

GRAND MONEY PRIZES IN A NEW COMPETITION!

(See Inside.)

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No. 175.

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The POPULAR 2d

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A GREAT SENSATION IS CAUSED WHEN THE BOUNDER ACCUSES FRANK CLEVELAND, THE NEW BOY, OF COMING TO THE SCHOOL UNDER A FALSE NAME.



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

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Tales appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Dencounced!**

THE new boy was standing by the open window of the junior Common-room, alone. He was looking out into the Close of Greyfriars towards the distant playing-fields, where the shouts of the cricketers and the merry click of bat and ball could be heard. There was a shadow on his face. He was alone, and he was feeling lonely.

He sighed involuntarily as he stood there, and that sigh caught the ear of Bob Cherry of the Remove, who had come into the Common-room. Bob looked round in surprise, and spotted the new boy.

Bob Cherry was in flannels, having just come in from the cricket. Fry of the Fourth had taken his wicket with the first ball of the over, and Bob Cherry had strolled into the house to escape sarcastic inquiries from his Form-fellows as to the market price of duck's eggs. That was how he came to happen upon the new boy.

Bob Cherry had the kindest heart in the world. He had never seen the new fellow before, the latter having doubtless arrived while the cricket-match was going on. But Bob understood how he was feeling—as most new boys feel at first at a big school, amid a throng of strangers—lonely in the midst of a crowd. And Bob bore down upon the lad standing at the window, and slapped him on the back by way of greeting.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob cheerily.

The new boy spun round. He was gasping a little from the vigour of Bob's salute, and for a moment did not know whether the attack was a hostile one or not. But Bob Cherry's ruddy, good-humoured face reassured him.

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"New chap?" asked Bob affably.
"Yes."
"Name?"
"Cleveland."
"Form?"
"Lower Fourth."
"Good egg!" said Bob. "That's my Form—the Remove we call it here. I see you're watching the cricket. Play cricket?"

"No."
"Footer?"
"No."
"Oh! Swim?"
"No."
"Row?"
"No."

Bob Cherry rubbed his nose thoughtfully. He had never listened before to such a list of "noes." They were strong on games and all athletic sports at Greyfriars, and a fellow who did not play any of them was not likely to be popular. It was also difficult to find a topic for conversation.

"Play anything?" asked Bob, rather dismayed.

"Yes; draughts."
"Draughts!" said Bob faintly. "Oh, my hat! Why don't you say dominoes?"

The new boy smiled. He was a handsome fellow, and his smile was very pleasant. Bob Cherry looked him over. He was very handsome, but not at all "soft" in his looks. His form was remarkably well-developed for a lad of his age, and he had a deep, strong chest, and his head was well poised upon strong shoulders. At a glance, Bob Cherry, who was versed in such matters, would have set him down as a surprise packet for any fellow who should thoughtlessly attempt to handle him.

"Box, I suppose?" said Bob.
"No."
"Ever have the gloves on?"
"No."

"Run, jump, or hop?" asked Bob, growing sarcastic.
Cleveland laughed.

"No."
"My only summer bonnet! Don't you do anything?" asked Bob. "You look as if you've got some muscle, too! Been to school before?"

"No."
"Oh, that accounts, perhaps! You'll learn some things here," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Cricket is compulsory, you know, unless you've got a doctor's certificate for slacking. And I'll teach you how to box."

Cleveland coloured.
"Thank you, I'd rather not!" he said.
"You don't want to learn to box?"

"No."
"But you'll have to, if you're going to find life worth living in the Greyfriars Remove," grinned Bob Cherry. "Fellow who can't look out for himself will get it in the neck. Why, if you can't put your hands up, even Bunter and Snoop will bully you! Now, I've got nothing to do till Wharton's wicket goes down, and the fellows come in, so I'll show you how to stop a drive at the nose."

The new boy backed away.
"Please, don't!" he said. "I never fight!"

"You'll learn different here!" chuckled Bob. "I'm a nice quiet boy, but most of the chaps would dot you on the nose if you told them you couldn't fight. I'm going to dot you on the nose, but only in the way of kindness. Now, stop that one!"

Bob Cherry launched out a large fist. Cleveland's arm came up, as if involuntarily, and the blow was stopped. Bob Cherry stared at him.

"You guarded that one jolly well for a fellow who doesn't know how to box," he said suspiciously. "Have you been pulling my leg, young shaver?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Cleveland hurriedly. "That—that was a fluke!"

"See if you can do another fluke like it, then."

And Bob Cherry punched again.

This time his knuckles came upon the new boy's nose, and Cleveland sat down on a chair with a bump. He put his hand to his nose, and Bob looked concerned.

"Oh! Did that hurt you?"

"Ow! Yes."

"Sorry! I thought you were going to stop it. Now, take off your jacket and stand up to me, and I'll show you my special upper-cut—the one I knocked out Bolsover major with."

"I—I'd rather not."

"But, look here—"

There was a trampling of feet in the doorway, and a crowd of fellows in flannels came in. The cricket-match was over. Harry Wharton tossed his bat on the table.

"Hallo, Bob! Fighting the new kid already?"

"No," said Bob, laughing. "Only dotting him on the nose to show him how it's done. Have you licked the Fourth?"

"Of course!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Temple and Dabney and Fry wouldn't say 'Of course!'" grinned Bob Cherry. "How many wickets in hand?"

"Three. So you're the new kid?" asked Harry Wharton, turning to Cleveland. "I heard there was a new chap coming into the Remove."

"And his name's Cleveland; and he doesn't play cricket or footer, or swim, or row, or jump, or box!" chimed in Bob Cherry.

"My hat!"

"Dad-da's baby boy, I suppose?" said Bolsover major, with a sneer. "Well, we'll knock all the spooniness out of him here!"

"Bolsover's beginning already!" grinned Bob. "You'd really better let me teach you that upper-cut, Cleveland. You remember that upper-cut, Bolsover? I gave it to you just under the chin, and you—"

"Oh, rats!" growled Bolsover major, as the juniors laughed. "Cheese it! I say, Smithy, here's the new kid—fellow who doesn't play cricket or footer, or anything else, and doesn't box, or jump, or do anything but suck his thumb!"

Vernon-Smith, whom Bolsover now addressed, had come into the room after the cricketers. He was not in flannels. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was not in the Form team. He was a good cricketer when he chose; but he did not always choose, and he was too unreliable for Wharton to depend on him. But the Bounder did not take his exclusion from the Remove eleven pleasantly, and he was in a very bad temper at the present moment. He had asked for a place in the team that afternoon, and he had received a refusal; and he had watched the match in the hope of seeing his Form beaten, and he had been very much disappointed. He looked round with a frowning brow as Bolsover spoke to him.

"New kid?" he growled. "I'm fed up with new kids! He can go and eat coke!"

Then, as his eyes fell carelessly on the new boy, the Bounder gave a start.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo! You know him?" exclaimed Bolsover major.

"Know him? My hat!"

Vernon-Smith strode through the crowd of juniors, and came face to face with the new boy. Cleveland looked him in the face. The juniors gathered round

curiously. There was nothing surprising in Vernon-Smith knowing the new boy, so far as that went. But the Bounder's expression was very peculiar. He was evidently astounded to see the new boy there—utterly astounded. He gazed at Cleveland as if he could hardly believe his eyes. He scanned the new boy's face feature by feature, Cleveland seeming strangely uneasy under his searching gaze.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated the Bounder at last.

"What on earth's the matter?" demanded Frank Nugent. "I suppose you don't take him for a ghost, Smithy?"

"Might as soon have expected to see a ghost here as that chap!" said Vernon-Smith, with a sneering curl of the lip. Cleveland flushed red.

"If that's the way you treat new boys here, I can't say I think much of your manners," he said, in a low, even voice. "Oh, don't mind Smithy; he always was a pig!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"The pigfulness of the esteemed Smithy is terrific!" purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Indian junior.

Vernon-Smith burst into a scoffing laugh.

"You fellows will stare when you know who he is!" he exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" demanded Bob Cherry hotly. "I know his name already, if that's what you mean. His name's Cleveland."

