On the following morning Mr. Lawless rode away from the ranch with the

into the School House. Bob Lawless caught his cousin's arm suddenly.

"By gum! Look here, my son!" "Beauclerc!" exclaimed Frank.

The remittance man's son was coming towards them. His handsome face was flushed, his dark eyes gleaming. There was a deep, suppressed anger and resentment in his look.

Frank Richards gave him a friendly nod, and Bob grinned faintly. Beauclerc was not looking friendly.

"You've joined the school?" asked Frank cordially.

Beauclerc's lip curled.

"Yes; my father has decided to send me to school. There is no choice about my coming here, as there is no other school. Mr. Lawless visited him this morning, and I fancy I owe it to him. It is very kind of him to take an interest in me." Beauclerc's eyes gleamed.

"I think I am right," said Beauclerc, with a sneer. "It was you who put it into Mr. Lawless' head to speak to my father?"

"I—I thought we might be friends," faltered Frank, taken aback and dismayed. "I—I thought—"

vious day, when he had been sinking under the swirling waters, and a strong, brave hand had dragged him back from death. He drove his hands hard into his pockets.

"Frank!" shouted Bob, in angry indignation.

Frank looked at him quietly.

"He saved my life, Bob! I can't touch him! Come on!"

He walked on towards the school quietly, though his eyes were burning.

Bob, with a black brow, went with him.

Vere Beauclerc looked after them, the angry glitter dying out of his eyes, the sullen resentment from his proud face.

There was repentance and shame now in the handsome face of the remittance man's son, if Frank Richards had looked back. But he did not look back. The school-bell had ceased to ring, Beauclerc, with an impatient exclamation, followed the two chums into the School House.

(You must not miss the grand, long, complete story of Frank Richards & Co. in the backwoods school of Canada.)

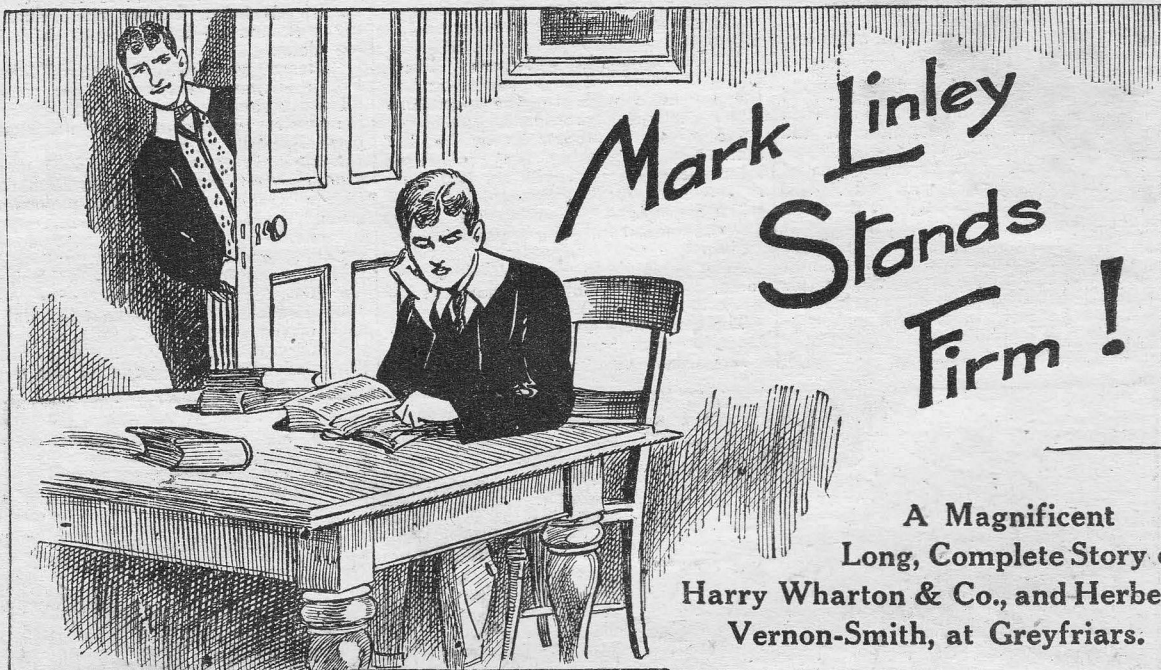
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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Last Chance!

"**M**ARK! Marky old man, what's the matter?"
Bob Cherry asked the question in surprise and alarm.

Bob had just come into his study, No. 13 in the Remove passage at Greyfriars. Bob Cherry was not looking so cheerful as usual himself. It was only a few days since his chum Johnny Bull had been compelled to leave Greyfriars School. Bob Cherry did not forget a chum easily, and his usual sunny brow was clouded. But he forgot his own little troubles at the sight of Mark Linley.

Mark Linley, his study-mate and best chum, was seated at the table. He had pen and paper and open books before him, and had evidently been working; but he was not working now. His arms had fallen upon the table before him, his face had fallen upon his outstretched arms and was hidden from view. And a sob was shaking the Lancashire lad from head to foot as Bob Cherry looked into the study.

"Marky!"

Mark Linley did not seem to hear. He did not raise his head, he did not move. Bob Cherry strode towards him and dropped a hand upon his shoulder.

"Marky!"

Then the junior raised his head.

His face was pale, lined, and it looked strangely old. Mark Linley's face was of a more thoughtful cast than was usual in lads of his age. He had known more troubles than usually fell to the lot of a fellow in the Lower Fourth. He had come to Greyfriars on a scholarship, which he had won by hard work and perseverance, and since he had come to the school he had had an uphill fight.

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NEXT
FRIDAY!

"TREACHERY OR CHANCE?"

Pluck, patience, and good temper had helped him to win his way, and the best fellows in the Remove chummed with him; but there was a snobbish set that still affected to sneer at the "factory bounder," as Vernon-Smith elegantly termed him. But Mark bore all his little troubles with quiet calmness, and gave few outward signs of them. And for that reason it astonished Bob Cherry the more to see his Lancashire chum knocked over in this way.

"What's the matter, Marky?"

"It—it's all right, Bob."

"It doesn't look as if it's all right," said Bob Cherry. "I've never seen you like this before, Marky. Something's happened?"

The Lancashire junior nodded.

"You're in trouble?"

"Yes," muttered Mark.

"Then tell me what it is," said Bob Cherry, seating himself on a corner of the table, and regarding his chum with a troubled, anxious look. "Out with it! Two heads are thicker than one, you know. I'm going to help you!"

Mark Linley smiled faintly.

"You can't help me, Bob. I'm an ass to take on like this, but—but I couldn't help it. It came so—so suddenly."

"Bad news from home?" asked Bob Cherry, comprehending.

"Yes."

"Poor old Marky!"

Bob Cherry sat in perplexed silence. Mark Linley never spoke much about his home, and no Greyfriars fellow had ever visited him there. Bob Cherry knew that a lad who had worked for his living in a factory, before winning his scholarship, could not have come from a well-to-do place. He knew that Mark's people were poor; that Mark had plenty to do to make both ends meet at Greyfriars, even with the money he had won with his scholarship. But Mark was as

proud as he was poor. Many of his friends at Greyfriars had plenty of money, and some of them, at least, would willingly have helped him, and thought nothing about it; but Mark was not the fellow to accept that kind of help.

The Lancashire lad made a great effort to control his emotion. There was a letter on the table before him, and he took it up and thrust it, crumpled, into his pocket. Bob Cherry watched it disappear.

"I suppose it means—tin!" Bob said after a pause.

Mark nodded.

"Much?" asked Bob.

"Yes."

"Look here, Mark—" began Bob hesitatingly.

Mark Linley interrupted him with a shake of his head.

"I know what you're going to say, Bob; but it's impossible."

"Look here," persisted Bob Cherry, "what's the good of having a pal if you don't let him help you? I haven't got much tin, I know; my people aren't well off. But there's Inky, and there's Wharton—and among us—"

"It's impossible!"

"You're an ass, Marky," said Bob Cherry. "I don't say we want to give you the tin—but what about a loan?"

"A loan I couldn't repay!" said Mark with a faint smile. "There's not much difference, Bob. I couldn't take a shilling, and it's a good sum that's wanted—more than you fellows could raise. Twenty pounds!"

Bob Cherry whistled.

"My hat! Twenty quid!"

"Yes."

"Oh, Marky!"

"My father's in trouble," said Mark, in a low, dull voice. "He's been ill—and they never let me know. Not that I could have done anything—and now,

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unless the money is raised, they'll be homeless. And I—I sha'n't be able to stay here!"

Bob Cherry jumped.

"Not stay here?" he exclaimed.

"No. I was a fool to come!" said Mark bitterly. "But—I didn't know all the difficulties then. A few years at Greyfriars, and then I thought I should have a chance of doing something for my people. The cash allowance made with the scholarship pays my exes here, and helps them at home; but—but it doesn't help them so much as I used to when I was in work. They could have pulled through all right, but—father's been unlucky. I've thought several times I might have to chuck the scholarship and go back to the factory. Now I think it's come to that. I shall have to stand by my people."

"But—but your prospects here, Marky—"

"I shall have to give up Greyfriars, unless—"

"Unless your people can tide this over?"

"Yes."

"Then we're jolly well going to do it for you!" said Bob Cherry determinedly. "I know it's a large sum, but we can manage it among us, and we're going to do it. And if you say no, I'll punch your silly head."

"It's impossible, Bob. I couldn't speak to any of you fellows again if I'd sponged on you. I'd rather chuck up Greyfriars, and go back to the factory, than take charity from anybody. And that's what it would be—charity—though you're too good a chap to see it. I couldn't do it, Bob, it's impossible. You wouldn't!"

"I?" said Bob Cherry, starting.

"Yes. You wouldn't take money from your friends if you were hard up—and I can't, Bob! It's one of the things that can't be done."

Bob Cherry looked at him gloomily. In spite of his generous impulse and his strong desire to help his chum, he knew, in his heart, that Mark was right. It was impossible for the scholarship junior to take the money of his friends and retain his self-respect.

"But—but what are you going to do, then, Marky?" said Bob in dismay.

Mark shook his head.

"I don't know yet. It would be rotten to have to give all this up—after the fight I've made so far, too. I—I was trying to think whether I could earn the money."

"Earn it!" said Bob hopelessly. "Earn twenty quid!"

"I mean—there are a good many cash prizes given here, and—and my father, poor old chap, thinks I could beat any competitor. We were in trouble before, and I staved it off by winning a prize here—you remember that time."

"Yes. Smithy tried to cut you out, and you beat him," said Bob.

Mark nodded.

"Yes. But these things don't happen twice. There isn't anything like that going now. I'm entered for the Noble prize, but the exam doesn't come off till next week, and the prize will be given later. And even if I win it—"

"It will be too late?"

"Yes."

"Rotten!" said Bob.

"If we could get over this we should be all right," said Mark miserably. "The dad's got a chance of a good job, at better pay than he's been getting—if only we could get through this. I shall do my best for the Noble prize, and carry it off if I can, and—"

"Then look here, Marky, let us raise

the tin, and lend it to you, and you shall pay it back out of the prize," said Bob Cherry. "The Noble is twenty-five, in cash."

"And suppose I don't win it?"

"Oh, you will!"

"There's a strong set against me—Smithy and Ogilvy of the Remove, Temple of the Fourth, Hobson of the Shell, and two Fifth fellows. I haven't half a chance," said Mark. "I couldn't borrow money on the strength of that. And with this worry on my mind, I don't know that I shall even do my best—I don't feel up to the mark."

"Oh, rotten!" groaned Bob Cherry. "What are you going to do, then?"

Mark sighed.

"I never meant to tell you a word about it, Bob, only you've surprised me into it," he said. "I didn't want to worry you with my troubles."

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Is that what you call being a pal?" he demanded.

"Oh, Bob!"

"I'll give you advice, even if you won't let me give you anything else," said Bob Cherry. "Now, look here, you're going to win the Noble. You're going to write to your pater, and tell him he's got to stave it off somehow for a couple of weeks, and by that time you'll have the cash for the Noble exam. He can do that if you tell him you're certain."

"But I'm not certain," said Mark ruefully.

"Yes, you are. Smithy's your most dangerous enemy, and you've beaten him before, and you can beat him again," said Bob Cherry. "It's only a filthy Greek paper you've got to do, and you can do Greek with your eyes shut. You've simply got to buck up, and swot over Greek, and get ready for the pinch, then you'll go in and win, you bag the twenty-five quidlets, save the happy home, and stand a study feed with what's left. See?"

Mark Linley laughed. His spirits were already raised by Bob Cherry's cheery optimism. It was difficult for anybody to be downhearted in Bob Cherry's company.

"If I could only feel sure!" he said slowly.

"Feel sure—that's the best way!" said Bob. "The exam's next Wednesday, and next Wednesday you've got to be at the top of your form, and you're going to win hands down."

Mark's face flushed, and his eyes brightened.

"You're a good chap, Bob!" he said gratefully. "I don't think I could have stuck it out here as long as I have if it hadn't been for you. If I make a success of it I shall owe it all to you."

"Oh, rot!" said Bob Cherry. "You're jolly well not going to leave Greyfriars! Besides, we can't spare you. Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull have left, and the old Co. is looking jolly thin. If you go, how are we to stand up against the Bounder and his gang? You can't desert the old firm, Marky."

"I sha'n't if I can help it, Bob."

"You can help it," said Bob Cherry confidently. "You're dead sure of the Noble prize if you put your beef into it—now don't you think so yourself?"

"I—I think I've got a good chance."

"That's right! If you swot away up to the exam, you'll make that good chance into a dead cert," said Bob encouragingly. "I'll keep an eye on you, and see that you don't slack."

"Not much fear of that, Bob."

"So just drop your pater a line, telling him to keep goal for another week or

two, and then you'll be rolling in filthy lucre," said Bob. "You hear me?"

"Good! I—"

"And then you can begin on the Greek—Darius kai Parysatidos gignontai—what's the rest?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Isn't that right?"

"Not quite," grinned Mark. "But never mind. I'll set to, Bob—I—I was an ass to be knocked into over in that way. I—"

"Of course you were. When in doubt, come to your Uncle Robert," said Bob Cherry sagely. "Now, I think—Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry broke off suddenly, and made a spring to the door. There was a rapid beat of footsteps in the Remove passage, and a fat junior vanished round the corner. Bob Cherry gave a roar of wrath.

"Bunter, you rotter!"

"Listening again?" said Mark, with a faint smile. "Well, never mind; he hasn't heard anything very interesting this time. I'll write to my pater now, Bob, and we'll run out and post the letter before locking-up."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry.

And the letter was duly written and posted; and Mark Linley looked much more cheerful as he sat down to "swot," in preparation for the exam of the following week—the exam which was to decide whether he remained at Greyfriars or whether he left the old school to return to his early scene of labour as a factory lad.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Not Grateful!

VERNON-SMITH of the Remove—the Bounder of Greyfriars—sat in his study. The study was very handsomely furnished; the Bounder of Greyfriars had plenty of money, and he was accustomed to spending it lavishly for his own personal comfort. He was alone in the study, and he reclined in a comfortable armchair by the side of the open study window.

He gave a slight start as there came a sound of the door-handle turning.

"Hallo!" drawled the Bounder lazily.

"Who's there?"

"I say, Smithy!" It was the voice of Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove.

The Bounder yawned.

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Run away and play!" said Vernon-Smith.

"I say, Smithy, I've got something to tell you," said Billy Bunter. "It's worth your while, I can tell you, Smithy!"

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Vernon-Smith.

Billy Bunter blinked round the study through his big spectacles. The table was laid for tea, and, from the good things on it, it looked as if Vernon-Smith expected visitors. Bunter's little round eyes glistened behind his spectacles at the sight of the tempting array.

"You were expecting me?" he asked.

"No!" said Vernon-Smith grimly.

"Ahem! I shouldn't mind coming to tea—"

"I dare say you wouldn't; but I should," said Vernon-Smith. "If that's all you've got to say, you can buzz off!"

"It's about the exam I was going to speak to you," said Bunter hastily, as a frown gathered on the Bounder's face. "But I always talk better while I'm eating."

"You're not going to eat here," said Vernon-Smith. "I'm expecting some

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seniors to tea—Potter and Bland of the Fifth, as a matter of fact, and I don't want any fags. Clear out!"

"All right, if you don't want to know about Linley and the exam—"

Vernon-Smith started.

"You can try some of the tarts, if you like, Bunter," he said, more graciously.

Billy Bunter did not need a second bidding. There was a large plate piled up with Mrs. Mible's best jam-tarts on the table. In a moment Bunter had one in each hand, and he was taking bites at them alternately, as if he fancied he could eat more quickly that way. Vernon-Smith watched him, with a far from pleased expression. In his campaign against Study No. 1 in the Remove he had made use of Billy Bunter more than once; but he did not like the fat Removeite, and he was intensely annoyed by the airs of chummy familiarity that Bunter adopted.

"I say, these tarts are prime!" said Billy Bunter. "May I try the ham sandwiches?"

"No!" growled Vernon-Smith.

Billy Bunter blinked at him reproachfully.

"Oh, really, Smithy, I think you needn't be mean with an old pal. Haven't I stood by you through thick and thin, and bucked you up against Harry Wharton & Co. all the time? I must say I think you're ungrateful!"

"Look here," said Vernon-Smith, "if you've got anything to tell me, go ahead, before I sling you out of the study neck and crop."

Bunter blinked at him, and seized two more tarts, and backed round the table, as if to be more secure while negotiating them.

"I happened to be passing No. 13 a while ago," he said. "Bob Cherry and Mark Linley were jawing about the exam."

"Oh!" said the Bounder.

"You know that Linley's entered for it," said Bunter. "I was going to enter myself—I could do with twenty-five quid—only I don't care for the trouble. Otherwise—"

"Why, you fat duffer, you don't know a word of Greek!" said the Bounder contemptuously. "How could you enter for it?"

"Ahem!" said Bunter, taking another tart across the table. "Well, as I was saying, they were talking about it. My opinion is that that factory cad ought to be stopped roping in the prizes in this way. He always goes for the cash prizes, and he generally gets them. And he never stands a Form feed or anything of that kind. I think it disgusting. Why, that scholarship bounder must have made a lot of money out of Greyfriars since he's been here! And yet when a chap asks him for a little loan he says he's got no money to lend—quite short and sharp, too—the rotter!"

And Bunter snorted, and helped himself again. His speed with the jam-tarts was something really marvellous. Each tart occupied him only a few seconds. His fat hands were stretched out for the fourth time, and the Bounder's pile showed signs of diminution. Vernon-Smith frowned, and made a movement towards him; and Bunter felt that it was time he came to the point. He did not want to be pitched into the passage so long as there were any tarts left in the study.

"Well, Linley's people are in frightful difficulties," said Bunter. "Linley's had a letter to say they're going to be sold up if he can't send them an awful lot of

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"TREACHERY OR CHANGE?"

money—twenty pounds. He's depending on winning the Noble prize to pay his pater's debts, and save them all from the workhouse. What do you think of that?"

"Is it true?" said the Bounder coldly. Billy Bunter blinked at him.

"I heard it with my own ears, old fellow."

The "old fellow" from Bunter made Vernon-Smith wince.

"I suppose you couldn't have heard it with anybody else's!" he snapped. "But if this is one of your rotten yarns I'll—"

"Honest Injun," said Bunter, with another grab at the tarts. "I say, these are prime! I'll stay to tea, if you like, Smithy. I don't mind meeting the Fifth Form chaps; and they'll be pleased to have a really good conversationalist at the tea-table. About Linley, it's all right; he was blubbing."

"Blubbing!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith, with a start. "He's not the kind to blub."

"He was blubbing, all the same. Blubbing over the happy home being busted up, you know," said Billy Bunter, with a grin. "If he doesn't get the Noble prize, he's got to leave Greyfriars, and go back to the factory. He told Cherry so."

"My hat!"

