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Week Ending—  
April 1st, 1922.

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No. 167.

28  
Pages.

# The POPULAR 2d

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SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.



**VERNON-SMITH'S GREAT FIGHT FOR THE WINNING GOAL!**

*(A thrilling incident from the long complete tale of Greyfriars in this issue.)*

## Don't Miss Next Week's Grand Coloured Engine Plate!

A SENSATIONAL SCHOOL STORY, TELLING HOW THE BOUNDER SCORES OVER HARRY WHARTON IN HIS AMAZING "WAR" AGAINST THE FAMOUS FIVE.



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. and Herbert Vernon-Smith of Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS,**

Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars now appearing in the "Magnet" Library.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### A Last Appeal!

"SENORITO!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith, more often called the Bouncer of the Remove, started at the sound of that one word. The Bouncer was standing with Bolsover major at the gates of Greyfriars, waiting for the appearance of the football team from Redclyffe which was to play the Remove that afternoon.

He swung round, and found himself face to face with Diaz, the American who had violently assaulted him but the day before on being refused money.

Vernon-Smith bit his lip savagely. He was not in a mood to argue with Diaz again. The stress of the war between himself and Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, was even telling on the iron-like nerves he undoubtedly possessed.

Already he had driven Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull from the school, already he had driven Mark Linley out of Greyfriars, and he was fast fulfilling his threat to Wharton that, unless he was given a place in the Remove football team, he would drive the Famous Five from the school.

He was finding it a harder task than he had imagined would be the case. Wharton was standing firm as a rock, backed up by Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. But the Remove, as a whole, were beginning to combine against Harry Wharton now that the football team was losing match after match. The absence of the three juniors made a lot of difference.

Defiant, Harry Wharton had refused to put the Bouncer's name down for the Redclyffe match, and Vernon-Smith was furious in consequence. It seemed he could never break the obstinate leader of the Remove.

Hence the Bouncer's anger when he heard the name called—the name which

he least desired to hear at that moment. He pretended not to notice.

"Senorito!" repeated Diaz insistently; and he stepped in front of the two juniors.

Vernon-Smith drew back a pace.

Diaz made a gesture.

"I shall not harm you, senorito. I am sorry that I lost my temper before; but you taunted me, and we Spanish are hot blooded!"

The Bouncer shrugged his shoulders. Bolsover major looked curiously at the South American. There were many signs of trouble in the man's face. Bolsover major had heard the juniors speaking of him, and what he had said in the Bouncer's study; and he could easily guess that, if the man had had dealings with Vernon-Smith senior, he had been worsted in the transactions, and not by the most scrupulous methods. Bolsover major had seen Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith, and formed his own opinion of him.

"What do you want here?" asked Vernon-Smith, with a sneering look at the South American. "I told you I should give you in charge if you came back."

"Senorito!"

"Oh, get away!"

The man did not move.

"I shall be civil to you, senorito," he said, in his soft voice, with its musical Spanish accent. "Senorito, I have been greatly wronged!"

"Nonsense!"

"What's the trouble?" asked Bolsover major curiously.

The South American turned to him. "Ah, you are a friend of the senorito, and you will speak for me!" he exclaimed. "I will tell you—"

"Oh, shut up!" said the Bouncer irritably.

"Rot!" said Bolsover. "Let him run on. I want to know what he wants."

"It's all rot!"

"Never mind; let's hear it. Go on, ducky!"

The Bouncer made a gesture of angry impatience. But the South American did not heed him; he seemed only to want to find a listener to his tale of wrong. He hurried on with his explanation—brokenly, breathlessly.

"Senorito, I am a South American—a miner by profession. I discovered a silver mine in the sierra in Peru, and I came to London to negotiate with a syndicate about its development. Believe me, senor, I have been kept waiting, and hoping, and in anxiety for a year by the Senor Smith, who promised to take it up. I discover that Senor Smith is the syndicate. He asks me to sign papers—I speak your English, but I do not read him—he tell me that I sign these papers to give him power to form the company. Then I see him no more; he is never at home when I call—he never see me. I ring him on the telephone, and he tell me in reply that I am nobody—he not know me. I learn from my friend in Peru that the mine is taken up—it appears that the papers I sign have given him power to rob me—I lose the mine, and I get nothing—nothing!"

"My hat!" said Bolsover major. "That sounds very like your pater, Smithy!"

"It's all rot!" said Vernon-Smith. "If the man's sold the pater his rotten mine, he's been paid for it."

"Nothing, nothing!" exclaimed Diaz eagerly.

"And he tried to knife the pater; he admitted it himself!" said the Bouncer.

"Phew!"

"I lose my temper, my reason!" said Diaz. "I find him—I make him to speak to me—he say I am impostor, he give me in charge to police—I draw knife—then policeman he take me and I am lock up."

"Well, you shouldn't try that kind of game in England," said Bolsover major. "It's rather too thick, you know!"

"I am lock up," said Diaz, "and when I come out there is nothing for me, no money—nothing. And my mine is gone. I know that the Senor Smith have a son here at school. I think to myself, I speak to him—he is a generous English boy, and he will ask that the senor his father do me justice."

The Bounder laughed sneeringly. "That's likely!" he remarked. "I don't think!" said Bolsover major.

"He taunt me—he talk of the police when I speak to him," said Diaz. "He is like his father. I go!"

"And you'd better go again!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'm sick of you! I've got nothing to do with my father's business concerns, you fool! If he's skinned you, it's your own bizney; you shouldn't sign papers you can't read! Clear out!"

"I come back to say once more you speak to the senor for me?" said the South American. "It is not much to ask. I ask only a little money—not the thousands that the senor take from me—a few hundreds—"

"Oh, rats!"  
"You refuse, senorito?"  
"Yes, of course. Go and eat coke!"  
"Carambo!"

The man ground his teeth. Vernon-Smith drew back a pace.

"Here, hold on, darcy!" exclaimed Bolsover major, in alarm. "Don't you break out again here. I'm sorry for you. I've got no doubt at all that Smith senor has welsed you. But you can't come round this school with your tales of woe, you know. You'll be locked up again if you give trouble!"

"But I shall give trouble!" said the South American, his black eyes blazing. "The senorito will not listen to me!"

"No fear!" said Vernon-Smith. "Then you shall suffer for it!"

The Bounder yawned. "Give him a quid, and let him clear, Smithy," said Bolsover major.

"I've got no quids to waste, thanks!" The South American shook his fist in the face of the Bounder.

"Thief, and son of a thief!" he cried. The Bounder gave him a deadly look.

Vernon-Smith was a chip of the old block, and, if anything, more unfeeling and unscrupulous than his father. He could think of this man, robbed, with ruined hopes, without the slightest pity or remorse. But he did not want to have Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith's methods of business too well known at Greyfriars. The Bounder was not sensitive to shame, but he was sensitive to public opinion.

A portly form had come in sight down the road from the direction of Friardale village. It was that of P. c. Tozer. The Bounder's eyes gleamed at the sight of the village policeman. He made a sign to the constable.

"Tozer!" he called out. "Yes, Master Smith?" said the policeman, hurrying up. Mr. Tozer showed a great deal of respect to the son of the millionaire.

The Bounder pointed to the South American.

"I give that man in charge!" he exclaimed. "He came here and assaulted me, and now he is threatening me with violence!"

"Ho!" said Mr. Tozer, extending a fat hand towards the South American. "You'll come with me, my lad. This 'ere kind of game won't do for this country, you farrin scum!"

The South American sprang back. "Hands off, you fat fool!" he exclaimed.

The village policeman turned purple with rage.

"My heye!" he exclaimed. "I'll show yer!"

And he rushed at Diaz. The South American dodged his rush, and took to his heels, and disappeared down the road at a pace the fat policeman could not equal.

Mr. Tozer disappeared after him; but it was pretty clear that he had not much chance of catching Diaz.

"Well, he's gone, anyway," said Bolsover.

The Bounder nodded.

"Yes; and I fancy he won't come back again," he said. "If he does, I'll get him three months, the rotter!"

Bolsover grinned.

"I suppose your pater has done him brown?" he suggested.

Vernon-Smith scowled.

"That's not your business!" he said. "If the fool can't look out for himself, let him take the consequences!"

"Poor beast!" said Bolsover, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It will be better for you, Smithy, if he's locked up. He looks a regular desperado when he grinds his teeth like the villain in a play. Looks to me as if his troubles have made him go a little bit off his rocker!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said the Bounder carelessly.

There was a sound of wheels on the road, and the two juniors glanced in the direction of Courtfield. A brake had appeared in the distance.

"There they are!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "That's the Redclyffe lot!"

"Good. They're coming. Come on."

And Vernon-Smith and his companion hurried in to tell that the Redclyffe team were in sight. They found an exciting scene in progress on the footer ground.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton Resigns!

WINGATE, of the Sixth, was there, surrounded by the excited Removites. The captain of Greyfriars had been called in to settle the dispute. As Head of the Games, Wingate's word was law. The Greyfriars captain was looking very grim. Harry Wharton was looking very grim, too. Most of the Remove expected him to give way under the pressure of authority, but he did not look like it. But in all the Remove there were only two fellows who were inclined to back him up to the end—Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Fellows who had stood by him till now were falling away from his side. What seemed like firmness to Harry Wharton seemed like obstinacy to the rest of the Remove. And they had all agreed that they were fed-up with it.

All the team were talking at once, trying to explain to Wingate. Harry Wharton stood silent, only a scornful smile upon his face.

"Shut up, all of you!" exclaimed Wingate. "Now, I want one chap to explain, and the others can hold their tongues!"

"You see, Wingate—"

"It's like this—"

"We all think—"

"We appeal—"

"Shut up!" roared Wingate. "Now you pile in, Brown. I think you're the most sensible chap of the lot. The others shut up!"

"Right-ho!" said Tom Brown. "This is how the matter stands, Wingate. Wharton is convinced that Smithy got Nugent and Bull and Linley out of Greyfriars. I rather agree with him

there, as a matter of fact; but I hold that it's got nothing to do with footer matches. Wharton won't give the vacant places to Smithy and his friends; we claim that they ought to be given to the best players. I think that's stated fairly, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"That's quite right!" he said.

"We want you to order Wharton to play the chaps he knows to be best," said Morgan. "He ought to put in Smithy and Bolsover major and Bulstrode, at least."

"And some of you chaps are willing to stand out and make room for them?" asked the captain of Greyfriars.

"We'll take our chance."

"Hear, hear!"

"We're playing duffers like Leigh and Vane instead of Smithy and Bulstrode," said Tom Brown. "Nothing against those two chaps, you know; but they'll admit themselves that they're not up to the top form for the game. Speak up, you fellows! Do you think you're as fit to play as Bulstrode and Smithy?"

"Well, no," said Leigh, turning rather red. "We'll do our best if we play; but, of course, we can't play like Smithy."

"Just so!" said Vane. "We don't want to shove ourselves into the team and play a losing match."

"Well, that's quite right," said Wingate, with a nod.

"Then there's Treluce," said Tom Brown. "He's right-back. He's a good man, but he's nothing like Bolsover major in the place."

"Don't rub it in!" said Treluce, grinning. "I know that."

Wingate turned to Wharton.

"What have you got to say about it, Wharton?" he asked.

"Only that I'm captain of the Remove eleven, and that I'm willing to resign, but not to be dictated to about the selection of the team!"

"Not even by me?" said Wingate, frowning.

"No!" said Wharton.

There was a murmur.

"Listen to the cheeky sweep!"

"Don't stand it, Wingate!"

"Faith, and I think—"

Wingate compressed his lips.

"I suppose you admit, Wharton, that you're leaving out good players to put in inferior ones?" he said.

"Yes."

"And what's your reason? If you're not too high and mighty to explain to the Head of the Games!" said Wingate sarcastically.

Wharton flushed.

"I've explained enough, I think," he said. "Vernon-Smith is a cad, and he can't be let into the eleven without making trouble. And so long as I'm skipper he sha'n't have the place he turned Frank Nugent out of!"

"That's got nothing to do with footer," said Wingate brusquely. "A footer captain's business is to play the best men he can find."

"Vernon-Smith is the worst man I could find."

"Not in footer?"

"No, not in footer, but in everything else."

It was at this moment that the Bounder and Bolsover major arrived upon the ground. There was a shout.

"Here's Smithy!"

"The Redclyffe fellows are coming!" said Vernon-Smith. "We've just sighted their brake on the road."

"Faith, and we shall have to settle something pretty quick," said Micky Desmond.

"I think you've taken up an entirely wrong position in this matter, Wharton."

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## 4 Buy This Week's "Chuckles" For Your Young Brother! It's Grand!

said the Greyfriars captain. "If you think that Smithy helped to get Nugent sacked, I can understand your feelings. But there's no evidence that he did anything of the kind; in fact, the evidence is all the other way. You are, in fact, bringing a rotten accusation against Smith, without a particle of evidence in support of it!"

"Yes, rather!" said Trevor emphatically.

"We all know it's rot, Wingate!" said Bulstrode.

"But whether that's rot or not, it's nothing to do with the footer," said the captain of Greyfriars. "You ought to understand that, Wharton."

Harry Wharton was silent. Every eye was fixed upon him. But no sign of yielding could be read in his face.

"Well, what do you say now, Wharton?" asked Wingate, in a more consiliatory tone. "You have heard my opinion. Don't you think you can trust to my judgment?"

"Not in this matter!" said Harry.

"Wharton!" said Wingate, frowning.

"I'm sorry, Wingate. But I can't alter what I've said. I can't play in the same team with that scoundrel Smith!"

"Thank you!" said Vernon-Smith suavely. "I feel the same towards you; but I'm willing to play in the same team to help the Form win."

"Hear, hear!"

"There, you hear what Smith says," exclaimed Wingate, who was looking very perplexed. "If he's willing to bury private and personal troubles, surely you can do the same, Wharton, for the good of the team."

"I can't play in the same team with Smith!"

"I think you are unreasonable."

"I'm sorry!"

Wingate's eyes flashed.

"But you won't change your mind?" he exclaimed.

"I can't!"

"Not even if I advise you to?"

"No!"

"And suppose I order you?"

"Then I shall resign from the team. I dare say that's what the fellows want me to do. I'm ready to do it!"

"That's not what we want at all," said Tom Brown. "We haven't another centre-forward like you, Wharton. We want you to play up, as well as Smithy."

"Smithy's willing to play under your orders, Wharton," said Bulstrode. "So am I. So is Bolsover. We'll agree to toe the line, and give no trouble!"

"That's square as a die, I guess," said Fisher T. Fish. "And if you want a really first-class forward, I guess I'm your man!"

"Oh, cheese that!" said Tom Brown testily. "This isn't a time for fooling, Fishy!"

"Who's fooling?" exclaimed Fish indignantly. "I guess—"

"Shut up!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"I guess—"

Three or four fellows pushed the American junior away, and what he "guessed" was never known.

"You hear what the fellows say, Wharton?" said Wingate patiently.

"Yes, I hear."

"And what's your answer?"

"I can't trust them, and can't play them."

"Is that all?"

"I'll concede a point; I'll put in Bulstrode if you think I ought to, Wingate," said Harry Wharton unwillingly.

"I certainly think you ought to. You know perfectly well that he's better form than Treluce; and Redclyffe are a strong team."

"Bulstrode goes in, then, if he'll THE POPULAR.—No. 167.

promise not to leave us in the lurch at the beginning of a match, as he did before."

Bulstrode turned red.

"I did that before as a protest against leaving good men out, and putting bad men in!" he exclaimed hotly. "You know that, Wharton?"

"Never mind that," said Wingate, with a wave of the hand. "Bulstrode goes in, that's settled. What about Vernon-Smith and Bolsover major?"

"I can't play them!"

"You must!"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"You hear me?" said Wingate sternly.

"I think you're utterly in the wrong, and as you won't listen to reason, I order you to play Bolsover and Smith, or else resign the captaincy of the Remove eleven!"

"Very well," said Harry Wharton quietly. "I resign—from the captaincy, and from the team!" And he turned away, and walked towards the School House.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Wharton Declines!

HERE was a momentary silence.

Few of the fellows had believed that Harry Wharton would really carry out his threat; but he had done it, and the Remove eleven was without a captain and without a centre-forward! And the Redclyffe team had arrived!

"Well, of all the rotters——" began Bolsover major.

"Hold your tongue!" said Bob Cherry roughly.

Bolsover major glared at him.

"Are you defending what Wharton's done," he demanded—"resigning from the team, with the visiting team here? That's what he slanged Bulstrode for doing!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"What are we to do, Wingate?" asked Tom Brown, looking very much worried.

"You want a new skipper," said the captain of Greyfriars. "The team had better select one on the spot."

"I suggest Bulstrode," said Vernon-Smith smoothly. "Bulstrode was captain before Harry Wharton, and we didn't have all these troubles under him."

"Hear, hear!"

"Bulstrode's the man!" said Hazeldene. "Hands up for Bulstrode!"

A crowd of hands went up.

"That settles it," said Wingate. "Bulstrode's your skipper. You'd better buck up with your team, Bulstrode. Here come the Redclyffe lot."

And Wingate walked away. His business there was done.

The Remove team were in considerable confusion. It was not known who was playing, and who was not. The Redclyffians had descended from their brake, and they had arrived on the footer ground now. They could see that some trouble was a-foot, though, with elaborate politeness, they were pretending to see nothing. Bulstrode advanced to meet Yorke, the Redclyffe skipper, with a flushed face.

"Glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "We'll be ready by the time you've changed. We're in rather a pickle for a minute or two."

"Where's Wharton?" asked Yorke.

"He's resigned from the team, and we're making some changes. This way!"

"Right-ho!" said Yorke politely.

But the Redclyffe juniors were grinning as they went into their dressing-room. They had come to Greyfriars expecting a hard tussle, but they did not expect now to find it very hard. With the skipper resigning just before the match, and the team making changes a few minutes before kick-off, the Remove were not likely to give them very much trouble, the Redclyffians thought.

The Remove footballers gathered in an anxious group to settle matters. Some changes were made at once. Vernon-Smith was to play in the front line instead of Penfold, and Bolsover major at right-back instead of Treluce, and Hazeldene was put into goal in the place of Newland. Bulstrode looked dubiously at Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I suppose you fellows are playing, all the same?" he asked.

"I am," said Bob Cherry shortly.

"The playfulness of my honourable self will be terrific!" said the nabob, with a bow.

"Good!" said Bulstrode, greatly relieved. "Now, about Wharton's place in——"

"That's for you," said Vernon-Smith.

"I'd rather take Leigh's place at right-half," said Bulstrode. "I think Wharton ought to play. If he doesn't, I think I'll put Russell in; but——"

"We don't want Wharton!" said the Bouncer quickly.

But Bulstrode looked determined. His object was to make up a winning team, not to gratify the feelings of the Bouncer. He had followed the Bouncer's lead so far, but the plotter was making the discovery now that Bulstrode had a will of his own, too.

"We want Wharton if we can get him," said Bulstrode.

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth.

"He's said he won't play!" he said sullenly.

"I think he ought to be asked again."

"The Redclyffe chaps are waiting. Put in Russell."

"Can't be helped; they must wait! I'm not going to put in Russell if I can get Wharton!" said the new skipper.

"I think you're an ass!" muttered the Bouncer fiercely. "We've got rid of him! What do you want to get him in again for?"

"To beat Redclyffe."

"Oh, rot! Hang Redclyffe!"


Bulstrode gave him a dark look.

"I don't believe you care whether we

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win or lose, so long as you score over Wharton!" he muttered angrily.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. It was quite true, and to the Bounder it was a matter of course.

Bulstrode turned to Bob Cherry. "Will you ask Wharton?" he said. "Tell him I ask him to play for the sake of the side."

"Well, I'll ask him," said Bob doubtfully.

"You don't think he'll play?"

"No."

"Shame!" growled Hazeldene.

The Bounder's eyes gleamed. If Harry Wharton refused to play when he was asked, for the sake of his side, it would add to the odium he had already incurred. And that reflection was enough to make the Bounder change his tactics.

"Oh, ask him!" he exclaimed. "I'll go and ask him myself, if you like. I really think that Wharton won't be such a rotter as to refuse when it's put to him plainly."

"You won't go and ask him!" said Bob Cherry grimly. "You'd word it so that he would be sure to refuse."

"Look here, Bob Cherry—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Go and speak to him, Cherry!" said Bulstrode.

"Right-ho!"

Bob Cherry strode away towards the School House. His face was very gloomy as he went. He did not believe that Harry Wharton would go back on his word.

He made his way to Study No. 1, and found the captain of the Remove there. Harry Wharton was standing by the fire, his hands deep in his pockets, and a dark frown upon his face. He started, and looked round as Bob Cherry came in.

"What is it, Bob?"

Bob Cherry coughed.

"Harry, old man—"

"Are you standing out of the team, too?"

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"No fear!" he said.

"I don't want you to, Bob," said Wharton quietly. "You and Inky had better play up, and do the best you can for the side. I think very likely it will be a winning team if you play up. Bulstrode isn't a bad skipper. I suppose he will be skipper?"

"Yes."

"The Bounder can play when he chooses; and he will choose now, if only to prove that he ought to have been played all along!" said Harry bitterly.

"Wharton, old man—"

Bob Cherry paused. The expression upon his chum's face was not encouraging.

"Well?" said Harry.

"We want you to play!"

"Impossible!"

"Bulstrode's sent to ask you."

"Bulstrode?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't play. I've said that I wouldn't play in the same team with the Bounder, and I shall keep my word!"

"We shall be licked, Harry."

"I'm sorry."

"You don't want to see the Remove beaten, old fellow?"

"They've got themselves to thank for it if they are."