"Cleveland rats!" said the Bounder contemptuously.

"Do you mean his name isn't Cleveland?" demanded Bob, in astonishment.

"Yes, I do. His name's no more Cleveland than mine is Thompson. I tell you I know him. His name's Hubert Osborne, and he was expelled from St. Wode's for theft!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Accusation!

"OH!" The Remove fellows all uttered the exclamation at once.

All eyes were fixed upon the new boy. Cleveland—if Cleveland was his name—had become crimson; but the colour ebbed from his face, leaving him deadly pale.

But he stood firmly there, with his head erect, and his eyes did not fall before the mocking gaze of the Bounder.

Silence fell upon the juniors.

Ten minutes before, the new boy had been unknown and unseen, and nobody had cared twopence who he was or where he came from. But he had leaped into publicity all of a sudden. All attention was centred on him now. New boys arrived at Greyfriars often enough, and fell into their places, sooner or later, without attracting any special attention. But a new boy under an assumed name—a boy who had been expelled from his last school for theft—that was decidedly something new if it was true! But after the first gasp of surprise, most of the fellows shook their heads. They did not believe that it was true!

"Rot!" said Bob Cherry, breaking the painful pause that followed the Bounder's accusation. "I don't believe a word of it. Not so jolly easy for a chap to get into Greyfriars under a name that isn't his own. Do you think the Head's asleep?"

"Let's hear what Cleveland has to say," said Nugent.

"Go it, Cleveland!"

"Tell Smithy he's a silly idiot, and he's made a mistake!" said Bob Cherry.

The Bounder's lip curled.

"I've not made a mistake," he said coolly; "and he can't deny it. Look at

his face—white as a sheet. Does he look as if he's fair and square?"

"That he doesn't!" said Bolsover major.

"Rot!" said Wharton again. "It's enough to knock any fellow off his balance to have this sprung on him before he's been in the school an hour. I think you're acting rottenly, Smithy. If you think he's the fellow you say, you might have spoken to him quietly, not dragged it out before a crowd. Not that I believe it."

"It's true," said the Bounder.

"Speak up, Cleveland," said Bob Cherry, patting the new boy on the shoulder. "There are some decent chaps here to give you fair play."

"It is a mistake," said Cleveland quietly. "This boy's mistaken. My name is entered on the school books, and anybody can see it there—Frank Cleveland."

"Smithy's off his rocker," said Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, "or else this is one of his little jokes. I don't care for that kind of joke myself."

"I'm not off my rocker, and it isn't a little joke," said the Bounder calmly. "I say that that fellow is Osborne, and he was expelled from St. Wode's for theft, and I'll prove it; I'll prove it up to the hilt. He's deceived the Head, somehow, and wormed into this school; and it's my duty to show him up."

"My hat! When did you first think of doing your duty, Smithy?" asked Nugent, with a look of great astonishment. "This is the first I've heard of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, Smithy can do his duty, if it makes things jolly rotten for somebody else," said Bob Cherry, with a snort; "but he's off-side this time!"

"Buck up, Cleveland!" said Harry Wharton, with a compassionate glance at the new boy's white, strained face. "We know it's all rot, and we'll see you through."

"If you want to back up that thief, Wharton—" began Vernon-Smith savagely.

"I don't want to back up a thief; but I don't believe he's anything of the sort, and I think you're acting like a cad, as usual," said Harry. "You've made an accusation against this chap, a stranger here, and it's up to us to see fair play, and see that he has a chance to defend himself. If you've got any proofs, trot them out. In the first place, where is St. Wode's, and what do you know about it?"

"St. Wode's is a school in Devonshire—a jolly good long way from here, which I suppose is the reason why the chap has selected Greyfriars," said the Bounder scornfully. "I knew a chap at St. Wode's, and he asked me there for the sports day, and that was when I saw that chap Osborne. He was the champion athlete of the Lower School at St. Wode's, and everybody was looking at him. He beat everyone hollow—at running, jumping, swimming, and a lot of other things, and beat even the seniors in events that were open to Upper and Lower School. So you can be sure he was well looked at, and I saw him plainly enough. I hadn't anything to say to him, as the chap I was with wasn't on speaking terms with him. But I saw him as close as I see him now, and I saw him when he took his prizes. I saw him in the swim and on the cinder-path. Do you think I'm likely to make a mistake after that? He was the most-talked-of chap in the place. If he had been just an ordinary junior I shouldn't have

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noticed him. As it was, he was forced on my attention. And I know I haven't made a mistake!"

The Bounder concluded, a little breathless, and all eyes were fixed upon the new boy.

Vernon-Smith's account was circumstantial enough.

There was no doubt that it had happened as he said, and that he believed he had recognised Hubert Osborne, of St. Wode's, in the new boy at Greyfriars.

But the Bounder was given to believing very easily in anything that was disagreeable to others. The fact that he believed it did not prove that it was true. The general impression still was that it was a case of a resemblance and mistaken identity.

"And you say that chap Osborne was expelled from St. Wode's?" asked Nugent.

"Yes."
"Not the kind of chap to be expelled, from the way you've described him, I should think. I should have thought the school'd be proud of him."

"He turned out a dead wrong 'un. My friend wrote to me later and mentioned him, the chap who'd knocked out seniors and juniors in the athletic competitions, and told me he'd been found out to be a thief, and sacked from the school. He just gave it to me as an item of news. He had never liked Osborne, and I didn't like him, either, the little I saw of him on sports day at St. Wode's."

"Rather a compliment for him?" granted Johnny Bull.

"That's the chap!" said the Bounder, pointing a dramatic forefinger at Cleveland. "He was expelled from St. Wode's for theft, and he's come here under an assumed name."

Cleveland stood rooted to the floor. His tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth as he tried to speak.

There was a murmur round him. "Speak up!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We'll stand by you. We know it's all rot. Speak up, old man!"

"Let him deny it if he dares!" said Vernon-Smith, with a sneer.

"I deny it!" said the new boy. "You hear him, Smithy?"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose lying would come easy to him after stealing!" he said.

"Oh, shut up!"
"It is not true," said Cleveland in a low, steady voice, the colour coming back into his cheeks. "This fellow has described a boy who was keen on all sports—well, I am not a sportsman at all. I had already told this chap"—he nodded towards Bob Cherry—"that I don't play football, or cricket, or swim, or anything in that line."

"So he had," exclaimed Bob Cherry triumphantly, "before you came in, Smithy, with your precious yarn!"

"I never heard of St. Wode's, and the name of Hubert Osborne is quite strange to me," said Cleveland calmly. "I hope that will be enough. But if this fellow, Vernon-Smith, persists in uttering this charge against me, I shall appeal to the headmaster for protection."

"Better give Smithy a licking," said Bob Cherry.

Cleveland shook his head. "I'm not a fighting chap," he said. "I have a right to be protected from such accusations, and I shall appeal to the Head."

"Sneak!" said several voices. "Oh, dry up!" said Bob Cherry, glaring round. "Is a chap to be called a liar and a thief and keep mum? Smithy's made a mistake, because Cleveland THE POPULAR.—No. 175.

happens to look a bit like some other chap, and instead of stopping to make sure, he's blurted out a rotten accusation before the whole Form. I call it disgusting!"

"I am sure!" said Vernon-Smith. "Oh, rats!"

"He's not a fighting chap, he says!" said Vernon-Smith scoffingly. "Osborne was the best junior boxer at St. Wode's. I know that. He could lick any chap in the school below the Sixth. He's lying now!"

"Rot!" said Bob. "If he could do all that, he'd lick you now, for your cheek."

"I should imagine so," remarked Wharton.

"Well, he would find me rather tough," said the Bounder, "and he's afraid of giving himself away, I suppose? But I hold to what I said—that chap is named Osborne, and he's a thief!"

There was a tense pause.
The Remove at Greyfriars was a rough-and-ready Form. In reply to such words as the Bounder's there was only one possible answer—a blow, or a meeting in the gym with the gloves on. A fellow who allowed himself to be insulted was likely to get nothing but contempt from the rest of the Form.