"He's writing to his father to put off the duns till after the exam, and then he's going to square up with the cash," Bunter explained. "If he can't get the prize, he'll have to go—and work in the factory, you know, as he used to—to help keep the family. Just where he ought to be, in my opinion. The rotter, he actually had the cheek to tell me it was dishonest of me to borrow money of young Banthorpe when I couldn't pay him back, as if it's my fault that my postal-order's been delayed in the post. Look here, Smithy, I thought it out; and I've got an idea. You're up against that crowd, and so am I; and I think it's time a move was made to keep that factory bounder from collaring all the cash prizes. There ought to be a general protest against it. And if we could stop him, then he would have to clear out of Greyfriars, and go back to his giddy factory. Jolly good thing. Suppose all the factory chaps went to public schools, what would become of the trade of the country?" demanded Billy Bunter indignantly.

Vernon-Smith's eyes gleamed. He could see that Bunter was telling him the truth. Bunter was habitually untruthful, but it was always easy to tell when he was dealing with the facts. And it seemed to the Bounder that his chance had come at last. He had been very successful so far in his campaign against Harry Wharton & Co.—Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull had left Greyfriars owing to his machinations—but against the quiet, hardworking scholarship junior he had felt helpless. And now, if Mark Linley did not win the exam, he, too, would have to go.

But whatever schemes might pass through the Bounder's mind, he was not likely to take Billy Bunter, the chatter-box of the Form, into his confidence. Two minutes later, the feed finished, Bunter left the study and the Bounder to his schemes.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Courtfield Match!

HARRY WHARTON came out of the School House into the clear, frosty air of the Close.

He was in footer rig, with an overcoat and a muffler on. It

was a Wednesday, and therefore a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and, as was usual on half-holidays in the winter, the Remove had a footer match on.

Football matters in the Lower Fourth Form had not been going well of late. The departure of Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull from Greyfriars had robbed the Remove eleven of two of its best players. It fell to Harry Wharton, as captain of the Form, to fill the vacancies in the team; and he filled them according to his own judgment—and his judgment led him to exclude Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, and Vernon-Smith's personal friends. It was not merely dislike of the Bounder that caused Harry to pursue that course. He attributed Nugent's and Bull's enforced departure from Greyfriars to the machinations of the Bounder; and he would not allow Vernon-Smith to profit by his rascality.

The other fellows in the Remove were far from agreeing with Wharton. Even his closest chums, like Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh, doubted his wisdom. Tom Brown, the New Zealander, had pointed out that it wasn't footer. Whatever Vernon-Smith might or might not have done with regard to the "sacking" of Nugent and Bull, football was football, and it was a footer captain's duty to play the best men, wherever he found them. And a crushing defeat at the hands of the Fifth Form team, the week before, had emphasised these views. Harry Wharton held firm.

He was ready to resign the captaincy of the Remove, and to stand out of the footer altogether, if the Removeites wanted him to. But he said quite plainly that, so long as he was captain, Vernon-Smith should not play in the Form team.

Pressure had been brought to bear on Wharton from various quarters. Wingate of the Sixth, captain of the school and head of the games, had remonstrated with him, and was very angry with him for not yielding the point. The Remove were very angry with him, too; even the members of the eleven did not approve. Wharton stood almost alone in his opinion; indeed, Mark Linley was the only fellow who backed him up wholeheartedly and undoubtingly. Bob Cherry, and Inky and Tom Brown stood by him, but without wholly approving of his determination.

But Wharton did not falter.

And the Remove, angry as they were with him, did not care to "sack" him from the captaincy. Wharton was the best captain the Form team had ever had, and all the fellows knew it. They had lost two good players, and they did not want to lose the best one of all in addition.

But Wharton's friends felt that it could not last. The defeat by the Fifth had raised a storm, and the Form captain had been ragged by the Form. Now the Remove were about to play Courtfield School, and Wharton had not changed his views. Johnny Bull's place in the team was filled by Micky Desmond, and the Bounder & Co. were still kept rigidly out.

The Removeites growled; but short of breaking with Wharton, there was nothing they could do. But if the Courtfield match ended in a defeat, it was only too clear that trouble would come of it.

Bob Cherry, Tom Brown, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh joined Wharton as he walked down to the football ground. They were all three looking very serious, and they had made up their minds to speak once more to Harry before the visiting team arrived.

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"Ahem!" Bob Cherry began. Close chum as he was of the Remove captain's, Bob Cherry found it rather difficult to speak to him. The frown on Wharton's brow was not encouraging.

"The ahemfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Wharton glanced at his chum. "What is it, Bob?" he asked. "About the match," said Bob hesitatingly.

Harry Wharton compressed his lips. He knew what was coming now.

"Well, Bob, what about it?" he asked shortly.

"What team are you playing?" Wharton drew a paper from his overcoat pocket and passed it to his chum. Bob Cherry read out the pencilled list of names:

"Newland; Desmond, Morgan; Leigh, Trelice, Brown; Hurree Singh, Cherry, Wharton, Penfold, Linley."

"It's a good team!" said Bob. "I think it is!"

"But do you think it's up to the form of the Courtfield fellows?"

"I hope so, Trumper & Co. may beat us; but we've beaten them before—twice to once."

"That was when we had old Nugent and Johnny Bull with us," said Bob, with a sigh.

Wharton's brow darkened. "And whose fault is it that Nugent and Johnny Bull aren't with us still?" he exclaimed.

"The Bounder's, I suppose."

"Yes; and now the fellows are grousing at me for not giving their places to Smithy and Bolsover, who plotted against them, and got them sacked!" said Wharton bitterly.

"H'm!" said Tom Brown. "The fellows don't agree with you about that, Wharton. Nugent was sacked under the accusation of pub-haunting—some of us think it was a mistake, but there you are! Bull was sacked for fighting, after being specially ordered by the Head not to. It was Bulstrode he was fighting with. Vernon-Smith denies having been mixed up in either affair in the remotest way."

"Lies don't cost Smithy very much!"

"Some of the fellows think it a bit thick for you to bring accusations like this against Vernon-Smith, without a particle of proof, outside suspicion," said Tom Brown rather tartly.

"And you're one of them, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, I am!"

"Well, look here—"

"Oh, don't begin to rag!" said Bob Cherry pacifically. "The fact is, Harry, the Form are against us in this; and it would be graceful to yield the point. After all, we play footer matches to win, and private feelings don't count."

"That's what I think," said Tom Brown.

Wharton shook his head.

"I hold to what I've said already," he replied steadily. "So long as I'm captain of the Remove, I don't play Vernon-Smith or Bolsover, or any of that set. And since Bulstrode has joined them, and failed us just before a match, I don't play him, either—or Russell. I'll play fellows I can depend upon."

"Most of the team think—"

"I know what they think; and it doesn't make any difference," said Wharton. "If the Remove don't like it, let them elect a new skipper."

"We don't want that!" said Tom Brown. "You're our best man, and it wouldn't be much of a benefit to leave you out if we put Smithy in."

"Well, you can't have both!"

"Then I suppose there's nothing more to be said," muttered Bob Cherry.

"Nothing!" And the matter dropped.

It was nearly time for the kick-off, and most of the Remove were on the ground. The eleven gathered round Wharton, but they did not look so cheery and confident as the Remove eleven were accustomed to look.

The Courtfielders were a very tough team, and nobody in the Remove considered that the Form eleven was the best the Remove could produce. They were going to face the visitors with at least two of the best players in the Form—Vernon-Smith and Bolsover major—looking on instead of playing. Bulstrode, too, who was a first-rate player, was left out now. He had resigned from the team of his own accord, but his look was very bitter as he saw the eleven getting ready. Bulstrode had not expected so much firmness on Harry Wharton's part; and he was beginning to regret a little that he had thrown in his lot with the Bounder & Co.

There was a yell from some of the Remove as Harry Wharton appeared.

"Are you playing Smithy?"

Wharton looked round with an unwavering glance.

"No, I'm not playing Smithy," he said.

"Shame!" yelled Snoop. "We shall be licked," said Morgan, the left-back.

"If you think that, you'd better get out of the team while there's time," said Harry Wharton sharply. "I can fill your place."

Morgan flushed angrily; and there

would probably have been high words, but just at that moment the Courtfield fellows arrived. Harry Wharton turned to greet them. Trumper, Grahame, Solly Lazarus, and the rest were well known at Greyfriars. They belonged to the County Council School at Courtfield, and there were not wanting fellows in the Remove who sneered at the idea of playing them at all. But, as a matter of fact, the Courtfielders always played a good game, and generally gave the Remove a very hard tussle.

"Here we are again!" said Trumper cheerfully as he shook hands with Harry Wharton. "I hear that some of your chaps have left. I'm sorry."

"Yes; Nugent and Bull," said Wharton, his brow clouding a little. "But we'll give you a good tussle all the same, Trumper, old man."

"I hope you will," said Trumper heartily.

And Coker of the Fifth, who was to referee the match, having arrived upon the scene, the rival teams went into the field. Bolsover major, who was looking on with Vernon-Smith, and Snoop and Stott, and others of the new Co., sniffed and shrugged his shoulders.

"It will be the Fifth match over again," he said. "Fancy being licked by a giddy Board School! Pah!"

The whistle went, and the match started.

Unfortunately, Bolsover major proved a true prophet.

The Remove fought hard, and played a really splendid game. But Trumper & Co. were in fine form, and, after Mark Linley had missed a chance of scoring, Trumper & Co. marched off the field victors by four goals to three.



LINLEY DEFIES THE BOUNDER! "I've given you a chance," said Vernon-Smith. "Leave Wharton alone, and remain neutral—that's all I ask. In return I'll stand out from the Noble exam, and leave you a walk-over. That's a fair offer!" "I refuse it," replied Linley. "I'm backing up Wharton all the time—so long as I remain at Greyfriars!" (See Chapter 5.)

It was hardly Mark Linley's fault, for his speed had been too great for his forwards to come up to him. The shot had therefore to be made by himself, although the position had been more favourable for a pass to the centre.

But Vernon-Smith & Co. were not likely to look at it in that light!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Swot's the Word!

BLESSED muff!" Mark Linley flushed. Bolsover major muttered the words loud enough for him to hear as he came off the footer ground. Bob Cherry swung round on the burly Remove.

"Who's a muff, you rotter?" he exclaimed hotly.

The finish of the match had not left Bob in his usual sunny temper.

"Linley is!" said Bolsover defiantly. "If he hadn't muffed that kick for goal, Remove would have scored, and Courtfield wouldn't have had the time to score again, anyway."

"It was a very difficult kick," said Mark mildly.

Bolsover major snorted.

"Difficult be dashed! Why didn't you pass in, then?"

"Penfold wasn't up to take it."

"Quite right," said Dick Penfold.

"Mark Linley left me yards back. I haven't got his pace. Linley was quite right to kick."

"You could have centred to Wharton," growled Bolsover major.

"I wasn't ready for a pass, and Linley knew it," said Harry Wharton. "You're talking out of your hat, Bolsover, and you know it! Linley took the only possible chance, and it very nearly came off. He had bad luck."

"Bad rats! It's a fool kick, that was what was the matter!"

"Oh shut up!" said Wharton irritably. "Don't talk to him, Mark. You've not got to account to Bolsover for what you do."

"Are we going to be licked in every match we play because you won't put good players in, Wharton?" bawled Bolsover major.

"Oh, buzz off, and cheese it!"

And Harry Wharton & Co. swung on their way, leaving Bolsover major and the crowd talking excitedly over the result of the Courtfield match.

The Courtfield fellows took their leave, and the crowd broke up. There was deep and bitter irritation in the Remove over the result of the match.

The fellows felt that it was no use talking to Wharton; but they talked about it among themselves without end.

The brilliant goal Mark Linley had taken in the beginning of the match seemed to be forgotten; that he had failed to bring off a very difficult shot, and thus save the team from defeat at the finish was all the fellows cared to remember.

Vernon-Smith asked sneeringly what was to be expected of the factory bouncer, and there was a murmur of assent from many voices.

Mark Linley went to his study. He was a little worried in mind over the result of the Courtfield match, partly because he took the Remove's football reputation very much to heart, and partly because he foresaw more trouble for his friend Wharton as a result. But all thoughts of football were driven from his mind as Trotter, the house page, brought him a letter.

"It came while the match was going on, Master Linley," said Trotter.

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"Thank you, Trotter!"

There was a Lancashire postmark on the letter, and the address was in the somewhat heavy hand of Mr. Linley.

Mark took the letter into his study to read. He opened it, and read it, and a look of relief came over his face. Bob Cherry came into the study, and slung a footer into the corner.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Marky!" Bob exclaimed. "What's that? A billet-doux?"

Mark smiled.

"No, Bob. A letter from home."

Bob Cherry's face became grave at once.

"No more bad news, Marky?"

"No. It's in answer to what I wrote to father yesterday. Bob, I must win the Noble prize!"

"So you shall, my son," said Bob Cherry cordially. "But—"

"Father says it can be managed—if I get the prize. He has been able to make an arrangement with the chief creditor. That's the landlord. The man was paid once before out of a prize I won here, and he knows it. Father thinks I'm certain to get the Noble prize. I've explained it all to him, and it will tide everything over if I do. He will be able to take his new job—at a rise."

"Good egg!" exclaimed Bob Cherry heartily.

"If I get the Noble prize!" Mark exclaimed, with almost feverish energy. "Father thinks I'm certain, though I've told him it's not at all sure. He's got more faith in me than I've got in myself."

"Not more than I've got in you, Marky," said Bob Cherry. "You'll win the giddy quidlets hands down, you take my word."

"I'm going to try. I'm going to swot, and swot, and I'll strain every nerve to get it. Bob, old man, if I win it, it means the end of all the trouble. If the dad gets that new job, it will be a permanency, and they'll be safe at home, and I can keep on here, and have a chance of doing something decent in the future. If I don't get it—"

Mark's face clouded over again, and he paused.

"Rot!" said Bob.

Mark laughed ruefully.

"If I don't get it, it's all up," he said. "I shall have to leave Greyfriars. It will be the last fight, for good or ill."

"Then put all your beef into it," said Bob Cherry. "I—I'll help you! I wish I knew some of the filthy Greek, so that I could help you with the rotten swotting. But I'll back you up, anyway. I'll see that you're not disturbed."

And Bob Cherry marched off, leaving the Lancashire lad alone in the study. There was a very tender look on Mark's face.

"Good old Bob!" he murmured.

"I'll make it up to him some day for being so jolly decent to me. Now to work!"

And Mark Linley sat down at the table, and in a few minutes was ears over head in Greek. So deeply immersed was he that he did not hear a tap at the study door. The door opened, and the Bouncer of Greyfriars looked in.

"Hallo, Bob! Is that you?" said Mark, as he heard a footstep, without turning his head.

There was a slight laugh.

"No; it isn't Bob!" said a drawing voice.

Mark Linley frowned, and rose from the table, and turned round to face the Bouncer of Greyfriars.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Conditions of Peace!

VERNON-SMITH closed the door of the study, and faced the Lancashire lad again. Mark Linley looked at him without speaking.

"You haven't asked me to sit down," said the Bouncer, with a smile.

"I don't want you to stay," said Mark.

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"You are not polite, at all events."

"I haven't any politeness to waste on you!" said Mark, in his direct way. "What do you want? You haven't come here from any friendly motive, I know that."

"That's just where you make a mistake," said the Bouncer, leaning against the mantelpiece and keeping his eyes upon the Lancashire lad's face. "I want to be friendly, if you'll let me. I did you a favour yesterday, I think, when I stopped Bunter from making your affairs the talk of the school. Bunter hasn't said a word on the subject since. Neither have you, for that matter, though a fellow might have expected just a word of thanks."

"I may as well be quite plain with you," said Mark Linley. "I know what you did, and I don't take it as a favour. I believe you had some motive or other for acting as you did. I don't know what it was, but I don't trust you. I can't trust you. Even your own friends don't trust you. That's no secret."

The Bouncer winced a little. He knew that that was true.

"I'd like to prove that my motives were friendly," he said. "I could be a lot of use to you now, if you liked. Over the Noble exam, I mean."

"You are competing against me there," said Mark.

"Suppose I withdrew?"

The Lancashire junior looked surprised. "Why should you withdraw?" he asked.

"To give you a clear field."

"But—but why? Are you joking?"

"Not at all. If what Bunter said was true, you need the Noble prize. It will make all the difference to you between staying at Greyfriars and having to get out of the school. As for the prize, it is nothing to me. My father would send me twenty-five pounds to-morrow if I asked him—or twice as much. I've only entered for it partly to please the pater by getting my name into the prize list, and partly to prevent a friend of Harry Wharton's from carrying off the prize. I'm up against Study No. 1, as you know very well. Wharton has been my rival ever since I've been at Greyfriars, and he has generally had the best of it. Wharton has got to go!"

Mark's lip curled.

"I mean it!" said the Bouncer quietly. "I said that I'd drive him from the school, and his pals, too!"

"Where is Nugent now?" asked the Bouncer. "Where is Johnny Bull?"

Mark Linley started.

"You will be the next to go!" said Vernon-Smith. "This affair of your father's puts the chance into my hands. If I win the Noble prize you'll have to go!"

"Very likely."

"And you know I am your most dangerous opponent?"

"I think so. But I think I can beat you, all the same!" said Mark. "You have been slacking for a long time, while I have been working hard. I think I shall beat you at the exam, and the other fellows I feel almost sure about."

"If I withdraw you would win hands down."

"Yes, that is true."

(Continued on page 27.)

TOM MERRY DECIDES TO RAISE A GOLFING TEAM AT ST. JIM'S,
AND STARTS A GREAT CRAZE AT THE SCHOOL!



A GOLFING CRAZE AT ST. JIM'S!

A New and Amusing School Story of TOM MERRY & CO., the Famous Chums of St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Tom Merry Starts It.

FOUR!" Monty Lowther, of the Shell Form at St. Jim's roared out that word. With him, in the study, were Tom Merry, the leader of the Shell, and Manners. Manners was listening to what Monty Lowther had to say. Tom Merry was sitting in his chair, with a dreamy expression on his face, much as if his mind was pondering over the words which fell from Monty's lips.

Tom Merry started as Monty suddenly roared out that word.

"Four?" he said absently.

Monty Lowther's face became positively Hunnish in its ferocity.

"You dummy!" he said fiercely.

"Are you going to tell me that you haven't been listening to what I have been saying?"

Tom Merry shook his head.

"I was interested in what you said," said Tom Merry, "especially the word 'four.' That was particularly interesting!"

"And what about the giddy team?" demanded Monty Lowther.

"The team?" asked Tom Merry, in surprise. "What team?"

"Monty has been telling us that we've got four more weeks before we choose the team for the last match with Greyfriars," Manners explained.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Is that what you meant when you shouted 'Four,' Monty?"

"Oh, no, you chump!" said Monty Lowther, with heavy sarcasm. "I was merely thinking you were four years old to-day!"

There was a chuckle from Manners.

Tom Merry merely smiled.

"That's one of the things you have to learn," he said musingly.

"Off your rocker?" Manners asked pleasantly.

"Then there's bunkers—and niblicks—and drivers—and brassies—and putters and—" went on Tom Merry.

Lowther and Manners jumped to their feet in alarm.

"He's—he's gone potty!" gasped Manners. "Fetch a doctor, Monty!"

"Doesn't matter about suits—" murmured Tom Merry.

"Eh?"

"What!"

"We'll play in our blazers," went on Tom Merry thoughtfully. "If we have

School House colours, and get in some practice—"

"Blazers in March?" hooted Manners. "Here, Monty, the silly ass is pulling our legs! Collar him!"

The exasperated chums seized their leader, and in a moment Tom Merry was whirled out of his chair, to crash upon the floor of the study.

"Ow! Yow! You fatheads, asses, chumps!" he roared, sitting up dizzily.

"What's the giddy game?"

"That's what we want to know, you— you wandering dummy!" said Monty Lowther. "What on earth are you blathering about?"

"B-blathering?" stuttered Tom Merry, dragging himself to his feet. "Ow! I'm hurt!"

"You jolly well ought to be boiled in oil!" said Monty Lowther warmly. "Here have I been talking for the last ten minutes, and you get rambling about putters, blazers, and all sorts of tommy-rot!"

"It isn't tommy-rot, you chump!" said Tom Merry hotly. "It's a jolly good wheeze!"

"Oh!" said Manners and Lowther together.

"Here have I been racking my brains for the last hour, in order to think of a top-hole wheeze up against Figgy & Co., and you dummies— Brrr!"

Tom Merry broke off, and flung himself down into his chair again. The mention of the word "wheeze" had calmed down his infuriated chums, and they waited for him to speak. Before he could do that, Tom Merry had to regain his breath.