"For the sake of the team, Harry—"

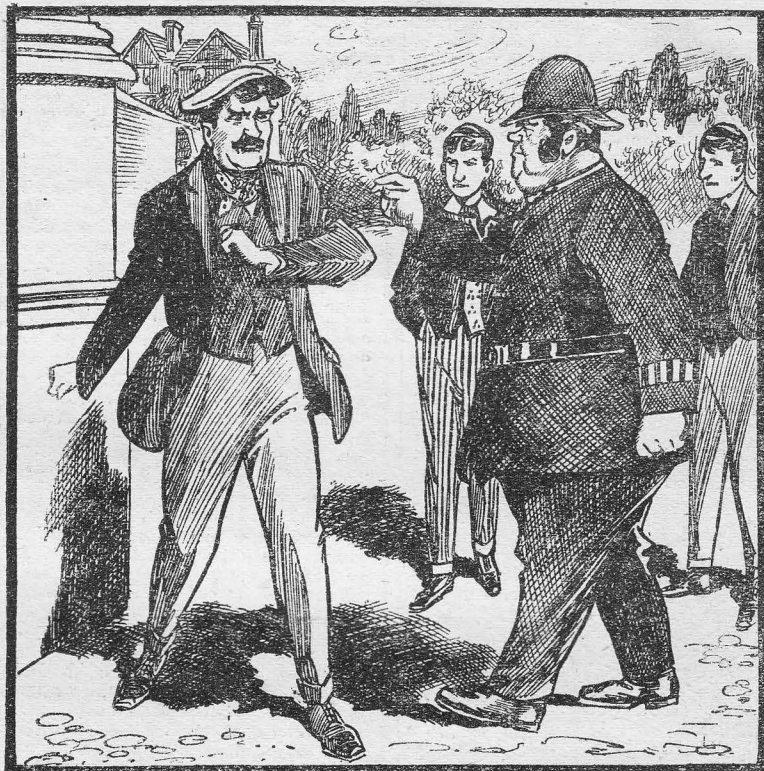
Wharton looked squarely at his friend.

"Do you think I ought to play, Bob?"

he asked.

"Yes, I do."

"I can't agree with you. Vernon-Smith has shifted out Frank Nugent and



**VERNON-SMITH'S CHARGE!**—The Bounder pointed to the South American. "I give that man in charge!" he said, turning to P.-c. Tozer. "He came here and insulted me, and now he is threatening to use violence!" "Ho!" said Mr. Tozer. "You'll come with me, my lad. This 'ere kind of game won't do for this country!" See chapter 1.

Johnny Bull and Mark Linley. He's got into Nugent's place, and got his friends in the other places. The Remove have let him do it. They've no right to ask anything of me now."

"But they do ask, Harry."

"Then they can go and eat coke!" growled Wharton.

"The fellows will be frightfully wild if we lose the match through your standing out," said Bob.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't care?"

"Not twopence."

"I think you're wrong, Harry."

"I'm sorry."

"And that's all?"

"That's all."

Bob Cherry sighed.

"Well, if that's all, I may as well be getting back," he said. "I suppose Bulstrode will put Russell in as centre-forward. It's giving goals to Redclyffe."

"I know it's rotten."

"Play, then," said Bob Cherry eagerly.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"I can't."

"Well, that settles it."

Bob Cherry left the study without another word. Harry Wharton remained alone, with a gloomy shade upon his brow.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**The Winning Goal!**

**B**ULSTRODE gave Bob Cherry an eager look as he returned to the football-ground.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's no go."

"He won't play?"

"No."

"Well, I think it's rotten," said Bulstrode.

"You can thank Smithy & Co. for it," said Bob Cherry. "That makes four good men Smithy has got out of the team."

"Oh, rats!"

"Look here—"

"No time for jaw! Get into your things, Russell!" said the new skipper.

"What-ho!" said Russell promptly.

"I guess I'm willing to make you a jolly good centre-forward," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I could—"

"Oh, ring off!" said Bulstrode crossly.

"I guess—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

The Redclyffe fellows were in the field, punting about a footer to keep themselves warm. It was already a quarter of an hour past the time fixed for kick-off, but the Redclyffians were patient and polite.

Bulstrode's team was ready at last.

It was a very good team, too, though far from being up to the form the Remove had usually shown in football matches.

Wharton and Nugent and Johnny Bull and Mark Linley had been among the best players in the Remove, and all four of them were out of the ranks now.

But the Bounder was first-class, and the Bounder was on his mettle now. It was "up" to him to prove, as Wharton had remarked, that he ought to have played for the Form before. Vernon-Smith could be relied upon, this time, at least, to do his best.

The Remove team came into the field at last, and the two skippers tossed for choice. Bulstrode won, and gave the Redclyffians the wind to kick against.

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The ball started rolling, and the game began.

All the Removites who were not playing were gathered round the field, with the exception of Harry Wharton. A crowd of fellows of other Forms, too, interested in the Remove dispute, had turned up to watch the match. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth Form and Coker of the Fifth were there, looking on with superior smiles.

The Redclyffians pressed the attack from the beginning.

Yorke and the other forwards came through the Removites, and in a few minutes there was a sharp attack on goal.

Hazeldene was between the posts, and he did his best to defend. But Hazeldene was not in good form.

Harry Wharton & Co. had trained Hazeldene and made a goalie of him; but since he had broken with Study No. 1 Hazel had done little practice, and he was quite off colour. Newland would have done better, as Bulstrode realised when he saw how Hazel was acting. The Remove goalie was not at all up to the attack. The ball whizzed in from Yorke's foot, and lodged in the net; and there was a chirrup of glee from the Redclyffians, and a sort of groan from the Greyfriars fellows.

"Goal!"

Bulstrode gave the unhappy goalkeeper a glare.

"Why didn't you stop that?" he bawled.

"I did my best," said Hazeldene sulkily.

"Rotten best, then."

"Oh, rats!"

The Redclyffians grinned.

"Jolly good order this team is in. I don't think," Yorke murmured to his inside-right as they walked back to the centre of the field. And the inside-right grinned.

"Play up better than that," said Bulstrode, as he turned away from the goalie.

Hazeldene grunted.

The teams lined up again, the Removites looking decidedly glum.

Redclyffe were grinning.

"Play up, for goodness' sake!" muttered Bulstrode. "The whole rotten crowd's sniggering at us already."

"Let Smithy show what he can do," growled Cherry. "He hasn't done much so far."

"Oh, don't start ragging now!"

"Play up!" shouted the Greyfriars crowd.

The ball was kicked off again.

This time the Redclyffians did not find it so easy.

Vernon-Smith captured the ball, and then the Bouncer, as if following Bob Cherry's sarcastic advice, showed what he could do.

He dashed away, leaving the other forwards almost standing, and dribbled the ball down to goal, beating the halves, and dodging the backs in masterly style. There was a shout round the field.

"Go it, Bouncer!"

"Buck up Smithy!"

"On the ball!"

The one-man game was not popular at Greyfriars, but it suited the style of the Bouncer. He was always a selfish player.

Harry Wharton & Co. had always done well with skilful combination and short passing; but the one-man style of play was just what the Bouncer liked. On the present occasion it served his turn well, for there was no other Remove forward who had a chance to bag a pass.

Vernon-Smith dribbled the ball fairly THE POPULAR.—No. 167.

round the feet of the back, and amid a roar of cheering, growing in volume every movement, he ran on to goal.

There was only the goalie to beat; and the crowd roared.

"Kick!"

"Shoot, you beggar—shoot!"

"Put her through!"

Whizz!

The goalie was all eyes and hands, seemingly; but the shot from the Bouncer beat him. The ball passed a foot from his outstretched fingers, and lodged in the net; and the goalie grunted discontentedly.

Then the crowd yelled!

"Goal! Goal! Goal!"

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Hurrah!"

Bulstrode slapped the Bouncer of Greyfriars on the back, his face glowing.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed.

"That's the style!"

The Bouncer grinned.

"Nearly as good as Wharton, perhaps?" he suggested.

"Quite!" said Bulstrode.

The score was one to one. But just before half-time it was altered again. In spite of a strenuous defence, the Redclyffe forwards rained shots on the home goal, and Hazeldene was beaten again. Then the whistle went, with Redclyffe two to one, and jubilant.

"Not so bad, though," said Bob Cherry, as he dabbed his perspiring face with a towel. "Better than I expected."

The Bouncer sneered.

"We may win, even without the great and only Wharton," he remarked. "We're not quite so badly off as the Greeks when Achilles was sulking in his tent."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That goal of Smithy's was first-rate,"

said Tom Brown.

Bob Cherry grunted.

"I don't say it wasn't—but that's not the game. Smithy would have kept the ball just the same if there had been a chap ready for a pass. That's his style."

"Suppose you get ready for a pass next time," suggested the Bouncer. "If you were where you were wanted, instead of strolling round the touchline, you might be able to take a pass when one was ready."

"Why, you rotter——" began Bob angrily.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Bulstrode.

"This isn't a time for ragging one another. Leave that till after the match, for goodness' sake!"

"Yes; but——"

"Time!" said Bulstrode.

The teams went out into the field again.

There was a yell of encouragement from the crowd as they lined up.

"Go it, Smithy!"

"On the ball, Bouncer!"

It was evident that the Bouncer's brilliant goal had made him popular.

Harry Wharton heard the shouts in his study in the School House, and he looked out of his window towards the playing-fields.

He could see the junior ground through the leafless elms, and the figures that ran and dodged in the rapid movements of the game.

The Remove captain's feelings were bitter.

Perhaps, now that it was too late, he felt that he had been too hard; that he would have done better to play when he was asked.

It was too late to think of that now.

In standing out of the match he had played the game of his enemy; he had taken tricks for the Bouncer.

He realised it now.

Now that Wharton was out of the team, Vernon-Smith was the best forward in it, the best player altogether, with the exception of Tom Brown, the New Zealander, the centre-half.

Wharton did not grudge Vernon-Smith his success, and he was glad to see that he was helping the side to win. But it was very bitter to him to stand idle, out of the match, forgotten by the players he had always led.

A louder roar came ringing from the playing-fields.

"Goal!"

"Good old Smithy!"

It was the Bouncer again. He had scored.

The ball was in the net, and the Greyfriars Remove had equalised.

The cheering was deafening as the teams went back to the centre, and the Bouncer might be excused for a little inclination to strut.

Kick-off again, and a desperate attack from Redclyffe. Again Hazeldene was found wanting, and the ball went in. Three to two for Redclyffe. But within five minutes more Bob Cherry scored for the Remove.

There were five minutes more to play, and both sides made great efforts.

Three minutes—two minutes.

Then a roar.

"Go it, Smithy!"

The Bouncer was away again.

It was the dribbling game once more, and Vernon-Smith went through the field like a knife through cheese.

Before the goalie knew where the ball was coming from, it had whizzed past him into the net. It was not to be a draw, after all!

The crowd yelled.

"Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

Phip!

It was the whistle. The game had finished. The Remove were four goals to three, and the Bouncer of Greyfriars had kicked the winning goal!

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER, The Hero of the Hour!

"HURRAH!"

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo!"

There was a roar of voices, a

rush of fellows upon the footer-field.

The Bouncer of Greyfriars was seized by many hands and hoisted shoulder-high.

On the shoulders of Trevor and Bolsover major, he was borne off the ground amid deafening cheers.

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Hurrah!"

"Smithy wins! Where's Wharton now?"

And there was a groan for Wharton.

"Bravo, Bouncer!"

"Ripping!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The Bouncer was set down at last, flushed and breathless.

His eyes were very bright.

"Thanks!" he said. "Gentlemen——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"You saved the match," said Bulstrode.

"Saved it at the finish," said Tom Brown heartily. "And we've beaten Redclyffe! I'm jolly glad we formed the Combine now."

"Yes, rather!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, it was a jolly good match," said

(Continued on page 28.)

A SPLENDID TALE SHOWING HOW FRANK RICHARDS CAME UP AGAINST THE ROGUE OF THE BACKWOODS SCHOOL!



A Grand Long Complete Story, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of

## FRANK RICHARDS,

The Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### The Cedar Creek Sweep.

"YOU fellows coming?" asked Lawrence.

Morning school was over at Cedar Creek, and Frank Richards and Bob Lawless were chatting by the schoolhouse porch.

Most of the Cedar Creek fellows had gone out of gates in the direction of the old clearing along the creek.

Lawrence was bound in the same direction, when he stopped to speak to Bob Lawless and his English cousin.

"Anything on?" asked Frank.

"It's a meeting at the old clearing," explained Lawrence. "Gunter's getting up a sweep."

And he went off whistling towards the gates.

"A sweep!" repeated Frank Richards, looking inquiringly at his cousin.

Bob gave a sniff.

"Another of Gunter's little schemes!" he said. "That guy's always getting up something. May as well get along."

The chums of Cedar Creek followed Lawrence.

The old clearing was only a few minutes' walk from the school.

It had once been cultivated, but the settler had given it up and gone years before, and the clearing was abandoned and overgrown with bush. A half-ruined shack and corral stood near the grassy bank of the creek.

It was in the old corral that the Cedar Creek fellows were gathered. It was out of sight of the schoolhouse, and beyond the ken of Miss Meadows, the schoolmistress.

There were a dozen fellows gathered round Kern Gunten, and Frank Richards and his chum joined them.

Gunter was not a popular fellow at Cedar Creek.

He was a Swiss by birth, and his father was a storekeeper at Thompson, a

town on the river a few miles from the school.

Frank Richards had had little to say to him so far, but he did not like him. Gunter's hard face and narrow, shifty eyes did not inspire trust.

"Old man Gunten," was reputed to be one of the sharpest customers between the Kicking Horse Pass and the Pacific, and his son was a chip of the old block.

Gunter was rather a remarkable character at the lumber school—in some ways. Schoolboy as he was, he was known to join sometimes in poker games with cattlemen at Thompson and Cedar Camp, and what he did not know about poker and euchre was supposed to be not worth knowing. That was not a kind of knowledge that Frank or Bob would have cared to share with him.

Gunter's hard face wore an agreeable expression, however, as he gave Bob Lawless a welcoming nod to the circle. The Swiss was always very civil to the rich rancher's son.

"You fellows taking tickets?" he asked.

"Tickets for what?" asked Frank Richards.

"The sweep."

"Oh, a sweepstake!" said Bob Lawless.

"That's it. I guess you'd better take a hand," said Gunter. "Tickets a dollar a time, you know. It's for the big race at Thompson on Monday. There's eight entries, and the race is run in the morning."

"Pocahontas will win, I guess," remarked Eben Hacke, with an air of great wisdom. "I guess the galoot that bags Pocahontas will waltz off with the jackpot."

"Well, every chap stands an equal chance of getting Pocahontas," said Gunter. "It costs you a dollar to come in, Lawless."

Bob hesitated.

He looked at Frank Richards, whose brows were knitted a little.

"What do you say, Franky?" he asked.

"I'd rather not," said Frank. "Your pater wouldn't like you to take a hand in gambling, Bob, or me, either."

"If you came here to give us sermons, I guess you can vamoose, Richards," said Gunter disagreeably. "We can get all we want in that little line on Sundays at the mission."

Frank stood silent.

"Never mind, Richards!" exclaimed Dawson. "Let's have the tickets, Gunter!"

"Well, I guess I want to know how many galoots are in the game," said Gunter. "There's eight horses, and the rest blanks."

Gunter read out the list.

"Pocahontas, North Wind, Canpac, Jolly Roger, Nova Scotia, Wolfe, Lucille, and Briar Bush. Pocahontas is the favourite, and I guess he will win; but every hoss has a chance. The holder of the winning ticket takes the whole pool; nothing for second or third. Now, then, how many? The more that come in the bigger the prize. Make it something decent, like good sportsmen."

"I guess I'm taking two tickets," remarked Hacke, feeling in his pockets.

"One for me!" said Lawrence.

"Same here," said Dawson.

"Same here, if somebody will lend me a dollar," said Chunky Todgers. "I say, Richards, if you're not going in for it, lend me your dollar."

"I'll lend you a dollar if you like," said Frank, "but—"

"Shell out!" said Chunky promptly.

His fat fingers closed eagerly on the dollar.

"I'm on, Gunny! Mind you give me Pocahontas!" he said.

"Come on, Lawless! Don't stand

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"FRANK RICHARDS & CO.'S RAID!"

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF THE CHUMS OF THE BACKWOODS. :: BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## 8 Buy This Week's "Chuckles" For Your Young Brother! It's Grand!

out!" urged Gunten. "Everybody's in it but you, and you're a sport, anyway."

"I guess I'll take one, Gunten," said Bob, making up his mind, though with some inward misgivings.

"Good for you, Lawless! Now we're all in it excepting Richards, and we sha'n't miss him. I'll get out the tickets."

Gunten opened a pocket-book and began scribbling the names of the horses on separate leaves.

"And Richards will be quite safe if Miss Meadows hears about the sweep, and gets mad with us," sneered Hacke.

Frank bit his lip hard.

"Count me in, too, Gunten," he exclaimed at once.

"Oh, good!" Gunten looked over the crowd. "That's fourteen—fifteen of us. Eight horses and seven blanks. I won't keep you waiting a jiffy."

And the Swiss tore the leaves out of the book, seven blanks and eight with the names of horses written on them, to serve as tickets in the draw.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. Very Lucky.

**F**RANK RICHARDS stood silent, with a somewhat clouded brow, while most of the fellows were buzzing with excitement.

He did not trust the Swiss, and he could not help thinking that it was more than possible that the "sport" of the lumber school did not intend the sweep to run on lines of sheer chance.

But the other fellows were evidently unsuspecting, and Frank, naturally, did not care to utter the doubt in his mind.

"Anybody got a hat?" said Gunten, when the tickets were ready.

Eben Hacke handed over his big Stetson hat, and Gunten placed it on a log by which he was standing.

"Now, I guess I drop these tickets in," he remarked, "and you draw in turn. Pay up first."

"Two for me," said Hacke.

"That's another blank to go in, then."

Hacke was the only fellow who ventured two dollars on the sweep. The rest were content with one ticket each. Schoolboy finances did not allow them to "plunge."

Gunten collared the total sum, sixteen dollars, and placed it carefully in a little leather bag.

"That goes to the winner!" he said.

"Who draws first?" asked Hacke, eyeing the Stetson hat hungrily.

"I guess I do, as manager of the sweep," said Gunten. "It all comes to the same thing."

"If it all comes to the same thing, I guess I can draw first," said Hacke.

Gunten hesitated a moment.

"Draw first, if you choose," he said. "It's all the same to me."

He held up the hat, covered with a handkerchief, leaving only room for a hand to be thrust in, without the contents being seen.

Hacke shoved in his hand, and brought out a slip of paper.

There was a general craning of necks to see the slip.

"Blank!" growled Hacke.

"There goes one dollar bang!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Never mind, you've got another chance, Hacke."

"Go it, Hacke!"

Hacke shoved his hand into the hat again.

He seemed in no hurry to draw out his paper. He fumbled over them for a minute or more.

"Hurry up!" exclaimed Dawson. "We shall be called in to dinner in a minute."

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"And there's Mr. Slimmey over yonder," said Chunky Todgers. "Buck up, Hacke, and give a fellow a chance!"

Hacke drew out his hand again, and looked eagerly at the slip of paper in his fingers.

"Canpac!" he said.

"Well, Canpac's a good hoss," said Gunten. "Don't grumble!"

"I'm not grumbling," said Hacke. "I reckon Pocahontas will win; but I'm game. All O.K."

"I draw next," said Gunten. "Hold the hat, Chunky."

"Right!"

The Falstaff of Cedar Creek held the big Stetson, and Gunten shoved his hand into the aperture left by the handkerchief.

He fumbled among the slips for a few moments, and then drew out a paper.

"Show up!" exclaimed Hacke.

The Swiss held up the paper he had drawn. There was a shout.

"Pocahontas!"

"The favourite!" said Chunky Todgers dismally. "There goes sixteen dollars!"

The Swiss smiled.

"Just luck!" he said.

"Some galoots have all the luck," said Hacke. "Still, Pocahontas mayn't win after all. I rather fancy Canpac's chances, come to think of it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards was grimly silent.

His distrust of Gunten was rather instinctive than founded upon any evidence. But the fact that Gunten had drawn the horse looked upon as a certain winner was something like evidence.

It might be sheer chance. But Frank could not feel that it was. And why had Gunten been so keen on drawing first, and why had he been in haste to draw second, after having had to yield that point?

Frank felt that he could guess, but he was silent. He had noted that Gunten's sleeve went into the hat along with his hand. That was all, but it was enough, when his suspicions had already been aroused.

But it was useless to speak. He had no atom of proof. Indeed, he was not feeling absolutely certain himself.

An accusation that could not be substantiated could not, of course, be made. The Cedar Creek fellows would not have been slow to express their opinion of such an accusation.

The schoolboys went on drawing the slips from the hat, and the draw was finished at last.

"What's yours?" asked Bob. "Mine's a blessed blank!"

Frank showed his slip. He had drawn a paper with a name written on it, at all events.

"Jolly Roger!" said Bob. "Not much good, I'm afraid."

"Might as well have been a blank, I guess," said Eben Hacke, laughing. "Jolly Roger mayn't run, very likely."

"Much the same to me whether he does or not," said Frank, putting the slip carelessly into his pocket.

"Oh dear!" groaned Chunky Todgers dismally.

"What have you got, Chunky?"

"Blank!"

"And you owe Richards a dollar for it!" chuckled Dawson.

Another groan from Chunky.

"Never mind about the dollar, Chunky," said Frank, laughing.

"Oh, I'll settle that up!" said Chunky.

"Not this week, perhaps—nor next—but the week after—or the week after that—"

"Or at Christmas!" grinned Bob. "Or next summer!" said Hacke.

"Hallo! Here's Slimmey!" murmured Gunten. "Don't chew the rag about this sweep to Slimmey."

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant master, strolled into the old corral, glancing at the boys over his gold-rimmed glasses. He was not suspicious; Mr. Slimmey never was suspicious. The sweep could almost have been carried out in the school-room without Mr. Slimmey noticing it.

The schoolboys cleared off, and Mr. Slimmey gazed after them, perhaps wondering why they had met in the old corral, but certainly never suspecting.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Rogue of the School.