Cleveland looked round at the faces of the rest of the juniors. He understood. They did not believe that the Bounder was in the right. But they knew what Cleveland ought to do. He had to stand up for himself, or else fall at once into the place of a wretched funk, who could be bullied to any extent by any fellow who felt that way inclined.

"I've said I'm not a fighting chap," said Cleveland, "but I'll fight you, Vernon-Smith! I say you are a liar and a slanderer!"

And he reached out and struck the Bounder across the cheek with the open palm of his hand.

Smack!
The Bounder started back. "Bravo!" said Bob Cherry. "Now come along to the gym!"

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth. "I'll come to the gym fast enough," he exclaimed. "I'll make the cad pay for that!"

"I'm ready!" said Cleveland. And the juniors crowded out of the Common-room and made their way to the gym.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Fight!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. had gathered round the new boy. He had no friends at Greyfriars, and he needed somebody to see him through this. And the chums of the Remove meant to see him through.

It was "up" to them to see that the stranger within the gates had fair play. And they were on the worst of terms with the Bounder, and naturally disposed to side with a fellow the Bounder was attacking. And there was something about Cleveland they liked. He had a pleasant and frank face, and he looked a wholesome and good-natured lad. And this sudden persecution, in the very first hour of his arrival at Greyfriars, moved the indignation of the Famous Five. They wanted to show the new fellow that all the Remove were not of the Vernon-Smith brand.

Vernon-Smith was surrounded by his friends, too, as he went into the gymnasium—Bolsover major, and Snoop, and Stott, and Skinner, and some more. Glove fights were allowed by the rules of the school, so long as they were not carried to excess; or if not exactly allowed, they were taken no notice of. The prefects were very much down on combats with the bare fist. Bolsover major helped Vernon-Smith off with his jacket, and Snoop brought the gloves. There was a sarcastic grin on the Bounder's face.

"You think you'll lick him?" said Bolsover, with a glance across at Cleveland.

The new boy was stripping, well. He had rolled back his sleeves, and he displayed a pair of arms that were remarkably well developed, and seemingly as hard as iron.

"I don't know," said the Bounder. "But he can't lick me without giving himself away. He's told Bob Cherry that he can't box."

"He looks like iron."

"He's as hard as nails," said the Bounder. "But if he stands up to me it will prove he's the fellow I take him for."

"That's right enough."
"I don't care if I'm licked if I prove my point. I'm acting from a sense of duty in this matter," said the Bounder loftily.

Bolsover major chuckled, and Vernon-Smith scowled at him.

"What are you cackling at?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing," said Bolsover, with a grin. "Step out; the chap's ready!"

Cleveland was ready to begin. He was quite cool and calm. He had fumbled with the gloves in putting them on, and his backers were very doubtful about his chances with the Bounder.

"I wish I had time to show you that upper-cut," said Bob Cherry regretfully. "Look out for Smithy's left. He's a demon with his left. Keep as close to him as you can, and hit your hardest. He doesn't like being hurt, and he's afraid of getting his face marked. He's a bit of a dandy, you know, and dislikes a thick nose. Pile in your hardest, and look out for his left!"

"All right," said Cleveland. Bolstrode was selected as timekeeper. He had a watch in his hand.

"Seconds out of the ring," said Bolstrode in a business-like manner. "Now, then! Time!"

And Cleveland and Vernon-Smith stepped up for the first round.

"It's a rotten shame!" murmured Bob Cherry. "The chap must be tired after his journey, and it's beastly to pick on him like this!"

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"Just like Smithy!" growled Frank Nugent; and Hurree Janset Ram Singh said that the likelihood of the esteemed Smithy was terrific.

"Look! There he goes!"

Bump!

Vernon-Smith was attacking, and Cleveland's defence was clumsy. He did not seem to know what to do with his hands. The Bounder's blows came like lightning, tapping here and there on the face and chest of the new boy; and suddenly Smithy's left came crashing home with a terrific drive, and the new junior went down.

He lay on the floor for some moments dazed.

"Time!"

Bob Cherry picked up the new boy and sat him on Wharton's knee in a corner of the ring. Cleveland blinked at him. The gloves had softened the force of the blows, but Vernon-Smith had hit hard, as hard as he could, and the new boy was hurt. His lip was bleeding, and his nose was swelling visibly.

"I say, this won't do, you know," said Bob, in distress. "You can stand up to him better than that, Cleveland! Put your beef into it!" Bob felt the new boy's biceps. "Plenty of beef here, if you use it. Go for him!"

Cleveland smiled faintly.

"I told you I wasn't a fighting chap!" he said. "But I'm not a coward. If I'm going to be licked, I can take it."

"But you needn't be licked if you stand up to him," said Bob. "Get close to the cad, and hit hard!"

"I'll try."

"Time!" sang out Bulstrode.

Cleveland stepped up again. He was hard hit, and he did not seem to know how to take care of himself in a fight. But he was evidently plucky. He was not afraid to face the blows of the Bounder, though he seemed unable to stop them.

The Bounder simply played with him in the second round. There was a cruel strain in Vernon-Smith's nature, and he liked a situation like this—a fellow at his mercy, to be hit again and again, as hard as he liked. And the Bounder made good use of the two minutes the round lasted. He finished the round by knocking the new boy reeling into the arms of his second.

Bob Cherry fanned Cleveland's crimson face with a towel.

"May as well chuck it up!" he growled.

"I'll fight as long as I can!" said Cleveland.

"If you had as much sense as pluck you'd make rings round him," said Bob. "Time!"

The Bounder followed the same tactics in the third round. But that round contained a surprise for him. Cleveland suddenly seemed to break out, and he closed in on the Bounder with a rain of blows, and the cad of the Remove was knocked right and left. Right and left, left and right, came Cleveland's crashing blows, and Vernon-Smith staggered back dazed and confused. Bob Cherry gave a roar of approval.

"That's it! Go it! Go it! Pile in!"

"Bravo!"

But Cleveland's sudden energy left him as suddenly as it had come. Vernon-Smith recovered as the attack slackened, and finished the round by knocking Cleveland on his back.

Bob Cherry picked him up.

In the fourth round Vernon-Smith attacked savagely, and the new boy was driven right round the ring, fumbling feebly in his defence.

Bump!

He was down again, stretched, gasping, on the floor. Bulstrode began to count. "One, two, three, four, five, six—"

All eyes were upon Cleveland. He made an effort to rise, and then sank down again, gasping for breath.

The Bounder regarded him with a sneering smile. His expression showed that he believed that the new boy was malingering; that Cleveland could have risen if he had chosen to do so.

If the new boy was acting, he was doing it very well, and the Removites were not disposed to believe that any fellow would allow himself to be licked if he could help it.

"Seven, eight, nine—out!"

Cleveland was still upon the floor. He

said Johnny Bull. "But what you don't know about fighting would fill a book."

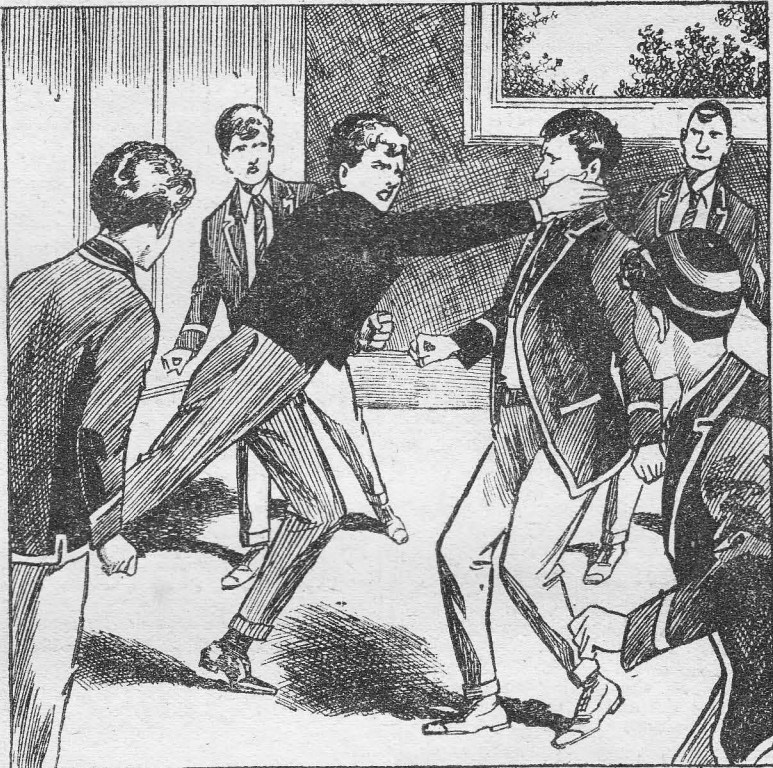
Cleveland smiled.