"It's golf, you fatheads!" he said at last. "Why shouldn't we have a golf team, just like Cambridge and Oxford and—and the Stage?"

"Perhaps you suggest making bunkers in the Common-room?" suggested Monty Lowther sarcastically. "And I'm sure Dr. Holmes would gladly grant you permission to have a green on his lawn!"

"Shut up, and listen to your uncle!" grunted Tom Merry. "It's a stunning wheeze, my infants. There's a golf links just outside Wayland, and we could have a match there with Figgy & Co.—"

"Old Kerr plays, you know," said Manners warningly. "I don't know anybody who has really played in the School House."

"Nor do I," said Monty Lowther seriously. "There would have been a

whole heap of trouble for somebody—if that somebody had played golf in the School House!"

"Ass!" said Manners.

"Gussy has played," said Tom Merry hurriedly. "He might be able to teach us a bit. I've had a go at the giddy sticks myself, too."

"Ahem!" said Monty Lowther thoughtfully. "It's not a bad wheeze, Tom Merry, if only it can be worked!"

"We'll work it all right!" said Manners confidently. "We'll have some little trouble in getting golf-sticks, though."

Tom Merry remained thoughtful for a moment, and Monty Lowther's eyes were twinkling in a manner that suggested that he already saw a chance to get some fun out of Tom Merry's wheeze. Tom Merry was not thinking of the possible funny side of his idea—he was very serious.

"I'll ring up the Wayland Golf Club, and see if I can buy some secondhand clubs cheaply," he said. "We shall want some golf-balls, too. We can do without bags, at a pinch."

"Let's trot along and see Blake & Co.," said Manners, moving towards the door.

The Shell fellows trotted along, and found Jack Blake & Co., the leaders of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, busy with their prep. They looked up as the three Shell fellows entered the study.

"No larks!" said Blake briefly.

"We're busy!"

"Chuck the bizney, then, and listen to us!" said Tom Merry.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, I must have another ten minutes over this beastly sum!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, frowning at the mass of figures upon the sheet of paper before him. "Sowwy, you know!"

"Oh, you can't play golf for little apples, so we'll leave you out!" said Tom Merry easily.

"Golf!" said Blake.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed D'Arcy.

"My only topper!" said Herries, in amazement.

And Digby, alone of the Fourth-Formers, remained silent. Perhaps he was too astonished to open his lips.

"We're going to get up a golf team," said Tom Merry firmly. "If you champion chumps—ahem!—I mean, chumps, like to join, we'll be glad to let you in."

"What-ho!" said Manners and Lowther together.

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A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT FRIDAY: "TOM MERRY'S VIGILANCE COMMITTEE!"



A LITTLE TOO THICK! Dr. Holmes, stern and majestic, came out of the School House. "Stop!" he shouted. "Stop immediately! How dare you turn the grounds into a golf course! I forbid it, absolutely!" (See Chapter 3.)

"But—but golf?" stuttered Jack Blake. "Are you pulling our legs, Tom Merry?"

"No; honour bright!" said Tom Merry, with a laugh. "Listen!"

He explained his idea very fully for the benefit of the Fourth-Formers, and their interest was aroused from his very first words. By the time the Shell leader had finished Jack Blake & Co. were enthusiastic, to say the least of it.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Topping, bai Jove! I wathah fancy myself as a golfah, deah boys!"

There was no doubt that Arthur Augustus did know something about golf, probably more than all the rest put together, with the possible exception of Tom Merry.

Within an hour Tom Merry had telephoned to the professional at the Wayland Golf Course, and had arranged to purchase a number of second-hand clubs and balls. Then a meeting was held, and the scheme outlined before a huge crowd of tremendously excited juniors.

The next day the clubs arrived, and Tom Merry had no difficulty in disposing of even the large quantity which the worthy pro. had sent over from Wayland. The balls went like greased lightning, and in a very short time half the juniors in the School House were swinging clubs of various sizes and shapes.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
The Craze Spreads!

FORE!" Whiz! Crash!
"M-m-m-my hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "That was a beauty!"

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"TOM MERRY'S VIGILANCE COMMITTEE!"

"It's a beautiful widow gone bang in Figgy's study, you ass!" said Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry, in company with a host of other juniors, was in the quadrangle at St. Jim's before rising-bell had been sounded. Tom had placed his ball on top of a little heap of mud, as he had seen real golfers place their golf-balls on a little heap of sand.

Then Tom had swung his club, remembering the little advice D'Arcy had given everybody about keeping the head still, and he had lashed out, to send the ball a great distance straight through Figgins' window in the New House.

"I suppose it's no good my shouting 'Fore!'" said Tom Merry, grinning lugubriously.

The window of Figgins' study was thrown up, and Figgins himself looked excitedly out into the quadrangle.

"What burbling chump busted this window?" he howled. "My hat!"

That ejaculation was caused by the sight of the many golf-sticks and enthusiastic juniors in the quad at so early an hour.

"What's this, a new kind of hockey?" demanded Figgy.

"Chuck my ball out, Figgy!" shouted Tom Merry.

The New House leader simply glared. "You'll get your ball back when you pay the bill for this window!" he said.

"But—"

"Brrrrr! School House ass!" snorted Figgy, and he banged down the window. "Lend me a ball, somebody," said Tom Merry. "I want to see if I can do that shot again!"

"I'd turn away from windows, then, if I were you," said Manners. "You'll find golf an expensive hobby if you go on at this rate—a window a shot!"

Tom Merry grunted, and fumbled in his pocket for a dirty old ball, with which to try the shot over again.

By this time many other juniors and a few seniors had put in an appearance. They stared at the golfers as if they could hardly believe his eyes. Kildare, captain of St. Jim's, fairly jumped.

"Merry!" he thundered.

"Ow! D-did you call, Kildare?" asked the Shell leader.

He had an idea Kildare was going to make trouble. There was a look in the captain's eyes which betokened trouble for someone.

"What's the game, Merry?" demanded Kildare.

"G-g-golf!" stammered Tom Merry, dodging to one side, so that Kildare should not be looking towards the broken window of Figgy's study. "We're going to make up a team, you see, and challenge old Figgins & Co. to a match."

Kildare's face became less suggestive of trouble. He even smiled a little.

"Well, take my advice, and keep away from the school," he said. "The Head will be down on you like a ton of hot bricks if he hears of any damage being done."

And with that advice the stalwart captain turned away, and went into the School House for breakfast. He was followed by the golfers, for, as yet, the craze had not become so strong as to tempt healthy juniors to miss their breakfast.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wore a thoughtful frown during breakfast-time, and Bagley Trimble, the fattest junior in the School House, was puckering his brow in an effort to think. It was to be noticed that plates were emptied far quicker than usual.

The majority of the fellows wanted to have their meal and get out and practise. The more there were practising, the less chance one had to experiment. So the juniors vied with one another to get out first.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not hurry his meal. He seemed to be deep in thought, so deep in thought, in fact, that he quite failed to hear the remark which Monty humorously passed concerning his brain-power.

"I say, Blake, deah boy," he said at last.

Jack Blake grunted. "Thought you were going to have something silly to say," he growled. "Gussy, why don't you leave thinking to your betters?"

"Really, deah boy!" said Gussy. "The posish is this, Blake. If we are to play Figgy & Co. I shall have to get my golf suit from home. I cannot possibly play in Etons, deah boy!"

"Then play in a bathing costume," said Blake unsympathetically. "Everybody else will be playing in Etons."

"Not if I know it!" put in Digby sagely. "I'm going to wear my cricket blazer. Nobody will get cold walking about all the time."

"That's not a bad idea, for you, Dig," said Blake thoughtfully. "I'll put that to Tom Merry. Blazers will give more room for the shoulders to move."

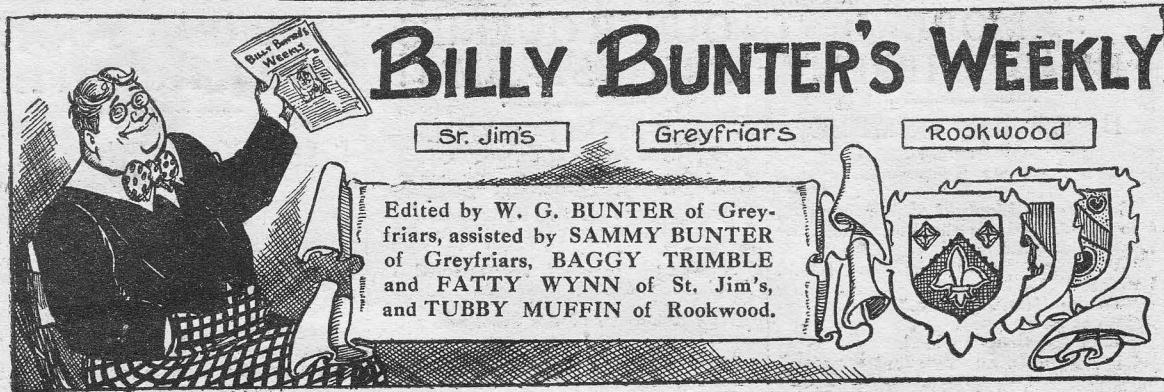
"Yaas, wathah, deah boy. But a

(Continued on page 17.)

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:



Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers,—I have this week secured a story from the pen—or, rather, lead-pencil—of that tallented orther, Micky Desmond.

Micky's larfable story deals with a little rumpus between the Remove foot-bawlers and Major Thresher.

I eggspsect you've heard of Major Thresher before. He occupies a big house adjoining Little Side, and he kicks up an awful shindy when balls go flying over the wall into his property.

I myself have had one or two little tiffs with the major.

Last autumn, when the pairs and peeches were ripe, I took the libbertry of climbing over the wall into the major's garden, and helping myself. I don't like to see good froot running to waist.

I was in the middle of a suckulent peech, when who should come on the seen but the major himself!

"Yung thief!" he cried. "I will give you a hoarsewipping!"

And he did, too! He gave me such a fearful lamming that I was only just able to crawl back to my editorial sanktum.

"If you dare to raid my garden again, you yung raskil," he said, "I will ring your neck as I would ring a chicken's!"

Some time after this insident I had a further skirmish with the major.

In a moment of weekness he invited a number of Remove fellows to his house to tea. And I ate him out of house and home. I konsumed all 'the grub I could lay my hands on, and he was simply furious.

"You are a greedy, glutternus boy," he said, "and you will come to a bad end!"

Poor old Major Thresher! He has a very unforchunit time of it. But it's entirely his own fault. He shouldn't live next door to a skool. A man who does an assy-nine thing like that must eggspsect trouble!

I hope you will enjoy this number, dear readers. But there! You can't help yourselves, as the cook said when she put the plum-pooding out of site!

Yours sinseerly,

Your Editor.

WALLY BUNTER'S WARNING!

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—As you are aware, my cousin Wally is now a Form-master at Greyfriars. He is giving instruckshun and tooition to the babes of the First. He is suppozed to have written the following verses, but I can't imagine Wally kondensending to write for my paper. I see Dick Penfold's hand in this. —ED.)

Listen, all ye noisy,
Inky-fingered fags!
This unruly brawling,
These unseemly "rags,"
Must be promptly ended,
Or there'll be disaster!
Hearken, all ye infants,
To your lord and master!

* * *

Now that I'm in power,
Pull up in your tracks,
Or my blows will shower
On your wriggling backs!
Do not swamp or splash me
With your whitewash pails.
If you do—why, dash me,
I shall tan your tails!

* * *

Do not taunt or tease me,
Or I'll make you yell.
Humour me and please me,
Then all will be well.
Prithee have no scruples
At working might and main,
Then I'll spare my pupils
From the dreaded cane.

* * *

Listen, Bunter major!
Bunter minor, too.
If you're good, I wager
I'll be decent, too.
Mind that you address me
In the proper way.
If you don't—why, bless me,
I'll flog you both to-day!

* * *

Heed my words of warning,
"Don't say "Rats!" or "Bosh!"
When you rise each morning
Don't forget to wash.
If you disobey me
You'll be melancholy.
No one shall gainsay me,
Sure as my name's Wally!

HOW NOT TO RAISE LOANS!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

The most awkward situation in life is when you are broke, as the teapot said when it crashed to the floor.

With most felloes, the state of being "stony" is only a temperry state. With me, it is a permanent one.

I have tried all manner of stunts for raising the wind, but they have neerly all ended in hopeless failure.

I have attempted to cadge munney off new kids. I have tried to draw my sallery as sub-edditer of "Billy Bunter's Weekly." I have done peepie the onner of fagging for them. But in no case has it bennified my exchekker. I am still broke. And I shall be broke, I suppoze, till the end of time.

My latest state was to become a beg-ging-letter writer. I have often heard it said that a reelly clever writer of beg-ging letters can make a fortune. My own eggsperiense proves otherwise.

The first thing I did was to get some very grubby notepaper, to give the impression that I could not afford to buy nice, clean paper.

Then I made a list of the names and addresses of all my welthy relatitiffs—dukes and earls and barrens, and goodness knows what.

To each of these celebriitties I sent the following epistle:

"Kind Sir (or Maddam),—I trusted you are kwite well, as it leeves me at prezzant with a touch of the flue, having just climbed up the chimbley in the faggs' Common-room.

"I am soarily in need of a little of the reddey, and I feel sure you will come up to the skratich.

"If you will send me a postle-order by retern of post, I shall be internally grateful.

"Your sinseerly,
"SAMMY BUNTER."

You would have thought that letter would have melted a hart of stoan, wouldn't you? But it didn't melt the harts of my relatitiffs!

Believe it or not, as you like. But I didn't get a single reply.

I have come to the conclusion that beg-ging-letter writing is out of date. It is behind the times. It is medeevial.

Eggscuse me, dear readers! I must set my wits to work, and try and think of sumthing else.

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∴ MORE ∴ MISADVENTURES!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE
(of St. Jim's).

The site of Monty Lowther carrying a long plank on his shoulder caused me to stop and stair.

"Wear are you taking that plank, Lowther?" I inkwired.

"To the Head's garden."

"What for?"

Monty Lowther chuckled.

"It will make an eggcellent sea-soar," he said. "I'll plaice it across the Head's garden gate, and it'll be grate fun!"

"But you can't sea-soar by yoreself," I protested. "It takes two persons to play at sea-soar."

"Well, come and join me, porpuss."

"Like a shott!" I replide.

I helped Monty Lowther to carry the plank, and we plaiced it in position across the garden gate.

Monty seeted himself at one end of the plank, and I sat down on the other end.

Instantly Lowther shott up in the air, and stayed there.

"Come down!" I shouted. "It's my turn to rise!"

"I can't come down!" yelled Lowther. "I'm a fixture. You're such a heffy fellow, Baggy, that your fourteen stoan is keeping your end of the plank on the ground. There ought to be a cuple of fellows at this end, to make the wate equal."

At that moment Herries came on the seen.

"Come and join us, Herries!" said Monty Lowther. "Now, Baggy, get off the plank very slowly, so that I don't come down too suddingly."

I obeyed. Lowther denseded slowly to the ground. Then Herries went and sat at Lowther's end of the plank.

The combined wate of Lowther and Herries being just about equal to my own, the plank was evenly ballansed.

"Now, off we go!" chortled Monty Lowther.

And he burst into rime:

"Sea-soar, Marjorie Door,
Baggy shall have a new master.
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't go any faster!"

I was enjoying the fun no end, and so were Lowther and Herries, when suddingly the garden gate kollapsed.

Unfortunately, it kollapsed just as I had risen to a height of about a hundred feat.

I had no parrashoot to aid me in my dessent. I took a short cut to earth, and came down wallop!

Just as I was groping to ascertain if there were any bones broken, the Head came on the seen with his cane.

Monty Lowther and Herries had taken to their heels, and they escaped the vials of the Head's wrath. But I got the fool bennyfit of it.

"How dare you dammidge my property, Trimble!" roared the Head. "How dare you play sea-soar on my garden gate! I will treet you as I would treet a common trespasser!"

So saying, the Head prosceeded to lash me with his cane.

He gave me a duzen cuts altogether, and I eggspect I should have had anuther duzen if I hadn't scrambled to my feat and fled.

Oh dear! I seem to meet with nothing but misfortune in this veil of woe!

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QUEER QUERIES FROM ST. JIM'S!

By FATTY WYNN.
(New House of St. Jim's.)

What are the weather conditions when Baggy Trimble is caught raiding a study cupboard?

A slight "breeze," accompanied by "violent squalls."

Why is Crooke of the Shell like a big drum?

Because he gets badly biffed!

Why does Knox of the Sixth resemble an electric light?

Because they both go out at night!

Why is Baggy Trimble such an excellent cook?

Because he makes his schoolfellows "boil over"!

What is the difference between a wealthy baronet and Grundy of the Shell?

The former views his heirs; the latter airs his views.

Why would Tom Merry make a good housemaid?

Because in one of his stories Mr. Martin Clifford states: "Merry's eyes swept the room."

What is the difference between a keen footballer and Leggett of the Fourth?

One plays at kicking, the other kicks at playing.

Why has the Greyfriars page-boy got a reputation for quickness?

Because he is always a "Trotter."

Why is Grundy of the Shell like Dr. Holmes when the latter is hungry?

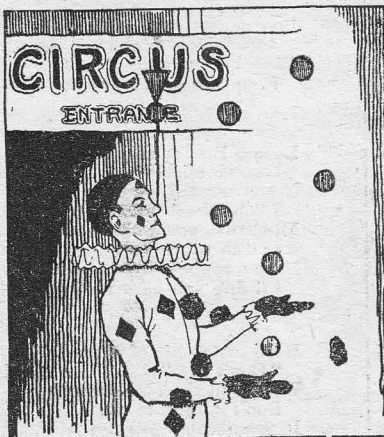
One has an empty head, the other is an empty Head!

Why is Baggy Trimble on the eve of the vac. like a deformed elephant?

Because he's without a "trunk"!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



OLIVER KIPPS (Greyfriars).

A GREAT FOOT- BALL TRIUMPH!

By
GEORGE WINGATE.

It has been my pleasure to referee a good many junior matches, and I say emphatically that the Remove eleven takes a deal of beating. But they have met their Waterloo at last.

Having no fixture on that day, they arranged to play a "friendly" with the Remove second eleven.

You would have thought that the lesser lights would have been hopelessly beaten, wouldn't you? I thought so myself.

I will tell you how the teams lined out, because it is only right that you should know the names of those who were concerned in this amazing match.

REMOVE FIRST ELEVEN.

Bulstrode; Bull and Brown; Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley; Hurree Singh, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Vernon-Smith.

REMOVE SECOND ELEVEN.

Hazeldene; Morgan and Redwing; Wibley, Ogilvy, and Dutton; Russell, Rake, Field, Newland, and Howell.

The first eleven's luck was out in losing the toss and being compelled to kick against a strong wind.

The second string started off with surprising dash, Russell racing along the wing unchallenged.

Bull and Brown closed in on Field, thinking that Russell would pass to him. Instead of which, Russell tried a shot himself from a difficult angle. The ball travelled over Bulstrode's shoulder into the net, and the second eleven were one up.

Wharton's men strove desperately for the equaliser. But Morgan and Redwing defended strongly.

Time and again Harry Wharton & Co. strove to get through, but their shots were charged down by the backs.

The second eleven clung to their lead, and preserved it until half-time.

Early in the second half Cherry was injured in a collision with Field, and had to retire. Nugent dropped back to assist the defence, and this weakened the Remove forward line considerably.

Playing with great dash and resolution, the second eleven swarmed round their opponents' goal, and Field netted at close quarters.

The Remove tried desperately to pull the game round, and Wharton headed a smart goal from Vernon-Smith's corner-kick.

A ding-dong struggle ensued, but the second eleven held out; Morgan's fine defensive work being a feature.

Two minutes from time Dick Penfold fired in a rasping shot, which Hazeldene saved on his hands and knees.

Thus were the mighty fallen! The second eleven won by two goals to one, and every credit is due to them for their splendid fight. But for the injury to Bob Cherry, however, the regular Remove eleven would have forced a draw, at least.

It was a capital game. Some of the second eleven players—notably Morgan, Field, and Russell—deserve places in the premier team. Some of the regular Remove players will have to look to their laurels.

THE VANISHING TRICK!

By KIT ERROLL (of Rookwood School).