**F**RANK RICHARDS was looking very thoughtful at the dinner-table in the lumber school.

Bob Lawless gazed at him several times uneasily.

Bob was not quite satisfied with having taken part in Gunten's scheme, but he was feeling a little irritated at Frank's view of it.

When they came out after dinner, and sauntered down towards the creek to while away the time till afternoon lessons, Bob broke out rather abruptly:

"Look here, Frank, don't be a solemn guy! There's no harm done, you know, no bones broken. You don't want the fellows to think you're understudying the parson at the mission, you know."

Frank started, and glanced quickly at his chum.

"Bob!"

"Well, throw it off your chest!" said Bob, rather resentfully. "To err is human, you know, as some old johnnie remarks, and a chap doesn't want to feel that he's being morally condemned and executed."

Frank smiled.

"I'm not condemning you, Bob, or the other fellows. I wish I hadn't taken a hand in it. But that's not what I'm thinking about."

"Oh, it isn't?" asked Bob. "I thought it was. What are you scowling about, then?"

"Was I scowling?" asked Frank mildly.

"Thinking of Beauclerc at the ranch?" asked Bob, softening. "He's all right, Frank, and he'll be back at school in a few days."

"No. I was thinking of the sweep, but not the way you meant," said Frank. "I—I don't know whether to tell you or—"

"Tell me what?"

"It's no good accusing a fellow of a rotten trick unless you can prove it, is it?"

"Certainly not! Worse than no good, in fact," said Bob. "But what on earth are you driving at?"

"I don't trust Gunten," said Frank abruptly.

"Nobody does," said Bob. "It's well known that his father kept a gambling show in Switzerland before he emigrated to Canada, and there's a lot of that game goes on at his store in Thompson. Gunten takes after his poppa. He gets the fellows to play poker with him, and generally wins. But I don't see—"

"About the sweep," said Frank. "Gunten can say it's not gambling, if he likes; he doesn't care much. We know it is. But, apart from that, this particular sweep is a swindle, I believe, and Gunten is skinning the fellows without giving them a chance. I don't like stand-



ing by, and holding my tongue, while he does it. That's what I was thinking about."

"If you think that, you'd better let your chin wag," said Bob. "But it seems to me you're dreaming. Gunten drew his paper the same as the rest."

"He drew the winner—the horse that's supposed to be certain to win—anyhow."

"Any chap might have done that, I suppose. Somebody was bound to draw it."

"I know. It's not suspicious in itself; but Gunten was anxious to draw first. You must have noticed that."

"Yes."  
"After Hacke had drawn, he drew second, before any other fellow had a chance to speak."

"What difference does it make?"

"This much," said Frank quietly. "Gunten put the papers in the hat. If he put the Pocahontas paper with the rest, all serene. If he kept it in his sleeve—"

"What!" ejaculated Bob.

"If he kept it in his sleeve," repeated Frank, in the same quiet tone, "he would naturally be anxious to draw as quickly as possible. If he had drawn last, for instance, the last fellow before him would have noticed that there was only one paper in the hat instead of two, and it would have been clear that Gunten had kept one back. If he kept one back, it was absolutely necessary for him to draw early, so that the others couldn't discover that a paper was missing."

"Frank," said Bob, aghast, "you can't think—"  
"When he drew, his sleeve went into the hat as well as his hand," said Frank. "I know it sounds rotten to say so, but I can't help thinking that the Pocahontas paper was in his sleeve. He let it slip into his hand, instead of taking it by chance among the rest, as the fellows supposed. Nobody else let his sleeve go in with his hand. And why was Gunten so keen to draw early?"

Bob Lawless' face was very grave.

"That's what I was thinking about," said Frank. "I know they're only trifles, but—but I don't trust Gunten; and it's too rotten to think that he's been swindling a lot of fellows who do trust him!"

Bob was silent.

"Well, what do you think, Bob?"

"I guess it's possible, what you say," said Bob slowly. "I noticed what you say about his sleeve, though I didn't think anything about it. But—but I think, Franky, you're prejudiced against Gunten because he got up the sweep-stake, and because he's rather a shady galoot. You don't feel quite certain of this yourself, do you?"

"I think it's jolly likely!"

"That's not enough to accuse a chap on."

"I know."  
"All the fellows would be down on you if you did. Better not say anything to anybody else. They'd think you were mad because you'd only drawn Jolly Roger."

"Bother Jolly Roger!" growled Frank. "What worries me is that I suspect Gunten of swindling the fellows, and I don't like to stand by and let him do it."

"I know that. But as you can't prove anything, it would look like slandering the fellow to say what you think."

"You think I'd better say nothing, then?"

"Yes, rather!"  
"All serene!" said Frank. "Only it makes me feel like being a party to his

beastly swindling. But let it drop, Bob. Come and look at the canoe!"

"Right!" said Bob, relieved.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**Nothing Doing!**

**V**ERE BEAUCLERC joined the chums when they went to school on Monday morning. Beauclerc was still looking a little pale after his illness, but he was well enough to attend school, and he was anxious to begin again.

He was still staying at the Lawless ranch. The three schoolboys rode off together in great spirits on Monday morning.

During the weeks Beauclerc had spent at the ranch the trio had become great friends. The old trouble between Bob and the remittance man's son was quite forgotten.

Beauclerc was still somewhat quiet and reserved, but there was a conspicuous absence of that somewhat supercilious manner which had marked him when he first came to Cedar Creek.

Most of the Cedar Creek fellows that morning were thinking of the sweep.

Miss Meadows noticed an unusual absence of mind in her class, but she was far from attributing it to the real cause.

After morning lessons there was much discussion in the school-ground on the subject of the morning's race at Thompson.

The race was over and decided by now; but the result, of course, was not known at the lumber school.

Pocahontas was still believed to be the almost certain winner, but the fellows who had drawn other horses hoped for

the best, with the exception of Frank Richards, who was not bothering the least whether Jolly Roger had won or not. Dick Dawson joined the three chums with an anxious pucker on his brow.

"Think Briar Bush has a chance, Bob?" he asked.

Bob roared.  
"How should I know? I've never seen any of the geegees. Is it Briar Bush on your paper?"

Dawson nodded.  
"Well, I hope he'll win," said Bob. "But I fancy Gunten is going to pull off the sweep with Pocahontas."

"That sixteen dollars would see me through!" said Dawson miserably. "I'm in debt ten dollars, you know. I—I played poker with Gunten, and he won it off me!"

"If Gunten asks for it, tell him to go and chop sticks!" said Frank Richards.

"I've paid him."

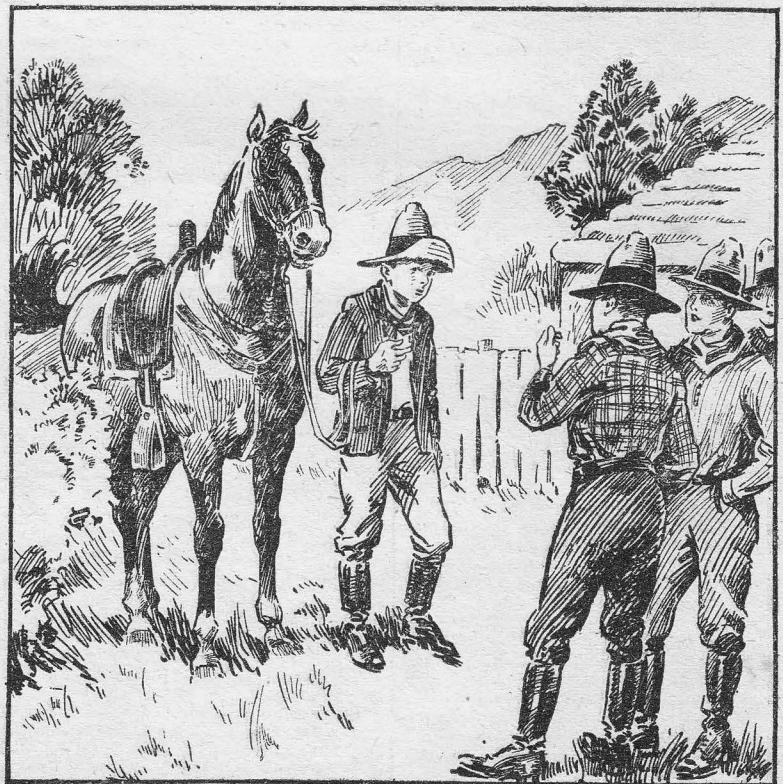
"Oh, you've paid him!" said Bob Lawless. "If you've paid him, what are you worrying about?"

"I—I had to get the money at home to pay him," said Dawson, his face flushing. "I—I got it to pay part in advance on my new sled at Thompson, and—and if the popper finds I haven't paid anything off the sled—"

"You silly guy!" exclaimed Bob. "You've used your father's money to pay a gambling debt!"

"Well, it was my money, as the sled's for me," said Dawson, with crimson cheeks. "I had to pay that Swiss beast; I couldn't stand him jawing me about owing him money. I—I might win it back—"

"You ass!"



**GUNTENT'S GLOOM!**—Guntent came cantering up the trail, and jumped off his pony. He joined Bob and his chums, who were chatting by the creek. There was a somber look on Guntent's hard face. "Hallo!" exclaimed Bob. "Been to find out about the race?" (See Chapter 4.)

"Well, if Briar Bush wins that will see me through," said Dawson. "I—I hope Briar Bush will win. I wish we could hear. Somebody will have to ride over to Thompson and find out who's won."

And Dawson walked away with a glum face.

"That fellow Gunten ought to be suppressed!" said Frank Richards savagely. "By the way, where is he? I don't see him about."

"He's gone for a ride," said Chunky Todgers. "I offered to go with him, but he nearly snapped my head off. Wanted to go alone, the guy!"

Gunten did not turn up for dinner at the school. But near time for afternoon lessons he came cantering up the trail, and jumped off his pony.

He joined Bob and his chums, who were chatting by the creek. There was a somewhat sombre look on Gunten's hard face.

"Hallo!" said Bob. "Been to find out about the race, and had your dinner?"

Gunten shook his head.

"No. I've been for a ride up towards Indian Ford. I had sandwiches with me for dinner."

"You might as well have ridden home, and got news of the race," said Bob Lawless.

"Everybody's anxious to know the result, excepting the chaps who drew blanks. Dawson's in a flurry about his precious Briar Bush," said Fran.

"Oh, Briar Bush hasn't a chance!" remarked Gunten.

"I guess Pocahontas will win—or, rather, has won!" said Bob, with a nod.

"You have all the luck—and I don't envy you!"

Gunten sneered.

"More sermons from Richards—eh?" he asked. "Richards wasn't bound to enter the sweep, and I'm quite open to take his ticket off him, if he likes, for the dollar he put up."

"That's a good offer, Franky!" said Bob. "Give him Jolly Roger, and get your dollar back."

Frank Richards fixed his eyes upon the hard, cunning face of Kern Gunten.

"So you're offering to take losers at a dollar each?" he said.

"If you're not satisfied, I'll take your loser off your hands," said Gunten. "I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

Frank smiled rather grimly.

"I'm keeping mine," he said.

"Well, you are an ass!" exclaimed Bob Lawless, in astonishment. "Jolly Roger's no good, and your dollar's safe if you take Gunten's offer."

"I'll keep him, all the same."

"I'll give you two dollars for it, if you like," said Gunten.

"Two dollars for a horse you know to be a loser!" said Frank, laughing. "You're getting jolly generous!"

"Look here!" exclaimed Gunten fiercely. "Will you let me have Jolly Roger, or won't you?"

"No, I won't!"

"Why not?" exclaimed Bob Lawless, in wonder. "I tell you Pocahontas will win, Frank. If he's jay enough to give you two dollars, take it. Why not?"

"I'll tell you why not," said Frank quietly. "Because Gunten wouldn't offer two dollars, or two cents, for my ticket, unless he thought it was the winner. He's come here specially to get my ticket away from me. And he's doing it because he knows that his precious favourite, Pocahontas, has lost!"

"Wha-a-at?"

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"And that Jolly Roger, the rotten outsider, has won," concluded Frank Richards.

Gunten's face was pale with rage.

"That's rot!" said Bob decidedly. "How could he know? The race was run at Thompson, miles from here."

"And Gunten's been for a long ride, and missed dinner."

"But he rode to Indian Ford, and that's in the opposite direction."

"I don't believe him," said Frank Richards coolly. "I believe he worked a swindle in the sweep, and bagged the supposed winner; and I believe now that he's found that his winner isn't a winner, and that my outsider is. I believe he's been to the town, and found out the result of the race."

"By gad!" murmured Beauclerc.

Bob Lawless stared at Gunten, and his lip curled. The expression on the face of the Swiss was enough for him.

"You low-down rotter!" said Bob, in utter disgust. "So that was your game, was it?"

Gunten gritted his teeth.

"It's a lie!" he exclaimed furiously.

"I know nothing about the result of the race."

"Well, we shall know what to think of that, if we find that Jolly Roger has won," said Bob scornfully.

"He—he may have won, of course," muttered Gunten. "Outsiders sometimes do. But, of course, I don't know. Richards is a liar, and I'll make him swallow his words."

And with that the Swiss sprang furiously at Frank Richards.

His savage drives were knocked aside, and Frank's right came out like a hammer, landing fairly upon his thick nose.

Gunten gave a yell, and went over backwards, and rolled on the ground.

"Well hit!" grinned Beauclerc.

Gunten rose slowly to his feet. He pressed his hand to his nose, and his fingers came away red. He gave Frank Richards a look of hatred, but he did not renew the combat.

With a scowling brow he turned away without a word.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Winner.

**B**LACK SAM, the stableman, was surrounded by the Cedar Creek fellows when school was dismissed that afternoon.

Gunten was there, too. It was necessary for him to keep up appearances if he could, and his voice joined in the general query:

"Who won the race this morning, Sam?"

The negro grinned, showing a fine set of teeth.

"What you children know 'bout dat?" he said.

"Jolly Roger win de race!"

"Jolly Roger!" said Frank Richards, with a deep breath.

Black Sam went about his business, and the schoolboys surrounded Gunten.

Frank Richards held out his hand.

"Sixteen dollars, please!" he said laconically.

There was a pause. As Jolly Roger had won, Frank Richards had won the sweep, and the stakes had to be handed over to him. But Gunten seemed unable to bring himself to hand over the money.

"Shell out!" said Hacke. "What are you hanging back for, Gunten? Richards has won the durocks, hasn't he?"

"Pay up!" chortled Chunky Todgers. "You'll lend me a dollar out of it, won't you, Richards?"

Slowly and reluctantly Gunten drew the little leather bag from his pocket. The contents were counted out. Sixteen dollars were handed over, and, to judge by the look on Kern Gunten's face, every dollar that he handed over was like a tooth being drawn out of his head.

"I guess you have the luck, Richards!" said Eben Hacke, slapping Frank on the shoulder. "Well, I'm glad it wasn't that foreign trash, anyway, with his low-down tricks! You're white, anyhow!"

"Thanks!" said Frank, laughing.

The "foreign trash" walked away, scowling. Gunten's scheme for relieving his schoolfellows of their money had not been much of a success.

With all his cunning and unscrupulousness, he had failed to land the prize, and a dollar of his own money was included in the sum he had been compelled to hand over. That was the net result of his scheming, and it was not a gratifying result.

Frank Richards slipped the money into his pocket, and walked away with his chums, dodging Chunky Todgers, who seemed to consider himself entitled to a dollar, at least, out of the pool.

Frank tapped Dick Dawson on the arm, and that youth gave him a gloomy look. His last hope of raising the wind was gone now.

"I want to jaw you, Dawson," said Frank, taking the Canadian lad's arm.

And Dawson went with him, while Bob and Beauclerc went to take out the horses for home.

Frank Richards and Dawson stopped on the bank of the creek, out of hearing of the other fellows.

"Well, what is it?" asked Dawson glumly. "You're not going to offer to lend me ten dollars, I suppose? I may as well tell you I couldn't square up this side of Christmas, if you did."

Frank smiled.

"I'm not going to offer to lend you ten dollars," he replied. "I'm going to offer to hand it to you. The money isn't mine—"

"You won it, I guess!"

"That doesn't make it mine, and I'm not going to keep it! Look here, Dawson, you were a duffer to play cards with Gunten. It may do for him, but it's not good enough for you! But never mind that. You've got to pay ten dollars to the sled-man in town, and there's the ten!"

"But—but I can't take it!" stammered Dawson.

"I'll pitch it into the creek if you don't!" said Frank, swinging his hand.

"Now, yes or no! Going, going—"

Dick Dawson caught his hand.

"There you are, then," said Frank, with a smile. "I didn't lose anything, you duffer! I'm not going to keep the rest, either. I'm going to drop the dollars in the mission box as we go home."

"You're a jolly good sort, Richards," said Dawson, in a low voice. "I—I shan't forget this, and if I can do anything any time—I couldn't have faced father when it came out I'd lost the money!"

"You could do something, if you liked," said Frank.

"What is it?"

"Punch Gunten's nose if he asks you to play cards again!"

Dawson laughed.

"I will! That's a cinch!"

And Dick Dawson kept his promise!

(Another splendid story of Frank Richards & Co. next Tuesday. There will also be another magnificent Engine Plate given FREE with every copy.)

A STIRRING STORY IN WHICH GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY PROVES HIMSELF A GREAT HERO IN THE HOUR OF NEED!

# GRUNDY'S GREAT DAY!

A New, Long, Complete Story of Tom Merry & Co. and George Alfred Grundy of St. Jim's.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD,**

Author of the Famous Tales of Tom Merry & Co. appearing in the "Gem" Library.



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Not Wanted.

"I SAY, Merry!"

Tom Merry glanced up from his prep.

"Hallo, Grundy, old scout! Anything I can do for you?" he said genially.

"Yes, rather!" responded Grundy, somewhat heatedly. "I want to know how long this blessed favouritism is going to keep me out of the Shell footer team?"

Tom Merry laughed with his sunny good temper.

"No good, Grundy, old son! You're quite a good little lad in some things, but you can't play footer for toffee!"

George Alfred snorted.

"Look here!" he began. "At my other school—Reddylffe—"

"We've heard that bit before. Try another record, sonny!" broke in Monty Lowther.

"You keep your funny remarks to yourself, Lowther, or I'll mop up the study with you!" said Grundy.

Monty Lowther slipped down on one knee, and clasped his hands in mock fear.

"Spare me!" he implored beseechingly. "Oh, bring not down my grey-haired parents in sorrow to the grave!"

The great George Alfred's patience was exhausted. The odds were three to one, but then he never did stop to count the odds, and so, with a hull-necked rush, he hit out.

"Yaroo!" yelled Monty, as he caught Grundy's great fist on his nose. "Pile in, you chaps!"

His two chums piled in with a will, and down went Grundy with a bump. Over went the table on the combatants. Manners stopped the inkpot with his ear, while the ink spread itself indiscriminately over the four.

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry, as Grundy was finally got under. "He is a strong beast. Sit on his face, Monty!"

That worthy complied, and the others sorted themselves out.

"Let's chuck him out on his neck!" snorted Lowther.

The idea was no sooner voiced than they carried it out.

"What a mess!" said Manners, glancing round after the excitement.

"My prep's ruined!" groaned Tom

Merry. "It's your fault, Monty, you ass! I wish you'd learn to keep your funny remarks to yourself when there's a blundering idiot like Grundy about!"

"Ass!" howled Lowther. "How was I to know he'd rush like that? Brrr! My nose feels like an onion!"

"And looks like a tomato," added Tom. "Help straighten things out a bit."

In the bustle they failed to hear a gentle knock on the door.

"Here he comes again!" cried Manners, as the door opened. Merry flung a cushion.

"Yow-ow! Yoop! Bai Jove!" yelled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as the missile caught him under the chin, causing him to bang his head against the doorpost.

"Who threw that cushion? Under the cires, I shall have to give him a most feahful thwashing!"

The swell of St. Jim's commenced to push back his cuffs in a businesslike manner.

"Sorry, old son!" said Tom. "I thought it was that ass Grundy come back again."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, I considah it was a wotten twick, whoevah you thought it was. I had come to tell you I have received a telegwam fwom my cousin Ethel, to say she is awwivin' to-mowwow at three o'clock."

"But we shall be mopping up the Fourth to-morrow at that time."

"We shall be wiping up you Shellfish, you mean!" corrected Gussy warmly.

"Ass!" said the Terrible Three as one man.

"Weally, deah boys—I mean, you wotten Shellfish—I have to administah a most feahful thwashing to you—"

"Oh, have it your own way, Gussy!" said Tom good-humouredly. "We've just had to chuck one silly burler out on his neck, and it would be an awful fag to have to serve you the same!"

Arthur Augustus glared, and doubtless another row would shortly have been in progress had not Manners proceeded to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Pax, my infants!;" he said. "What were you saying about cousin Ethel, Gussy?"

"I was wemarkin', deah boy," said Arthur Augustus, "that my cousin is

awwivin' at three o'clock, and theah will be no one to meet the twain."

"What about Figgy?" suggested Tom. "He's only just got over the 'flu, and won't be able to play to-morrow."

"Wipping ideah!" cried Arthur Augustus heartily. "I'll wun over and ask him."

"Here, hold on a minute, Gussy, my son! We might as well come with you," said Lowther. And the four, now on good terms once more, set off together to visit the leader of the New House juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said George Figgins. "What brings you into the lion's den?"

"My hat, you chaps! He calls this mouldy old casual ward a lion's den!" gasped Monty Lowther.

"Home for lost dogs is more like it!" remarked Tom Merry.

"Look here, Tom Merry—"

"Look here, George Figgins—"

"Oh, don't wot, deah boys!" broke in Arthur Augustus pacifically. "We've come to ask you to meet my cousin Ethel foah us, Figgy, deah boy."

"Ahem!"

Figgins blushed. Deep down in his heart the New House leader had a very soft corner for D'Arcy's pretty cousin, and few things could have given him greater pleasure than to meet her and escort her from the station to St. Jim's.