"I know that," he said. "I suppose I'm what you'd call a swot. I'm pretty good at my lessons, you know, but I'm not a fighting chap."

Johnny Bull grunted.

"You'll have to learn," he said. "A chap who can't take care of himself is no good here. We'll give you some boxing of an evening in the gym."

"Thank you very much; but I shouldn't care for it," said Cleveland, with a shake of the head. "I fought that fellow because they'd all have thought me a funk if I hadn't. But I don't like fighting, and I don't intend to fight again if I can help it. I want



THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET! Cleveland reached out and struck the Bounder across the cheek with the open palm of his hand. Smack! "Bravo!" said Bob Cherry. "Now come along to the gym!" Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth. "I'll make the cad pay for this!" he exclaimed. (See Chapter 2.)

had been counted out, and according to the rules the fight was over, and the victory was with the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith stepped out of the ring, and threw off the gloves with a scoffing laugh.

"He could go on if he liked!" he said. But there even his own friends murmured.

"Hang it all!" said Bolsover major. "The kid's put up a good fight, and he hadn't a chance from the beginning. Let him alone."

"I tell you he could keep on—"

"Oh rats!" Harry Wharton helped Cleveland to his feet. The new boy seemed dazed and confused. They took off the gloves, and helped him on with his jacket. Then he was taken to the tap to bathe his flushed and burning face.

"Thank you!" said Cleveland gratefully. "You're very kind, you fellows."

"You're a good plucked 'un, kid!"

to work. This kind of thing puts me off my work, and I want to pass exams."

"Well, you're a queer fish, that's all," said Johnny Bull. "Blessed if I could see how Smithy could fancy for a minute that you're the chap he was describing. Not much of a champion athlete about the way you handled that scrap."

"We're going to have tea in the study, Cleveland," said Harry Wharton. "Will you come?"

"Thanks! I shall be very glad."

And when Cleveland had removed, as far as possible, the signs of the combat, he was taken into Study No. 1 by the chums of the Remove.

The tea in Study No. 1 was very pleasant, and the juniors liked Cleveland very well upon further acquaintance.

When the guests were gone, and Wharton and Nugent were left alone in Study No. 1, Harry Wharton remained very thoughtful for some time. Nugent looked at him inquiringly.

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"What do you think of the new chap, Harry?" he asked at last.

"I think he's the right sort," said Harry.

"So do I! And about Smithy's yarn—"

"I think it's all rot!"

"Same here! Do you think Smithy believes it himself?"

"I suppose so. But it's all rot. If this chap had been the chap Smithy was describing, he could have knocked the Bounder out. Wouldn't he have done it if he could?"

"I should say so!"

"Of course he would! It's just a case of a resemblance, that's all. It's pretty clear that Smithy took a dislike to that chap Osborne at St. Wode's. You know he dislikes every chap who's popular, and who's decent. That's Smithy all over. He's got his knife into Cleveland, and he believes that yarn just because he wants to believe it. But he won't get the other fellows to swallow it in a hurry. And if the Bounder's going to be down on Cleveland, this study is going to back him up!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER!

Quite Satisfactory!

CLEVELAND of the Remove came in for a great deal of attention that day and the next. New boys generally dropped into their places without exciting much remark. But with Cleveland it was different.

Nobody but the Bounder believed the accusation he had made. But it drew the general attention to Cleveland.

Vernon-Smith stuck to his own opinion. If he addressed Cleveland at any time, he would call him "Osborne." He always spoke of him as Osborne. But even Smithy's own friends did not pretend to swallow the story.

Bolsover major told him bluntly that he'd better chuck it if he wasn't looking for trouble; and, indeed, the Bounder, never very popular, was growing more unpopular on account of it.

The fellows did not hesitate to tell him that he was picking on the new fellow like this simply because the new fellow had shown that he was a duffer with his fists.

If he had been able to lick the Bounder, the Bounder would have had to shut up. And the Remove voted it a shame.

The queer story spread to the whole school, and Fourth Form and Shell fellows looked at Cleveland inquiringly when they met him, and asked him questions.

To all questions Cleveland gave the same direct answers. His name was Frank Cleveland. He was sent to Greyfriars by his great-uncle, Colonel Cleveland, who was in India.

He had never been to school before. He had had a tutor. He wasn't a sporting chap, but he was strong on Form work; indeed, the fellows soon pronounced him, with great disgust, to be a "swot."

It could not be denied that he answered frankly and readily, and Vernon-Smith's accusation was laughed at.

The Bounder gritted his teeth over it. It was not often that he was bothered with a sense of duty, and on this special occasion, when he had done what he had chosen to consider his duty, he had made the biggest mistake of his life.

Instead of branding the new boy as an imposter, he had branded himself as a

reckless slanderer; and there were a good many fellows in the school who were quite ready to tell him so.

But, in spite of the general disbelief, such a story was not easily forgotten. It came to the prefects ears, and Wingate, the head prefect of Greyfriars, and captain of the school, felt it his duty to question Cleveland. But Cleveland answered Wingate to his perfect satisfaction, and Wingate sought out Vernon-Smith in his study.

"You have been setting a yarn on foot about a new kid in your Form, Smith!" said the captain of Greyfriars sternly.

Vernon-Smith scowled.

"I've told the truth about him," he said sullenly.

"Cleveland has proved that he is all right."

"He has taken the fellows in. He can't take me in."

"I suppose I can't tell you what you're to think," said Wingate grimly. "But I can tell you what you're not allowed to say. You're to drop this."

And with that warning Wingate left the study, leaving the Bounder sullenly silent. Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth savagely when the captain of Greyfriars was gone.

When the Remove went in to morning lessons a couple of days later Mr. Quelch, their Form-master, did not proceed to business as usual.

? DO YOU ?

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See Page 28.

The grave expression upon his face warned the Remove that something out of the common was coming.

"Something's up!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch coughed.

"My boys," said the Remove master, "I have something to say to you before we commence this morning. A most unpleasant matter has come to my notice."

The Remove was deadly silent. Many of them were running hastily in their minds certain delinquencies which the Form-master might possibly be referring to. Billy Bunter was observed to turn very red. The cook had missed a pie from the pantry the day before, and Billy Bunter was generally suspected of knowing what had become of that pie.

"The matter concerns a new boy who has recently joined this Form!" said Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter breathed again.

The fellows all glanced at Cleveland. The new boy started, and the colour changed in his cheeks.

"It appears that a most unpleasant story has been going round the school," went on Mr. Quelch very severely. "A boy in this Form has declared that Cleveland is here under an assumed name, and that he was expelled from some other school before he came here!"

A pin might have been heard to drop in the Form-room.

Vernon-Smith shifted uncomfortably in

his seat. But there was a steely glitter in his eyes, and he met the glances of the fellows near him defiantly.

"Vernon-Smith, stand up!"

The Bounder stood up.

"You have made a certain accusation against Cleveland!"

"Yes, sir. His name isn't Cleveland!" said the Bounder grimly. "His name is Hubert Osborne. He was expelled from St. Wode's—"

"That is the accusation," said Mr. Quelch. "When it was brought to my notice I inquired into the matter immediately. Cleveland is the ward of his great-uncle, Colonel Cleveland, now in India. He is in England in charge of Colonel Cleveland's family lawyer, who sent him here. I have communicated with the lawyer, and have received a reassuring reply from him. There is nothing whatever in your statement, Vernon-Smith. I hope you have been mistaken—deceived by a chance resemblance. I should be very sorry to believe that you had invented this story from sheer malice!" Mr. Quelch paused impressively. "I have received the assurance of Mr. Brough, the solicitor, that Frank Cleveland was placed in his charge by Colonel Cleveland, to be sent to this school. At the time, Colonel Cleveland wrote himself to the Head from India. Everything is fair and above board. You see for yourself, therefore, that there is nothing whatever in your supposition."