JIMMY SILVER & CO. of Rookwood were engaged in the exciting and destructive pastime of spring-cleaning. "Our study's in a horrible state, you fellows," said Jimmy. "It wants a thorough clean out. There's the accumulated dust of generations on the top of the bookcase, and the carpets are like the Rookwood Junior Eleven—they've not been beaten for ages!"

"Then we'd better take off our coats and get busy, Brother James!" said Lovell. "Precisely!"

"I'll go and get some whitewash," said Newcome. "Good!"

Why whitewash should always be associated with spring-cleaning is a mystery to me. Instead of being a means of clearing up mess, it is a means of adding to it.

Newcome procured a pail of whitewash and a brush, and by the time he had finished dabbing and daubing, the study was in a truly shocking state.

Raby went down to the village, by request, and purchased some rolls of wallpaper. You never saw such hideous-looking stuff in your life. The colouring was bright enough to scare away all visitors to Jimmy Silver's study.

Lovell took up the carpets, conveyed them into the quad, and gave them a jolly good thrashing. The dust rose in the air in clouds.

Jimmy Silver gave himself the post of supervisor. He wandered around, with his hands in his pockets, saying how this should be done, and that should be done, but he didn't do a stroke himself.

On the first day of the spring-cleaning the study got into such a horrible mess that it was impossible to have any meals in it.

"We'll get permission to bag the end study," said Jimmy Silver. "We'll keep our food supplies there, have our tea there, and do our prep there until the spring-cleaning's finished."

His chums being in agreement, Jimmy obtained permission to have the temporary use of the end study.

The food supplies were accordingly conveyed to the new quarters, and the spring-cleaners, weary with their exertions, sat down to tea.

It was rather a late tea, for the juniors had been very busy, and had failed to notice the flight of time.

Darkness had fallen. But in the end study there was the priceless boon of electric light.

Newcome laid the table. He placed the bread, the butter, and the sardines on the snowy-white tablecloth, and then he produced a magnificent currant-cake, which had just been obtained from the school tuckshop.

It was a really wonderful cake, and the hungry juniors gazed at it with fascination.

"This is something like!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've earned this feed, and no mistake!"

"Fat lot you've done towards earning it!" growled Raby. "You've been strutting around, with your hands in your pockets, like a giddy Government official, and you've left us to do all the donkey-work!"

"Which is only right and proper!" said Jimmy Silver, with a grin. "I represent Capital; you fellows represent Labour!"

"Well, you certainly bought this cake," said Lovell, "so we're not going to quarrel with you!"

The meal commenced with bread-and-butter and sardines.

The juniors were going strong, and all was merry as a marriage-bell, to quote a chunk

of Byron, when suddenly a startling thing happened.

The light went out, and the study was plunged into darkness.

There was a confused gasp from the feasters.

"Hallo! Something gone wrong with the works!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, jumping to his feet, and groping in what he judged to be the direction of the door. "I'll just set what's wrong with the switch."

"That's not the switch, fathead!" came a roar from Raby. "That's my nose!"

"Ha, ha! Sorry!"

Jimmy Silver found the switch at length, and clicked it up and down. But no light came.

Jimmy turned away from the switch in disgust, and as he did so the light suddenly returned.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Lovell, blinking in the unexpected gleam. "Somebody's having a fine old game!"

Suddenly there was a shout from Newcome.

"Look, you fellows! It—it's gone!"

"It" referred to the magnificent currant-

general surprise, but no one was able to throw any light on the mystery.

"Well, we're in funds, that's one blessing," remarked Jimmy Silver. "We shall be able to buy a fresh cake to-morrow."

Next day, when the spring-cleaners were sitting down to tea in the end study, there was a recurrence of the extraordinary affair.

Again the lights went out. And again, when they reappeared, the cake was nowhere to be seen.

"My hat! This is getting quite beyond a joke!" said Lovell. "We shall have to investigate. To-morrow, when we come here to tea, I'll bring my electric-torch with me."

"Good idea!" said Jimmy Silver.

On the third day there were sensational developments.

Yet another currant-cake was purchased, and placed in the centre of the table in the end study.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were proceeding with their tea, when suddenly, as on the previous occasions, the study was plunged into darkness.

"Quick, Lovell!" muttered Newcome. Lovell flashed on his electric torch.

"My only Aunt Sempronia!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Grab that cake—quick!"

The cake was in the act of rising from the table. Raby grabbed it, and there was a noise as of the closing of a door overhead.

"Great Scott!" gasped Lovell.

"There's a giddy trapdoor on the ceiling, and somebody's been lowering a length of wire, with a sort of prong at the end, in order to pinch our cake!"

"But the light!" said Raby. "How do you account for the light going out?"

"Our friend overhead," said Lovell, "evidently has a confederate, whose duty it is to turn off the light at the main."

"Oh!"

"What's over this study?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"A lumber-room."

"Well, let's go and investigate." Armed with cricket-stumps, the juniors rushed out of the study, along the passage, and up a flight of stairs. They reached the lumber-room just as Tubby Muffin of the Fourth was emerging therefrom.

"Collar him!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. "Here's the precious villain who's been lifting our cake!"

"Lifting it in more senses than one!" chuckled Newcome.

Tubby Muffin shouted and screamed and struggled as the juniors threw themselves upon him and bore him to earth.

"Ow! Gerraway! It—it wasn't me, you beasts! I don't know anything about it! I never knew there was a trapdoor in the ceiling of the end study!"

"That's enough!" said Jimmy Silver sternly. "You're going to get it in the neck for this, Muffin!"

"Yow! Lemme off!" groaned the fat junior. "It was Peele's idea! I wanted to wash my hands of the whole thing—"

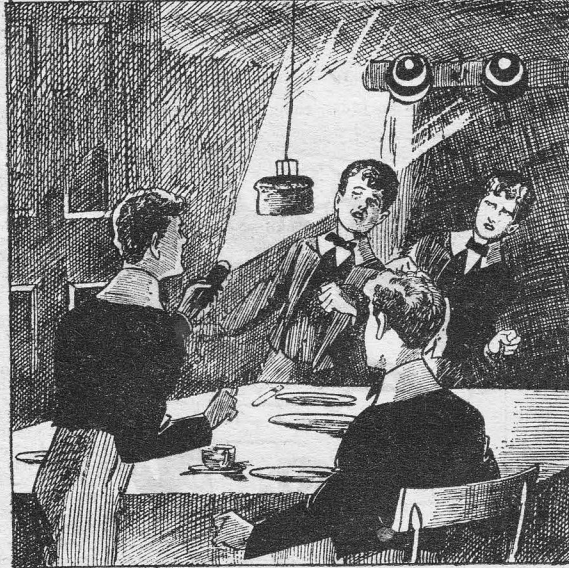
"So it was Peele who turned off the lights—what?" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, we shall know how to deal with Master Peele when we get hold of him!"

Tubby Muffin was dragged away to the junior Common-room, where he was made to run the gauntlet. And Cyril Peele was captured, and made to share a similar fate.

Running the gauntlet is no light punishment; but, then, it had been no light offence.

Peele and Tubby Muffin went through a terrible ordeal, and it is safe to prophesy that no more currant-cakes will disappear from the table in the end study!

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Lovell flashed on his electric torch. The cake was in the act of rising from the table. "Quick!" gasped Jimmy Silver, "Grab that cake—quick!"

cake, which had been set in the centre of the table.

The cake-stand was still there, but the cake itself had completely vanished.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances of dismay.

"That's jolly queer!" said Raby. "Somebody must have popped into the study while the light was out."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Nobody came into this study. I'd swear to that!" he said.

"Then how do you account for the cake vanishing?"

"I can't account for it. It—it's extraordinary!"

The juniors searched everywhere for the missing cake, but they found it not.

As if spirited away by some mysterious agency, the cake had completely vanished.

"Well, of all the astonishing things—"

gasped Jimmy Silver.

Inquiries were made, and it was discovered that the extinguishing of the lights had been general.

In every study at Rookwood, the light had gone out for exactly half a minute.

The affair of the vanished cake caused



By Micky Desmond.

THERE was no doubt about it. In the words of the poet, "someone had blundered."

Greyfriars Remove had arranged to play a football match with Courtfield Juniors, and, owing to an error—possibly an indistinct telephone conversation—Courtfield had sent their senior team to Greyfriars to play the Remove.

Their senior team, mark you! Great louts of eighteen and nineteen! Beefy, burly, bustling fellows, who didn't stand upon ceremony.

The skipper of this crowd was a butcher's assistant named Pigin. He gave a snort of annoyance when, on arriving at Greyfriars with his team, he found that a mistake had been made, and that it was Courtfield Juniors who were expected.

"I suppose we've had our journey for nothing," remarked Pigin, to Harry Wharton. "It's a case of 'about turn—quick march!'"

"Not at all," said Wharton quickly. "We'll play you."

"Don't be silly. You wouldn't stand a dog's chance!"

"No. Judging by your weight and size, you'll be all over us," said the captain of the Remove. "But let's have a game. Pity to waste the afternoon."

"And it will give your fellows some shooting practice, anyway," chimed in Bob Cherry. Pigin grinned.

"All right," he said; "we'll play. When you crawl off the field beaten by about twenty goals to nil, don't say I didn't warn you!"

The two teams adjourned to Little Side. There was a tremendous contrast between the elevens.

Harry Wharton & Co. were mere pigmies by comparison with the sturdy Courtfield fellows.

However, mere pigmies have been known to accomplish some extraordinary things on a football field. And the Remove was by no means dismayed. Whatever happened, they meant to fight gamely from start to finish.

Wingate of the Sixth was asked to referee. He consented, but he didn't seem very happy about it.

"You kids will be licked to a frazzle!" he said. "You're a duffer, Wharton, to take on a proposition like this."

But Wharton merely laughed.

"We're going to give these fellows a run for their money, at any rate," he said.

The ball was kicked off, and Courtfield Seniors carried everything before them.

Well, not everything. That's rather a sweeping statement. They beat the Remove halves time and again. And they often beat the backs. But they couldn't beat Bulstrode.

I believe old Bulstrode was blessed with second sight and all sorts of marvellous gifts that afternoon. He couldn't do anything wrong.

Standing just behind the Remove goal, I saw him save shot after shot in masterly fashion. Jove! If only you could have seen him holding the fort, you would have cheered him to the echo!

Pigin and his merry men swooped down again and again on the Greyfriars citadel. They made ground by sheer rugged force. No fouling, but hefty shoulder-charging, before which the Remove players went down like ninepins.

And then the men of Courtfield would rain in shots, only to see the whole jolly lot saved by Bulstrode.

It wasn't until two minutes before half-time that the Remove goalie was beaten. And then it was no fault of his. He had run out to save, and was sprawling on the ground, when a Courtfield forward scored at the second attempt.

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The most surprised person on the field at half-time was Pigin.

"We're only leading by one goal!" he gasped. "If it hadn't been for that wizard of a goalie, we should have bagged at least half a dozen!"

"We must put on pressure in the second half," said one of Pigin's pals.

When the second half started, the Remove made their first attack.

Vernon-Smith got clear away, and he put in a glorious run. Then he whipped the ball across to Wharton.

Just as the captain of the Remove was about to shoot, he was brought down heavily by a Courtfield back. In the penalty area, too!

Wingate awarded the Remove a penalty kick. Bob Cherry took it, and scored!

One to one!

But there was no earthly chance of the Remove getting another goal. Their forwards were bowled over without ceremony every time they tried to break away.

During a lull in the game, whilst Harry Wharton was having his knees massaged, Wingate spoke to Johnny Bull and Tom Brown, the Remove backs.

"There's only one thing to be done now,



Major Thresher made a desperate effort to climb over the wall and get among the footballers. But he caught his coat-tails in a jagged projection, and got stuck on the top of the wall.

you kids," he said. "You must play for safety."

"How do you mean?" asked Johnny Bull. "Well, when the Remove goal is threatened, kick the ball clear without being particular about direction. Boot it anywhere—except towards your own goal, of course. It's a plan that a lot of backs in League football adopt—what they call the kicking-out game."

"But I always thought that was jolly un-sportsmanlike!" protested Tom Brown.

"So it is—in the ordinary way. But in a case like this, when you are up against opponents who are big enough to swallow you, you are perfectly justified in kicking out. By constantly sending the ball out of play, you will prevent your opponents from concentrating on the Remove goal. Don't forget my advice. Play for safety."

Now, when Wingate gave this advice, he overlooked a rather important fact.

Adjoining Little Side are the house and grounds of Major Thresher, a peppery old martinet. And if Johnny Bull and Tom Brown played for safety, there wouldn't be much safety for the major's property!

Play was resumed. And the Courtfield forwards came along with a rush

They were beginning to close in on the Greyfriars goal, when Johnny Bull relieved the situation with a mighty kick. He didn't bother about direction. He just booted the ball as hard as he could. It went over the wall as clean as a whistle, and there was a terrible shattering of glass.

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "That's the glass roof of the major's conservatory!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a dramatic pause. Then the red and wrathful face of Major Thresher bobbed up on the other side of the wall.

"You—you destructive young villains!" he spluttered. "You've broken the roof of my conservatory!"

"It's all in the day's work, sir!" said Nugent cheerfully.

And then Bob Cherry lifted an innocent face to the major's wrathful one, and murmured:

"May we have our ball, please, sir?"

"No, you may not!" thundered the major. "I will confiscate it, begad! I will speak to Dr. Locke about this wanton destruction of property!"

"It was an accident, sir," said Wingate.

"Then let there be no recurrence of such accidents," hooted the major, "or, by George, I will make things warm for somebody!"

And he tramped back into the house.

After some delay a new ball was procured, and the game went on.

It was now Tom Brown's turn to provide a little light comedy.

When the ball came in his direction, Tom Brown took a most terrific kick—an amazing effort, which put Johnny Bull's completely in the shade.

The ball went whizzing through space like a discharged rocket. So great was the velocity of its flight that it went clean through the window of Major Thresher's drawing-room, and then rolled, badly punctured, to the feet of the major himself.

The irate old gentleman leapt to his feet like a jack-in-the-box.

All around him were splinters of glass. From Little Side came a yell of mirth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Livid with fury, the major gathered up a stout stick and rushed out of the house. He went careering towards the wall like a mad bull, and he made a desperate effort to climb over and get among the footballers. But he caught his coat-tails on a jagged projection, and got stuck on the top of the wall.

"Dash it!" he spluttered. "Confound it, I say! Botheration upon botheration!"

Doubled up with merriment, Vernon-Smith ran towards the wall. He released the major's coat-tails, and then gave him a gentle push, which caused him to drop down on his own side of the wall.

"Shouldn't try to get over again, sir, if I were you," he said. "You might split something!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The major, inarticulate with rage, stamped away in the direction of Dr. Locke's private house.

Meanwhile, a third ball was obtained, and play was resumed.

The safety tactics of the Remove backs undoubtedly saved the game.

The Courtfielders, baffled and furious, tried all they knew to get the winning goal, but the methods employed by Johnny Bull and Tom Brown proved too much for them.

When the match was over, the Head sent for Harry Wharton, and presented him with a bill for damages to Major Thresher's property. He also gave Harry a lecture.

The Remove footballers had a whip-round in order to pay for the damage. And old Wingate, who felt that he was to blame, insisted on giving ten bob.

A Golfing Craze at St. Jim's!

(Continued from page 12.)

fellow looks much more like a golfer if he is in a golfer's suit," said D'Arcy thoughtfully. "Pway ask Tom Mewry to postpone the match until I get my suit, Blake!"

"Certainly!" said Blake sarcastically. "I'll ask him also to have the course swept so that you won't get your shoes dirty!"

"Wats!" sniffed D'Arcy. And he went out of the dining-hall, closely followed by Bagley Trimble.

Baggy was still looking very thoughtful, but he appeared to be decidedly more hopeful than he had appeared to be when sitting at breakfast. The reason why was soon apparent.

"I say, D'Arcy!" he called, as the swell of the Fourth hurried towards the study. D'Arcy stopped.

"Yaas, Twimble? But please make it bwief, because I have a vewy important mattah to attend to," he said.

"Ahem! I was going to ask you to show me how to play golf," began Trimble diplomatically.

"Delighted, deah boy!" said Gussy, preening himself, as it were, at the compliment paid him. "I shall have much pleasuah in assistin' anybody who weally wants to play well."

"Ahem! I thought—ahem—I thought you would," mumbled Trimble. "I want to learn while I'm young. You see, the sooner you learn the better. I've read that in the papers."

"Get your club, deah boy, and I will attend to you when I have wired for my golf suit," said Arthur Augustus patronisingly.

"Ahem! That's the rub!" said Trimble forlornly. "I—I—I haven't a club, you see, and unless I have a club I sha'n't be able to take advantage of your kind assistance. I wanted it, too."

Arthur Augustus looked suspiciously at the fat junior. Trimble was probably the most artful "spoofers" in St. Jim's. But he certainly appeared to be very serious at that moment.

"Vewy well, dear boy," said Gussy at last, "I will lend you one of my clubs when they arrive."

"Thanks awfully, Gussy!" said Baggy Trimble. "I'll get ready!"

Trimble had not possessed the money to buy a club when Tom Merry had sold them. Baggy thought far too kindly of the tuckshop to have money to spare in case of an emergency. But he had "wangled" a club from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy without exciting that elegant junior's suspicions that his noble leg was being pulled.

Trimble did not care two straws whether D'Arcy taught him how to hit a ball or not. Anybody could do that, in Trimble's opinion. But anybody wouldn't buy him the necessary club.

Baggy hurried to his study, and dragged from under a settee a big pair of brogue shoes. Then he produced nails and a hammer, and after half an hour's laborious work he had hammered sufficient nails in the soles of his shoes to guarantee his keeping steady on his feet when he came to strike a ball. The heads of the nails he filed off.

Baggy put the shoes on.

"Ahem! Seem all right!" he muttered. "I'll go down and show some of the fellows how to keep one's feet still!"

Bagley got as far as the door before he realised that walking on nailed shoes was not very easy. The nails stuck into the wooden floors, and he had to drag his feet out after every step.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Bagley Trimble that Knox, the prefect of the Sixth, should have remembered that the fat junior had been given a hundred lines for cheeking him the day before. The lines not having arrived, Knox went to see why, and he took a cane with him.

He met Trimble coming out of his study.

"What about those lines, Trimble?" he demanded shortly.

"Ahem! W-w-what lines, Knox, old fellow?" asked Trimble, eyeing the cane nervously.

Knox did not waste time in words. He lashed out with the cane.

"Perhaps you'll do them another time!" he exclaimed.

Lash! Swish! Lash! "Ow! Yow! Ow!" roared Baggy.

He turned to run, but he couldn't! The nails in his shoes seemed to dig deeper and deeper into the floor as he attempted to put one foot before another. And those nails were the cause of the fat junior receiving about half a dozen more strokes with the angry prefect's cane than he would have otherwise received, had he been able to run for it down the stairs.

Trimble got away at last, and found that the nails also prevented him keeping to his feet going down stairs. The unfortunate junior crashed down to the bottom, yelling.

"Yowowow! Oh dear!" he moaned. "Blest if I don't think golfing is silly!"

He picked himself up, mumbling, and walked cautiously out into the quadrangle, where he found his shoes were an encumbrance instead of a help upon the asphalt.

Baggy was not the only junior who suffered as a result of the golfing craze at St. Jim's. The next morning, when D'Arcy's golf-suit arrived, the swell of St. Jim's promptly went to the dormitory to change.

Certainly Gussy looked very smart in his neatly-tailored coat, and the baggy breeches which were so perfectly cut. He liked them immensely. It was Towser, Herries' bulldog, who took a dislike to them.

Towser met his master's chum just outside the school gates. He sniffed at the baggy breeches, growled, and D'Arcy stopped.

"Go away, you beast!" he roared. "Oh dear! Don't you dare take a lump out of my golf-bags, you wough bwute—Ow!"

He broke off, and ran as if for his life, as Towser made a snatch at the breeches. Once Towser had got his teeth in those garments D'Arcy could have said good-bye to them. He ran, and Towser went after him.

"Wescue!" roared Gussy. "Hewwies, keep the beast off!"

Herries was not to be seen, and Gussy made a dash through the gates, and turned into the direction of the School House, with Towser in hot pursuit.

It became a question as to who could reach the study first.