"Why aren't you fellows meeting her?" he asked.

"You see, the train arrives at three, and as that is the time for the kick-off—Shell v. Fourth—none of us will be able to go," explained Tom Merry.

"Of course not!" agreed Figgins. "And as both Kerr and Wynn will also be playing, I shall have to go on my own."

Kerr, in his own quiet Scotch way, was somewhat disappointed, but Fatty Wynn was not.

"You leave it to me!" continued Figgins, with satisfaction. "Trust the New House to help you out every time."

"We'll have a jolly good spweed aftah the match, deah boys, and, of course, you'll all come, and Wedfern and the othahs."

Fatty Wynn's eyes glistened.

"Good egg!" he said heartily. "We'll

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

NEXT TUESDAY! "OWEN OF THE NEW HOUSE!"

## 12 Buy This Week's "Chuckles" For Your Young Brother! It's Grand!

come all right, Gussy, old pal! Shurrup, Figgy, you ass! What are you treading on my foot for?"

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. A Great Idea!

**T**EA in Grundy's study that day was, to say the least of it, an unusual meal. In fact, Grundy's studymates, Wilkins and Gunn, hardly knew what to make of it.

Instead of the usual uninterrupted flow of beautiful wisdom—and other things—from the lips of the great George Alfred, there was just dead silence. Grundy sat buried deep in thought, and his two henchmen found the burden of making conversation thrust upon them.

They stared curiously at their leader, wondering what was in the wind, speculating as to how long it would be before the great man would take them into his confidence.

Neither of them thought the waiting would or could be long, as Grundy's habit was to "air" his views of things to all and sundry in a most impartial manner, especially at meal-times.

Then Gunn broke the silence.

"Feeling queer, Grundy, old bean?" he inquired, in a sympathetic tone.

"No!" growled Grundy.

"What's it all about then?" asked Wilkins curiously.

"I'm thinking," stated Grundy laconically.

"My hat! Go easy old son, or, with the unaccustomed strain, you might hurt something!" advised Wilkins.

"Fathead!"

"Amiable sort of pal, isn't he?" went on Wilkins, turning to Gunn. "Pass the jam!"

Gunn complied.

"Careful with it, old son," he said; "that's all we've got, and it's the last half-loaf, too! Tea in Hall for us to-morrow, unless Grundy's got some cash!"

Grundy nodded in an abstracted sort of way, and took a sip of scalding tea. "Yarrooh!" he yelled. "That tea's boiling!"

"Course it is!" said Wilkins. "It's just been poured out, and the teapot was hot."

Grundy glared.

"D'Arcy's cousin Ethel's coming over to-morrow," volunteered Gunn, in an effort to make conversation.

"I've just heard the news from Baggy Trimble. Trust him to know everything! Happened to be tying up his bootlace outside Study No. 10 while Gussy was telling Tom Merry."

"The fat eavesdropping little cad!" growled Grundy. "Hope you kicked him, Gunn!"

Gunn smiled at the memory.

"What-ho!" he said. "He was just in the right position!"

"Figgy's going to meet her," said Wilkins; "and I expect Gussy will stand a crowd a slap-up feed after the match."

"Oh, really!" said Grundy.

"It ought to be a jolly good match, too!" went on Wilkins. "Most of the fellows are in good form, and Tom Merry's—"

"Listen, you fellows!" broke in George Alfred. "That's just what I've been considering."

"What! Tom Merry being in form?" asked Gunn.

"No, ass! About the match. Merry's left me out of the Shell team. Of course, it's sheer favouritism!"

"Of course," murmured Gunn—"I don't think!"

"Look here, young Gunn, I don't want any of your blessed sarcasm in this study!" howled Grundy. "If you're looking for a thick ear—"

"Not at all, old scout!" said Gunn hastily. "It must be rank favouritism that keeps you out of the team."

George Alfred eyed his follower suspiciously, not quite mollified.

"Of course it is!" he snapped.

"Why, when I was at my other school, I was captain of the junior footer team for—"

"Yes, we know all about that, old man," said Wilkins, who had indeed heard many times of the exploits of their leader at Redclyffe, culminating in that worthy being asked to leave after "setting about" a prefect.

"Well, I'm just about fed-up!" stated Grundy.

"Really, you haven't had much to eat," said Gunn, wilfully misunderstanding.

"You're asking for a good hiding for your cheek!" roared Grundy sulphurously.

"I'm telling you about this footer-match to-morrow. Sheer favouritism left me out of the St. Jim's Junior Eleven, and now it's keeping me out of the Shell team. That chap Merry doesn't know good footer when he sees it!"

"That's so!" heartily agreed Wilkins. "Merit doesn't count. Why, I'm not ever in the team!"

Grundy snorted.

"You can't blame him for leaving you out, Wilkins!" he said witheringly.

"What I can't see is how he comes to leave me out. I even went along to reason the matter out with him quietly, but that funny ass Lowther got humorous, so I had to mop up the study with them!"

"I understood Trimble to say something about seeing you land on the lino on your neck," said Wilkins unwisely.

"Ahem!" Grundy was rather embarrassed. "I must have tripped up as I left the study," he murmured.

"Oh!" said Wilkins and Gunn together.

Grundy sat silent for a minute or two.

His two followers, outwardly serious, were inwardly chuckling at their leader's discomfiture.

The idea of George Alfred Grundy playing footer for the St. Jim's was funny, and "mopping-up" the Terrible Three in their own study struck them as being decidedly humorous.

"Poor old Grundy!" whispered Wilkins to Gunn. "He really thinks he can play—"

"I've got it!" roared Grundy, jumping up excitedly, and, incidentally, knocking over the teapot.

"Got what?" inquired Gunn.

"A jolly stunning idea!" went on Grundy.

"Bury it!" suggested Wilkins.

"Eh?"

"Bury it before it gets any mouldier!" said Gunn.

"I tell you, I've got a jolly good idea!"

"Who did you borrow it from?" asked Wilkins.

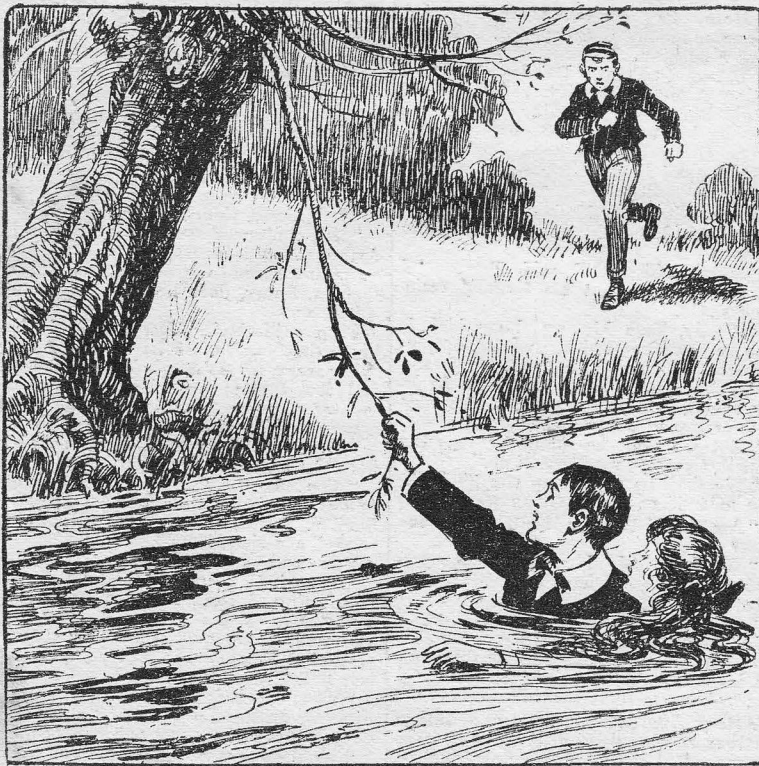
"Look here, Wilkins, are you going to let me speak?" roared Grundy.

"Suppose we'd better let the child coo! Buck up, and get it off your chest!"

Grundy glared, but was too full of his latest idea to retaliate.

"Everybody's fed up with Tom Merry as captain of the Shell!" he said. "I

(Continued on page 17.)



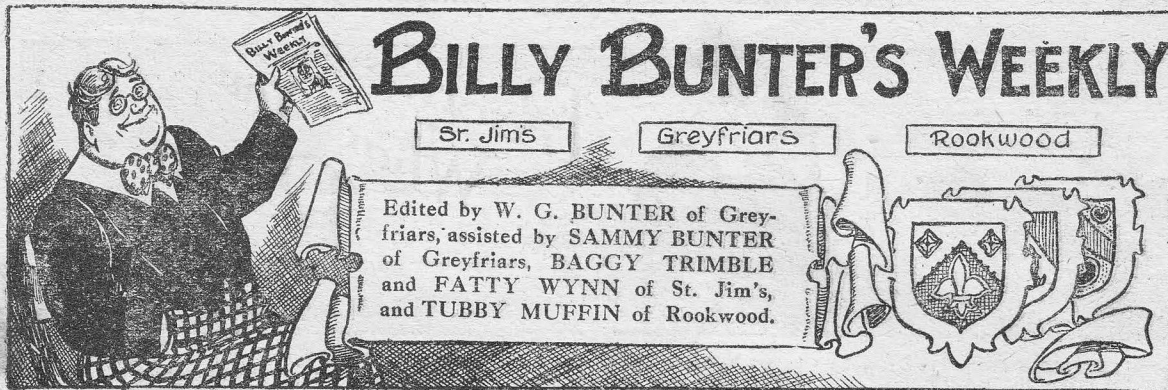
**A VERY GALLANT RESCUE!**—Figgy came pelting along the river bank, and he took in the situation at a glance. "Hold on, Grundy, for a second longer!" he gasped. Grundy groaned. The weight of Cousin Ethel was telling on his strength. He took a fresh grasp on the overhanging branch. (Chapter 4.)

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"OWEN OF THE NEW HOUSE!"**

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



**: IN YOUR :  
EDITOR'S DEN!**

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—Some of you have been asking if our Speshul Numbers are dead and defunked.

The answer is in the neggative. I now have plezzure in presenting a Speshul Economy Number to my readers. It will appear at a topical time, bekwaise there is far too much waist going on. And it goes on at Greyfriars just as much as anywhere else.

I don't beleeve in waist—although I've got a very substanshul one myself! I kinsider it is the duty of every patriotick person to cut down eggspenses, and to live within his means.

I think it was Dickens who wrote the following passidge:

"Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pound-nineteen and sixpence; result—Happinens. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds and sixpence; result—Misery."

This is very true. If you spend more than you earn, there's bound to be trouble.

Personally, I always live well within my means. My weakly allowanse of pocket-munney is a tanner, and I make it a rule never to spend more than fivepence-ha'penny. The remaining ha'penny I always invest in Savings Sustificates. I prepare against a rainy day, as the saying goes.

Now, my miner, Sammy, is quite different. Sammy gets fourpence a week pocket-munney, and he blews the lot! On top of this, he borrows munney, and gets hopelessly into debt. I'm always having to go to his reskew.

There may be some of my readers who are just as improvident as Sammy. And it is for their sakes that I am publishing this Speshul Economy Number. I want them to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the stories and artikles kontained in this issue; and I sinserly hope they will stop waisting, and learn the grate lesson of thrift.

Don't forget the wise old saw (I don't meen a fretwork saw!)—"A penny a day keeps the dockter away."

Your sinseer chum,

**Your Editor.**

**THE ECONOMY  
FIEND!**

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

I'm going to be sensible,  
Sensible and wise;  
Like a patriotic chap  
I'll economise!

No more plum-and-apple jam  
Shall I eat for tea.  
No more sausages or ham  
Shall be laid for me.

I shall scrap the stale sardine  
And the ancient bloater;  
I'll put my aeroplane aside  
And give up my motor!

When they say, "Your football sub.  
Is long overdue,"  
For economy's sweet sake  
I sha'n't pay—would you?

I shall wear my present suit  
Till it is in holes;  
And within my study grate  
I shall burn no coals.

I shall purchase no more tuck  
At our little shop;  
No more tarts and buns and things,  
No more ginger-pop.

No longer shall my study be  
A land of milk and honey.  
I mean to save a bob a week  
From my pocket-money!

Economy shall be my aim  
In matters large and small.  
There's lots of things that I don't like,  
I shall scrap them all!

But such things as rabbit-pies,  
That build up flesh and sinew,  
Muffins, toast, and marmalade—  
Let these delights continue!

**WATCH IT  
GROW!**

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

I have never been a very thrifty sort of chap.

When munney has come my way, I have promptly blued it.

The other day, however, I got hold of a pamphlet dealing with economy.

The pamphlet was entitled, "How To Save Money." Among other things, it pointed out that a penny saved was a pound gained. Dashed if I can see the sense of that argivement. I couldn't see it at the time, and I fail to see it now.

"Put your spare cash in a munney-bocks," said the pamphlet, "and watch it grow! You will be surprised at the rezult!"

That was the first time I had heard that munney was like a sort of hothouse plant, which grew when you put it under cover. Still, I made up my mind to try the eggspperiment.

I bought a munney-bocks in the villidge when the shopkeeper wasn't looking. I conveyed it to Greyfriars—the munney-bocks, not the shopkeeper—and put it on the mantelpeace in the fags' Common-room.

I put a penny in the bocks, and fondly hoped that when I went and had a peep at it at the end of the week it would have grown into a tanner! That's what the pamphlet on Economy had led me to beleave, anyway!

As the days passed, I grew very eggsgited.

Supposing the penny had grown very quickly? Supposing it had sprouted like the sweet peas in the Head's garden? Why, it might even have grown into a Trezzury Note!

When Saterdag came, I could contain myself no longer.

The munney-bocks didn't feel very heavy when I lifted it down. But that was nothing to go by, for if the penny had indeed blossomed into a pound note, the bocks would naterally be light.

With a few hefty strokes of the hammer, I bashed open the bocks.

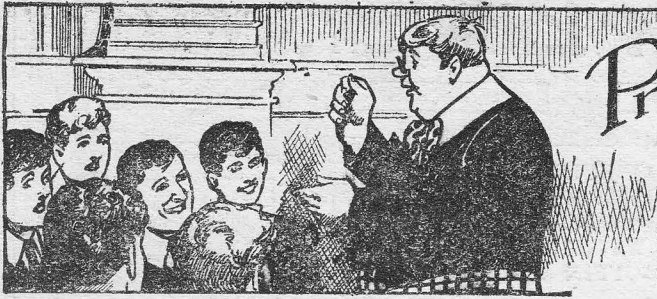
Then my face fell, and I was too agitated to stoop and pick it up.

Had the penny grown?  
No, dear readers.

At the bottom of the broken munney-bocks was a solitery coin.

I don't pretend to know why it didn't grow, but one thing is certain. If I reeseve any more pamphlets on Economy, I shall konsign them to the flames!

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# Practice What You Preach!

— By —  
S. Q. I. FIELD (Remove Form, Greyfriars).

"GENTLEMEN of the Remove—" "Dry up, Bunter!" "I decline to dry up!" Billy Bunter, standing on the table in the junior Common-room, was holding forth to an assembly of Removites. The Owl of the Remove regarded himself as an eloquent public speaker.

A lot of fellows in the audience were grinning. Billy Bunter thought they were grinning at his wit. It didn't cross his mind that they were grinning because of his absurd statements.

"As I remarked just now," went on the fat junior, "there's too much waste in this school!"

"Pity you can't cultivate a little waist yourself!" murmured Skimmer. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Skinny! I'll have you ejected if you can't behave yourself. Now, listen to me, you fellows. This continual wasting is a jolly serious matter. If the community goes on spending money in this way, national ruin follows with swift, impatient feet. The gulf of bankruptcy will open and swallow us up."

"You lifted that from a newspaper!" interrupted Stott. "I read it yesterday in the 'Daily Doings!'" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter wagged a fat forefinger at the interrupter.

"Another word from you, William Stott," he said, "and you'll go out on your neck!"

"Who is going to put me out?" asked Stott.

"I shall!" "But that would be waste, you know—waste of energy!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared at the humorous Stott, and resumed his speech.

"The waste that goes on in this school," he said, "is appalling! And I intend to start an anti-waste league. Those who would like to join me show their hands."

To Billy Bunter's intense disgust, not a single hand went up. The audience remained with their hands in their pockets. They were grinning broadly.

"Wasters!" growled Billy Bunter. "Beastly spendthrifts! Shocking squandermaniacs! Is there nobody who will champion the cause of thrift?"

Apparently there was not.

"Very well," said Bunter, "I must play a lone hand. The first thing that I shall advocate is the cutting down of the Head's salary."

"Shouldn't interfere with the Head, Buntie, if I were you," advised Bob Cherry. "He's got a nasty little habit of resenting it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've heard from a reliable source," Bunter went on, ignoring the interruption, "that the Head's salary is two thousand a year. It's appalling! Two thousand a year for sitting in a study and twiddling his thumbs! I shall demand that his salary be reduced to two hundred a year."

The audience laughed.

"As for the masters," said Billy Bunter. "They are all shockingly overpaid. My own cousin, who happens to be master of the First, gets a princely salary. You can't wonder that he looks so beastly bloated. It's high time the economy axe was wielded. And if nobody else will wield it, I will!"

"That's putting it rather bluntly, as the executioner said when he polished off his victim without sharpening the axe!" said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter went on with his speech. He was constantly being interrupted, but he

stuck to his guns. He posed as the enemy of Waste, and the avowed champion of Thrift. The amount of waste that went on at Greyfriars, he declared, was shocking. The masters received swollen salaries. The fellows spent all their pocket-money, and put nothing aside for the proverbial rainy day. There was too much overfeeding, said Bunter, blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was the biggest sinner in this respect.

Bunter's oration came to an abrupt end. He had worked himself up to a pitch of excitement, and, his eyes being fixed on the audience, he failed to notice that he was getting nearer and nearer to the edge of the table.

Presently, to emphasise a point, he took a quick step forward, and found himself hurtling through space.

The fat junior landed on the floor of the Common-room with a bump that shook every bone in his body.

"Yaroo!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts! I've broken my back!" groaned Bunter.

"In that case there's no need to send for



Toddy spread the cloth, and then, crossing to the cupboard, he solemnly produced a half-loaf of stale bread, and a basin of dripping.

a doctor," said Johnny Bull. "We'll leave you to expire in peace."

And the audience melted away.

Billy Bunter sat up, assured himself that no bones were broken, and tottered to his feet. Then he rolled along to Study No. 7. It was tea-time, and the fat junior's appetite was sharper than usual. Perhaps speech-making had made him hungry. Anyway, he was prepared to do justice to a first-class tea.

Peter and Alonzo Todd, and Tom Dutton, were in the study. They had been laughing among themselves, but their faces became suddenly grave on Billy Bunter's entry.

The fat junior blinked at his study-mates. "Why isn't the table laid?" he demanded.

"We've only just come in," said Peter Todd apologetically. "I'll lay it right away."

He spread the cloth, and then, crossing to the cupboard, he solemnly produced half a loaf of very stale bread, and a basin of dripping.

Billy Bunter watched Peter's movements in amazement. He knew that there was a new loaf in the cupboard, also some fresh butter and a plum-cake.

"What's the little game, Toddy?" he exclaimed.

"Fact is," said Peter Todd, "I've been digesting your speech about economy. I wasn't in favour at first—that's why I didn't put up my hand when you asked for helpers—but on serious reflection I've decided to adopt your views. We must yield the economy axe, and we must start to wield it in this study."

Billy Bunter stood with jaws agape, while Alonzo Todd nodded his approval.

"I agree with Peter," he said. "There has been far too much extravagance. It must be checked. We will content ourselves, my dear Bunter, with a frugal meal of bread and dripping."

"Speak for yourself!" said Billy Bunter wrathfully. "I'm going to dig into the plum-cake."

He moved towards the cupboard. But Tom Dutton, anticipating the move, stood with his back to it.

"Stand back, porpoise!" he said. "You've got to keep your paws off that cake. We're going to save it for Sunday."

Billy Bunter turned upon Peter Todd with an angry glare.

"What rot is this?" he demanded.

"It isn't rot," was the calm reply. "It's economy. In future the bill of fare at tea-time will consist of bread-and-dripping."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Billy Bunter hoped that Peter Todd would relent. But the leader of Study No. 7 showed no sign of relenting.

Tea was a most unsatisfactory meal.

The bread was hard, and the dripping was harder.

To Billy Bunter's chagrin and dismay, the cupboard was kept locked, so that he could not get at the cake.

Next day bread-and-dripping were again put on the table, and the same thing happened on the following day.

On the Saturday Billy Bunter unexpectedly came into possession of a shilling. Willie Newman, a good-hearted youngster in the First Form, advanced the money to Bunter as a loan, knowing very well he would not see it again.

Billy Bunter rolled away to the tuckshop, with the object of expending the money on jam-tarts. But the Famous Five stood in the doorway of the tuckshop, effectively blocking the entrance.

"Lemme go in," said Bunter. "I want to buy some jam-tarts!"

The juniors did not budge.

"We've decided to join you in your economy campaign, Buntie," said Bob Cherry. "You mustn't buy any jam-tarts. It's a wicked waste of money."

"The wastefulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

Billy Bunter tried to force an entry into the tuckshop, but he was repulsed with heavy casualties.

The situation had become intolerable.

That evening Billy Bunter made a further speech in the junior Common-room, completely renouncing all that he had said before.

"I've come to the conclusion that I was mistaken," he said. "There's no waste going on at Greyfriars. It's a jolly thrifty place. In fact, I think we should all be justified in spending more money, especially on grub."

That was the end of Billy Bunter's anti-waste campaign. And the Head still enjoys a salary of two thousand a year!



# Saving for a Rainy Day.

— By —  
**BAGGY TRIMBLE**  
(Subb-Edditer).

**I** ONCE had a cuzzen who saved up for a rainy day. He was lucky. Only two days after he had started to save it rained in torrents.