Even the Bounder was staggered.

"You understand me, Vernon-Smith?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"You admit that you have made a mistake?"

Vernon-Smith was silent.

"I am waiting for your reply, Smith," said Mr. Quelch icily.

"I don't think I was mistaken, sir."

"What!" Mr. Quelch raised his voice a little. "After what I have said to you, Smith, do you dare to repeat your charge?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"Very well! Step out here, Vernon Smith!"

Vernon-Smith stepped out, and Mr. Quelch took the cane from his desk.

"I shall cane you severely, Smith," he said. "I shall cane you for malicious slander against an unoffending boy, and for impertinence to me. Hold out your hand!"

Vernon-Smith was tough, and he prided himself upon being tough. But the caning he received then and there from his Form-master made him writhe. He went back to his place with a white face and burning eyes.

The matter dropped, and lessons went on their usual course. The Bounder sat quivering, his eyes burning. When the Remove were dismissed, he strode up to Cleveland in the passage. The new boy faced him calmly.

"You've got me a licking!" muttered the Bounder. "I sha'n't forget it. And I'll prove yet that you're what I've said you are—an expelled thief! I'll prove it, and show you up to all Greyfriars!"

Then the Bounder strode savagely away, and for a time, at least, Cleveland was left alone.

THE END.

(There will be another grand, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, entitled: "The Boy Who Couldn't Fight!" By Frank Richards. Don't miss it!)

THERE IS GREAT EXCITEMENT AND FUN WHEN TEN FRENCH SCHOOLBOYS FROM "GAY PAREE" PAY MONSIEUR MORNAY A VISIT AT ST. JIM'S!



.. The .. French-Master's Guests!



A Splendid, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Tom Merry & Co.,
:: the Chums of St. Jim's. ::



By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

(Author of the famous tales of St. Jim's now appearing in the "Gem" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Guests Arrive.

"ONE, two, three—"
"Yarooogh!"
Bagley Trimble, the fattest junior at St. Jim's, gave a wild howl as he found himself careering through space.

Splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A dozen juniors from St. Jim's stood on the diving-board over the River Rhyl, shrieking with laughter at the discomfiture of the fat junior. Baggy Trimble, like Billy Bunter, his famous friend at Greyfriars, had a great dislike to water, especially in large doses.

He was certainly getting large doses at the present moment, for he had completely disappeared under the water.

Jack Blake, who was the acknowledged leader of the Form to which Trimble belonged, gave an expressive grunt.

"That will jolly well teach the fat ass that water is good for him!" he said. "Beastly slacker! Glorious afternoon like this, and the young ass afraid to have a dip! Brrr!"

"He's coming up!"

There was a yell from half a dozen throats as the surface of the water was broken, and a fat, dripping, red and confused face appeared.

"Help! Gug-gug! Help!"

"Swim, you ass! You jolly well ought to be able to!" hooted Jack Blake.

Tom Merry, the junior captain at St. Jim's, was looking on, smiling. But he kept a watchful eye on the fat junior. Baggy could swim, but only a little. He was only immersed in about five feet of water, so there was no great danger. But Tom kept a wary eye open, for there had been more than one ducking which had caused merriment to change to alarm since he had been at St. Jim's.

Splashing, kicking, and gurgling, Bagley Trimble floundered about like a huge porpoise. And every time he came to the surface he yelled for help.

Tom Merry dived in at last, and three or four others followed suit. It was not

to save the fat junior they did it, but rather to help him find his feet.

"Swim, you lazy oyster!" yelled Blake. "My giddy aunt! If I come in there, you duffer, I'll duck you again!"
"Yarooop! Oh dear! Gug-gug! Help! Oh crumbs!"

Bagley Trimble found his feet at last, but only his nose and eyes appeared above the surface. But feeling his feet upon the bottom gave him more confidence, and he ceased to yell so madly for help.

But help came from an unexpected quarter. The hilarious juniors on the diving-raft were all looking down at Baggy, and they did not see the boy who came charging through the trees of the little wood nearby rush to the bank and fling his hands above his head.

But they heard the splash as the boy went into the water, and stared in amazement as they caught sight of a pair of neat shoes rapidly disappearing in the river.

"Great pip!" gasped Blake.

"The gallant rescuer!" chuckled Monty Lowther of the Shell.

"Bai Jove! I wegard— Oh deah! Heah comes Mosscoo, you chaps!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's, broke off suddenly.

Monsieur Adolph Mornay, the French master at St. Jim's, was rushing wildly towards the diving-raft. The little gentleman, always of an excitable nature, seemed more excited than ever.

His arms were being waved like flails about his head. And behind him—in fact, all around him—came nearly a dozen boys.

Tom Merry & Co. did not recognise the boys. They certainly did not belong to St. Jim's.

"Ze brave garcon! Ze rescuer!" shrieked Mosscoo. "Merry, Blake, launch ze boat of ze life!"

Tom Merry, astonished beyond speech, could only stare. It would have been all the same if he had tried to speak, for he would most certainly not have been heard.

The strange boys had gathered round

the raft, shrieking and gesticulating, drowning even Mosscoo's wild yells. They babbled in the same language as the master of St. Jim's, and dimly it dawned upon Tom Merry that the strange boys were French.

Monty Lowther stuffed up his ears with his fingers to deaden the high-pitched, excited voices.

"My hat!" he remarked. "What a cackling!"

That seemed to excite the French boys all the more, for they turned upon the luckless Monty, and directed whatever it was they were saying at him.

"Oh, my aunt!" gasped Monty Lowther.

And, to get away from it all, he took a tumble off the raft into the water. Immediately there was a shriek of delight from the French boys and Mosscoo Mornay.

"Ah, ze brave garcon!" said Mosscoo pantingly. "Merry, vy is it not you have ze rescue? I dive—"

"Better not, Mosscoo!" said Manners warningly. "You'll get wet if you do."

"Vet—vet, is it?" shrieked Mosscoo. "Care I for ze vet ven ze rescue has to be done! I—"

Suddenly it dawned upon the juniors that they had not taken the slightest heed of the mysterious person who had dived into the river. They swung round and stared at the spot where he had disappeared.

And they saw then the reason for all the excitement.

The stranger had caught Baggy Trimble by the scruff of his neck, and was dragging him to the diving-raft.

"Leggo my neck, you dummy!" roared Baggy. "Oh dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.

"Silence, isn't it!" hooted Mosscoo. "Vy you laugh at ze brave garcon?"

"Brave garcon?" repeated Manners.

"Rescued Baggy, by Jove!"

"Ze poor Trimble cry for ze help, and ze twelve juniors stand at ze side and laugh!" hooted Mosscoo. "Ciel! Zat you let ze poor garcon drown—"

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:: By MARTIN CLIFFORD. 11

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"FIGGY'S FINE FIGHT!"

"Drown!"
 "My hat!"
 "He was standing up!"
 The French master started. The wild shrieking had died away as the French boys saw that their comrade had dragged the fat junior to the raft, and that Baggy had pulled himself up out of the river.

The strange boy, panting and dripping with water, climbed out and smiled. It was rather a pleasant smile, and Tom Merry grinned cheerfully back at him.

"Vat is it you have say, Manners?" asked Mossoo suspiciously.

Manners wiped his eyes.
 "Trimble was standing on the bottom, sir!" he explained, striving hard not to laugh. "We ducked him, as we've ducked him a hundred times before, and he yelled for help—"

"As he's yelled a hundred times before, sir!" wound up Tom Merry.

Mossoo blinked suspiciously at the juniors. The master's leg had been pulled before. But the juniors looked serious enough now.

"Oh, really, Merry—" began Baggy plaintively.

"Shut up, Baggy!" said Jack Blake. "I suggested he should be chucked—ahem—I mean, thrown in, sir."