Fortunately for his breeches, D'Arcy won by a yard, and the door was banged in the face of Herries' pet.

Meanwhile, the golfing craze spread. Figgins & Co. duly received a challenge from their New House rivals, and as Kerr was considered a fairly good player,

Figgy was persuaded to accept the challenge.

Then the rival golfers began practice in grim earnest—to the detriment of a dozen windows in the New House and eight in the School House!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Great Match!

"**W**EADY, Kerr, deah boy?" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy asked the question of the New House junior, as they stood upon the first tee, or driving-mat, of the Wayland Golf Club. D'Arcy and Kerr, being the most proficient golfers engaged in the match, were to lead the field.

There was nearly an argument as to who should drive first. D'Arcy maintained that the School House should certainly lead the way, but, seeing that Kerr took a similar view from the point of the New House, matters reached a deadlock until Herries quietly suggested they should toss for the honour.

D'Arcy won, and his ball was teed up when he asked Kerr if he was ready. The Scot nodded, and D'Arcy, with his monocle firmly placed in his eye, took a glance at the flag which was stuck in the hole into which he had to knock his ball in the least possible number of strokes with the clubs, and lashed out.

"Oh crumbs!" said Kerr, as he watched the ball flying through the air, beautifully straight, and quite a good distance.

He steadied himself on the tee, swung his club, and drove as hard as he could. He overdid it, with the result that his ball ran into a bunker.

"Good shot, Kerr!" said Figgins loyally.

Kerr grinned sheepishly. "It's a rotten shot, thanks all the same!" he said. "Never mind, we've only just started!"

Kerr found his ball tucked under the bank of the bunker, and his first shot failed to get it out. The third shot, however, was a fine effort, and the ball went, at a terrific height, well towards the green.

D'Arcy went up to his ball, and looked thoughtfully at it. It was lying nicely on a lump of dirt.

"I think I can reach the green with an iron club!" he muttered.

He selected an iron club from the one of the many in his bag, and half a minute later the ball was whizzing, straight as a die, for the green. It arrived there, rolled a few yards, and stopped. Kerr played his fourth shot on to the green, where the ball rolled nicely to the hole, and stopped just an inch away. He had thus played two more shots than the Fourth-Former, and D'Arcy, carefully putted out for a four—knocked the ball into the hole in one stroke less than Kerr, and thus became "one up."

They were moving off the green toward the second tee, when a ball, driven with terrific force by Blake, who was playing against Figgins, whizzed past their heads, and landed thirty yards over the far side of the green.

"Sorry, Gussy!" bawled Blake. "I hit it a bit too hard! That's only my eighth shot, too!"

"How many have you played, Figgy?" asked Kerr anxiously.

"Just going to play my ninth!" chuckled Figgins. "For a School House weeze, this is great sport!"

Behind Blake and Figgins came Tom Merry and Dick Redfern. The turf could be seen flying into the air, as the learners struck earth and not the ball. Kerr and

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A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT FRIDAY! **"TOM MERRY'S VIGILANCE COMMITTEE!"**

D'Arcy, remembering the time when they had first played, chuckled, and went on.

The second hole was a short one—measuring only a hundred and five yards. But there were bunkers all round the green, and D'Arcy, taking the first shot as he had won the last hole, drove his ball straight in the nearest bunker. Kerr was more fortunate, for he hit the top of the same bunker, and rolled on to the green.

Arthur Augustus wore a thoughtful frown as he went up to his ball. He was taking the game with deadly seriousness, and Kerr, knowing full well by now that the swell of the Fourth was no baby at the game, became correspondingly serious.

Gussy took a club with a head like a bent frying-pan from his bag, and biffed hard at the ball and the sand below it. The little white "pill" shot out, and rolled over the other side of the green into another bunker. Kerr, being the farther away from the flag, took his shot, and placed the ball by the hole.

D'Arcy was even more serious and thoughtful as he took the same club to get out of the other bunker. He lifted the ball in a cloud of sand, right up into the air, and it caught the top of the bank and rolled back again.

He picked it up.

"My hat!" he gasped. "Pity I didn't hit that!"

"Two!" counted Fatty Wynn. "Eh? I haven't hit it but once!" exclaimed Baggy wrathfully. "Counts two, though. A miss is a stroke—Kerr told me so!" said the inexorable Fatty.

Baggy grunted, and took another shot. Again he missed.

"Three!" counted Fatty firmly. "Look here, how can it be three when I've only hit the blessed ball once?" howled Baggy.

"You have had three strokes," said Fatty grimly. "Play the fourth!"

Fortunately for Baggy, he managed to hit the fourth well up the course, and the fat juniors went off in silence side by side. This was a deadly match—a bag of tarts was the stakes!

They eventually holed the ball in fourteen strokes each—and D'Arcy had done it in four, which was the best one was supposed to do at that hole.

A huge crowd of fellows had turned up from St. Jim's to see the players come in. Kerr and Augustus D'Arcy came up to the last hole together. Kildare was there, with Monteith, the New House prefect.

"Here they come!" said Kildare. Somebody ran up to say that Kerr and D'Arcy were all square, and that

the ground dipped a little towards the hole, got up, went straight to his ball, and struck it firmly.

"He's missed! It's to the right!" yelled Wally D'Arcy.

Was it? No!

The dip in the ground took the ball straight to the hole, and it clattered to the bottom!

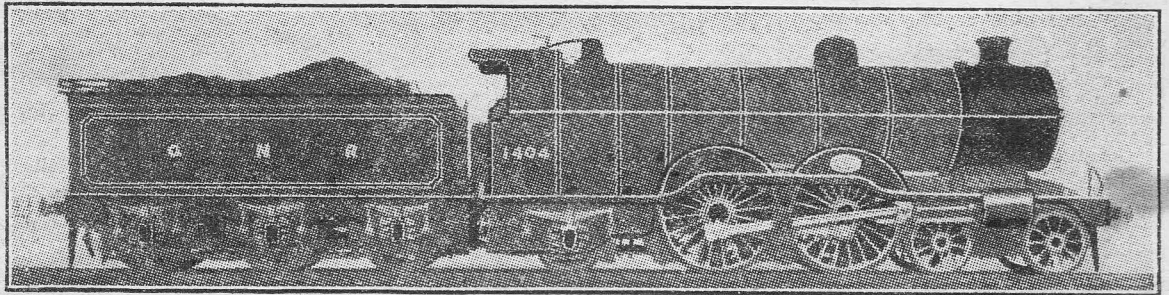
The match was level—all square! "Ripping, you kids!" said Kildare admiringly. "Blessed if I don't think you're jolly good!"

The other couples came up slowly—especially Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble. They were a mile behind the others. They came at last, and Fatty Wynn claimed the bag of tarts, for he won by three holes. He claimed the tarts, but it was another matter if he got them!

When the scores were checked, it was seen that the New House and the School House had each won the same number of games. The result of the play was therefore a draw—a very good start to the new craze at St. Jim's.

Unfortunately for the juniors, the fags took to golf. They occupied the whole of the quad that evening, the only Fourth-Former present being Baggy Trimble, who was intent upon improving his game sufficiently to be

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AWAY WITH EVERY COPY OF NEXT FRIDAY'S "POPULAR."

"Youah hole, deah boy!" he said gracefully. "That makes us all square." "Topping!" said Kerr.

He had lost the first hole, but he had won the second, and the match was level again. Off they went to the third tee, where they both drove splendidly; and as they left the tee, Figgins' ball crashed upon the green which the leaders had just left.

They looked behind, and saw Blake helping Figgins to his feet! Evidently the New House leader had overbalanced himself in hitting, and had fallen. D'Arcy and Kerr chuckled, and went their way.

Meanwhile, in the very rear of the competitors, came Bagley Trimble and Fatty Wynn. The fat juniors each had one club. Both, by some miraculous means, had hit their first shots well and truly; and were cheerful in consequence.

"Play you for a bag of tarts, Fatty!" burst out Baggy Trimble, as he saw his ball was lying well up on the grass, and Fatty Wynn's lying tucked in a tuft of grass a few yards away.

"Done!" said Fatty instantly. He went up to his ball, and smote it hard. He only succeeded in shifting the grass a bit. He biffed again, and the ball rolled a couple of yards. He hit it again, and it went flying through the air.

"Four!" he grunted. "My hat!" Baggy Trimble, chuckling with glee, went up to his ball—and missed!

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"TOM MERRY'S VIGILANCE COMMITTEE!"

this hole would decide the match. They came up to within a hundred yards. Everybody saw that they had each played three strokes.

Kerr played his fourth, and the ball rolled on to the green. Gussy played his fourth, and his ball ran over the green. The excitement grew.

"Stick it, ye cripplers!" shouted Wally D'Arcy of the Third.

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Old Kerr is playing a wippin' game!"

"You are, you mean!" said Kerr.

Arthur Augustus had to play first. He took a club from his bag, carefully examined the run of the ground between the ball and the hole, seemed an interminable time taking his club back to strike—struck it firmly and softly; it shot into the air about six inches from the ground, dropped on to the edge of the green, bounced once, and rolled on—on—on, right into the hole, from which Kildare had taken the flag!

"Good shot!" roared the excited crowd.

"Shut up!" roared Kildare. "Quiet, you asses!"

D'Arcy was down in the hole for a five. Kerr had to putt his ball down to square the hole and the game with his School House rival. The crowd of watchers was bursting with excitement. They longed to hurl advice to the stolid Scotch junior.

Kerr took his club, bent down, looked quickly at the line to the hole, saw that

able to challenge Fatty Wynn and win back his tarts! The fags had borrowed clubs from the juniors fortunate enough to possess them, and with the clubs they had taken the golf-balls.

The air simply hummed with the little white "pills." Roars of pain and laughter intermingled with the sound of crashing glass.

Dr. Holmes, stern and majestic, came out of the School House.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop immediately! How dare you turn the grounds into a golf-course? I forbid it, absolutely!"

A ball narrowly missed his revered head, and he positively glared.

"Who struck that ball?" he demanded sternly.

There was no answer—and there was not likely to be!

But that was the last of golf at St. Jim's. The Head, awake to the fact that golf, where dozens of careless fags were knocking the balls about in a confined space, was more than a little dangerous, placed a notice on the board forbidding the use of clubs other than upon Wayland Golf Club's course.

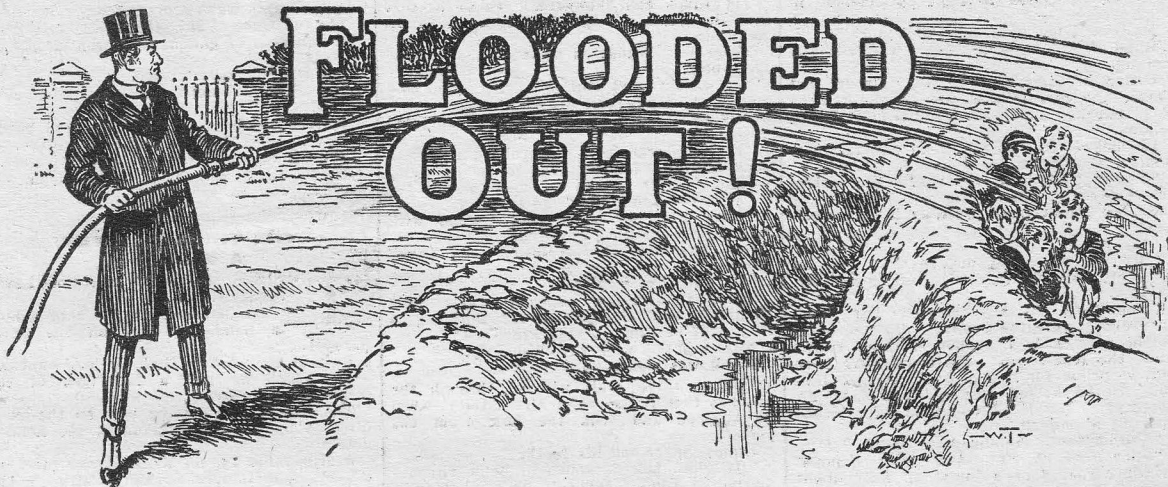
That effectually put an end to the golfing craze at St. Jim's!

THE END.

(Look out for another new long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, entitled "Tom Merry's Vigilance Committee" in next Friday's issue of the POPULAR.)

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A SENSATIONAL SCHOOL STORY TELLING HOW MR. LATTREY VISITED ROOKWOOD TO HELP IN QUELLING THE GREAT FOURTH FORM REBELLION.



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

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Yarns in "The Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A New Enemy.

"SERGEANT!"
 "Huh!"
 "Buck up with brekker!"
 "Huh!"
 "Anybody got a half-brick?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Jimmy Silver & Co. were very merry and bright that morning.
 Sergeant Kettle was not.
 The school sergeant was in what he would have described as a "ole."
 Once before in his career Sergeant Kettle had been a prisoner of war—during the South African War.
 But he had never expected to be a prisoner of war within the precincts of Rookwood School.
 Somehow, the sergeant did not seem able to get used to the position, and his temper had suffered.
 "Young raskils!" said the sergeant, glaring at Jimmy Silver and his cheery comrades. "I wish I 'ad you in my old regiment! I'd make you 'op! You believe me!"
 The juniors chorled.
 "Attention, sergeant!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Look 'ere, I ain't cooking anything for you young varmin'ts!" roared the sergeant.
 "Mutiny, by gad!" exclaimed Raby. "Give him the frog's-march!"
 "Look 'ere— Oh, crumbs!" gasped the sergeant.

The merry juniors seized him on all sides. The unfortunate sergeant went round the camp in the joyful frog's-march, to an accompaniment of loud shouts of laughter from the rebels of Rookwood, and fiendish yells from Mr. Kettle himself.
 In the Form-rooms at Rookwood all Forms but the Fourth were going in to lessons.
 But the Fourth Form were still in what Jimmy Silver rather grandly described as a "state of revolution."
 Having proclaimed a barring-out to last until Lattrey of the Fourth was expelled from Rookwood, they were keeping their word, and in the entrenched camp on the school allotments they bade defiance to masters and prefects.
 Lattrey was still in the school, and the rebels were still in their camp, and how the whole affair would end was a mystery.
 Sergeant Kettle, having "chipped in," really had no right to complain at being taken prisoner; and, as prisoners of war have to work, he had no right to complain of having to work.
 But he did complain—loudly.
 It was long past breakfast-time now in the junior camp, and the sergeant was late with breakfast.

NEXT FRIDAY!

But the frog's-march had the desired effect. Having made the round of the camp, the sergeant was set down—hard!
 He sat on the ground, and gasped for breath.
 "Had enough?" smiled Jimmy Silver.
 "Groogh!"
 "Give him some more!" grinned Newcome.
 "'Ands off!" gasped the sergeant. "I—I—I'll get your grub for you, if you like! Oh! Ow—wow!"
 He tottered into the allotment shed, and started work with the stove.
 There was no arguing with the rebels of Rookwood when their reply took the form of a frog's-march.
 So the sergeant set to work.
 "Tumble up, cooks!" called out Jimmy Silver. "Lend the sergeant a hand!"
 Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, unwillingly set to.
 The Nuts of the Fourth bitterly resented being employed as camp cooks.
 But they were not much use for anything else, and that was their duty—and they had to do it.
 It was a sunny morning, though cold, and when the frowning sergeant and his scowling helpers served "brekker" the rebels sat about in the open air to dispose of it.
 Meanwhile a watch was being kept from the earthen parapet, across the trench that surrounded the camp.
 Jimmy was expecting trouble that morning.
 All the Head's efforts to subdue the rebels had failed hitherto; but it was certain that more efforts would be made.
 Soon after breakfast there was a call from Kit Erroll on the parapet.
 "Here comes the Head!"
 There was a rush of the juniors to the parapet.
 Dr. Chisholm was seen in the distance, in company with a thin gentleman, whom the juniors knew by sight.
 "That's Lattrey's pater!" said Lovell.
 The rebels looked very curiously at Mr. Lattrey.
 He was not a pleasant-looking gentleman. His eyes were cold and steely, and his jaw was very square.
 He looked a good deal of a Hun, as Lovell remarked.
 The Head and his visitor were talking in low tones as they came towards the camp.
 Dr. Chisholm had a troubled look.
 The state of affairs in the school was a great trouble to the headmaster, and, angry as he was, he could not help feeling, deep down in his heart, that the rebels were not quite in the wrong.
 Among the rebels was Mornington, of the Fourth, the blind junior—blinded by a savage blow Lattrey had struck him.
 The presence of the blind-junior was more

than enough to make the rebels determined to carry their point.
 His brutal assailant was to go. They were resolved upon that.
 And the Head knew that Mark Lattrey ought to have been expelled from Rookwood in ignominy.
 The juniors could not know the power Mr. Lattrey had over the Head, by which he forced Dr. Chisholm to keep the cad of the Fourth at Rookwood.
 From Jimmy's cousin, Algy Silver, of the Third, the rebels had learned that Mr. Lattrey was to take a hand in the proceedings during his visit to Rookwood.
 But they did not fear the London detective.
 What he could do, that the Head had not already tried, was not easy to guess.
 "We're ready for the silly ass!" remarked Conroy. "I don't think much of him, from his looks. Looks the kind of pater Lattrey would have."
 "He's a blessed detective, or something, in London!" remarked Tommy Dodd. "This isn't a job for his sort."
 "Cap the Head when he comes up," said Jimmy Silver.
 "What rot!" grunted Higgs.
 "Fathead! There's such a thing as good manners!" said Jimmy Silver severely.
 And when the Head and his companion arrived at the trench, the rebels on the inner parapet "capped" their headmaster very respectfully—a salute of which Dr. Chisholm took no notice.
 He was feeling neither amiable nor polite.
 He fixed a stern glance upon Jimmy Silver.
 "Silver!"
 "Yes, sir?" said Jimmy politely.
 "Mr. Lattrey is about to take this matter in hand. His methods will be somewhat drastic, and he has my full authority. Before anything is done, I offer you the opportunity of returning to your duty."
 "We've answered you before, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Our terms are that Lattrey is expelled from Rookwood!"
 "Hear, hear!" chorused the juniors.
 Mr. Lattrey broke in.
 "How dare you offer to make terms with your headmaster!" he exclaimed. "This insolence will not serve you!"
 "Oh, you, shut up!" retorted Jimmy Silver.
 "What!"
 "Shut up!"
 "You insolent young rascal!" shouted Mr. Lattrey, amid laughter from the rebels.
 "Same to you, and many of them!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Your precious son has blinded Mornington! You ought to be glad that he's not sent to prison! He can't stay at Rookwood—the Fourth Form won't!"

"THE SHADOW OF THE PAST!"

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
 :: By OWEN CONQUEST. ::

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allow it. Where's Mornington? Let him see what Lattrey's done!"

"Here I am, my infant!" replied Mornington.

Kit Erroll helped his sightless chum on to the parapet.

Morny did not need much assistance. Blind as he was, Morny's face was calm and smiling.

Under his terrible affliction, Morny had shown the real grit of his character in a way that had somewhat surprised his Form-fellows.

He looked towards the Head and his companion, though he could not see them.

"You're there, Mr. Lattrey?" The detective looked at him curiously. "I'm sorry I can't see you—though probably it isn't much loss!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My son has told me that it was an accident, which he regrets bitterly," said Mr. Lattrey.

"Your son is a champion liar, sir," answered Mornington coolly. "He struck me in the face with a weapon, without caring what the result was! He could have been sent to prison for it, and he knows it! He's goin' to be kicked out of Rookwood, Mr. Lattrey! The Head ought to have kicked him out already!"

"Mornington!" exclaimed the Head. "So you ought, sir! And we're beginnin' to think that there's somethin' fishy about your lettin' the fellow say!"

"What!"

The Head's face crimsoned.

"Well, what are you lettin' the cad stay in the school for?" asked Mornington. "It's because you dare not quarrel with Mr. Lattrey!"

"How dare you!" gasped the Head.

"Oh, we knew there must be some reason for it!" answered Mornington, with a curling lip. "Old Lattrey's got some hold over you, sir, or you'd have kicked his son out at once! All the fellows know it. There can't be any other explanation! Well, sir, we're not standin' the fellow here at Rookwood!"

"Hear, hear!" roared the rebels.

"Enough!" gasped the Head. "Come, Mr. Lattrey! I give you full authority to deal with these insubordinate young rascals, and if harm comes to them, they may thank themselves!"