The rainy day having arrived, my cuzzen went to his money-box, took out the contents, and blued them!

I will now tell you a little eggsperience of my own.

Last term I made up my mind to save money. There were lots of things I wanted to get at the end of the term, and I knew I should never get them unless I saved up for them.

I particularly needed a bike, a gramophone, and a camera.

The bike I had at the time was in a shocking condition, and was fit only for the scrapheap. I had no gramophone, and I was without a camera.

I spoke to my Uncle Toby on the subject. Uncle Toby is a grate orthority on thrift. When he was a boy he was a packer in a London warehouse at a salary of seven shillings a week, and he was so thrifty that in thirty-eight years he managed to save a small fortune.

"My dear Bagley," said Uncle Toby, "I'll tell you how to go about it. You say you want a bicycle, a gramophone, and a camera. Very well; I will buy you three money-boxes, and you will place them in a row on your study mantelpiece. You will label the three money-boxes as follows: 'Bicycle,' 'Gramophone,' and 'Camera.' And whenever you have any spare coppers, you will drop them into one or other of the money-boxes. By the end of the term you will have sufficient funds to purchase the articles you require. Do you follow me?"

"Certainly, uncle!" I said.

And I promptly followed him into the nearest toy-shop, where he was good enough to purchase the money-boxes.

We walked back to St. Jim's together, and Uncle Toby had tea in my study.

"I will give you a start for your funds, Bagley," he said.

And the dear old stick put tuppence into each money-box.

"Now, my boy," he said, "I have laid a foundation, and it is for you to do the rest."

Well, dear readers, I saved up my pennies week after week. And instead of spending them at the school tuckshop I deposited them in my money-boxes.

It was very hard, espeshully on the days when I felt dreadfully hungry. But I stuck to it.

Gradually the term drew to a clothes.

On the last day of term I was wildly excited. I had not kept count of what I had put in my money-boxes, but I knew that it must be a considerable sum.

"Now," I eggslaimed joyfully, "I shall be able to buy my bike, my gramophone, and my camera!"

But, alas! When I came to open my money-boxes I had a series of rood shocks.

In the box marked "Bicycle" there was one-and-eightpence.

Can any reader tell me where I can get a bike for that sum?

In the box labelled "Gramophone" there was sixpence-halfpenny. You can't buy a gramophone for that amount, not even at the Sixpenny-halfpenny Bazaar!

Finally, in the "Camera" box there was threepence-three-farthings. I offered to purchase Manners' camera for that sum, but he wouldn't bite.

I sat down in my study and wept. A term's savings, mark you! And they were no use to me.

After a time I pulled myself together, and tramped over to Wayland, with the heap of coppers jingling in my pocket.

First of all I went to the bike shopp.

"What's the cheapest masheen you've got in stock?" I inkwired.

"We have a 2nd hand masheen at seven guineas," said the assistant.

"Oh crumms!"

"Did you want to go higher than that, sir?"

"Grate Scott, no! I wanted a bike round about one-and-eightpence!"

The assistant glared at me as if he suspected that I was pulling his leg.

"I'm not in the yewmer for joaks!" he said. "Get out of this shop!"

And he assisted me from the premises with his boot.

I prosceeded to the gramophone shopp. There was a young lady within. When I asked her if it was possible to buy a hansom gramophone for sixpence-halfpenny, she promptly reported me to the proprietor. He was a man who did not stand on ceremony. He stood on the threshold of the shopp, and kicked me fourth.

Finally, I went along to the camera store, and asked if there was any chance of getting a vest-pocket camera for threepence-three-farthings. Being a photographer himself, it wasn't surprising that the shopkeeper "snapped."

"Get out!" he hist.

I tramped back to St. Jim's, feeling utterly dejected.

For hour after hour I trudded around, trying to get a 2nd-hand bike, a 2nd-hand gramophone, and a 2nd-hand camera. But I collected nothing but kicks and punches.

At last, utterly worn out and sick at hart, I sought sollis at the tuckshopp. And I blued every penny I had on jam-tarts and ginger-pop.

That's the last time I shall ever indulge in a money-saving campaign. Things might have been different when Uncle Toby was a boy. Anyway, I didn't prophet by his advice, and I shall write and tell him so!

Saving up for a rainy day is all tommy-rot!

In future I shall spend my money as I get it, and live bang up to my income. That's the only way to get the best out of life.

Never let it be said that Baggy Trimble is a miser and a horder! Never let it be said that he keeps his money under his pillow, or pokes it away in dark corners. He blues it as he gets it—and that, say what you will, is the only satisfactory way!

## SUGGESTED ECONOMIES!

By Monty Lowther  
(Shell Form, St. Jim's).

It is rumoured that there is too much waste at St. Jim's. As a patriotic citizen, therefore, I have gone carefully into the subject, and beg to put forward the following suggestions for economy. If they appeal to the Head, I hope he will reward me. If they don't, I hope he will spare the rod!

To begin with, a saving of several hundred pounds a year could be effected by cutting down the school staff. There are far too many masters! Mr. Ratcliff should go. Mr. Selby should be given marching orders. We can get along very nicely without them! If the economy axe is wielded in this direction, it will be ripping!

I do not consider the services of a gate-porter necessary. Taggles should be made to chuck in his mit. He is only a thumping nuisance. We don't want anybody to time us out and to time us in, as if we were giddy convicts. It is true that somebody is needed to sweep up the leayes which accumulate in the quad, but this could be done by an odd-job man from outside the school.

I find that far too much money is being squandered on food and raiment. Fatty Wynn is the biggest offender with regard to the former, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in the case of the latter. I believe that the whole of Wynn's pocket-money is expended on tuck, which is little short of a scandal. As for Gussy, he replenishes his wardrobe every week. Only the other day he purchased half-a-dozen new toppers! The aristocracy must stop spending. Then the rest of the public will follow suit.

When a fellow spends a small fortune on fancy waistcoats, it is time to draw the line. If I had a quid for every new waistcoat that Gussy has bought, I should be a millionaire! Fabulous sums have also been expended on socks and neckties, to say nothing of silk spats and silver-mounted walking-sticks.

This appalling waste of money must cease forthwith.

I don't suppose I shall make myself very popular by advancing these economy suggestions. But I've got my duty to do as a loyal and patriotic citizen, and I mean to do it. Far too much money is being spent on useless trifles. I haven't time to go into the subject further. I've got to go down to the village to purchase a tuck hamper!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



HONEST  
SWEAT

**HERBERT VERNON-SMITH**  
(Greyfriars).

THE POPULAR.—No. 167.

## False Economy!

By **KIT ERROLL**  
(Fourth Form, Rookwood).

I'm all in favour of saving money—when there's a real reason for it.

But when an economy fanatic gets up on his hind legs, and says that too much money is being spent on football I think it's time to kick.

Lovell of the Fourth was the fanatic in question. He's completely cured now. But at the time he was bitten by the economy craze very badly.

At a meeting of the Rookwood junior football club Lovell had the cheek to propose that no money should be spent on football gear for a whole month.

Jimmy Silver was dead against the idea, but he decided to carry it out just as an experiment, and in order to prove to Lovell that he was all wrong.

For a week all went well. Then things began to happen.

The club possessed six footballs, and each of them was punctured in turn.

Under Lovell's crazy scheme it was impossible to purchase a new ball.

Moreover, the goal-posts were blown down during the night in a fierce storm. And a crossbar and an upright were shattered.

New goal-posts were urgently wanted, but Lovell's scheme forbade the purchase of them.

Several of the players in the junior eleven had torn their jerseys beyond repair. They clamoured for new ones. Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"We must give Lovell's scheme a fair trial," he said.

During the following week we played footer under shocking, not to say impossible, conditions. And on the Saturday we had a home match with Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. had the shock of their lives when they came over.

The game was played under the most primitive conditions.

One set of goal-posts had no crossbar; and at the other end of the field there were no goal-posts at all, owing to the fact that one of the uprights was broken. A couple of jackets were placed on the ground to mark the goal area.

There was no football. The "ball" consisted of pieces of rag and paper, skilfully tied together with string.

As for the jerseys of the Rookwood players, they were in a truly hopeless state.

Harry Wharton asked for an explanation.

"We're economising," said Jimmy Silver, with a grin. "Lovell's hatched a brilliant plan whereby we're not allowed to purchase any footer gear for a month."

"My hat!"

I will not weary my readers with a description of that match. In fact, it begged description.

Many goals were scored. But the referee could not be certain whether the "ball" had passed between the coats, or over the coats, or on the outside of the coats.

Midway through the second half Johnny Bull, of Greyfriars, took a lusty kick at the "ball," and it went West.

The game was abandoned, and Lovell was nearly abandoned, too—to a terrible fate! He was soundly bumped; and after that he was not heard to lift up his voice in favour of economy!

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By  
**Valentine Mornington**  
(Fourth Form, Rookwood).

"**T**IME we drew in our horns," remarked Lovell of the Fourth. "The Sports Club has been spending money far too freely lately. If we're not jolly careful we shall get the reputation of a giddy Government department."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"What I say. We've been chucking money about like water. There was a fiver spent on new goalposts, a couple of guineas for two new footballs; a tanner on a fresh outfit of footer togs for the team—"

"All necessary," interrupted Jimmy Silver. "Every penny was wisely spent."

"I dare say." Lovell did not look convinced. "Anyway, now it comes to buying a boat. I don't see the fun of spending fifteen quid. I'd rather the Rookwood Junior Rowing Club shut up shop than squandered money like that."

"You're talking rot!" said Newcome. "We've got enough funds in the Games Box, so why shouldn't we spend it?"

"That's just it," said Lovell excitedly. "Waste! That's what you're preaching—the gospel of Waste! No sooner have we collected the subscriptions than you want to go and blue fifteen quid on a boat!"

"My dear chap," said Jimmy Silver, "I'm trying to be patient with you, but you'll make me lose my wool if you carry on like this. You know jolly well we need a new boat. The old one is battered about beyond repair. Besides, it belongs to an obsolete type that isn't seen on the river nowadays."

"When we have our annual boatrace with Greyfriars," said Raby, "we want a racing boat, not an old tub!"

Lovell gave a snort.

"Get your racing boat," he said. "I'm not saying anything against that."

"Then why are you grouching?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"I'm grouching because you're going to blue fifteen quid on a new boat when you can get one for much less."

"Where?"

"I don't know at the moment, but I'll jolly soon find out. You leave it to me," said Lovell.

The meeting broke up. And Lovell, who had become obsessed by a sudden craze for economy, cycled down to the village and went to the newsagent's, where he purchased a periodical called the "Oarsman."

On the front cover appeared the advertisement of a boat-building company. Boats—reliable, up-to-date racing boats—were being offered for sale at five pounds each.

Lovell remounted his bike with a chuckle, and rode back to Rookwood. His chums met him in the quad.

"Well, my anti-waste champion," said Jimmy Silver, "and what's the latest?"

Lovell produced the copy of the "Oarsman."

"This is the sort of boat we want," he said, pointing to the advertisement. "You were going to spend fifteen quid, when all the time you can get a topping boat for a fiver."

Jimmy Silver looked doubtful.

"Bet it's a sorry specimen of a boat," he said.

"On the contrary," said Lovell, "it's a top-hole craft. Look at the illustration of it."

Jimmy Silver looked at the illustration. So did Newcome and Raby.

The boat certainly looked all right—in the picture. But the juniors were afraid that the reality might prove disappointing. A clever artist can often make an inferior article appear a very attractive one.

"Will you let me send for one of these boats?" asked Lovell. "I'll shoulder the responsibility if it turns out to be a dud."

"All right," said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell was given the sum of five pounds out of the Games Fund, and he wrote off at once for one of the boats.

It arrived a couple of days later, by road.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in the quad when it came, and they went forward eagerly to examine the boat.

There was no fault to find with the craft. Like Caesar's wife, it was beyond reproach.

"Told you so!" said Lovell jubilantly. "And you giddy squandermaniacs would have gone and paid fifteen quid for a boat! I've saved the Games Fund a tanner!"

"Good work!" said Jimmy Silver approvingly. "I'd no idea one could get a boat like this so cheaply."

The men who had brought the boat were instructed to convey it to the boathouse, down by the river.

The news that such a magnificent racing boat had been purchased by the Rookwood Junior Rowing Club caused quite a flutter in the junior section of the school. Very few fellows could believe that such a splendid boat had cost only five pounds.

Next day Lovell received a rude shock. A letter arrived for him from the Up-to-Date Boat-Building Company. It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—We thank you for your esteemed order, with remittance for five pounds, and have despatched the boat to you to-day by road.

"As you will have gathered from our advertisement, the total cost of the boat is twenty pounds, payable in four monthly instalments of five pounds.

"Trusting the boat will give you entire satisfaction,

"We remain, dear sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"THE UP-TO-DATE BOAT-BUILDING CO."

Poor old Lovell nearly had a fit.

Had he read the advertisement more carefully, he would have seen that a payment of five pounds was merely the first instalment. The total cost of the boat was twenty pounds, so that Lovell, instead of saving the Games Fund ten pounds, had spent five pounds more than it was originally intended should be spent!

When Jimmy Silver, Newcome, and Raby heard the news they didn't spare Lovell. They called him a perfect ass and a priceless chump, and several more uncomplimentary things. They even went so far as to bump him. And Lovell, as he tottered to his feet when the ordeal was over, was heard to declare that he wouldn't practice economy any more!



## Grundy's Great Day!

(Continued from page 12.)

vote we call a meeting of the Shell fellows, in order to elect a new captain! I don't want to influence them at all, but they are sure to elect me! What do you think of that for an idea?"

"Rotten!" said Gunn promptly.

"Putrid!" snorted Wilkins.

Grundy seemed about to have a fit.

"Are you fellows going to back me up?" he demanded hotly.

"We are not!" the "fellows" declared emphatically.

"You're not going to back your leader up?"

"No fear!" said Wilkins. "We're not going to be mixed up in anything like that. Why, the fellows would simply slaughter you!"

"Let 'em!" snorted Grundy.

"They'll chuck you out of the Common-room on your neck!"

"Let 'em try!" said Grundy. "And what shall we be doing?"

"You mean, what will you be doing, don't you? We sha'n't be there, shall we, Gunn?"

"No jolly fear!" said Gunn.

"Look here—" began George Alfred.

"Oh, we've been looking quite a long time, and it's just beginning to hurt!" retorted Wilkins irritably.

This was the last straw for Grundy. He made a rush at his two henchmen.

"Yow! Yaroh!" yelled Gunn, as Grundy grabbed his collar.

"What are you getting at, you ass?" demanded Wilkins, as he also was held by the collar.

"You, my sons," replied Grundy; "and I'm going to knock your silly heads together like that—"

Crack!

"Yoop!"

"Until you agree to back me up. Now, are you going to see me through?"

"No, you burbling ass!" howled Gunn.

Grundy brought their heads together again with a whack.

"Ow! Ooch! Hold on, you chump—we'll back you up!"

"Good!" said Grundy. "I thought it wouldn't take much to persuade you!"

"Ow!"

"Now we are once more all of the same mind," said Grundy, extremely satisfied with himself, "we'll get to business, and write a notice for the board. Get the ink, Wilkins!"

Wilkins glared, and rubbed his head, but he got the ink.

Then followed much careful energy on the part of George Alfred, and much re-writing, but at last the notice was finished to his satisfaction, and pinned on the notice-board.

After which Grundy shut himself in his study to think out his speech for the important meeting.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Meeting!

"MY hat!"

George Gore of the Shell glared at the notice on the board in amazement.

"Of all the cheek—"

He, with several other Shell fellows, was standing in front of the notice-board on which Grundy's notice was conspicuously displayed. It read:

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"OWEN OF THE NEW HOUSE!"

#### "MEMBERS OF THE SHELL,

"There will be a meeting of all the fellows who are fed up with the existing Shell football XI, in the Common-room at 6 sharp.

"Roll up in your dozens!

"(Signed) GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY."

"I expect Grundy, the ass, thinks he ought to be in the team for to-morrow," said Harry Noble.

"How many hundreds does he calculate are fed up?" asked Talbot.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Most of the fellows looked upon the great George Alfred's efforts to do away with favouritism in the Shell footer eleven as distinctly funny, but Gore thought otherwise. There had been a time when he would have welcomed any attempt to cause the downfall of Tom Merry, but now it was different.

"I'm going along to tell Merry," he announced grimly; "and then I'm going to pulverise that chump Grundy."

Meanwhile, the crowd round the notice-board had thickened.

The news of Grundy's latest had travelled quickly, and had been received with mixed feelings by the members of the Shell.

Numerous grins and chuckles greeted Gore's determination as he strode off, but Tom Merry was by no means upset when he heard, in spite of the indignation of his loyal Co.

Crooke & Co. were maliciously glad that an attempt was to be made upon Merry's popularity, and determined to go and put a spoke in his wheel if they possibly could, while fellows like Dane, Glynn, Noble, and Talbot expected to have a humorous evening at Grundy's expense. There was every prospect of a glorious rag.

In Study No. 3 great preparations were going on. Grundy, after much labour, had produced what he fondly imagined to be a gem of a speech, and was now holding forth to his unfortunate study-mates, whom he had just admitted, and who were feeling far from comfortable.

Wilkins and Gunn had heard various comments from the fellows, and they could see trouble looming ahead, in which they had no ambition to be mixed up.

At a quarter to six, Grundy considered it about time to be getting along to the Common-room, and accordingly the three went.

The eager crowd that Grundy imagined would be awaiting his arrival was not in evidence—in fact, Herbert Skimpole, the genius of the Shell, was the only fellow present.

"Hallo, Skimmy, old bean, you're early for the meeting!" greeted the great George Alfred affably.

"Dear me, Grundy," said Skimpole. "I have no knowledge of any meeting! I have merely come here to look for a volume by Professor Balmcrumpet which I have unaccountably mislaid."

"Oh!" said Grundy disappointedly. "Buck up and clear out, then. There'll be a crowd of fellows here directly."

Skimpole got out obligingly. He was not at all anxious to fall foul of the heavy-fisted Grundy, although, as it happened, that gentleman would have been glad if he had remained. A meeting without fellows would be rather a wash-out, and in that case even Skimpole would have been welcome.

Soon after, however, Grundy's great hopes were realised, and most of the fellows of the Shell rolled in. His brows lifted with surprise as the Terrible Three arrived and took front seats. Gore, who

had postponed his pulverising intentions, came in with the Kangaroo, Bernard Glynn, and Talbot. Crooke & Co also arrived, to be greeted with a frown from Grundy. Soon everybody who counted at all in the Shell was present, and George Alfred, standing on a chair, commenced his flow of eloquence.

"Ladies and gentlemen—" he began. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silly ass!" yelled Crooke.

"Gentlemen and Crooke, I mean," corrected Grundy, with rare wit for him, and the fellows rocked with laughter again.

"Good old Grundy!" said William Gunn encouragingly, proud for once of his leader.

"Shurrup, Gunn!" hissed Grundy, preparing to go on with his speech. "We have met together on this auspicious occasion to put a stop to favouritism in our Form for good."

"Hear, hear!" cried several voices from Crooke's corner.

Grundy was gradually getting into his stride over the long familiar ground, but soon relaxed from his oracular style.

"I don't think you chaps are such awful chumps as you look," he went on more in his own manner, "and I believe you've got a little sand somewhere."

The Shell took the great Grundy's hard words in perfectly good part for the present, though Gore muttered darkly.

"You all know what a jolly good footballer I am, and I've been left out of the team again by that chap Merry." Addressing Tom Merry, he went on: "It's your own fault for coming here. If you'd had any decency you would have kept away; but as it is, you must expect to hear some home truths. Sheer fav—Ow! Who did that?"

Grundy clasped his ear, and Monty Lowther chuckled as he concealed his pea-shooter.

Grundy glanced round the assembled Shellites, but Lowther looked the picture of innocence, indeed, almost too much so.

"Some rotter's got a pea-shooter!" howled Grundy. "I'll smash him if I can find him! Now, as I was saying, it is about time we had a new footer captain."

"Hear, hear!" yelled Crooke vigorously. But Grundy was not over pleased with support from that quarter, so he took no notice, and resumed.

"Of course, I don't want to blow my own trumpet, but I've been thinking what a jolly good man I'd be for the job. I'm a modest sort of chap, as you know. What do you think of the idea?"

"Ghastly!" groaned Gore.

"Horrible!" roared the Kangaroo.

"We're going to play footer, not marbles!" yelled another voice.

"Look here, you chaps—Ow, ow!" howled Grundy, hopping on one foot and clapping his hand to his nose as he stopped a perfect fusillade of well-directed shots from Monty's pea-shooter. "I'll come down and smash some of you directly!"

Immediately a voice in the audience struck up "Come into the garden, Maude," taken up instantly by others, and Grundy, whose temper was somewhat frayed by the pea-shooter and the singing, could stand it no longer. He made a wild rush at the singers, who literally received him with open arms, and George Alfred, in spite of his strength, found himself swept from his feet. In two minutes he looked as if he had been through a wringer. One eye was rapidly closing, his nose was puffy, his collar was torn, and his tie was round the back of his neck.

"What shall we do with him,

THE POPULAR.—No. 167.

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

Tommy?" asked Manners, as the struggling Grundy was at last subdued.

"Oh, let him alone! He can't help it," said Merry, good-naturedly.

"Rot!" returned Manners. "He's got to learn to be a good boy. What about it, you fellows?"

"Shove him in the fountain. He'll want a decent wash, anyway by the time he's finished rolling on the floor," counselled a voice.

"Look here!" yelled Grundy, as he found himself being lifted. "Don't you dare—"

"Ram a duster in his mouth, Monty, there's a good chap."

Lowther complied, and the still struggling George Alfred Grundy was borne out of the Common-room.

They did not duck him in the fountain, however, but when they reached Study No. 3 contented themselves with bumping him soundly.