"Ze joke—eh?" queried Mossoo, with a slight smile.

"I don't call it a joke!" howled Baggy.

"Silence, Trimble!" snapped Mossoo. "Ze joke is ze joke, as I have heard ze English people have it. Take ze mattair in ze good light, like my friend Gaston Leaveau!"

He indicated, as he spoke, the French boy who had dived to Baggy's rescue. Leaveau was grinning, and seemed not to care a bit that he was wet through.

"Ze joke is good, mon—how you have it—friend!" he said cheerfully. "I get ze dry at ze school."

"The school?" said Tom Merry.

"Ze boys of la belle France have to stay with me for ze day and ze night," explained Mossoo Morny, with a fond smile at his smiling charges. "Zey are boys from ze school like St. Jim's, only in Paris."

Tom Merry held out his hand to Leaveau, who gripped it and shook it warmly.

"Jolly good luck to you, old top!" said the Shell leader. "You dived into the water to save our prize ass, although there wasn't any need to save him. Nobody else would have done so, even if he had been in danger."

"Oh, really, Merry, you beast—" began Baggy.

"You cannot swim like ze French boy—eh?" said Leaveau, who did not understand the juniors sufficiently to see that Tom Merry was not serious.

"Swim?" said Tom Merry. "My dear ami—I mean, friend—we swim like fishes at St. Jim's!"

"First time I've seen or heard anybody swimming at St. Jim's," said Monty Lowther. "Down the corridors, Tommy?"

"Rats!" grunted Tom Merry. "Chuck being funny for five minutes, Monty, there's a good little ass! This fellow is talking as if we don't swim so well in England as they do in France."

"Rot!" said Blake.

"Weally, Blake, that is hardly the cow-ect way to address a guest within our gates," said D'Arcy remonstratively. "Pway don't let us down, deah boy!"

Blake glared. Arthur Augustus had a little way of saying cutting things in a gentle manner. True, it was hardly the correct thing to classify a guest's state-

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ment as rot, but Blake said that on the spur of the moment.

"Dummy!" he said witheringly. "For two pins I'd—"

"You shouldn't—" began D'Arcy.

"Please don't quarrel in the presence of a guest, D'Arcy!" said Monty Lowther solemnly.

D'Arcy stopped. He turned a vivid red, and fairly gasped.

"Weally, Lowthah— Bai Jove! I beg your pardon, Leaveau, deah boy!" he said hastily.

Monty Lowther chuckled, and Leaveau grinned, and looked curiously at the elegant junior. D'Arcy was obviously very sincere. Mossoo Morny beamed upon them all.

"Leaveau means you do not have ze swim as zey swim," he attempted to explain. "Ze brave Leaveau is ze great swimmer—"

"We're jolly good swimmers at St. Jim's, too, sir!" said Herries bluntly.

"Ah, but ze French boys—" began Mossoo ecstatically.

That was too much for Tom Merry. By Mossoo's attitude one might have supposed that nobody was quite so good, quite so wonderful, as the French boys.

"Like a race?" he suggested, turning to Leaveau eagerly.

He was evidently proud of his prowess in the water, or he would not have otherwise jumped to accept Tom Merry's challenge so quickly. Tom Merry took his arm.

"Come with me, my friend!" he said grimly. "We'll jolly soon have you togged up for a race! My giddy aunt! The way Mossoo speaks, we might not be—"

Tom Merry, perhaps out of respect for the French master's guest, did not finish that sentence. But the Shell leader was very grim and determined as he conducted Leaveau to the juniors' dressing-shed by the river.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Race—and After.

HERE'S another, Tommy!"

Jack Blake came into the dressing-room as Leaveau was slipping on his costume, and with the Fourth-Former was a sturdy, grinning French boy.

"Ze race have us all in it, isn't it?" asked the newcomer.

"Neuvon," said Leaveau excitedly. "Cherchez Marteu, Gravet, Deveaux!"

Neuvon poked his head out of the dressing-room door, and shrieked out the names Leaveau had mentioned, and three more sturdy French boys ran towards them.

In less than five minutes the four French boys and Tom Merry, Blake, Manners, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy were lined up on the diving-raft, ready for the French master to give the word to start.

It was going to be a grim race. Tom Merry & Co. had an idea that this was an International match. The French master had as good as told them that they were

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not so good swimmers as the French boys.

He should see!
 "Ready?" said Mossoo, evidently striving to keep his excitement in check. "Commence!"

Eight figures dived neatly into the river, and a moment later eight boys broke the surface again and struck out.

There was a recognised swimming-track of a mile in length from the diving-raft to an old oak-tree up the river. Half-way up there was a white post, which had been set there by Kildare of the Sixth. That being the half-mile post, it was a favourite distance for the juniors to swim.

And now the eight juniors were racing the half-mile. The French boys had started along the towing-path as soon as the swimmers had set off. Monsieur Morny, after one glance at the crowd of boys on the path, jumped into a rowing-boat, pulled across the river, and selected the less-frequented path on the far side.

The St. Jim's juniors rushed back as one man to the dressing-rooms for their shoes. They did not care to run along the stony towing-path without shoes. But they soon caught up with the swimmers.

"Go it, Gussy!" shouted Herries and Digby, who shared a study with Blake and D'Arcy.

"Stick to it, Blake!" roared Digby. "Show 'em how to do it, Tommy!" yelled Monty Lowther.

"Vive la France! Vive la France!" shrieked Mossoo Morny, on the opposite side of the river.

Two hundred yards were covered, and Tom Merry and Leaveau were swimming steadily behind D'Arcy and Deveaux. The other four were swimming strongly in a row behind.

Tom Merry did not call out to Gussy, but he knew very well that the swell of the Fourth would not maintain that pace to the end. But he served as a pace-maker to the Shell leader; and evidently the same thought was occupying Leaveau's mind, for he looked across the few inches of water separating him from the junior captain of St. Jim's, nodded ahead, and grinned.

Tom grinned back, and kept steadily on. Leaveau was swimming with wonderful ease and grace, and was, if anything, using a slower stroke than was Tom. But they kept up the same speed, which gave Tom the idea that his opponent was stronger than he was.

Encouraging cries came from the St. Jim's juniors on the bank. Shrieks came from the French juniors. No one could describe the noise they were making as cries.

Half-way found Deveaux three yards in front of D'Arcy, and ten yards in front of Tom Merry and Gaston Leaveau. A dozen yards behind, the remaining swimmers were striking out in a bunch.

"Get a move on, Tommy!" shouted Monty Lowther.

"Leaveau! Leaveau! La France!" shrieked the French master and his guests.

Leaveau quickened his stroke, and Tom Merry, without an instant's hesitation, followed suit. In the next fifty yards the leaders were pegged back, and Leaveau and Tom Merry went on.

The white post was drawing near. Deveaux had slipped D'Arcy a few yards behind again, and was after Tom Merry and Leaveau.

"Put it on, Gussy!" shouted Herries. "St. Jim's for ever!" roared Baggy Trimble.

Even the fat junior was taking a keen interest in the race.

Tom Merry and Leaveau heard the shouts; but, of course, they did not

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attempt to reply. They wanted their breath for their efforts.

And with the winning white post two hundred yards away, it became obvious that Tom Merry or Leaveau would win the race. The others were splashing a little wildly, a sure sign that they were tiring, although as yet Deveaux was not many yards behind the leaders.

Tom Merry's lips were set grimly. He thought it was up to him to win the race, for he had thrown out the challenge. And Leaveau was thinking that he simply had to back up his host. Had not Monsieur Morny insinuated that the French boys were the better swimmers?

"He's spurning, Tommy!" Lowther was watching the race as a cat watches a mouse, and not a second after Leaveau spurted the information was conveyed to the Shell leader.

Tom Merry spurted a little, too, with the result that he gained a few inches.

The post was fifty yards away, and Monsieur Morny realised with a thrill of dismay that Tom Merry was going to win the race unless Leaveau had even greater reserve than he thought.

Tom Merry, panting now, and closing his eyes, put all he could muster in that next few yards.

"Merry!" It was the French master who shouted. "Stop zis minute, Merry! Stop zis once!"