"We're willing to risk it!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

The Head strode away with Mr. Lattrey.

"What on earth is the game, I wonder?" said Lovell.

To which Jimmy Silver replied:

"Wait and see!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Attack.

THERE was a good deal of excitement in the schoolboy camp after the Head had gone.

"Something" was evidently coming, but for the life of them the juniors could not guess what it was.

Already the entrenched camp had been assailed more than once.

The Sixth Form prefects had been ignominiously defeated.

Mr. Lattrey appeared to be alone in the school; he had brought no help with him.

They wondered whether he was thinking of calling for aid from the police. But that was scarcely feasible.

But "something" was coming, that was evident.

The juniors were excited, and though a few, like Towny & Co., felt uneasy, most of them were feeling very warlike.

Watch was kept from the parapet; there was no chance of the camp being taken by surprise.

Not that the rebels would have been sorry to see Lucas Lattrey attempt to enter the camp.

They would certainly have made him a prisoner, like the sergeant, and turned him into a camp cook.

"Hallo, they're starting!" remarked Kit Erroll at last.

Old Mack, the porter, came in sight round the school buildings, accompanied by Mr. Lattrey.

Mack was carrying a coil of hose.

Jimmy Silver started as he spotted it.

It was the school fire-hose, and one end was evidently fixed, for Mack was uncoiling it as he came along.

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"My hat!" murmured Lovell.

The rebels looked at one another.

Mr. Lattrey's plan dawned upon their minds at last.

They had not thought of this. Neither had the Head, till Mr. Lattrey came to his assistance.

There was dismay in some of the juniors' faces now.

The weather was cold and sharp. And cold water was a powerful argument.

"By gad, we can't stand that!" muttered Peele.

"For goodness' sake, let's chuck it before they begin!" exclaimed Gower nervously.

Jimmy Silver turned on them angrily.

"Shut up, you funks!" he snapped.

"Look here, we can't be drenched with cold water!" howled Townsend.

"Go and hide in the shed!" said Lovell scornfully.

"By gad, I'm goin' to!"

"Pelt that rotter when he gets near enough!" said Jimmy Silver, selecting a clod. "If he comes within range—"

"He won't!" said Erroll quietly.

Erroll was right.

Two or three clods whizzed through the air, but they fell short of Mr. Lattrey, when he stopped and took the hose from the porter.

Jimmy Silver set his teeth.

"By gum, this is going to be a circus!" murmured Tommy Dodd. "We're sticking it out, all the same, though!"

"There's the dug-outs," said Jimmy Silver. A good many of the garrison were already retreating into the dug-outs in the camp.

Jets of cold water were not pleasant to face on a cold morning.

The Fistical Four remained on the parapet, with Erroll, and Tommy Dodd.

Mr. Lattrey looked across at them, with a sarcastic smile upon his thin lips, his thumb on the nozzle of the hose.

"Will you come out now, and return to your duty?" he called out.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Otherwise, you will be washed out like rats!"

"Yah! Rotter!"

"Get out of Rookwood, you interfering cad!" howled Raby.

The detective did not answer that.

He turned a stream of water upon the camp, and Jimmy Silver & Co. hurriedly jumped down behind the parapet to escape it.

"Bedad, this is a go!" murmured Flynn.

"I'm going into the shed!"

"Same here!" remarked Oswald.

Mr. Lattrey had elevated the hose a little, and the water fell over the rebel camp in a shower.

The fellows who were still in the open rushed for shelter.

The parapet being undefended now, Mr. Lattrey advanced nearer, and played the hose on the camp at close range.

Water fell in a stream now.

Right and left the steady jet played, searching out every corner of the camp.

The shed was packed with refugees, and the dug-outs were well filled.

But as the water poured in, it formed pools and streams on the ground, and speedily began to flow down into the dug-outs.

The juniors came scrambling out of their shelters, wet and gasping, wrathful and dismayed.

They were attacked by an enemy they could not touch, and the effect was demoralising.

As they scrambled out into the open, they got the full benefit of the showers of icy water, and there were yells and howls on all sides.

A rush was made for the shed, which was crammed.

The shed was not large enough to accommodate anything like the number of rebels.

There was a struggling crowd outside.

"Faith, give a fellow room!"

"Yo-ow! Keep off my feet!"

"Blow your feet!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Yow! I'm drenched!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Look here, I've had enough of this!" roared Townsend. "I'm goin'!"

The Fistical Four emerged from the shed. As leaders, they were bound to face the discomfort, since there was no shelter for all.

The three Tommies joined them outside at once—determined not to be outdone by Classics.

The Colonial Co. were with them, and Erroll. That left shelter inside the shed for the rest.

Outside, the water was falling steadily, and the camp was simply running with it.

The full force of the stream was turned on, and hundreds of gallons had been discharged already.

And the flow never ceased.

The dug-outs were full now and overflowing.

Water was rising in the camp, and hardly a spot was less than an inch deep with it.

The trench was filling, slowly but surely.

Jimmy Silver, for once, was dismayed.

What was to be done?

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Wash-Out!

THERE'S the cad!" muttered Lovell savagely.

The figure of Lucas Lattrey, whose hair in hand, appeared on the outer parapet.

He had ascended to that coign of vantage, from which he had a full view of the interior of the camp.

The stream was playing now on the shed, directed by the steady hand of the London detective.

A grim smile was on Mr. Lattrey's face.

There was danger to the health of the juniors, drenched with icy water in cold weather, but that fact did not trouble Lucas Lattrey in the least.

It troubled the Head, but he had consented to the method, as the only way of ending the revolt.

"Hallo, there goes old Kettle!"

Sergeant Kettle had seen his opportunity.

He was running for freedom, but the juniors made no attempt to stop him.

They were not bothering about prisoners of war now.

The sergeant plunged through the filling trench, and clambered up the outer parapet, soaked to the skin, but free.

He shook a knucky fist at the juniors, and disappeared.

Mr. Lattrey did not even glance at him.

He played the water steadily on the shed and the dodging group outside it.

The position was growing untenable now.

For half an hour now the steady stream of water had poured into the camp.

The trench round the camp had a foot of water in it.

But the inner parapet kept the flood from running away into the trench—it was like a dam that confined the flood to the camp itself.

And the water was rising.

Every fellow was wet to the skin, and had his boots full.

Even Jimmy Silver began to realise that it would not do.

The new and unexpected weapon had rendered the position untenable.

"I say, Jimmy, what's to be done?" muttered Lovell. "We can't stick this much longer. It will be up to our armpits if it keeps on."

"We've got to clear," said Jimmy Silver at last. "All together, and the barring-out goes on. We've got to get to the dorm, and dry up and change our things. Then—"

"Then the Head will collar us!"

"I don't see how he can, if we don't choose," answered Jimmy Silver. "After we've changed, we march out of gates."

"Oh, my hat!"

"And keep up the barring-out till the Head gives in."

"Hurrah!" mumbled Lovell.

"I'm not going out of gates!" howled Townsend.

"You'll walk, or you'll be carried. Now, then, out you come!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Follow me!"

The rebels poured out of the shed.

In a body they started for the parapet, on the opposite side from that where Mr. Lattrey stood with the hose.

That gentleman smiled grimly.

His drastic measures had succeeded. He shut off the stream of water.

Jimmy Silver & Co. scrambled over the parapet and the trench, and emerged from the flooded camp with chattering teeth.

Outside the camp, several prefects of the Sixth were to be seen.

They grinned at the sight of the dragged juniors.

They were there to guard the hose, in case

of an attempt to get at it and cut it, but it was not necessary.

The camp was no longer tenable, even if the water attack had been stopped. Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, came towards the dragged rebels.

"Cut indoors, and get your clothes changed quick!" he said.

"We're going to," said Jimmy. The rebels tramped on, squelching out mud and water.

Mr. Lattrey handed the hose back to old Mack, who was grinning widely.

Bulkeley and the other prefects followed the juniors back to the school-house.

Dr. Chisholm met them in the big doorway. He gave them a grim frown, but his expression was one of undisguised relief that the rebellion had been got in hand at last.

"Go to your dormitory at once, and dry yourselves!" he said severely. "After that, you will proceed to your Form-room, where I shall deal with you!"

Without a word, the Fourth-Formers tramped up to their dormitory.

The Head of Rookwood was evidently under the impression that the barring-out was over and done with, and that all that remained was to mete out stern punishment to the rebels.

But in that he was making a slight mistake.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Not Beaten Yet!

JIMMY SILVER locked the door of the dormitory when the Fourth-Formers were all inside.

There was to be no interference with the rebels until they were prepared to carry out their plans.

The Modern juniors had come up with the Classics, instead of going to Mr. Manders' House—with the exception of Leggett, the shirker, who had scuttled away down a passage and escaped.

Before five minutes had elapsed the handle of the door was turned.

It did not open, and there came a furious rapping.

"Open this door!" came the angry tones of Mr. Manders, the senior Modern master.

"What's wanted?" called out Jimmy Silver.

"All Modern boys are to return to their own house at once!" snapped Mr. Manders. "Dodd, Doyle, Cook—all of you, you have no business in this dormitory."

"Go and eat coke!" called back Tommy Dodd.

"What!"

"Coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dodd! You—you insolent young rascal! You, sir, are marked down for expulsion from the school, with the other ringleaders!" shouted Mr. Manders.

"Bow-wow!"

A sound was heard without, as if Mr. Manders were suffocating.

The Modern master had supposed, like the Head, that the barring-out was over, and that the time had come for handing out punishments.

He thumped angrily on the door.

"Silver!"

"Hallo, old scout!" answered Jimmy, who was changing his clothes, and did not cease that necessary operation while he answered the Modern master.

"I order you to admit me."

"Go hon!"

"Will you open this door at once, Silver?"

"I think not."

"You insolent boy!"

"Rats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Townsend, you are there? Open this door, Townsend!"

Towny made a step towards the door.

"Knock him over," said Jimmy Silver, without moving.

And Conroy, who was nearest to Towny, knocked him over cheerfully, and poor Towny sprawled on the floor.

"Look here, I'm going to let Mr. Manders in!" exclaimed Peele fiercely.

"Knock him over!"

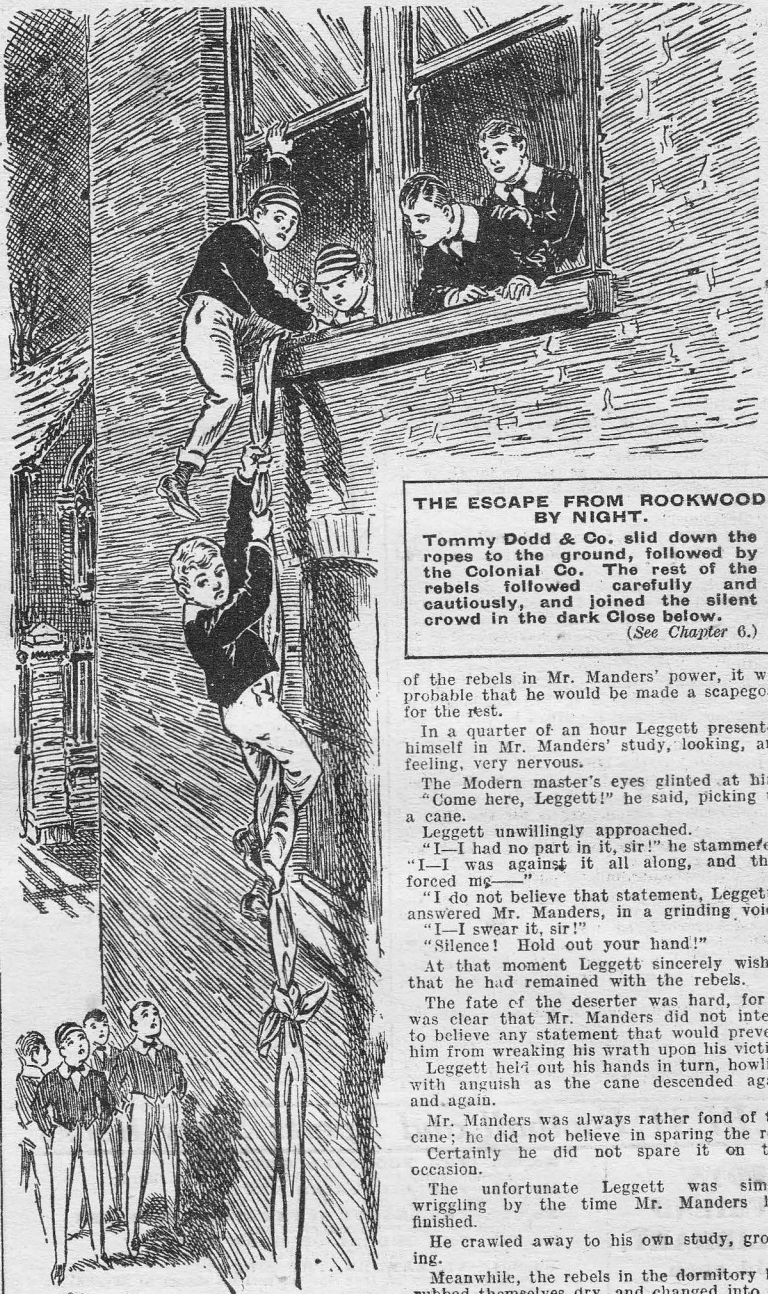
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep off, you rotter!" howled Peele, as Van Ryn strode at him. "You Dutch beast, keep your paws off— Yaroo!"

Bump!

Peele sat down.

"Get up and have another!" suggested the South African junior.



THE ESCAPE FROM ROOKWOOD BY NIGHT.

Tommy Dodd & Co. slid down the ropes to the ground, followed by the Colonial Co. The rest of the rebels followed carefully and cautiously, and joined the silent crowd in the dark Close below.

(See Chapter 6.)

of the rebels in Mr. Manders' power, it was probable that he would be made a scapegoat for the rest.

In a quarter of an hour Leggett presented himself in Mr. Manders' study, looking, and feeling, very nervous.

The Modern master's eyes glinted at him. "Come here, Leggett!" he said, picking up a cane.

Leggett unwillingly approached. "I—I had no part in it, sir!" he stammered. "I—I was against it all along, and they forced me—"

"I do not believe that statement, Leggett," answered Mr. Manders, in a grinding voice.

"I—I swear it, sir!"

"Silence! Hold out your hand!"

At that moment Leggett sincerely wished that he had remained with the rebels.

The fate of the deserter was hard, for it was clear that Mr. Manders did not intend to believe any statement that would prevent him from wreaking his wrath upon his victim.

Leggett held out his hands in turn, howling with anguish as the cane descended again and again.

Mr. Manders was always rather fond of the cane; he did not believe in sparing the rod.

Certainly he did not spare it on this occasion.

The unfortunate Leggett was simply wriggling by the time Mr. Manders had finished.

He crawled away to his own study, groaning.

Meanwhile, the rebels in the dormitory had rubbed themselves dry, and changed into dry clothes.

Their spirits rose somewhat after that operation.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were as determined as ever.

There came a tap at the door, and an exclamation, as it was found locked.

"Let me in!" It was Bulkeley this time.

"Can't be did, Bulkeley!" replied Jimmy Silver.

"Silver! You are not keeping up this nonsense, I suppose?" exclaimed the captain of Rookwood.

"What-ho!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bulkeley.

He, like the Head, had supposed that all was over, and the rebels reduced to obedience.

Had he supposed otherwise, the juniors would not have been allowed an opportunity of locking themselves in the dormitory.

The dragged crowd that had tramped from the camp to the School House did not look as if they had any "kick" left in them. But appearances were deceptive.

THE POPULAR.—No. 164.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. By OWEN CONQUEST.

—W. TAYLER—

"Yow-ow-ow!" Bang, bang! came at the door. Mr. Manders appeared to be getting excited. "Clear off, you old duffer!" called out Lovell.

"What!" "Buzz off, fathead!" Mr. Manders, choking with wrath, strode away at last.

He rustled downstairs, where he sought the Head.

"Dr. Chisholm, the Fourth Form have locked themselves in their dormitory!" he exclaimed. "They refuse to open the door!"

"I intend to deal with them, Mr. Manders," answered the Head, somewhat tartly. "You may leave the whole matter in my hands!"

Mr. Manders murmured something, and retreated.

He returned to his own House, and ordered Knowles to send Leggett to him as soon as the junior had changed his clothes.

Leggett was fed up with the rebellion, and he had deserted, but as he was the only one

NEXT FRIDAY! "THE SHADOW OF THE PAST!"

"Silver," said Bulkeley at last, "this can't go on! It won't take very long to force this door. Take my advice, and make an end of it. It will be all the better for you."

"Is Lattrey gone yet?"

"Lattrey? No; he is not going."

"Then the barring-out goes on."

"You'll be expelled for this, I'm afraid, Silver!"

"The Head intends to sack me, anyway, if I give in," answered Jimmy Silver coolly. "I'm not taking any, thanks!"

Bulkeley was silent.

Certainly the juniors had little to gain by surrender.

It meant expulsion for the leaders, and severe punishment for the rest.

It could scarcely lead to worse terms for them if the barring-out continued.

The captain of Rookwood descended to the Head's study.

"Well!" said Dr. Chisholm.

"The Fourth have locked themselves in, sir."

"Is it possible that they intend to continue this reckless mutiny?" the Head exclaimed.

"It looks like it, sir. May I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly, Bulkeley!"

"If—you thought fit, sir, to let them off punishment, I dare say they would make an end of it."

"Bulkeley!"

The head prefect of Rookwood did not flinch from the doctor's thunderous look and tone.

"I think I ought to tell you, sir, that all Rookwood thinks that Lattrey of the Fourth ought to be sent away," he said firmly.

"There is a great deal of sympathy for the Fourth among the other Forms, even the Sixth."

"I am sorry to hear it, Bulkeley! I did not expect to hear a prefect condoning insubordination!" said the Head harshly. "You need say no more."

"Very well, sir."

Bulkeley left the study.

There was a sound of wheels in the quad, and Dr. Chisholm glanced from the window.

Mr. Lattrey was departing for the station, under the impression that the rebellion at Rookwood was over, and that his work was done there.

The Head watched him with a bitter look. Gladly he would have seen Lattrey of the Fourth depart with his father—gladly he would have ordered him to do so.

But he had not the power. The strange secret of the past was in the hands of the detective, who used it unscrupulously to bend the Head of Rookwood to his will.

The cab turned out of the gates and disappeared.

The Head, with a sigh, crossed to the door.

The Rookwood fellows, released from the Form-rooms now, were crowding in the quad,

excitedly discussing the new phase in the rebellion.

Several fellows had been up to the dormitory door, and had learned that the rebels of the Fourth were there, and still holding out.

Dr. Chisholm ascended the stairs.

A fag of the Third was outside the dormitory, calling through the keyhole. It was Algy Silver of the Third.

"Still keeping it up, Jimmy?"

"Yes, kid!"

"I say, let me in! I'd rather join you than do lessons, anyway."

The sportive Algy seemed quite to have got over his feud with his cousin, for the present at least.

Before Jimmy could answer, Algy heard the Head's step in the passage, and spun round.

"Boy!" thundered the Head. "Go away at once! Take five hundred lines! Go!"

Algy Silver fled.

Dr. Chisholm, with a ruffled brow, raised his hand and knocked at the door.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Holding the Fort!

THERE was a breathless hush in the dormitory as the juniors heard the Head outside.

"Now for the circus!" murmured Lovell.

Knock!

"Hallo!"

"Kindly open this door," said the Head quietly.

"Sorry, sir."

"Am I to understand, Silver, that this insubordination is continuing?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy calmly.

"If you do not open this door, Silver, it will be forced."

"We shall resist, sir."

"You, Silver, will be immediately taken away from Rookwood in charge of a prefect. You are expelled!"

"Rot!"

"Wha-at? What did you say, Silver?"

"Rot, sir!"

There was a breathless chuckle in the dormitory.

Jimmy Silver was burning his bridges behind him, as it were.

"I will not speak to you, you insolent boy! I appeal to the others—to their common-sense. Silver, Erroll, Dodd, and Lovell will be expelled. The others will be punished. But if this continues there will be further expulsions."

"Go it, sir!" called out Conroy. "Better serve us all alike!"

"I shall add your name to the list, Conroy."