Shortly afterwards a very limp Grundy picked himself up from the floor and wearily made his way to the dormitory for a brush-up.

"How're you feeling, Grundy, old man?" asked Wilkins, hiding a grin.

"Go and eat coke!" growled his leader, for even his ardour had received a severe shock. Verily the best laid schemes of mice and schoolboys "gang aft agly."

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTE A Gallant Rescue!

**N**EXT day was a Wednesday, and Wednesday was a half-holiday at St. Jim's. This particular day found the fellows all agog with excitement over the Junior Derby. Feeling ran high between the members of the rival Forms—Shell and Fourth—and the supporters of each were equally confident in the ultimate success of their own team.

Tom Merry & Co., as usual, were in great form, while Jack Blake and his merry men were every bit as fit as their opponents, extremely confident and anxious to lower the higher Form's colours. A keen match would undoubtedly be the result. Grundy still hoping against hope that Tom Merry would see reason at last, and include him in the Shell eleven, candidly stated to his study-mates that he was going to play like anything in the afternoon, and win the match for his Form. Whereat Wilkins and Gunn gasped.

One would have thought, confided Gunn to Wilkins, that the one and only George Alfred would have been cured of such ambitions by the meeting of the previous evening; but apparently he was not. Like Oliver Twist, he wanted some more.

Morning lessons were got through somehow, and dinner-time approached, but still Grundy had not received the message he had been expecting, and at last he declared to his henchmen his intention of again visiting the study of the Terrible Three and persuading Tom Merry to play him.

He burst into Study No. 10 with scant ceremony.

Tom Merry glanced up from the letter he was writing, while Monty Lowther, who was putting new laces in his footer boots, merely sighed as he saw who the visitor was.

"I say, Merry—" began Grundy.

"Don't!" retorted Tom. "I'm busy!"

"I say, Merry—" roared Grundy.

"Go and say it to Wilkins and Gunn, like a good child!" put in Lowther.

"Rot!" howled George Alfred, his wrath fast rising. "Look here, Merry, are you going to resign the centre—

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forward position to me this afternoon, so that we have a chance to win, or are you not?"

"Not!" said Tom decidedly. "Vamoose! You're getting on my nerves, my pippin!"

"Look here, you jealous rotter—"

"Eh?"

"Jealous rotter, I said!" howled Grundy.

"Then you'd better not say it again," advised Tom Merry.

"I'll say it as often as I like, and it's quite true—"

Bump!

Grundy found himself sitting on the floor, clapping his nose in a dazed fashion. He did not stay there long, and with a spring and a roar he went for Tom Merry, only to be received by three pairs of hands and cast from the end study. Then the door was banged and locked, and Grundy hammered upon it in vain.

"Let me in, and I'll pulverise the lot of you!" he roared.

"Go and chop chips!" he was advised by the occupants; and then even Grundy realised that the chances of his playing footer that day were small indeed.

"Coming to see the match?" amiably asked Wilkins, coming up at that moment with Gunn.

"No!" growled Grundy. "I'm going for a walk."

"We're going," said Gunn.

"I don't care," returned Grundy. "Go and see the silly asses trying to play, if you want to. I'm not!"

And he wandered off on his own.

Cousin Ethel alighted from the train at Rylcombe, and wandered out into the little booking-hall. She had caught an earlier connection and was almost half an hour before her time, and George Figgins had not yet arrived to welcome her. But that did not unduly trouble her. She knew the way to St. Jim's almost as well as did Figgins himself.

D'Arcy had written, telling her of the great match, and that Figgins, who was vaalescent after the flu, would be meeting her. So instead of waiting she decided to walk on and meet her escort on the way.

As the day was a fine one she judged that he would be taking the short cut, and accordingly she turned off at the stile and commenced to walk across the fields to St. Jim's. Presently she came to the little plank bridge that scanned the usually placid waters of the Rhyl.

A great deal of rain during the past fortnight, however, had swollen the little river to almost twice its former size, and now, instead of a gentle trickle of water, the river was running like a mill-race.

Although the plank bridge that crossed it looked to cousin Ethel to be very unsafe, she did not wish to turn back, and so she held on her way.

Hardly had she taken three steps, however, before the plank with her additional weight began to slip from its already insecure hold on the slippery bank. Cousin Ethel at once realised her danger. She could not go forward, and she dared not go back. As the plank continued to slip she raised her voice in a despairing cry:

"Help! Help!"

"Hold on! I'm coming, miss!"

Grundy—for it was he—came racing down the opposite bank.

At that moment the plank finally gave way, and cousin Ethel was thrown into the river. Grundy, hardly pausing to tear off his coat, plunged in after her.

Though he would never have admitted it, swimming was not one of Grundy's

accomplishments; in fact, he was a very indifferent exponent.

Pluck, however, he had in plenty, and it was this that sent him plunging into the icy current.

Reaching the girl, he managed to support her, and, unable to make way against the strong current, he allowed himself to be carried downstream.

Their position was perilous in the extreme.

The Rhyl was running strongly, and they were being carried along at a great pace.

Grundy was almost giving up hope when he managed to clutch the overhanging branch of a willow-tree. Supporting Ethel with one arm, he held on with what strength he had left, and as he heard an ominous cracking of the branch, bellowed out with the full force of his lungs:

"Help! Help! Rescue, St. Jim's!"

Far down the bank came an answering call, and Figgins, on his way to his appointment, had been pulled up short by the missing plank-bridge. Now he came at full pelt along the riverside, and took in the situation at a glance.

"Hold on, Grundy, for a second longer!" he gasped.

Grundy groaned. It was evident he was nearly finished, but with bulldog tenacity clung on.

Just as the branch looked like finally parting, Figgins threw a rope, which he had improvised out of his coat, vest, belt, and some odd string, and after a desperate struggle the two unfortunates were safely landed on the bank.

Grundy was the hero of the hour.

Even the great victory the Shell had gained over the Fourth was temporarily forgotten in the excitement of Grundy's splendid achievement.

Neither cousin Ethel nor George Alfred, who had been rushed into hot baths and hot blankets, were any the worse for their adventure.

The tea-party given by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in honour of the visit of his cousin was a huge success, and Grundy was a blushing guest.

A pretty speech was made by cousin Ethel, in which she said how much she appreciated the bravery of George Alfred, and thanked both him and Figgins.

Grundy was greatly embarrassed. To be made a lot of was not usually his portion. Tom Merry made a short speech before the party broke up.

"Cousin Ethel and chaps," he said, "I am convinced that the finest thing I have done since being captain of St. Jim's junior footer was when I left out Grundy from the Shell team, leaving him free to wander around and rescue a fair damsel in distress!"

"Hear, hear!" roared Figgins. "Three cheers for Grundy!"

And the cheers were given with a will. It was indeed a great day for Grundy!

THE END.

## DON'T MISS

The Long Complete Dramatic School Story dealing with the adventures of TOM MERRY & CO., entitled:

**"OWEN OF THE NEW HOUSE!"**

By MARTIN CLIFFORD,

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

A DRAMATIC SCHOOL TALE, TELLING HOW MARK LATTREY CAME BACK TO ROOKWOOD AND OF A GALLANT DEED!



# REDEEMING HIS PAST!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST

Author of the Famous Tales of Rookwood in "The Boys' Friend."

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Cool Cheek.

"CHEEKY cad!"  
Peele of the Rookwood Fourth uttered that exclamation in wrathful and indignant tones.  
He was standing by the letter-rack, with a letter in his hand, which he had just opened.

Several fellows glanced at him. Jimmy Silver & Co. had just come in. Jimmy was expecting a letter from Kit Erroll, who was away from Rookwood with Mornington of the Fourth. Jimmy found his letter in the rack, much to his satisfaction.

He was about to open it, when Peele spoke. "The rotter!"  
"What's biting you, Peele?" inquired Lovell.

"Cheeky worm!" said Peele.  
"What?"  
"I don't mean you, ass! This worm!" Peele held up the letter. "The cheeky bouncer! As if I want anything to do with him!"

"What's Lattrey got to say, Peele?" asked Tubby Muffin.  
Jimmy Silver stared at that name.

"Lattrey!" he exclaimed.  
"I saw it was Lattrey's fist when I looked over the rack," said Tubby. "I don't think a Rookwood chap ought to correspond with that fellow now he's been sacked. You oughtn't to do it, Peele!"

And Tubby Muffin wagged a fat forefinger at Cyril Peele reprovingly.  
"Dash it all, you might draw a line at that, Peele," said Gower.

"I'm not corresponding with him!" exclaimed Peele angrily. "The cad's got the cheek to write to me. I didn't ask him to!"  
"Send him his letter back, then."

Peele and Gower had been chummy with Lattrey of the Fourth before the cad of Rookwood fell into disgrace, which had ended in his expulsion from the school.

But it was evident that they had no kindly feelings for their old associate.  
"What's he got to say, though?" added Gower, on second thoughts.

"I don't mind everybody knowing it!" said Peele indignantly. "As if I'd help him—the fellow who blinded Mornington! I don't set up to be a saint!"

"It wouldn't be much use," remarked Lovell.

"Oh, rats! I don't set up to be a specially particular chap, but I draw the line at a ruffian like that!"

"By gad, yes, I should say so!" chimed in Townsend of the Fourth. "Must draw a line somewhere!"

"Read it out, Peele," said Topham.

"I'm goin' to. I want everybody to know that I don't have anythin' to do with an expelled cad!" exclaimed Peele. "Listen to this! It fairly takes the cake, I can tell you!"

The juniors listened curiously enough as Cyril Peele proceeded to read out the letter from Lattrey.

It was a week since Mark Lattrey had been

expelled from Rookwood, and nobody there had ever expected to hear of him again.

Certainly he had left no one behind to regret him. His closest associates had been disgusted with him.

The letter ran:

"Dear Cyril—You may be a bit surprised to hear from me; but I haven't forgotten Rookwood, and my old friends there—"

"Cheek!" exclaimed Gower. "He's got no friends here that I know of!"  
"Go on, Peele."

Peele went on:  
"I'm in low water now. You may have noticed how my pater looked when he took me away from Rookwood. He was in a rare wax, and he's been keeping it up. I've had a dog's life since—"

"I can jolly well believe that!" remarked Lovell. "Old Lattrey looked a bit of a Hum, and I fancy he's taken it out of the fellow for getting sacked."

"Serve him jolly well right!" said Newcome.

"Hear, hear!"  
"More power to his elbow, bedad!" grinned Flynn.

"Go ahead, Peele! Get on with the washing!"

Peele started again:  
"I simply can't stand it! It's jawing and ragging, ragging and jawing, from early morn to dewy eve. I've made up my mind to hook it—"

"Hook it!" exclaimed Raby.  
"Great Scott!"

"He's running away from home!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in astonishment.

"Shouldn't have thought he'd have the nerve," said Conroy.

"I'm clearing off to-night; but, as you may guess, I'm stumped for cash. I want my old friends to help me. Will you stand by me—you and Gower and the rest—for the sake of old times? I'm going to give you a chance by coming down to Coombe, and if you care to see me, I'll be waiting at the old stile every day till you come. Don't go back on an old pal who's down on his luck."

"Yours always,  
"MARK LATTREY."

"Well of all the nerve!" said Conroy.  
Peele knitted his brows.

"He's got the cheek to write that to me, and to call me Cyril!" he cried. "Why, the fellow never was a friend of mine. I just put up with him, that's all, because he was in the same study."

"That's all we ever did—ahem!" said Gower.

"What are you going to do?" asked Townsend. "You're not thinkin' of meetin' the cad?"

Peele snorted.

"No jolly fear!"

"Send him his letter back."

"I'm goin' to."

"He says he's clearing off at once, and he mayn't get it in that case," remarked Smythe of the Shell.

"I don't care whether he gets it or not!"

growled Peele. "It's going back, and here's my answer along with it!"

Peele took a pencil from his pocket, and scrawled in large characters across the first page of the letter:

"RATS!"

"Anybody got an envelope?"

"Ha, ha! Here you are!"

Townsend produced an envelope. Peele enclosed Lattrey's letter in it, sealed it and stamped it, and started across the quad to the school letter-box.

"That settles the cheeky cad!" remarked Gower.

The letter, addressed to Mark Lattrey at his home, was dropped into the box.

Peele was still frowning as he came back. He was not at all flattered at being picked out by the expelled junior as a particular friend.

It was pretty clear that Mark Lattrey must have been nearly desperate, to think of making that appeal to his former associates at Rookwood.

But he had his answer now, and the answer was to the point. Rookwood had washed its hands of Mark Lattrey.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Good News—and Bad.

JIMMY SILVER had held Erroll's letter unopened in his hand during that little scene.

He opened it now. He was eager for news from Erroll and Mornington.

Morny, the blind junior, was in London to consult a famous specialist, and his friends hoped that there would be good news of him.

Mornington had borne his terrible misfortune with unflinching courage, but that did not lessen the horror of it.

It was supposed that there was some hope of Mornington's recovery, and Jimmy Silver & Co. would have given a good deal to find that hope well founded.

Jimmy's face lighted up as he read the letter.

"By Jove, this is good!" he exclaimed.

"Let's hear it!" said Lovell.

"We all want news of Morny," remarked Van Ryn. "Is Erroll with him in London now?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Yes. This letter is written from London. Morny's in the hands of a specialist in Harley Street—a terrific big gun. Erroll's heard his report, and it's a good one. Morny's going to have an operation, and there's good reason to hope that he will get his sight back!"

"Oh, ripping!"

"By gad, that's jolly good news!" said Townsend. "Morny was rather an uppish fellow, but I'd give a tanner to see him as he used to be."

"He did have cruel luck, and no mistake!" remarked Conroy. "First losing his money, and then his eyesight. That's ripping news!"  
Jimmy Silver's face was glowing.

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By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT  
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"ALGY SILVER'S LATEST!"



waits every day at the stile in Coombe Lane to meet Rookwood boys."

"I know the place."  
"I presume, Mr. Lattrey, that you will see that the boy is removed at once from this neighbourhood. It is distinctly unpleasant and—"

"I shall remove him, because it is my intention to make him return home, and punish him for his disobedience," said Mr. Lattrey coldly. "For the unpleasantness to yourself I care nothing!"

"Ahem! Well, that is all!"  
"Very well."

Mr. Lattrey rang off.  
Dr. Chisholm put up the receiver, with a frowning brow.

Mr. Lattrey was not polite. Still, that was a small matter so long as the expelled junior was taken promptly away from the neighbourhood of Rookwood.

Meanwhile, the story of Smythe's encounter with Mark Lattrey had become the talk of the Lower School.

Some of the fellows made it a point to stroll along the lane and look out for the outcast.

The three Tommies of the Modern side were the first.

They were quite anxious for Lattrey to "go for" them, in order to give the expelled junior a lesson he needed.

A dozen other fellows went sooner or later. But all of them returned disappointed.

Lattrey was not at the place of appointment.

Neither was he to be seen about Coombe.

Jimmy Silver hoped that he had given the matter up, and gone away of his own accord, though that idea was not much in keeping with what he knew of Mark Lattrey's obstinate, perverse character.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**An Unexpected Meeting.**

"HERE you are, Morny!"  
"It was Kit Erroll who spoke. He held open the door of a carriage in Latcham Junction Station.

The carriage was empty; there was little traffic on the local line that sunny afternoon. Erroll's kind hand helped his blind companion into the carriage.

Looking at Mornington, it was hard to realise that he was blind.

His handsome, dark eyes looked much the same as of old.

And his face was quite calm and cheerful—more cheerful, perhaps, than it had been in the days before that misfortune fell upon him.

The heavy burden he had to bear had called out all that was best and strongest in his nature.

Mornington sat down in the carriage. The chums were on their way back to Rookwood School, Morny under Erroll's care.

Erroll's face was bright; the specialist's report had cheered him wonderfully.

The operation was arranged to take place in the following week; and, meanwhile, Mornington preferred to be at Rookwood.

"Thank goodness we're gettin' back!" remarked Mornington.

"Well, I'm rather glad!" confessed Erroll. Mornington laughed.

"You used to think it was my fault I was on fightin' terms with my Stacpoole cousins, Kit."

"Not exactly that, Morny."

"Perhaps I did ride rather a high horse when I was a wealthy snob," said Mornington coolly.

"You never were that, Morny."

"Oh, I was, right enough! I couldn't see it then, but I can now. You see some things clearer when you're blind," said Mornington.

"But they are rather—well, you can't stand them, Kit!"

"Oh, I could!"  
"Only for my sake."  
Erroll did not answer.  
"You can get a paper at the bookstall," said Mornington. "It's nearly an hour to Coombe."

"All serene! I don't want to read."  
"Rats! Get the paper!"

"Just as you like."  
Erroll walked down the platform. There were several minutes yet before the train was due to start.

Mornington sat quietly in his corner, a thoughtful expression in his sightless eyes.

His heart beat as he thought of the possibility of his recovery.

He was a burden upon his chum, though he knew that Erroll never felt it so.

He was shut off from life, and though he

"Can't you find another carriage?" he demanded.

"Easily; the train's nearly empty."

"Find it, then!"

"My dear man, I'm goin' to enjoy your company as far as Coombe!" laughed Lattrey.

"Look here, Lattrey, your company isn't wanted in this carriage."

"Go hon!"

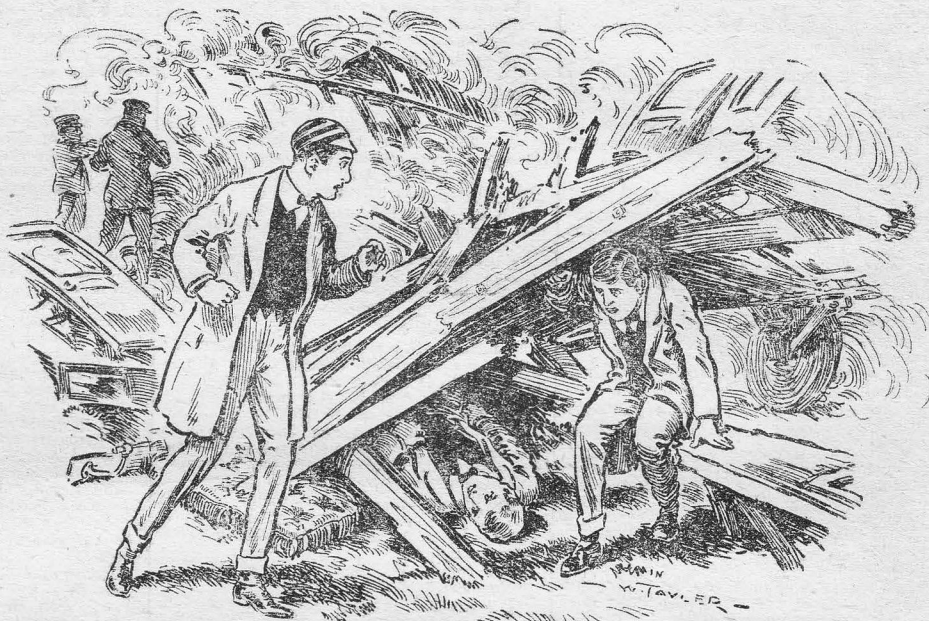
"Get out!" exclaimed Mornington angrily.

"If I could see you, you cad, I'd pitch you out fast enough!"

"But you can't see me, old sport!"

"Wait till Erroll comes!" growled Mornington.

"I'm waitin'," said Lattrey, with an evil grin.



**LATTREY THE HERO!**—Erroll came scrambling over the debris. "Take care!" shouted Lattrey. Lattrey, under the wreckage, was bending down, his back supporting a cruel burden. Below him lay Mornington, blind and helpless, and with his leg pinned by a heavy beam. (See Chapter 7.)

uttered no word of complaint or weakness, he felt it none the less terribly.

If he could only see once more the light of day!

And there was hope now, a hope that made his face bright.

A footstep sounded at the doorway.

"That you, Kit?"  
"By thunder!"

Morny knew that voice as the surprised exclamation fell upon his ears.

"Lattrey!" he exclaimed.  
"Morny! You!"

Lattrey stared in at the carriage doorway blankly.

Mornington was the last fellow he had expected to see there.

A grim smile came over his face. He stepped in and drew the door shut.

"Don't shut the door!" growled Mornington. "Erroll will be here in a minute."

"Will he?" smiled Lattrey.

He snapped the door shut, and held on to the handle.

"You're going back to Rookwood now?" he asked.

"Yes. What on earth are you doin' here?" exclaimed Mornington.

Lattrey laughed.

"I'm goin' back to Coombe," he answered.

"I've run away from home, dear boy, and my beloved pater ran me down in Coombe this afternoon."

"Oh, by gad!"

"I dodged him across the fields and walked to Latcham!" grinned Lattrey. "I'm goin' back by the afternoon train. The pater isn't likely to stick there. He's a busy man. Fancy meetin' you!"

Mornington grunted.

There was a hurried footstep on the platform, and Kit Erroll came up to the carriage, with the early "Evening News" in his hand.

He grasped the handle of the door; but it did not turn.

Lattrey was holding it fast on the inside.

He grinned evilly through the window at Erroll, who stared at him in amazement.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

"Glad to see you, dear boy!"

"Let me in!"  
"Not just yet."

"You confounded ass, the train's just going to start!" exclaimed Erroll angrily. "Let go the door!"

"Rats!"

Mornington started to his feet, groping for Lattrey.

The latter pushed him back with one hand, grasping the door with the other.

The train-whistle shrilled out.

"Stand clear, there!"

Erroll ran to the next carriage.

It was impossible to get into Morny's carriage, and he had only just time to jump into the next as the train started.

A porter slammed the door on him with a growl.

"Lattrey, you cad!" shouted Mornington, as he felt the train in motion. "Is he left behind, you bound?"

"Not at all! He's jumped in the next."

"You rotter!"

"Thanks!"

Lattrey sat down, and lighted a cigarette. The blind junior sat on the seat opposite, with a dark and frowning brow.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"ALGY SILVER'S LATEST!"



more despised than any other fellow in all the history of Rookwood?