Wildly excited, and hardly knowing that he had given voice to the wish in his heart, he simply danced on the bank. His arms and legs were going up and down like those of a dancing doll on the end of a piece of string.

Tom Merry could hardly believe his ears. Had he passed the winning post? He slackened almost unconsciously, and Leaveau went past him. Tom saw his head and shoulders gleaming in the bright sunlight.

"Merry! Vy you stop? Vive la France! Vive la France!" shrieked Monsieur Morny. "La belle France vins!"

"Tommy!" roared Monty Lowther. "Oh, my only sainted aunt!"

Tom Merry bit his lips. Monsieur was yelling for France—yelling that the French boy was victorious; but the winning-post was twelve yards away!

The Shell leader never knew how he found the strength to put in that wonderful spurt. But spurt he did, and Leaveau was left a few inches away—only a few inches, but enough. Monsieur Morny danced and shrieked; Monty Lowther nearly wept for sheer joy.

But Tom Merry shot past the post without knowing he had won. The tremendous effort had exhausted him, and unable to swim another stroke, he went under.

An instant later Monty Lowther and Herries had dived into the river. Levison, Lumley-Lumley, Wildrake, and Gore struck the water the next moment, and between them the six juniors dragged Tom Merry to the bank.

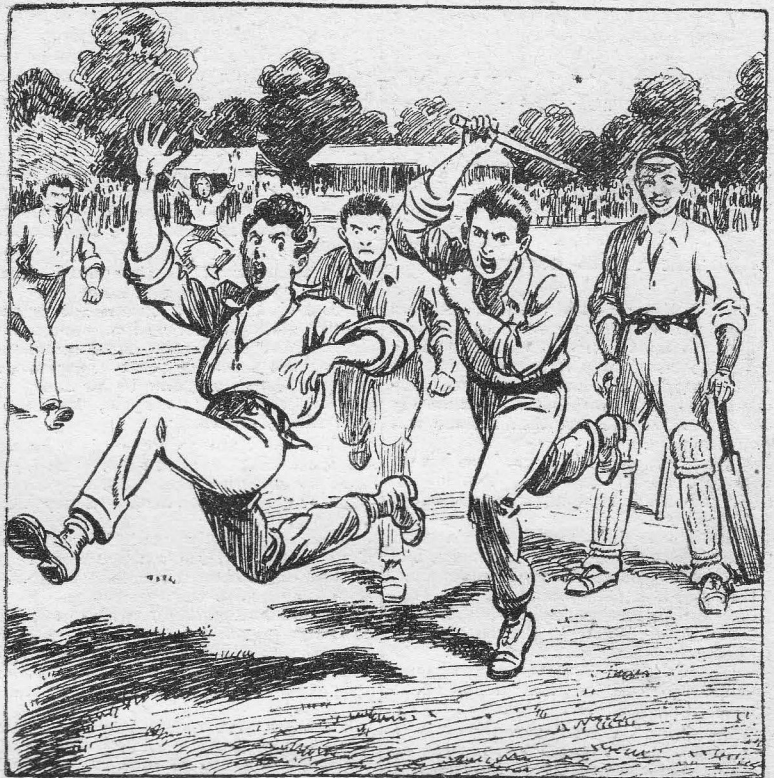
Leaveau was helped out by his companions, beaten, but smiling. But it was nearly three minutes before Tom Merry looked up at the anxious faces around him.

"He—he—he yelled to me to stop," he muttered.

"The ass!" said Herries witheringly.

"He's too jolly well excited, that's all," said Lumley-Lumley quietly. "He yelled to ask why you stopped a moment later." Leaveau joined the little group.

"He is vell now—yes?" he asked. "Ze effort, oh, he was magnifique!" Tom Merry smiled.



THE FRENCH IDEA OF CRICKET! Leaveau snatched a stump from the ground, and rushed towards his compatriot. "Muff!" he yelled. "You miss ze wicket! Ze catch was him out!" The tuckies slip did not stop to argue with his captain, he took to his heels and bolted off the cricket field. (See Chapter 3.)

"Thanks!" he laughed. "You're a jolly good swimmer, Leaveau!"

"Ah, but not so good as you, mon ami," said Leaveau, a little enviously. "No boy at ze French school could beat you. I am ze champion of ze schools of Paris!"

He wound up that remark with a proud shake of his head, and the St. Jim's juniors nodded. Leaveau might have been champion of the Paris schoolboys, but they had a champion who had beaten him!

On the other side of the river monsieur was beginning to get excited again.

"Bring ze boat!" he shouted. "I want to speak avec Merry. Ze boat, zis instant!"

There was no boat, and monsieur had to wait until several of the St. Jim's juniors had gone back for it, taken in Tom Merry and Leaveau, and rowed across to him. Two other boats had picked up the remaining swimmers, and they were pulled back to the dressing-room, where the spectators wended their way more slowly.

It was five minutes after they had entered the dressing-room when Jack Blake went up to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"How's funds, Gussy?" he asked in a whisper.

"All wight, deah boy," said Gussy quietly. "Pway—"

"Good!" said Blake. "You shall stand the French kids a feed!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Now, don't be mean, Gussy," said Blake warningly.

"Bai Jove! I wefuse to be chawac-tewised as 'bein' mean!" said D'Arcy

hotly. "I was about to inform you, Blake, that it was my intention to invite Mossoo's guests to take tea with us; and Tom Mewwy & Co. as well."

"Why didn't you say so, then, instead of babbling away like the giddy old brook?" demanded Blake warmly.

"Tommy!" "Hallo!" sang out Tom Merry, who had now completely recovered from his magnificent effort.

"Gussy's standing us a tea—all of us!" said Blake, with a grin.

"We're in funds, too," said Tom Merry, with a laugh. "We'll pay our whack!"

"Good!" said Blake; and he proceeded to extend a warm invitation to the French master's guests—an invitation which was accepted after Monsieur Morny had been consulted by Leaveau.

"Certainment oui!" said Mossoo, beaming. "I was going to suggest that ze cricket be played after tea—just a goal each way, as you have it."

"A goal each way!" gasped Blake. "My hat! Ha, ha—excuse me, sir!"

"Oui—oui! It would be ze great joke to play ze cricket!" said Monsieur Morny, with another beaming smile, and completely misunderstanding the cause of Jack Blake's laughter. "On ze field, zen. Ze boys have zeir flannels! Au revoir, zen!"

And the French master, doffing his hat in response to the bows and salutes of his guests and the St. Jim's juniors, hurried away.

Tom Merry & Co., grinning, explained that cricket was not a game where the time was judged by a goal each way.

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They found that the French boys had a far better idea of the great summer game than had their host, and when at last the party sat down to tea they were in great spirits.

Blake's study would not hold all the guests. Tom Merry's study was crammed, and Levison and Lumley-Lumley found room for one or two of the "crowded outs." However, in whatever study they were, it was safe to say the French boys were having the time of their lives!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Cricket!

QUITE a crowd of St. Jim's fellows made their way down to the field to see the cricket match between Tom Merry's eleven and the French master and his guests. Probably the reason for the attendance was mainly on account of the fact that Mossoo was going to play.

Monsieur Morny had never been known to attend cricket matches. The fellows thought perhaps there might be some fun. There was!

Tom Merry had tossed a coin with Gaston Leaveau for choice of innings, and Gaston had won and elected to bat first. There was still plenty of light, and Tom Merry & Co. had no doubt but that they would be able to get the French boys out in time to have a knock themselves.

Blake took the first over, and it was unfortunate for the French boys that Blake was on top of his form.

Mossoo and Gaston Leaveau went in to bat first. The French master was in flannels like the rest of his countrymen. Down went the first ball, and Mossoo advanced to meet it.

Round went his bat with a terrific swipe. But he did not hit the ball. His bat met empty air, and the ball curled underneath and crashed into the wicket.

"How's that?" chortled Blake.

"Out!"

"Zat is good, my boys!" said Mossoo, beaming; and he replaced the balls and knocked the stumps a little straighter into the ground.