"Mine, too!" said Van Ryn.

"And mine!" chuckled Pons.

"And mine!" shouted Raby. "We're all

sticking together, sir, and if one goes we all go!"

"Silence! If you return to your duty at once I will use you as leniently as possible. Otherwise—"

"Rats!"

The Head retired at that.

"It's all rot," muttered Townsend. "We can't keep it up. How can we stick in here?"

"Only until the coast's clear," said Jimmy Silver. "We're going out of gates, and we sha'n't come back till Lattrey is sacked."

"It's you that's goin' to be sacked, you fool!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"Yes, shut up, Towny," said Lovell. "It's the Fourth against the Head, and the Fourth have got to stick together."

"Barricade the door!" said Jimmy quietly.

Some of the juniors had begun to share Towny & Co.'s doubts. But Jimmy Silver's word was law.

Beds were dragged out of their places, and crammed against the door.

They made a formidable pile, backed up by the washstands.

The rebels worked hard at the barricade, and it did not take them long.

It was barely completed, when there was a tramp of feet in the passage.

They heard the sergeant grunting outside, and then there was hammering.

A crowbar was being driven in between the door and the jamb, close to the lock.

The door strained and creaked as the blows of the mallet drove the crowbar in deeper and deeper.

The juniors waited in grim silence.

"That'll do," said Sergeant Kettle at last.

"Now you 'ang on to that there bar, and pull 'ard."

Knowles and Bulkeley and another prefect grasped the bar, and wrenched at it.

With a grinding crash the lock burst.

The door was open now.

But it opened only an inch or so, and then was held fast by the barricade piled within.

Bulkeley shoved at the door, and uttered an angry exclamation.

Through the narrow opening he could see the barricade.

"My hat! They've got it barricaded!" exclaimed Knowles.

"Let us in, you young fools!" exclaimed Carthew.

"Rats!"

"All of you shove together," said Bulkeley. "Lend a hand, sergeant!"

Half a dozen sturdy Sixth-Formers and the sergeant put their shoulders to the big, oaken door and shoved.

"Back up!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

"Put your beef into it!" grinned Lovell.

The juniors lined up at the barricade and shoved, to keep it fast against the straining door.

"Pull devil, pull baker!" chuckled Conroy.

"It's giving!" panted the sergeant, outside.

"Not quite!" smiled Jimmy Silver.

The door yielded another couple of inches, jamming the beds and washstands more tightly together, but that was all.

Even without the juniors inside, it was doubtful if the heavy pile could have been shoved over.

But with the Fourth-Formers shoving on their side, the task was impossible.

"Oh!" gasped Bulkeley at last. "Ease off! It won't move!"

The pressure on the door ceased.

The prefects stood panting for breath, almost exhausted by the great effort.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Neville. "This is a go! Better call the Head!"

"Here he comes!" muttered Knowles.

Dr. Chisholm rustled along the passage.

"You have opened the door?" he asked.

"Now—"

"It's barricaded, sir!"

"What?"

"It won't open," said Bulkeley.

The Head gnawed his under-lip with annoyance.

"Surely you can push the door open?" he exclaimed.

"We'll try again, sir," said Bulkeley shortly.

Again there was a general shove from outside, responded to by a general shove from inside.

The door creaked and groaned, but it remained as it was before, a few inches open.

"It's no good, sir," gasped Bulkeley.

The Head breathed hard.

"Silver—and the rest—I warn you that you had better not continue this lawlessness.

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THE POPULAR.—No. 164.

NEXT FRIDAY!

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST!

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

I warn you that you will have no food until you have returned to your duty."
"We'll chance that, sir."
The Head strode away. He was baffled again.

The rebels had been driven out of the entrenched camp, but the last state did not seem much better than the first.

The dinner-bell was ringing below, and Bulkeley and the rest moved away.

Jimmy shoved the door to, and the barricade was crammed a little closer.

That round, at least, had been won by the rebels of Rookwood.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Unconquered.

"I—I'm hungry!"

"Same here!"

Jimmy Silver did not speak.

The day was drawing to its close, and the refugees in the dormitory had not been assailed again.

The Head was evidently willing to leave hunger to do the work.

After a day without meals it was only too probable the rebels would see the error of their ways, and come down from the dormitory of their own accord.

Two prefects were on the watch in the passage outside to see that no food was conveyed to them.

Jimmy Silver was waiting for dark, when he fully intended to lead his flock out of the gates of Rookwood.

That was the only resource left, excepting surrender. And surrender was not a word in Uncle James' vocabulary.

But there was no doubt that the juniors were hungry.

And if the barring-out in the dormitory had lasted over the next day the barring-out would certainly have come to an end—in a "German peace," as Lovell put it.

"I say, isn't it about time we made a start, Jimmy?" muttered Lovell. "We can get some grub in the village, of sorts."

"Wait till dark!" answered the captain of the Fourth. "We don't want the prefects to rush us. The game would be up, then."

"It's getting dark!" urged Raby.

"Wait till it's got!" grinned Jimmy Silver. And they waited.

The dusk was thickening over the old quadrangle of Rookwood, lessons had long been over, and most of the fellows below were at prep.

Jimmy Silver looked from the dormitory window as the dusk thickened more and more.

Ropes had already been made of twisted bedclothes, and placed in readiness. Jimmy Silver had tested those ropes very carefully.

It was a good distance to the ground, and that was the only way out.

"Time!" said Jimmy at last.

"Thank goodness!" breathed Lovell.

A bedstead had been dragged under the window, and to its legs the ropes were fastened.

Jimmy Silver opened the window cautiously, and the ropes were gently lowered out over the ivy beneath.

All was dark and silent in the quadrangle. "Look here, I'm not goin' to risk it!" muttered Peele. "You fellows can go, an' you can leave us here."

"All together!" answered Jimmy Silver.

"Leave us here, or I'll call out to the prefects in the passage, an' give you away!" said Peele desperately.

"Will you?" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Collar them!"

Peele and Gower, Townsend and Topham, were grasped at once and borne to the floor. They did not have much chance of yelling.

Sheets were bound over their faces, effectually gagging them, and blinding them as well.

Tommy Dodd and Doyle and Cook slid down the ropes to the ground, followed by the Colonial Co.

The rest of the rebels followed, cautiously and carefully, till the Fistical Four were left alone with the Nuts.

And then Towny & Co. were tied to the ropes and lowered into the hands of the juniors below.

It was probable that they objected, but they could not voice their objections. Only a faint gurgle came under the gags.

"Now, we're off!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

"You fellows first."

Lovell, Raby, and Newcome slid down.

Jimmy Silver followed them, and joined the silent crowd in the darkness below.

"March!" he whispered. "The sooner we're out the better!"

"Gates are closed now!" murmured Lovell. "I know. Make for the wall."

Silent as spectres, the rebels of Rookwood tripped away across the dark quad, with Towny & Co. in their midst.

Ten minutes later they were all over the wall and in the road outside.

There the Nuts were released, and they gasped, with crimson faces, as the gags were taken away. Towny & Co. blinked round them.

"Now come on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Stick it out, you blessed funks! We're all in for it together!"

"Ow, yow!" mumbled Townsend.

But the Nuts marched with the rest. They had no choice, and their footsteps died away down the dusky road.

It was some hours later that a knock came at the door of the deserted dormitory.

It was bed-time for the juniors, and the Head considered that hunger had probably reduced the rebels to a more reasonable frame of mind by this time.

He knocked at the door and called out.

"Silver!"

No answer.

"Answer me, boy!"

There was no reply from within.

The Head turned to Bulkeley and Neville, who were now guarding the passage.

"The boys have not left the dormitory?" he asked.

"No, sir!"

"It is very strange. There seems no sound. Possibly they are asleep. Make an attempt to force the door."

Bulkeley called up the other prefects, and there was an attack on the door.

It yielded an inch or two, and then, with

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a terrific combined shove, the barricade within was loosened.

It was evident that it was no longer defended. Bedsteads and washstands tumbled right and left as the assailants continued shoving.

There were a series of loud crashes in the dormitory.

The door was open at last. The Head rushed in, catching a chill draught from the open window as he did so.

The room was in darkness. Bulkeley lighted the gas.

"My only hat!" roared Neville. "They're gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed the Head.

His eyes turned on the open window, where the bedclothes were flapping in the breeze. Then his glance fell upon a message chalked upon a looking-glass.

It ran, in large letters:

"NOTICE TO THE HEAD!

"The Fourth Form are leaving Rookwood until Lattrey of the Fourth is expelled from the School.

"No surrender!"

"Likewise, rats!"

There was a faint chuckle among the prefects, which died away at once as the Head's glance swept upon them.

Dr. Chisholm, without a word, rustled out of the dormitory.

He did not speak—there was nothing to say, and the Head at last was at his wits' end.

"My only hat!" murmured Bulkeley.

That was all Bulkeley could say. He wiped the chalked message from the glass, and the prefects left the dormitory.

Outside the walls of Rookwood Jimmy Silver & Co. were still holding out.

THE END.

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

**THE "MIDLAND'S"
CONSPICUOUS
EXPRESS ENGINES.
By A RAILWAY EXPERT.**

IN matters locomotive the Midland Railway is conspicuous—its fine engines are conspicuously handsome in their Derby-red paint, for instance—whilst for its fine express work it depends upon compound engines, and, alone with the S.E. & C.R., retains 4-coupled locomotives for its fastest trains. Superheating has largely superseded compounding, but the Midland still favours compounds. Then the big numerals on the tender—an Americanism—was first adopted by the Midland Railway. Other lines have since made use of the idea, but their figures do not attain quite to the size of those adopted by the Midland.

Dealing first with the retention of the 4-4-0 type for express work, whilst other lines have decided upon the 4-6-0 or 4-4-2 design, it will be remembered that the Midland Railway expresses are usually light in weight as compared with those of the G.W., L.N.W., and G.N. railways. The Midland main line, although not so easy as those of the G.W., L. & N.W., and G.N., cannot be counted as hard, and 4-coupled engines are capable of hauling the expresses at fairly high schedule speed. Should the train prove heavy, a pilot is provided, and therefore trains with two engines are not unusual on the Midland.

If the trains are exceptionally heavy, they are run in two parts. It must not be forgotten that until a few years back "single" engines were not unusual on light expresses of the Midland Railway.

In many big provincial towns the Midland Railway is a dominating influence, although at most places it now has to meet the competition of one or another of the other big railways. But at Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester, the Midland Railway and its supporters have a well-defined idea that it is it.

With all these and many other important towns to serve, as well as a Scottish service and a connection with Belfast (via Heysham), St. Pancras Station, London, has a good number of express trains arriving and departing every day.

The longest run without a stop performed by the Midland compound engines of the 1,025 class is between St. Pancras and Nottingham, a distance of 125½ miles. These engines, which have 4-coupled wheels 7ft. diameter, and three cylinders—two outside low pressure (21in. diameter), and one inside high pressure (19in. diameter), each 26in. stroke—perform the journey in 2 hours 24 minutes, equal to 51½ miles an hour. There are three non-stop journeys between London and Nottingham now, but prior to 1915 the total was fifteen, and the quickest time was only 131 minutes (56½ miles an hour). Although at present the Midland Railway has only the London-Nottingham run of over a hundred miles without a stop, in pre-war days it occupied quite a front-rank position for long non-stop runs.

It used to advertise one as "not stopping at any station between London and Carlisle." This was merely an advertising catch, the train was timed to stop outside Shipley Station to change engines. The run from London to Shipley (206 miles in length) was performed in 3 hours 57 minutes (52.2 miles an hour), and was only exceeded in length by the G.W.R.'s (Paddington to Plymouth) run of 225½ miles. Had the Midland Railway run to Carlisle, as suggested by the advertisement, the distance (309 miles) would have been far and away the longest non-stop run on record.

Other long pre-war non-stop runs by the Midland were Leeds to St. Pancras (196½ miles at 54 miles an hour), Cheadle Heath and St. Pancras (181½ miles at 53 miles an hour), and Chinley and St. Pancras (169 miles at 54 miles an hour).

THE POPULAR.—No. 164.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE SHADOW OF THE PAST!"

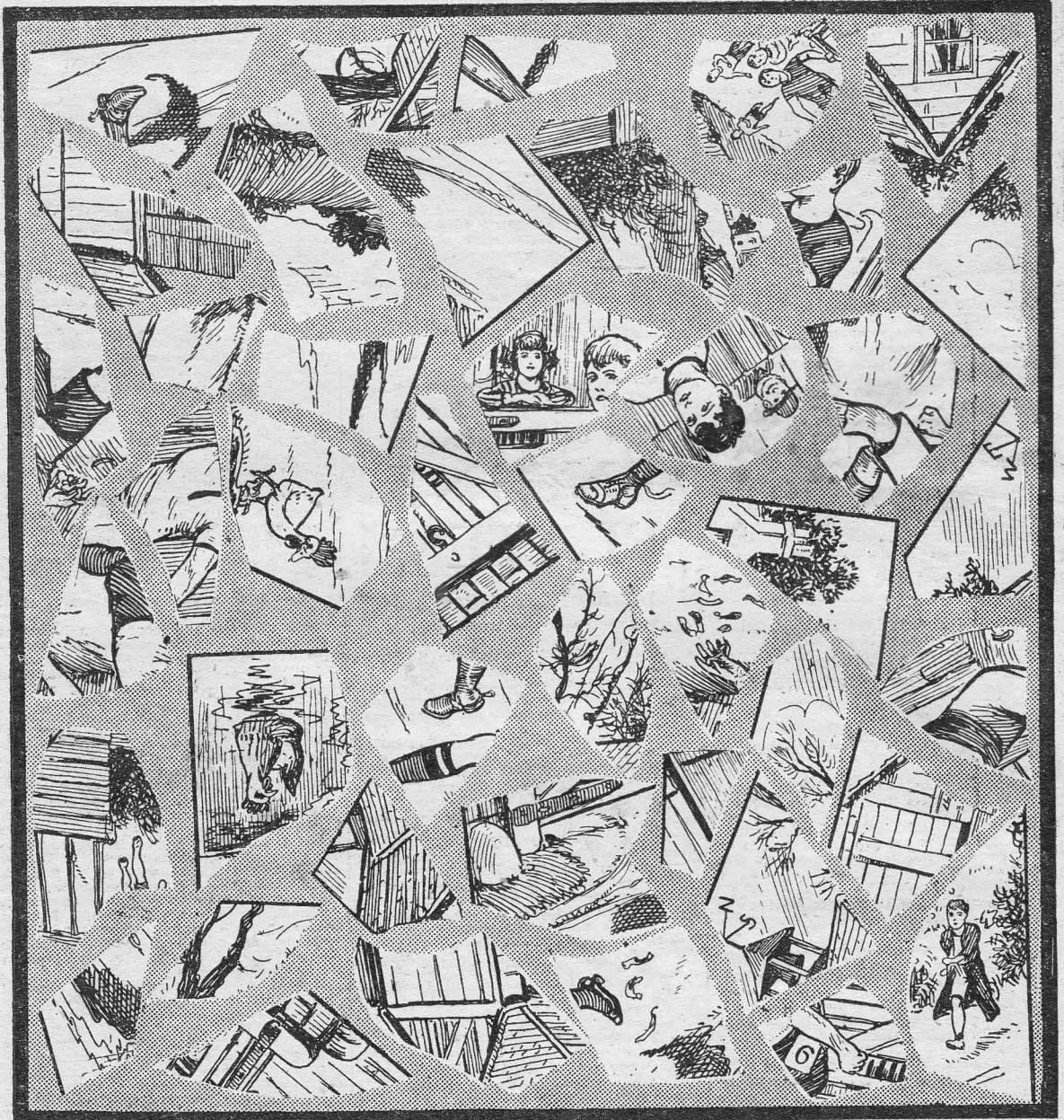
JUST A GAME—BUT WITH MONEY PRIZES FOR SKILL!

It was the Editor's intention to present this jigsaw puzzle to readers solely for their amusement. However, he asked the artist to make a number of mistakes in the picture, and that has been done. So, to see how observant and skilful are readers of this paper, the Editor offers a Prize of FIVE POUNDS for the correct—or nearest correct—number of mistakes which appear in this and the succeeding picture, (which will be published in the next issue of the POPULAR) and the two pictures already published. There will also be awarded TEN PRIZES OF TEN SHILLINGS EACH to the next nearest solutions.

Paste the sketch on a piece of cardboard, let it dry, carefully cut out the pieces, and fit them together to make a picture of an incident in a cross country race. Then look at it, and see how many mistakes you can discover in the picture. Sign the coupon at the bottom of the page, attach it to your solution, and KEEP THE SOLUTION by you until you have instructions where and when to send it.

There will be one more picture, remember. Points will be awarded, and the prizes go to the readers who earn the most points. Thus, if you found 24 mistakes in the first picture, you will get 24 points for the list. The second picture might have shown you only 15 mistakes, so you score 39 points, and so on.

SOLVE THE JIGSAW PUZZLE, AND FIND OUT ALL THE MISTAKES!



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Gan Waga's Island!

A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing **FERRERS LORD** and **RUPERT THURSTON & CO.**

By **SIDNEY DREW** (Author of "The Invisible Raider.")

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great German treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought from the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once tying with Ching Lung, Gan Waga has the great luck to win the island.

On the way south, the yacht is overtaken by a terrific storm. They are swept far out of their course and the yacht runs foul of a gigantic iceberg in the intense darkness. The ship crashes through the side of the hollow berg and the entrance freezes up, imprisoning them. Ching Lung and Ferrers Lord hold a council of war on board the yacht. (Now read on.)

Discovering Gan Waga's Island!

CHING LUNG scraped his boots on the gritty deck. It was almost like an evil omen to see the yacht's usually snow-white deck littered over with boiler rubbish.

"Poor old Lord of the Deep!" he said. "Here are the ashes on her already. To me she doesn't seem to have a chance in a million, Chief. And if she goes under?"

"We'll dismantle her wireless, and fix that up ashore. The boat and the launch will not carry a third of us. We may get in touch with some vessel easily enough; but that will not bring her to us. These were always seas of peril, Ching, but never so perilous as they are now. That vast upheaval has glutted them with icebergs, visible and invisible. All the mines that were ever laid in the war, washed adrift or sent adrift, were not such a menace to navigation as these bergs and floes."

"Then even if our wireless does not bring help, it will do some good by putting skippers on their guard," said the prince. "It's up to you now, Chief. From little scraps of conversation that have come my way, the crew look upon this nasty tangle in the light of a joke. They're not taking it at all seriously. They appear to be quite convinced of your ability to get them out. It's very gratifying to have such a character, but there must be times, as at present, when it's difficult to live up to."

"Cheerio, Ching!" cried Rupert Thurston's voice. "Hal Honour is wide awake, sitting up and taking notice—a lot too much notice. He's threatening to get up and dress, unless you spin your yarn to him. Spin it, and then perhaps the stubborn wretch will settle down and go to sleep again."

"No peace for the tired and footsore!" said Ching Lung. "When I do get between the sheets myself, I expect I shall have Gan Waga coming along asking me for his island, as if I had the thing hidden under my pillow. And about that same precious island, Rupert—you guessed the truth. Somebody got here first and pinched it!"

The engineer was sitting up in bed, smoking his pipe. Ching Lung gave him a brief description of what they had done and saw.

"And that's that," he ended. "Your pipe smells like a cross between a gasworks and a backyard in hot weather, only a good deal

worse. If you'll allow me to drop it through the porthole, I'll gladly make you a present of a new one with an amber mouthpiece and gold mounts, guaranteed eighteen carat and jewelled in every hole."

Hal Honour swung himself out of bed. Ching Lung protested volubly, but in vain. The only way he knew of keeping the engineer quiet was to call in half a dozen lusty men to overpower him and put him in manacles. Honour dressed quickly. He went to a drawer, and stuffed his pockets with leather wallets, wound up a watch of extraordinary size, buckled a leather belt round his waist, and put a woollen cap on his head. Then he strode past Ching Lung and made for the deck.

"Boat?" he said questioningly to the millionaire.

Ferrers Lord nodded, without evincing any surprise at the engineer's unexpected appearance. Thurston was about to offer to go with him, when he felt a light squeeze on his arm as the millionaire's fingers pressed it. Hal Honour rowed up the arch, and fixed the anchor of the boat firmly in the weed, stamping it down with his heel. He stopped to fill and light his pipe, and then, lamp in hand, and ice-axe on shoulder, he plunged into the chilly gloom.