Somewhere, somehow, there lurked in that hardened heart a spark of the old British pluck and generosity, and the terrible emergency had called it into being.

The junior blinded by his hand lay there, in the shadow of death, and in that fearful moment what was best in Lattrey had come to the top, and he was risking his life to save the junior he had injured.

He was risking it—but it seemed rather a certainty than a risk.

He was down on both knees now, over Mornington, still keeping up the crushing weight above, but sinking under it in spite of all his efforts.

And creeping flames were licking within a yard of him.

His face was close to Mornington's now—and Morny could feel his burning breath.

Morny's face was calm; never yet had the courage of Valentine Mornington failed him, and it did not fail now.

"Lattrey!" he muttered.

Lattrey did not speak—he could not.

"Lattrey, old man," whispered Mornington, "I—I'm sorry I spoke as I did. I never thought you had it in you—I never dreamed of it. I'm sorry, old kid. If we both go together—"

Lattrey groaned, a groan forced from him by the anguish of the terrible effort he was making.

"Stick it out!" came Kit Erroll's voice. "A minute more, Lattrey!"

Lattrey braced his strength to the ordeal.

Active hands were dragging away the wreckage, and the burden was lighter now, though it crushed him.

Lattrey sank lower and lower under it, till he was touching the helpless junior pinned below.

Mornington understood what that touch meant, and his pale face became paler, though still calm.

"The game's up, then!" he muttered.

He shuddered as a tongue of flame licked his leg.

There was a crash, as a mass of debris rolled away.

The rescuers could reach them now.

Lattrey felt the burden suddenly moved, and he reeled drunkenly.

Like a log, helpless, he fell—and his head struck a beam.

Erroll's grasp was on Mornington.

The beam that pinned him down was moved in the grasp of two men, and Erroll dragged his chum out—to safety, scorched by the licking flames.

"Thank Heaven!" panted Erroll, as he laid his chum on the cool grass. "Oh, thank Heaven!"

"Lattrey—where's Lattrey?"

"They're getting him out."

Lattrey was laid in the grass beside his former Form-fellow of Rookwood. He was quite insensible.

"He's alive," said Erroll, in a hushed voice. "Thank Heaven he's alive! I—I never dreamed he had so much pluck!"

"Is he hurt?" whispered Mornington.

"Stunned!"

"By gad! And Lattrey's saved my life!" muttered Mornington. "The fellow who blinded me—he's saved my life! Good gad!"

And then Mornington, spent and dizzy, sank into unconsciousness, his head resting on the arm of his chum.

"What the dickens does it mean?"

Jimmy Silver asked that question in great perplexity.

All the juniors at Rookwood shared his perplexity.

They knew that the Head had been called up on the telephone, and that he had left the school hurriedly.

They knew that he had come back in a hurrying car, and that Mornington and Erroll were in the car with him.

But there was another—someone unknown, wrapped in bandages—and who was that other?

There had been an accident—a collision on the railway, as they guessed—and Mornington and Kit Erroll had been in it.

But who was the other?

An excited group was discussing the question in the Hall when Kit Erroll came in—pale, tired, and worn.

He was surrounded at once.

"How's Morny?"

"Morny's all right," said Erroll. "He

will have to stay in the sanatorium a few days, that's all. But Lattrey—"

"Lattrey!" shouted the juniors.

"Was that other fellow Lattrey?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Erroll nodded gravely.

"That cad's come here!" exclaimed Peele. "Don't call him names," said Erroll quietly.

"Lattrey was in the smash—he's hurt—badly hurt. He got hurt saving Mornington."

"Lattrey did!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver dazedly.

"Lattrey—that cad!" shouted Lovell.

"He could have saved himself—and he stood by Morny." Erroll's voice faltered.

"The train was on fire, and three minutes more, and they would have been burned to death; but we got them out in time. Lattrey risked it—to save Morny."

"Well, my hat!"

There was a silence of blank astonishment.

"They've put him in sanny?" asked Jimmy Silver, at last.

"Yes. His father's been sent for. It—it's serious—but—I hope he will pull through."

And that hope was shared by all Rookwood when they heard all the story.

By that act of pluck and devotion, Lattrey had driven out the remembrance of his long account of wrongdoing.

But it was for long days that Lattrey lay in the school hospital, and no one could see him.

Mornington reappeared among the juniors, looking none the worse; but Lattrey's case was more serious.

The following week Mornington left for London for his operation at the hands of the specialist, and he left Lattrey still tossing in fever in the ward.

And when the news came at last that Lattrey had turned the corner, and that the danger was past, all Rookwood breathed more freely with relief, to know that the dark shadow had passed from the outcast of the school.

THE END.

(Another splendid story of Rookwood will appear in our next issue, entitled "Aigy Silver's Latest!" by Owen Conquest. Out on Tuesday.)

**LOOK OUT**  
**FOR THE**  
**GRAND FREE**  
**COLOURED**  
**ENGINE PLATE**  
 OF A  
**FAMOUS "NORTH**  
**EASTERN" EXPRESS**  
**LOCOMOTIVE**  
 IN  
**NEXT TUESDAY'S**  
 ISSUE OF  
**THE POPULAR!**

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

**RAILWAY ENGINE**  
 — AS —  
**WAR MEMORIAL.**  
 By A RAILWAY EXPERT.

THE Great Central Railway, the modern trunk line, has a fine and varied stud of iron horses. It is but a little over 20 years since the G.C.R. came into being. The provincial Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, by extensions southward, aided by the Metropolitan in the vicinity of London, formed a new route through the Midlands to Yorkshire and Lancashire, and became the G.C.R. As the traffic over the new route developed so developed the locomotives to work the trains. Many fine designs were introduced, each new departure being an advance in some direction or another upon its predecessors.

As soon as superheat became recognised as an economy in locomotive work, the G.C.R. engines were fitted with the superheater, which for several years now has been a distinctive feature of locomotive practice on this progressive railway.

Railwaymen in large numbers went forth in the years 1914-1918 to fight for freedom against the Hun attack on civilisation. As a memorial to the gallant men of its locomotive department who gave their all for their country the G.C.R. built a handsome express locomotive in 1920, and named it "Valour." This fine engine, a picture of which in facsimile colours is given with this issue, carries a brass tablet on the centre of the driving-wheels splasher which records in bold brass letters the name of the engine, "Valour," followed by the inscription: "In memory of G.C.R. employees who gave their lives for their country, 1914-1918."

"Valour," with her 6-coupled wheels, 6ft. 9in. diameter, is admirably designed for hauling express trains over the somewhat hard gradients of the London extension of the G.C.R. The immense heating surface (nearly 2,100 square feet) supplies steam to the cylinders, the steam pressure being 180lb. per square inch.

The longest non-stop run on the G.C.R. at present is from Marylebone to Leicester, via High Wycombe, 107½ miles, in 123 minutes, equalling 52½ miles an hour. By the shorter route between the same stations (via Aylesbury) the 103 miles is run over non-stop at 53.5 miles an hour.

During the war, when other railways reduced considerably the speed of their express trains, the G.C.R. became extremely popular for the following reason: The minimum time by routes between London and Manchester was fixed at 4½ hours, and the G.C.R.'s route is longer than others, and therefore a higher average speed was necessary.

From London to Manchester, per G.C.R., Leicester, Nottingham, and Sheffield are passed en route. Now, to enable Manchester to be reached in 4½ hours, the G.C.R. were able to give faster services to the towns on the way, so Leicester was reached in 11½ minutes (only 7 minutes slower than the high pre-war speed), Nottingham in 147 minutes (but 4 minutes more than 1914), and Sheffield in 3 hours 22 minutes (25 minutes slower than 1914). These times were much faster than the other routes, and so attracted much traffic to the G.C.R.

The G.C.R. star pre-war performances was a non-stop run, Marylebone to Sheffield (164½ miles) in 2 hours 55 minutes, equal to 56 miles an hour, a really remarkable achievement, when the gradients are considered, and the careful working necessary in the colliery district between Sheffield and Nottingham allowed for, Rugby to Leicester (119 miles) in 1914 was covered in 19 minutes—61.3 miles an hour. The time is only 21 minutes now, start to stop.

"Valour" has 57 tons of weight available for adhesion on her 6-coupled wheels, so she is a good climber and weight puller, her total weight being 79 tons, and that of the tender over 48 tons, including 6 tons of coal and 4,000 gallons of water.

THE POPULAR.—No. 167.

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

NEXT TUESDAY! "OWEN OF THE NEW HOUSE!"

24 Buy This Week's "Chuckles" For Your Young Brother! It's Grand!

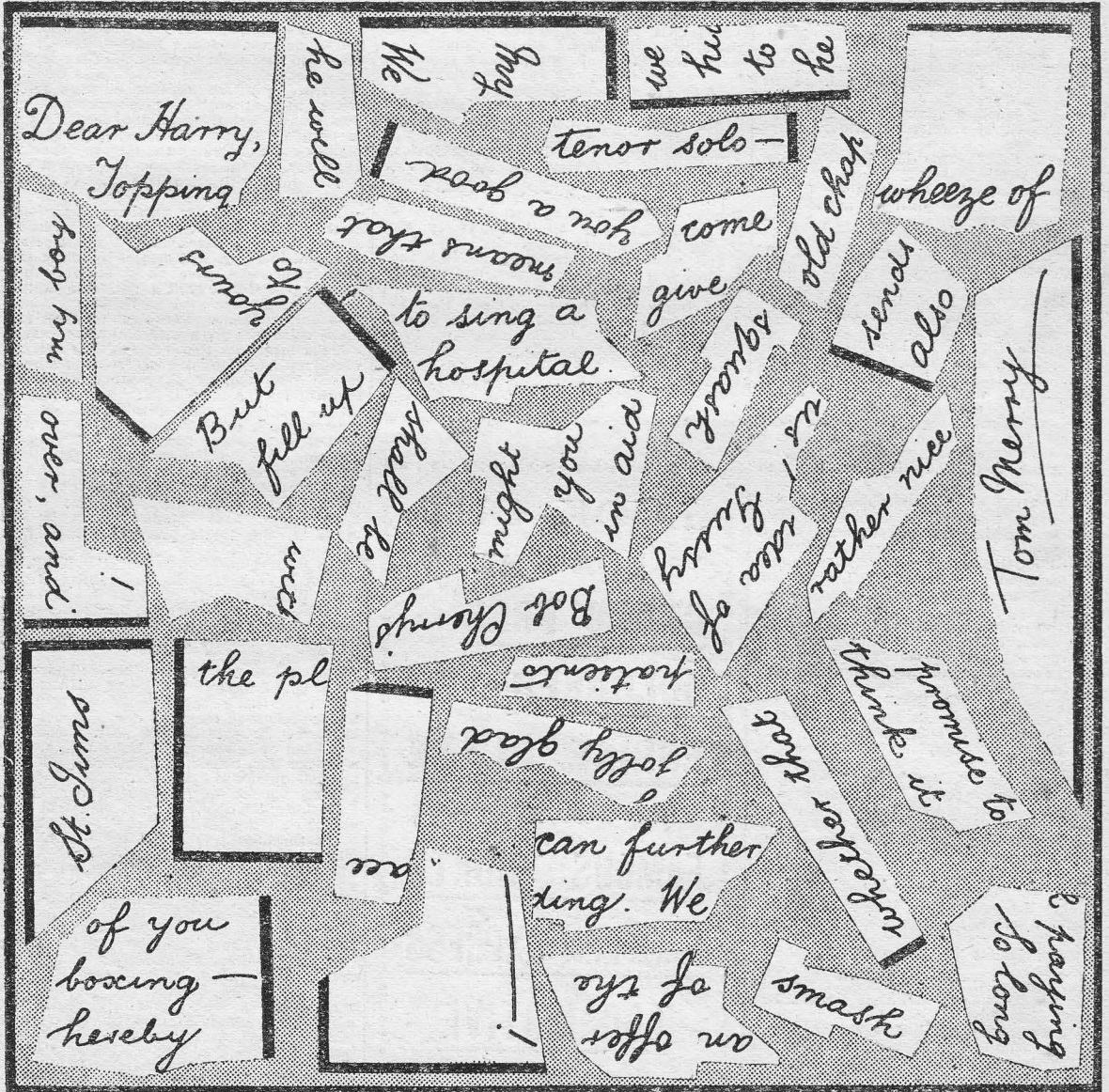
# CAN YOU READ THIS PUZZLE LETTER?

FIRST PRIZE £20. Ten Prizes of £1. Twenty Prizes of 10s.

### INSTRUCTIONS.

To win one of the above magnificent money prizes, all you have to do is to cut out the pieces of the letter printed below, put them together so as to form a letter, and write your solution on a sheet of notepaper. **KEEP YOUR SOLUTION** by you until you have instructions where and when to send it, for there will be another letter published next week. The Competition will consist of eight letters in all. The Coupon below must be affixed to every solution.

There is **NO ENTRANCE FEE**, but readers must agree to abide by the Editor's decision, which is final and legally binding. That is the express condition of entry.



Puzzle Letter No. 2.

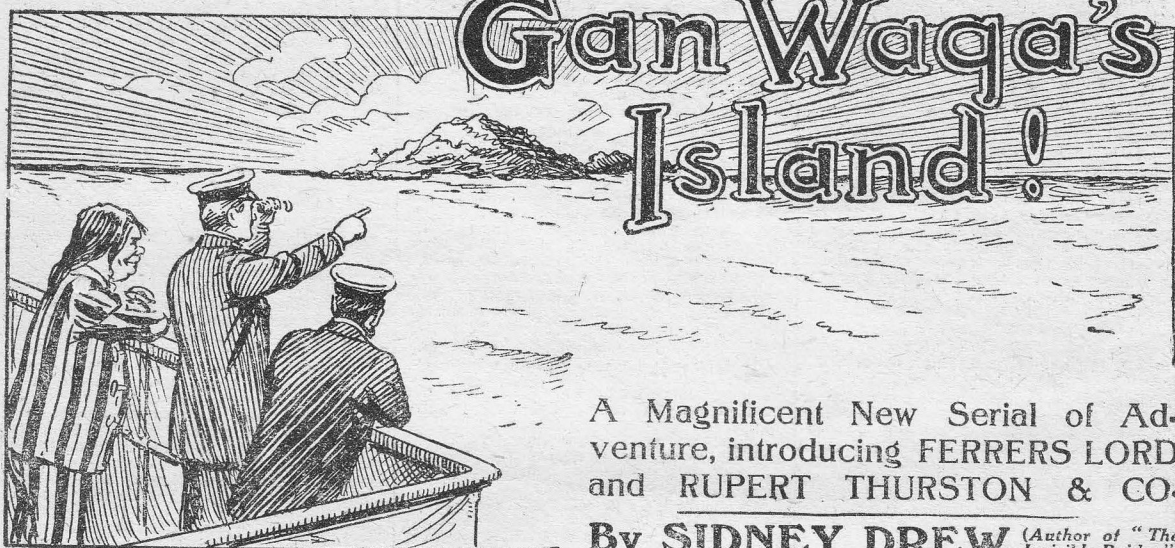
(Fill in this Form before sending in.)

Name.....

Address.....



AN ADVENTURE STORY THAT WILL HOLD YOUR INTEREST! START READING TO-DAY!



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 clear 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. They discover a small tunnel leading out of the iceberg, and they find themselves on the shore of Gan Waga's island. Ferrers Lord, Ching Lung, and Gan Waga are scouting on the island when they are held up by a Mexican millionaire, who tells them he has taken possession of the island, and orders them off. Ferrers Lord & Co. leave the island and return to the camp, which is being built on the ice-floe. Gan Waga informs Ching Lung that he is going to build an igloo on the outskirts of the camp for himself. (Now read on.)

Castaro's Offer!

GAN WAGA selected a site for his igloo outside the barricade. Prout, Maddock, and Barry O'Rooney went out to watch him at work. It was so surprising a thing to see the Eskimo doing any work at all that O'Rooney vowed and protested that he must be fast asleep and dreaming it all—that it could not possibly be real.

"O'ill niver belave ut, boys, niver!" he said. "O' came to see wid these two oies of me a fat Iskimo in moth-eaten skin togs knocking snow into bricks. That Iskimo is Gan Waga, for there couldn't be another face loike that in the wide world. But ut's a duram. Gan Waga never worked. O'ill aslap, and ut's visions. Bedad, an ut's not visions, ut's delusions! An' O'ill not aslap—O'ill mad! For the sake of Molke, put oile on my head and kape my fate warm, for O'ill in a bad way!"

"By honey I think it's the blubberbiter who's in a bad way!" said Prout. "You never heard a swan sing, did you? Well, as a songster a swan ain't a lot more musical than a boiled turnip, but they do say he sings once in his career, just afore he's going to die. Do you see the cheerful application of this remark?"

Barry O'Rooney grasped Prout's gloved hand in both his own, and smiled a smile of joy and hope.

"Tom, av ut comes thurc, O'ill lave you my diamond tiaras in my will," he said fervently. "We must explain this dark and beautiful saying to the bo'sun, for he hasn't the brains to understand the glorious hope ut brings to a tired heart. A swan, d'ye see, Ben, ain't a skylarrk or a canary. Wance, and wance only, just afore ut turns up ut's toes, ut burrsts into melody. After that ut droops uts weary head and a yarrd or two of weary neck down on the pillow and doies. That's simple, but ut's the application of this lovely oidea O' want to knock into your wooden brain. An Iskimo can't and won't work any more than a swan can sing. But the blatherskite's working. P'raps he only worrks wance as the swan only sings wance, and thin doies. D'ye get me, Ben?"

"I get you, souse me; but there ain't any such joy as that for us," answered the bo'sun, with a mournful shake of his head. "He'll never die till he's shot or hanged or poisoned, the fat heathen! Look at the thing that

owns an island! Why don't you get Joe to saw you out some wooden bricks, and play with them, Gan?"

"Oh, go 'way! Can't you see I business?" said Gan Waga cheerfully. "I not know about an old swan-sing, but I gotted a bootiful voice, and if yo' not clear outs, I start singing, and then yo' be sorryness. Yo' hops it, old dears, and let me build my igloo in peaces. Here I starts. Og-zgwiketz-gogway-zugg! Gogogogoo!"

Prout, Maddock, and O'Rooney turned pale, and staggered away. Those few bars were enough, for when Gan Waga lifted his voice in song wise men made for the next parish with as much speed as possible, to get out of range, for only an Eskimo can appreciate the full beauties of Eskimo music.

So Gan Waga built his igloo, a dome-shaped affair, with a slab of ice let in as a window. It was approached by a tunnel that had a twist in it, and to gain entrance even the most distinguished and dignified visitor had to crawl on hands and knees. His Highness Prince Ching Lung came, but he did not go in.

Being unable to find any knacker or electric-bell, Ching Lung called down the tunnel to ask if the owner of the igloo happened to be at home. The owner, who had a cigar in his mouth, popped out his head. The only birds they had yet seen on the ice-floe, a species of snow ptarmigan, went winging past them in a great hurry.

"Somebody coming, Chingy," said the Eskimo. "Somebody scared those birds, old bean."

As he spoke two sharp gunshots sounded. A second covey of ptarmigan came flying over, and one bird suddenly tumbled, and fell dead at Ching Lung's feet. Then they heard a hail, and Dan Govan, with a rifle on his back, an automatic pistol at his hip, and a twelve-bore shotgun in the hollow of his arm, came striding through the snow.

"Mighty queer them birds should be so shy," said the ex-guerrilla leader. "Looks as if they'd been gunned at reglar. You can't get within fifty yards of the little varmin'ts fore they're up and off as if they were always being shot at. By the way, prince—as I larn that's your handle—am I intruding or am I not?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you," said Ching Lung. "I must ask you not to come any closer to our camp till I find out. Run and

tell the Chief, Gan, that Mr. Dan Govan is here."

Govan gave the millionaire a respectful salute, and placed his weapon on the roof of Gan Waga's igloo while he lighted a thin, black cheroot.

"So you got over dry-shod, Govan"—glancing at the man's boots. "The frost beat you, after all."

"Guess that's correct," admitted the visitor. "We slung a lot of bombs at the ice, and I reckon you heard the popping of them little fire-crackers. Busted the ice into chunks right along the cliff; but there was no tide to drift 'em off, and they was all froze again at daylight as tight and hard as a concrete floor. Say, boss, you've been working some."

He nodded towards the camp. The men were still working with shovels, throwing up the snow, to make a V-shaped groove that ran parallel with the barricade. Their object puzzled Govan. They were making a slipway for the motor-launch between the camp and the sea. Govan had not seen the launch, which was covered with tarpaulins.

"Well, Mr. Govan," said Ferrers Lord, "will you please explain the reason for your visit? Do you come as a spy, or do you bring me a message from Senor Castaro?"

"It wouldn't be the whole truth to allow I came as a spy, but I do allow I'm a bit curious," said Govan. "I wanted to see how you were fixed, and if you were strong enough to put up a fight if you got nasty. Mexican Steve don't want to be disturbed. He's took a sort of fancy to the island, and he's squatting there, and when I tell you he'll take a lot of shifting, I'm not meaning anything personal, or making a joke about his weight. You're a bigger crowd than we thought."

"You are very observant," said Ferrers Lord drily, for Govan could not have seen more than a third of their full number.

"Mexican Steve looked up the yachting-list. He opined that if your boat was the Lord of the Deep, two hundred men wouldn't be a crowd, and a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty would be a fair crew. Steve ain't nohow keen on a fight. He's willing to shift you if you're willing to shift."

"The senor overwhelms me," said Ferrers Lord. "I take it that the shifting, as you term it, is to be done in an amicable way. What is his proposal, then?"

"To let you have the use of his yacht, Stella Marie, which I'm told is Latin for Star of the Sea," said Govan. "I'd no idea you were so snug and well off, so I put it as strong as I could to the boss that it was a coyote's trick—and he's a dirty critter as a coyote—to shove you out here to freeze and starve. Waal, he won't have you on the island, but he's willing to run the whole bunch of you north on his yacht till he finds a vessel that can take you. Mind you, that's a big concession and offer from Monsieur Steve."