"He'll do better alone, Rupert," said Ferrers lord. "He may see things we did not notice, though we are not bad observers."

The engineer was wearing thick-soled, nail-studded boots, but he had not climbed many yards up the tunnel before he came sliding down again, for the rails were too round to grip the ice.

Taking a file from one of the leather wallets, and removing his boots at the same time, he rasped up the studs with a file. It was fairly easy travelling after that.

He emerged from the cavern, and gave one quick glance over the desolation of frost-sprinkled weed.

It was the berg that interested him. He walked across the crackling weed for quite a quarter of a mile, and viewed the berg from the summit of a dune. Following the dizzy path Ching Lung and the millionaire had taken, he reached the saucer-shaped hollow.

The panorama of the bergs, the dark, restless sea, and the sky with its wind-blown clouds and flickering aurora, wonderful and

awe-inspiring as it was, made no appeal just then to the engineer.

Honour was not there to look at scenery, or to take the fresh air for the good of his health. He stared down at the roof of their icy prison.

With the coming of the dawn the aurora was falling out. Honour began to use his axe. He wanted to see what was on the other side.

With infinite care and infinite patience he hacked grooves for his hands and feet, and at last, ankle-deep in snow, he stood on the very summit of the berg—a dark figure against the slowly-brightening sky.

The brown seaweed stretched out for miles, but amid the brown, jagged white spikes shot up—spikes of solid ice. With a pencil in his gloved hand the engineer sketched a plan.

There was something farther away at the end of the narrowing streak of brown that he could not make out. It was black, and like a rocky headland or a low peak.

He had not brought any field-glasses. With folded arms he waited and watched till the light grew better, and added a few more lines to his plan. Beneath he wrote:

"Triangular-shaped ice-floe, not island. Land visible at head of triangle, S.W. Ridge of ice between, very rugged and broken. Longest side of triangle probably sixteen miles. Two keys hold ice-floe from drifting south; land at apex of triangle and berg at head of cave. Blue water round berg to S. Evidently very deep."

With the same caution the engineer made the descent. For a long time he remained looking up at the iceberg from below, and then, with a shake of his head, he entered the tunnel. On the yacht only a few lights were burning, for a hazy, glassy light was beginning to follow through the icy roof and walls of the cave.

"So you're back, Honour," said the millionaire. "Thurston has just made some hot coffee. You'd better go down and have a cup of it."

The engineer handed him the open notebook, and, after examining the sketch and reading what Honour had written, the millionaire nodded.

"Ching and I guessed it was only an ice-floe," he said; "but you have gone one better."

THE POPULAR.—No. 164.

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT FRIDAY!

THE RIGHT STUFF!

After all, we are not going to cheat Gan Waga."

"Desolatia," said Hal Honour briefly. "Like that?"

"A black lozenge-shaped headland," said the millionaire, and Honour nodded. "That is not bad news. We can find comparative warmth and shelter there. Before all the seals, or most of them, were destroyed, and the guano was taken, there was generally a ship of some kind in the bay. And this, Honour?"

He pointed to the roof of the cave. Honour put his gloved finger on his sketch, and spread out his hands with a hopeless gesture.

Then Thurston called them, for the hot coffee was ready. When he had drunk a cup of it the engineer stifed a yawn, and went back to bed, and five minutes later he was sound asleep.

But, with the exception of Ferrers Lord, who had insisted upon keeping his chilly and silent vigil alone, the engineer was the first to awaken. Ferrers Lord had heard no ominous, cracking sounds, and to his knowledge not a particle of ice had fallen from walls or roof.

What Honour had to tell him in a few brief words and fewer gestures, he listened to with unmoved face and inscrutable eyes.

On his way to his cabin to snatch an hour's rest he met Ching Lung.

"Watchman, what of the night, or what of the morning?" asked the prince, in his cheerful way. "It is morning, I suppose, though there's not much light to brag about."

"Yes, it's broad daylight," said Ferrers Lord. "I don't want to spoil your appetite for breakfast, but Honour has been imparting a few dismal facts. He tells me that the top of the berg is rotten; that he could feel it shaking when he was standing up there. I thought of trying to cut it away from the top by small charges of explosives that would not bring down enough ice at a time to imperil the roof of the cavern. Honour is confident that the berg is too crazy. There would be an enormous fall at once, and it would be outwards, right on top of us. An inward fall would be equally dangerous, for it is not an island, but an ice-floe."

"What a nice, kind, cheerful man to know, Chief!" said Ching Lung. "Then, if Hal is right, and I'll admit he makes few mis-

takes, there is nothing left except abandon the yacht."

"Nothing. We shall start getting the more necessary stuff out at once. Honour made another discovery. He has located Gan Waga's island for us."

An hour's sleep was sufficient for Ferrers Lord. In that hour a good deal of work had been done. Honour and his men had got the petrol-launch out and up the tunnel.

The great berg offered ample shelter from southerly winds, but, except for the dunes of weed, there was no protection at all from the north.

"This will not do at all, Honour," said Ferrers Lord. "We're just as likely to get a blizzard from the north as from the south and be frozen out of this. We must look for a warmer camping ground. Bring out everything useful. I'll take the prince and the Eskimo with me, and find out if we can reach Desolatia."

Ching Lung had quite a hunt before he discovered the Eskimo. Gan Waga was doing a little tailoring, putting a patch on a pair of rather moth-eaten sealskin trousers that he had not worn for ages. He had also repaired a sealskin coat. He put on these warm but rather shabby garments.

"I readiness now, Chingy," he said. "I not worned these fo' ages. How I looks, my merry old bean?"

"You look exactly like a fat, two-legged walrus that has had its whiskers frozen off and moulted very badly," said Ching Lung. "Still, blubberbiter, you are so beautiful that nothing can spoil you unless you keep the Chief waiting. I suppose you're pleased that there's a bit of snow and ice about?"

"I like snow and ices better than the hotness, Chingy," grinned the Eskimo. "I clean up my old spear, too, Chingy. I bif an old Polar bears spoonful, hunk!"

Gan made a few thrusts at the air with the shining, broad-bladed spear. Ching Lung did not trouble to explain to him that the most ferocious monster he was likely to encounter would be a timid seagull or a friendly penguin. They went ashore, heavily loaded with drums of petrol. In spite of the absence of wild beasts, Ching Lung saw that the millionaire carried a sporting rifle and a bandolier of cartridges.

"What about the pictures, the plate, and the other valuables, Chief?" asked Thurston,

for the yacht was filled with rare and costly things.

"Leave them to the last, Thurston. Let them take their chance." He turned to the Eskimo. "What is the weather going to be like, Gan Waga?"

The Eskimo looked at the pale, cloudless sky, and expanded his chest as he snifed in the keen air. He had an uncanny knack of foretelling the weather.

"It freeze hards all the times till dusk, Chief," he answered. "Then it blow up and get warmness, and bring the snow. It blow up from the south."

The millionaire swung round and moved away at a quick pace, with the prince beside him, and Gan Waga waddling along behind, with the big spear on his shoulder. For an hour they walked over the crackling weed. Then the ridge of icy spikes the engineer had seen from the berg rose gleaming ahead of them, and beyond the barrier loomed the black, flat-topped rock of Gan Waga's island. At the spikes the weed ended. It had been caught as if in the teeth of a vast comb, and entangled there.

Gan Waga quickly found a way through. For another half-hour they twisted in and out, and then came to a level flow, on which the snow lay white and crisp and untrampled by the foot of man, bird, or beast. Gan Waga uttered a whoop of joy and bounded forward to roll over and over in it. His face beamed with pure delight.

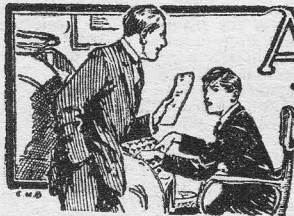
"Everyone to his taste, Chief," said Ching Lung. "He'd sooner have the snow than his island. By the dreary look of the place from here, perhaps he's right."

"I didn't describe Desolatia as a green gem set in a silver sea when I offered to sell it to you, Ching," said the millionaire, smiling. "To have weathered that earthquake, it is a very substantial rock, and far preferable to an open, wind-blown ice-flow. When the snow comes we shall be able to bring our stuff across in sledges. Don't despise Desolatia yet. The foe may break up, but it isn't likely that Desolatia will."

"And if the break comes, this is where it should start," said the prince; "and though I'm no lover of snow, the sooner we have a fall the better for us."

They were nearing the apex of the triangle. On either side of the narrowing floe lay the

(Continued on the next page.)



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

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

The first thing we have to announce for next week is **ANOTHER GRAND FREE ENGINE PLATE.**

The subject of this next plate will be the Great Northern Railway Company's up-to-date express engine. This magnificent engine is illustrated in the correct colours, and every boy and girl who secures next week's issue of the "Popular" is bound to admire the splendid plate which will be found inside.

Our next grand long complete school story of Greyfriars will be entitled:

"TREACHERY OR CHANCE?"
By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the manner in which Herbert Vernon-Smith has the pleasure of seeing Mark Linley miss the examination which was to have kept him at Greyfriars.

The Rookwood story, of which an incident will be illustrated on the cover of next Friday's "Popular," is entitled:

"THE SHADOW OF THE PAST!"
By Owen Conquest.

When reading this, you will see how a man whom Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood,

THE POPULAR.—No. 164.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE RIGHT STUFF!"

had dreaded to meet again, turns up, and proves himself a hero. This story is particularly fine, and very exciting.

Then comes the magnificent story, specially written for the "Popular" by Martin Clifford, entitled:

"TOM MERRY'S VIGILANCE COMMITTEE!"

You will not need telling, of course, that this story concerns the juniors of St. Jim's.

Tom Merry & Co. are determined to put an end to the rascally behaviour of some of the seniors, and the way they do it is interesting—not to say drastic!

The fourth grand long complete story is entitled:

"THE RIGHT STUFF!"
By Martin Clifford.

The story concerns the adventures of Frank Richards & Co. at the School in the Backwoods of Canada, and readers are certain to enjoy reading of the schooldays of their

famous friend, who has written for them so many wonderful stories of Greyfriars.

There will also be another splendid four-page supplement, for which Billy Bunter and his four fat subs are responsible. It is a wonder Billy Bunter doesn't get a swelled head, considering how wonderfully popular is his "Weekly." Readers all over the country are writing in praise of this feature, and I have every reason to know that they are telling all their chums about this and other splendid features in the greatly enlarged "Popular."

A REQUEST.

I want to ask every one of my readers to lend his or her copy of the "Popular," when finished with, to a friend. I know for a fact that many thousands of my readers praise the "Popular" to their friends, but I also know from experience that if only a non-reader of this paper is allowed to read a copy, he or she invariably becomes a regular reader. Regular readers must be continually receiving the thanks of their chums for having mentioned the "Popular," but I am sure that even a far greater number of new readers can be obtained if only my chums will lend their copies of the "Popular" to non-readers. They can always get them back, and a good turn is being done not only to boys and girls who have never seen a copy of the "Popular," but to your Editor as well.

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YOUR EDITOR.

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

sea, rolling lazily against the edges of the ice. Here was the weak spot.

The black, flat-topped rock, six hundred feet high, seemed to rise sheer from the ice like an insurmountable granite wall. It was utterly bare and verdureless, without shrub or tree or blade of grass, or even a patch of moss to give a splash of colour.

"That chunk of granite cost me five hundred pounds," said the prince, with a laugh. "Gan, you shabby villain, that's the island you won at put-and-take, all yours!"

"He not much useness to me, Chingy," grinned the Eskimo. "It all mines, Chingy, hunk? I the boss of the show and do what I like on my merry old islands, hunk?"

"I expect you can do what you like if they'll let you, young fellow," said the prince. "I believe you're allowed to do just as you choose with your own property."

"Ho, ho, hoo! Then Prout and Maddock and Barry O'Rourke got to be very politeness to me, or I sling them outs, Chingy!" chuckled the Eskimo. "I not have any rudeness scallywags on my island. How we get on him? He so steepness we want a lot of long ladders or an airplan to get on that chap."

"There's a ravine somewhere," said Ferrers Lord. "I have not seen the map of it lately, but I know there is a break in the cliff. The bay is on the other side, and splendidly sheltered. All depends on our luck now. The break may be away from the ice, and in that case, without a boat, we have had our journey for nothing."

"Good egg! Our luck's in for once!" cried Ching Lung. "I can see a slit in the old rock! It may be a bit too soon to cheer yet, but it looks hopeful."

A few moments later they had left the floe and were on Gan Waga's island, Desolatia. The path, strewn with boulders, wound upwards and inwards. Here a few lichens grew on sheltered corners. There was snow on the rough track, and where there was snow or ice there was nothing too steep for Gan Waga to climb. He pushed on ahead, and then suddenly appeared, holding something in his hand. He had picked up a broken clay pipe, and the bowl of the pipe was filled with charred tobacco.

"Hallo, hallo!" cried Ching Lung. "This thing hasn't been here very long. You didn't expect to find anyone on Desolatia, did you, Chief?"

"Not unless they have been cast away here," answered the millionaire. "There has been nothing here for years to tempt people. The guano has been cleared, and the seals that used to swarm here have been practically exterminated by the fur-hunters."

"Still, there's somebody here, or somebody was here within the last few days, for this discarded pipe is proof positive," said the prince. "Have you found footprints, Gan?"

"No, Chingy; the snow fall after that," said the Eskimo. "I see the old pipes under a ledge where the snow not get at him. What they doing on my island, hunk, Chingy?"

"That's just what we're going to discover. I scarcely think they're here out of choice, my son," said the prince. "I haven't seen much of your island yet, but by what I have seen of it I wouldn't give twopenn'orth of cold gin for the whole bag of tricks. Lead on, McGan, and we'll make a few useful inquiries."

"I gives you a leg up, and then you see morer quickness, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "It go down steepness round the corners where I get the pipe, but it all twisty. Get up here, and you see down all the way."

Standing on the Eskimo's shoulders, the prince pulled himself up. He pursed his lips, and gave an astonished whistle as he lay flat on the rock.

The pear-shaped harbour of Desolatia was below him, and in the bay a big steam-yacht lay snugly at anchor. This in itself was astonishing enough, but he saw something even more astonishing. At the wide end of the bay were rows of wooden huts, with smoke rising from their chimneys, quite a little township.

"Come up, Chief!" he cried. "You may have the title-deeds of Desolatia, but you have neglected it so long that somebody else has come along and bagged it."

The millionaire climbed to the prince's side. Between the huts they could see human figures moving to and fro. Ferrers Lord did not speak a word, but his brows knitted.

"Hi, Chingy!" said the Eskimo from below. "Somebody comings, Ching!"

(Another thrilling instalment of our wonderful serial next week!)

MARK LINLEY STANDS FIRM.

(Continued from page 10.)

"I will withdraw if you like," said the Bounder. "As I said, the prize is nothing to me—not worth the trouble of winning. I'd rather get out of the fag of the exam. Of course, I should only withdraw on certain conditions."

"I don't ask you to withdraw. I think it is caddish of you to enter for the prize at all, as you're not in need of the money," said Mark. "The prize was founded to help poor scholars."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"All's fair in war!" he said. "All I ask of you is that you leave Study No. 1 alone. I am going to down Wharton—I am going to make myself captain of the Remove, if only to prove that I can do it if I choose. You have been against me all the time—"

"I am against you now."

"If you become my friend, you'll find me a good pal," said the Bounder calmly. "If you make me an enemy, you'll find me a bad enemy. I give you your choice of the two."

"You know my choice already. I'd rather have a fellow of your sort as an enemy than as a friend."

"Better think it over," suggested the Bounder. "You know what it means to you if you don't get the Noble prize."

Mark drew a deep breath.

"I feel sure now that I shall get it," he said.

"And why?"

"Because you have come to me and made this offer. You were the only opponent I really feared; and now I do not fear you. If you thought you could beat me in the exam, you would not come here and make me this offer. You are offering peace because you feel you have no chance of beating me on the Greek paper."

The Bounder bit his lip hard. There was no fellow at Greyfriars who could read his dark and tortuous character so easily and clearly. But Mark Linley saw through him, and saw through his motives, without a doubt.

"You feel sure of that?" he asked, with a sneer.

"I feel sure of it now."

"And you are certain of bagging the Noble prize, and paying your father's debts, and sticking here at Greyfriars?"

"I feel almost certain now."

"Well," said the Bounder slowly, "you won't get the Noble prize. You will have to leave Greyfriars. Nugent and Bull have left, and you will follow!"

"Beat me at the exam if you can," said Mark. "I shall give you a tussle."

"There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with cream!" said Vernon-Smith. "I may not be able to beat you at the exam. But it isn't necessary for me to beat you—so long as you lose somehow."

"I don't see how you can make me lose, except by beating me."

"Don't you? Nugent didn't see how I could drive him out of Greyfriars; Johnny Bull couldn't see it, either. But they are gone."

"Do you mean that you will use foul play?" demanded Mark hotly.

"All's fair in war!" repeated the Bounder.

"That maxim may suit your ideas," said Mark contemptuously. "Where I come from we say that fair play's a jewel."

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"I've given you a chance," he said. "Leave Wharton alone, and remain neutral—mind your own business, in fact. That's all I ask. In return, I'll stand out of the Noble exam, and leave you a walk-over. That's a fair offer."

"I refuse it. I'm backing up Wharton all the time—as long as I stay at Greyfriars. I'm standing firm by Wharton."

"That won't be very long, then."

"What can you do?" said Mark contemptuously. "You can't prevent me from entering the exam. You can't prevent me from doing my best."

"Perhaps I can!"

"You are welcome to, if you can. But I've said enough to you. You are a rotten cad—or, rather, a criminal! That's the right name for you. You dare not repeat in public what you've said in this study."

"I shouldn't care to, certainly. If you repeat it, I shall deny it."

"I know that." Mark threw open the door of the study. "Will you kindly get out? It's hard work for me to keep my hands off you."

The Bounder lounged towards the doorway. He paused there, and fixed his eyes upon Mark Linley, gleaming with anger.

"I've given you a chance," he said. "I've talked to you fair and square. Now look out for squalls. I'll drive you out of the place—I'll send you back to the slum you belong to. When you're slaving in the factory again, you can remember that I gave you a chance. When you're rotting in a slum, along with your low relations—"

Mark Linley's patience was exhausted. He was upon the Bounder with a spring like a tiger. The Bounder was ready, and he struck out furiously as Mark's hands came upon him. His fist crashed into Linley's face, but the Lancashire lad seemed scarcely to feel the blow. His powerful grasp swept the Bounder off his feet.

"You cad!" Mark muttered between his clenched teeth. "You cad! Out-side!"

The Bounder went whirling through the doorway.

Crash!

With a yell Vernon-Smith rolled over on the passage floor. There was a shout.

"Faith, and what's the matter there?"

Micky Desmond and two or three more Removites came racing up. The Bounder staggered to his feet. He reeled as he shook his fist at the Lancashire lad.

"I'll make you pay for this, Mark Linley!" he hissed.

"Go in and wipe the floor with him, Smitty!" said Elliott.

The Bounder did not take the advice. He walked away unsteadily down the passage, panting for breath, and went into his own study.

His attempt to get Mark Linley's support away from Harry Wharton had failed. Mark Linley, as he had said, was standing firm for Wharton.

It remained to be seen whether the Bounder would be able to carry out his threat against the sturdy Lancashire lad. He would find it more difficult to deal with Linley than had been the case with Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull. That was certain.

THE END.

(Next week's grand, complete story of the *Chums of Greyfriars* will be entitled, "Treachery or Chance?" by Frank Richards, and will deal with the war between Mark Linley and the Bounder.)

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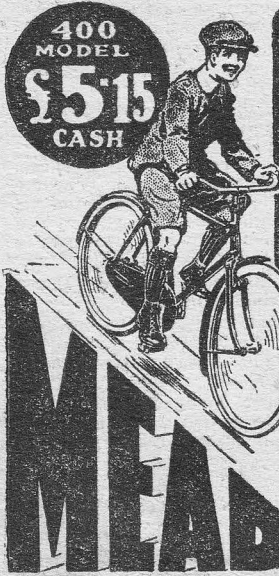
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NEXT FRIDAY!

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