"A pure waste of time," said Ferrers Lord; "for, you see, Govan, I am here now. If I accepted this offer or concession I should only have to come back again. As I have not transferred the island yet, I still hold myself to be the legal owner. In business dealings I endeavour to be scrupulously fair. I bought Desolatia from the Portuguese Government, and I have now sold it. I wish to hand it over to the owner, and Don Esteban Castaro stands in the way. So much the worse for Don Esteban Castaro."

Govan examined the tip of his cheroot, and blew two streams of smoke from his nostrils.

"So you'll fight," he said. "Guess I'd do the same if I were in the same boots; but I warn you you're bumping against something stiff and hard. Well, I'm not sure when I think twice that I wouldn't take the offer and come back again. That island is a hard-shelled nut, and you must have a fine set of teeth if you can crack it. This declaration of war is up to you, not to us. It took me an hour's solid journey to get that concession out of Steve, and you're turning it down. You'll never find me hiding down a hole when there's a fight around, for I've been fighting the best part of my life; but I'm sorry about this. I'm fairly comfortable here, and in no particular hurry. Perhaps if you hurried it over for ten minutes with the other gents, you might give it that Steve's offer was a sight too handsome to turn down."

Ferrers Lord laughed.

"I quite appreciate your good intentions, Govan," he said, "but in an affair of this kind my friends and myself hold precisely the same view. In turn, I will make Senor Castaro an offer, the offer of a stay before hostilities. After twelve hours this will cease. A twelve hours' stay is my offer. He must pack up and clear out of Desolatia within that time. If he refuses I shall do my utmost to force him to surrender the island. That amounts to an ultimatum. I am perfectly justified in trying to regain my property even by force of arms."

"Who owns the property isn't any con-

siderable affair of mine," said Govan civilly, "but it's a moral fact that when Mexican Steve gets his clutch on anything he takes a fancy to he can stick as tight as a leech sticks to a half-drowned boss. Waal, gentlemen, when the shooting starts I guess I'll be around. So long! I reckon I'll get 'fore the snow fills up my tracks, for I didn't find a way through that ice-ridge so easy." He picked up his weapons. "Any walrus or sea-lions about?" he asked casually.

"I haven't seen anything of the kind, Govan. Have you?"

"Nope," said the ex-guerrilla captain; "but I thought I heard some big critter hollering in the dark. More snow about, I guess, bad luck to the stuff! Good-day!"

He went away whistling, with a brisk, alert stride, and presently they again heard the report of his shotgun as he flushed another covey of snow ptarmigan.

"I rather like that fellow, Chief," said Ching Lung. "It's rather a pity he's on the wrong side, for I imagine he can be pretty deadly with a rifle. So we are to fight?"

"Or removed like a lot of undesirable emigrants," said Ferrers Lord. "We are not making this quarrel, but demanding our legal rights. Of course we are to fight, Ching!"

"True, we can't allow ourselves to be ordered about by that over-fat Mexican greaser," said the prince. "Perhaps he will be sensible, and climb down."

"Sooner or later he will," said the millionaire grimly. "We must have a look at Desolatia from the sea. A little scouting will not be a breach of our truce."

Two hours later the slipway was complete, and the petrol-launch was run down it. She was a roomy, buoyant little craft, and powerfully engined. Hal Honour remained in charge of Saurian Camp. Gan Waga would willingly have remained behind to complete the interior fittings of his igloo, but his keen eyes were too useful, so he was called aboard.

"Show a light on the crest of the berg, and sound a fog-horn if we are late, or run into mist or a snowfall," said the millionaire.

There was no snow falling now, and the sea was so flat and calm that it only broke against the weedy-edges of the floe in lazy ripples. Prout started the engine that had been well protected against the cold, for a frozen engine might have resulted in a grim tragedy. Gan Waga was posted forward, and the millionaire stared. They twisted in and out between the towering bergs, and at last they struck comparatively open water.

Through their binoculars Rupert Thurston studied Desolatia.

There was not a break in the black cliffs—black as ebony except where the streaky snow lodged—until they sighted the narrow mouth of the harbour. Ferrers Lord ran in closer. Thurston's attention was attracted by what looked like a heap of rubbish on the head of the bluff on the right-hand side of the entrance. There was a spur above it. Suddenly an arm fixed to the spar jerked itself out horizontally, and began to jerk and assume various angles. It was a semaphore. Thurston read the message.

"Keep away, or I shall fire on you," that's what that yard of timber is telling us, Chief," he said. "They've put up a bit of a mud fort, though I can't make out any gun."

The millionaire shrugged his shoulders, and ran in still nearer. A puff of white smoke suddenly-obscured the little fort, and a shell that went wide splashed up the water. Senor Esteban Castaro had opened the war by firing the first shot. A second after the harmless shell had fallen they heard the boom of the gun.

"By honey, so that's that!" growled Prout. "It ain't enough, then, to be marooned on an ice-field, we must be potted at, too. That's the sort of thing that would happen to a decent chap who tried to go near an island belonging to that snub-nosed blubberbiter. What he ought to own, Barry, is an allotment with ten thousand tons of brick-ends and rubbish on it, and be made to dig it and clear it. Him and his island! His proper job is the monkey on a barrel-organ!"

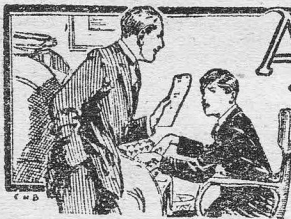
Several men ran out of the port to see the effect of the shot, and Barry O'Rooney and Mr. Thomas Prout laughed long and loud.

"Bedad, they'd miss a ten-fut wall as they struck the muzzle of the gun within foive inches of us!" said O'Rooney. "Wharroo, ye ugly greasers!"

The greasers in question were far out of earshot. They ran into the port again, and not waiting for another shot, Ferrers Lord accelerated the engine, and the swift launch leapt forward in response, and was swiftly clear of the danger zone. A blue rift came in the clouds, and the sun looked down, bright, but without a vestige of warmth. It enabled Ching Lung to use the camera. He fitted it with a telescopic lens, and ran a film through the shutter.

"If there's any hole we can creep through we're sure to see it on the screen," he said. "So far, Gan Waga's island looks jolly hard to get into, but it may be more hopeful on

(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.

### FOR NEXT TUESDAY!

We have another splendid programme for our next issue, which will appear on Tuesday of next week. The first of the four grand long complete school stories will be entitled:

#### "THE EXPULSION OF HARRY WHARTON!"

By Frank Richards.

The story deals with the further adventures of the chums of Greyfriars, and most particularly with Herbert Vernon-Smith's greatest blow in the amazing war between himself and Harry Wharton. The cunning of the Bounder leads to the development of an amazing scheme—with complete success for the Bounder. You MUST read this truly magnificent story.

The second complete school story will be entitled:

#### "ALGY SILVER'S LATEST!"

By Owen Conquest.

and deals with the adventures of Jimmy THE POPULAR.—No. 167.

Silver & Co., and Jimmy's young cousin in the Third at Rookwood.

Another grand story is:

#### "FRANK RICHARDS & CO.'S RAID!"

By Martin Clifford,

which tells of the now famous author's schooldays in the School in the Backwoods. This is a most exciting story, and one which is certain to appeal to every reader of the POPULAR.

The fourth grand, long, complete school story is one of Mr. Clifford's very finest. It is entitled:

#### "OWEN OF THE NEW HOUSE!"

and deals with the chums of St. Jim's and their adventures. A particularly dramatic story, which will rank with Mr. Frank Richards' world-famous story of "A Very Gallant Gentleman!"—a story which, although published some years ago, is still praised in glowing terms in letters reaching me daily.

There will be another instalment of our grand serial, "Gan Waga's Island," and

another letter-jigsaw for you to solve. Don't forget there are many fine money prizes offered in connection with this competition.

Billy Bunter is sending along another issue of his "Weekly," which will appear in the centre of the next issue of the POPULAR. Don't miss it!

### NEXT WEEK'S GRAND FREE PLATE.

There will be another fine coloured Engine Plate given away with next Tuesday's issue of the POPULAR, the subject of which will be one of the North-Eastern Railway Company's latest express locomotives.

These railway-engine plates have received an amazing reception from the enthusiastic boy and girl collectors of this country. I went to a lot of trouble to secure exact reproductions of our best engines, and my success has been rewarded by the promptness with which the plates have been taken up by thousands of boys and girls.

And, now let me tell you that in view of the enormous success of the plates, I am going to give away no less than *fifteen*, instead of the ten for which I originally provided. Spread the news amongst your chums!

So, with next Tuesday's issue of the POPULAR the eighth of our grand series of FREE PLATES will be published.

YOUR EDITOR.

the other side. Smoke, by the great horn spoon, whatever that may be! That stuff comes out of a big chimney, too. Is Mexican Steve catching Antarctic whales, and boiling them down for tallow and soap? Or is he running a smelting furnace. Is it whale oil or gold? I think Gan would prefer the whale oil."

They could see no chimney stack, but the black smoke billowed up so steadily that they were certain it could only come from some huge chimney.

"How long Castaro has been in possession of Desolatia, I can't say, for it is five years since I first stepped ashore there, and three years or more since I bought it," said Ferrers Lord. "He'd scarcely smelt his quartz. Probably the smoke comes from the furnaces that heat the boilers for his crushing plant. There's no mistaking that."

The light breeze was blowing from the island. As the millionaire stopped the engine a faint sound came off the land. The sound betrayed the secret of Desolatia, though it was a secret they had already guessed, the sound of stamps hammering and grinding the gold-bearing quartz.

"Bedad, av Gan gets the island, and the dago has pinched a lot of gold out of it, who gets the red stuff, sor?" asked Barry.

"Well, I suppose, when that lucky top rolled over with 'Take all' on top for Gan, he wins all the gold taken out or left in from that exact moment," said Ching Lung. "As Castaro is an interloper, the rest is the property of the Chief. And it will take a lot of finding, Barry. When the greaser knows he's beaten, he'll hide it in a safe place."

"Och, be easy!" grinned Barry. "Wait till Oi mate ould Don Castor-oid wid my coat off, and Oi'll knock the secret and the stuffing out av him wid the same paraloiser Jack Dempsey sarved out to Carpentier. Oi'll show you how Oi do ut on Prout av Oi can bring him up to scratch. Ut's the purtiest K.O. and put-me-to-slape punch you ever saw! That's whoy Dempsey won't mate me. Arrah! Ut's a broth of a smole! Oi've knocked down elephants wid ut!"

"And then, by honey, he woke up!" said Prout. "He wouldn't fight me if I offered to do it kneeling down, with one arm strapped behind me."

Gan Waga looked up at the sky. It was darkening, and the brief spell of sunshine was over.

"Not like him," he said. "We better go back, Chingy, old dear! We gotted to go through the bergs, Chingy, and it dark soonness. I not likes him nohow."

"Gan thinks we had better put back, Chief," said the prince. "I don't know whether you notice it, but to me it seems to have turned quite warm all at once."

Rupert Thurston was looking in surprise at the back of his glove.

"Rain, or I'm an unspeakable Turk!" he exclaimed. "Here's a great splash of it on my glove."

A sharp shower of rain descended, the drops almost tropical in their size. As Ferrers Lord swung the launch round, and headed at full speed for the line of icebergs, a thick mist began to close down. It blotted out the black cliffs of Desolatia, but it was less dense in the direction of the icebergs, though drifting up rapidly to enfold them. If the mist outraced them they would have to spend a night at sea. As if knowing her peril, the launch almost jumped ahead.

"Bedad, phwat a cloimate!" growled Barry O'Rooney. "Wan minute you're froze sthiff to the marrow in your bones, and the nixt the perspiration is rowling off loike a Turkish bath. Arrah! Whoy did Oi lave swate Ballyunion, and come to say? Av you've got a fan about you, Tom, Oi'd loike to borrow ut."

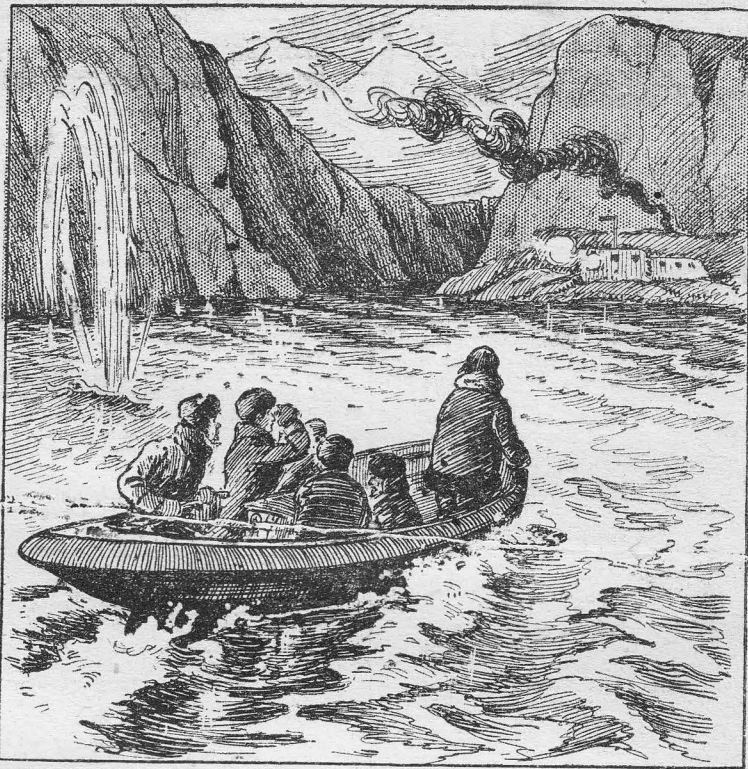
Of course, Barry O'Rooney was exaggerating; but still, the temperature had gone up with such a rush that they were uncomfortable in their thick clothing. There was mist between the bergs as Ferrers Lord steered in, his gaze fixed straight ahead, and his neck craned forward as if to listen.

Out of the fog and rain, rolling and rumbling through the icebergs, came the thunderous echoes of a terrific crash.

"Saurian Head has gone," said Thurston. "Poor old Lord of the Deep! May the ice rest lightly on her bones!"

**On Carcase Island!**

DANIEL GOVAN gave a whistle as he left the rough ice and entered the throat of the ravine, the iron gateway that gave access to Desolatia from the floe side of the lonely island. A noise of hammering echoed through the rocky



**A CLOSE SHAVE!**—The millionaire took no notice of the warning, and ran the launch in nearer the bay. A puff of white smoke suddenly obscured the fort, and a shell came whizzing over their heads, to splash in the water a few yards to their left. (See page 26.)

defile. They were erecting barricades of timber and barbed wire. The barricades were hinged, so that they could be closed at the first alarm, and fastened firmly to the walls with massive chains. It was a very strong position. Behind the fourth of these barricades the ravine ran almost straight for fifty yards, and then turned off at an angle. Here sandbags were piled five deep and six high to shelter the defenders. There was something already in position there, protected by a canvas sheet—a machine-gun. Though the keen frost had made the bombing of the ice ineffective, the island from that side seemed impregnable.

The ex-guerrilla leader made his way down the hill to the little township he had christened Carcase City—from the frozen body of a half-drowned whale that still lay stranded on the beach. All the inhabitants of the town of huts and wooden shanties were not greasers. Senor Esteban Castaro needed tougher material than men accustomed to hot suns and glaring blue skies. They were a rough, mixed crowd of lawless adventurers, but he ruled them with a strong hand. The yacht was his fortress. From her moorings she dominated the town, and she mounted a couple of guns that would quickly have converted it to matchwood and scrap-iron if any serious trouble arose.

The bay was almost tideless. Govan pulled aboard the yacht to report. Another boat was coming ashore, and he nodded to the red-bearded passenger, Nathan Spike, the assayer. Spike was rather drunk as usual. He knew everything worth knowing about mining and metals, and would have been a rich man except for his devotion to the whisky bottle and his affection for games of chance.

"Fanning out fine, Dan!" cried the assayer, as the two boats crossed. "The last crushing was grand stuff. The old island is stiff with gold."

"Good!" answered Govan. "Pity we can't tug her up by the roots and tow her to a warmer climate! See you later for a drink or two, Nat!"

Don Esteban Jose Monterey Diaz Castaro was reclining on a comfy chesterfield, his head pillowed on one pile of cushions and his feet on another. He took a long, straw-coloured cheroot from his lips as Govan

entered the warm cabin. Govan helped himself to whisky from a convenient bottle.

"Say, boss, it's a bit unusual to find half a bottle of whisky lying around after Spike has made a call!" he remarked. "Is he ill?"

"No; I hid the stuff from the drunken beast!" answered Castaro. "What's the long and short of it? What did they say?"

"Told you to beat it, boss! Ferrers Lord claims the island, and you've got notice to quit right away. He reckons he'll fight. He's turned down your offer. I couldn't tell the strength of 'em, for they kept out of sight, but I reckon your guess wasn't far out. I take it they're over a hundred strong, and from what I saw of them, they're a hefty bunch. I didn't get close, but they've fixed things snug and cosy on the floe—cosy so far."

"And the yacht?" asked Castaro, with a lazy yawn. "Is she a total wreck?"

"I didn't glimpse her, boss," said Govan. "I s'pose she got nipped in the ice, and slipped through. I guess we're not quitting—eh?"

The fat Mexican yawned again ponderously. He muttered something to himself in Spanish, and then pulled thoughtfully at his cheroot.

"Quitting? No, I'm no quitter, Govan!" he said, after a pause. "It's a nuisance that we should run up against Ferrers Lord, of all men in the world. I know more about the fellow than you do. I've made my offer, and if he won't take it, he can go to Lucifer. We've got him beat cold. In a word, I'd never have made the offer if I thought he'd accept it. If he'll fight, let him fight. He'll be sorry, and that's the long and short of it. I made that offer to lift him and his crush off the ice, for I thought there might be a survivor or two, and it would be a dirty story to tell when we get back to civilisation. There won't be any survivors, Govan. That's the long and short of it. The whole secret has got to be frozen up here, see? The yacht Lord of the Deep was lost in the big hurricane, and not a man lived to spin the yarn. I've got Ferrers Lord there," he added, opening one fat hand and clenching it again. "I've got him gripped!"

(Another splendid instalment of this grand serial next Tuesday.)

## A VICTORY AT LAST!

(Continued from page 6.)

Yorke, the Redclyffe skipper, as he came out with his coat and muffler on. "We'll beat you next time."

"Right-ho!" said Bulstrode, good-humouredly.

Bulstrode was in great spirits at having won the first footer-match played under his command.

And the Redclyffe fellows said goodbye, and rolled away in their brake.

Vernon-Smith disappeared after the match, leaving the Removites singing his praises. A crowd of fellows went round to Harry Wharton's study to tell him about it.

It was pretty certain that he knew, but they meant to tell him, all the same.

Bolsover major thundered at the door of Study No. 1, and kicked it open.

A dozen fellows crowded in at the doorway.

Harry Wharton looked at them grimly. "Well, what do you want?" said Wharton coldly.

"Only come to tell you the news," said Bolsover major insolently. "We've beaten Redclyffe—which your team wouldn't have done in a dog's age!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Beaten them hollow!" said Hazeldene. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"And beaten them without you, too!" said Bulstrode.

"Yes, rather!"

"Hurrah!"

"You're not wanted!" said Bolsover

major. "The Remove are fed up with you, my son. We're going to make Bulstrode permanent captain!"

"Hear, hear!"

"You can do as you like, except stand in my study and jaw to me!" said Harry Wharton calmly. "Get out!"

"Oh rats!"

"There are enough of us to teach you manners, you know!" Snoop remarked.

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"Are you going out?" he asked.

"I'm not, for one!" said Bolsover.

"Not till I'm finished!"

"Same here!" said Bulstrode.

"We've come to talk to you," said Snoop, feeling unusually courageous with so many supporters. "We want to give you a piece of our minds!"

"Yes, rather!"

Bob Cherry and Hurree Janset Ram Singh came pushing through the crowd in the passage. They shoved the juniors aside without the slightest ceremony, and entered the study, and ranged themselves beside Harry Wharton.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Is it a ragging? Then you can rag us, too!"

"The ragfulness is terrific!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The ragers glared at the trio; but Harry Wharton & Co. looked a little too troublesome to tackle. Bolsover & Co. contented themselves with a chorus of cat-calls and hisses, and retired.

"Thank you for coming, you fellows," said Wharton quietly.

"Don't mench!" said Bob Cherry.

"We pulled the match off, old fellow!"

"The pullfulness was terrific!"

"I'm glad of that!"

"Yes, I know you are!" said Bob Cherry, slapping his chum on the back.

"But I'm not glad that you kept out of the match. If you had played, it would have been a dead cert for us, instead of touch and go!"

"Yes, ratherfully!"

Wharton smiled rather painfully.

"I think I did right," he said. "But it's not much good discussing that now. I'm out of the team after this!"

"Not for good!" said Bob Cherry anxiously.

"I'm afraid so!"

"What rot!" said Bob uneasily. "The Remove are very ratty with you now, I know, but they will come round, never fear!"

Wharton was silent. His chums could see that he wanted to be alone, and they left him.

The captain of the Remove, once the hero of the Form, but now certainly the most unpopular fellow in it, remained with a gloomy brow.

Wharton had kept his temper well in this long struggle against the cunning of the Bounder; but he was defeated now, and he had to admit it.

The Bounder had won all along the line, and he had won because he did not scruple to use methods Wharton would have disdained to resort to.

Harry Wharton had not been defeated in fair fight; he had fallen a victim to treachery and cunning. It was no wonder that, as he paced his solitary study—whence his best chum was gone, thanks to the Bounder—that Wharton's feelings grew more and more bitter, his brow darker and darker.

—THE END.

(Next week: "The Expulsion of Harry Wharton!" Don't miss it!)

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