Tom Merry & Co. watched, grinning. But the grins died from their faces as they saw the French Master stand up again ready for another ball.

"You're out, sir!" said Tom Merry gently. "Next man in!"

Mossoo appeared surprised, but he carried out his bat, and Deveaux took his place at the wicket.

Blake took a short, swift run, and sent the ball down like a streak of lightning.

Crash!

Deveaux never even attempted to hit the ball. He did not appear to see it. But his wicket went down flat on the ground.

"Oh, well bowled, Blake!"

"Next man in!"

The juniors and seniors were beginning to enjoy themselves. It was quite obvious that the French boys had played little, if any, cricket.

Another boy came in, and he was dismissed with the first ball. Another took his place, and, amidst tremendous excitement on the French boys' part, a bye was run. But that was the only run obtained during that over, for the next two balls from Blake accounted for two more wickets—five wickets down in one over!

"Chuck it, Blake!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "Let 'em have a knock!"

Levison took the next over, and he sent down a tempting, slow ball which the batsman smashed hard into long-field, where D'Arcy neatly caught it.

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NEXT
TUESDAY!

"FIGGY'S FINE FIGHT!"

In three overs the French boys were dismissed, having scored four byes.

As the last wicket went down, to the terrific cheering of the laughing spectators, Monsieur Morny was seen to be coming back to the wicket again, with a bat under his arm. He beamed upon Tom Merry, who stared at him in amazement.

"Ze first over isn't very successful for us, is it?" said Mossoo cheerfully. "Never have ze mind. Ve has another over."

"Another over?" stammered Tom Merry. "You're all out, sir!"

"But—but nevair! Zat is but ze one over!" declared Mossoo indignantly.

Tom Merry groaned. He might have wasted the whole of the evening in explaining the great game to Mossoo.

"Let 'em all come again, Tommy!" said Blake, chuckling.

"Ven we have ze score of 50 ve declare, isn't it?" said Mossoo. "Zen you have ze batting for ze runs. My brave boys zen have ze bowl, and ze bat you!"

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" murmured Tom Merry. "Give 'em jip, Blake!"

Jack Blake chuckled as he went to the wicket and gave the master the benefit of a terrific "yorker" which sent his bats flying over the head of the wicket-keeper. But Mossoo did not seem to mind in the least. He grinned cheerfully, and walked out with his bat under his arm.

Six overs were required to dismiss the French boys for the second time, they managed to score 20 runs, 10 of which were byes. Then Gaston Leaveau took it upon himself to explain to his host that it was time the St. Jim's team had a

COMING SHORTLY!

A WONDERFUL NEW SERIAL by SIDNEY DREW.

turn at batting, and although it took the French boy some time to convince Mossoo that he was right, Tom Merry and Blake eventually went in to bat.

Leaveau took the first over, and Blake, waiting with his bat held carelessly in his hands, grinned cheerfully. To Blake's way of thinking, the first over should see six boundaries scored, which meant that he would himself beat the total of the French boys' two innings.

Leaveau took a run of nearly thirty yards, and sent down a ball which beat everything ever seen at St. Jim's for pace. Blake's bat came down like lightning, and his eyes nearly started out of his head as he made a frantic effort to get the bat to the ball. But he failed, and his wicket went down with a crash.

"M-m-n-my hat!" gasped Blake.

"Out! Ze brave Gaston! Out!" shrieked Mossoo.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Tom Merry. Harry Noble followed the dazed Blake to the wicket, and the Australian was decidedly more on his guard and very much more careful than the Fourth-Former had been.

Leaveau sent down another ball, taking a long run and putting all his strength into it. Noble watched carefully, but no ball came near him. But there was a yell from the French boy playing mid-on, and he started to dance upon one foot, whilst he nursed the other tenderly in his hands.

"Ow! Yowl! Mon Dieu! Helas!" he shrieked.

"You caught it?" shouted Leaveau excitedly.

"Out!"

"Out! Caught ze man out, isn't it?" shouted Leaveau excitedly. "Ze two balls—two victims! Bon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors simply shrieked with laughter. Leaveau had not quite understood his own schoolfellow. The mid-on had certainly caught it—not with his hands, but on his foot. It took another two minutes to convince Leaveau that Harry Noble had not even touched the ball. Therefore, he could not have been caught out.

Then the rest of the over was completed, three boundaries resulting from three terrific swipes from Harry Noble. The next over was served in alike manner by the watchful, careful Tom Merry. Then Noble had to stop another fluke ball which went perilously near his wicket. The next ball looked easy, and Noble lashed out at it.

He only half hit it, however, and the leather went straight to slip, who flung out eager hands to catch it, but he muffed the catch, and the leather dropped to the ground. That was too much for Leaveau.

He snatched a stump from the ground, and rushed towards his compatriot.

"Muff!" he yelled. "You miss ze wicket! Ze catch was him out!"

The luckless slip did not stop to argue with his leader. That stump looked even more dangerous than did Leaveau, which was saying a lot. So slip took to his heels and ran for it, and Leaveau dashed after him in full chase.

Tom Merry & Co. simply yelled with laughter. Even the French boys could not help laughing.

"That chap'll get brained if Leaveau catches him!" gurgled Blake. "Rescue him, Tommy! I can't move!"

Tom Merry, gasping with laughter, dashed after the flying French boy, and caught Leaveau by the shoulder. The French boy struggled to get free, but hanging on with an effort, Tom Merry stopped him until the slip had disappeared towards the school.

That was nearly the end of the match, for Mossoo saw that his guests were being made to look a little ridiculous, and after the next over he strode on to the pitch.

"Ve declare, Merry!" he said solemnly. "Ze game is enough, isn't it? I am—ahem!—taking my boys to ze picture-house in Wayland for ze evening's entertainment, and ve must have rush!"

And, beaming and smiling, the little master collected his guests and marched them towards the school to change again.

Tom Merry & Co. dropped to the ground and kicked up their heels in sheer merriment. It was probably the funniest cricket match they had ever taken part in, and ever likely to take part in.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Blake, as he wiped his eyes. "Going to the pictures, are they? My hat! If they only stopped here they'd give all St. Jim's a show which would knock the pictures into a cocked hat!"

But the French master's guests did not stop, and the juniors had to be content with what amusement they had had. But it was a long time before their cluckles died away.

THE END.

(There will be another grand, long, complete school story of the chums of St. Jim's next Tuesday in the POPULAR.)

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

FRANK RICHARDS & CO. HAVE AN EXCITING TUSSLE
WITH THE "BAD MAN" FROM BOOT LEG!



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of
FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous School Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
A Very Reckless Scheme.

BILLY COOK, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, pulled in his horse as Frank Richards and Bob Lawless came riding down the trail.

It was a sharp morning in the late Canadian autumn—the "fall," as Frank Richards had already learned to call it.

A keen wind came from the snowy slopes of the Rockies, far off on the horizon. But the two schoolboys looked ruddy and cheerful as they trotted along the trail, with powdering snow under the hoofs of their ponies.

"Hold on a minute, boys!" said Billy Cook, and the chums of Cedar Creek School halted on the trail.

"You're goin' to school now?" asked the ranchman.

"I guess so," said Bob. "Anything up?"
"Yep! Don't you go near Cedar Camp to-day!"

"Anything on at Cedar Camp?" asked Frank Richards.

Billy Cook nodded, with quite a portentous look.

"Sure!" he said.

"Well, what's on?" asked Bob. "We weren't thinking of going to the camp, it's out of our way from school. But what's on?"

"Long Bill's come to town!" said Billy Cook impressively.

"And who the merry dickens is Long Bill?" asked Frank Richards in surprise.

"And what does he matter to us, anyway?"

"You haven't heard of him?" asked Billy Cook. "He's the bad man!"

"The what?"

"The bad man!"

"Oh, he's a bad man, is he?" said Frank, still more astonished. "Well, Canada's a ripping country, but I suppose every man in Canada isn't a good man. That would be too much to expect!"

Bob Lawless laughed.

"You don't catch on, Frank," he said. "Bad man" is a Westernism. It means a border ruffian—a rustler. What you would call a hooligan, I think."

"Oh, I see!"

"Waal, carry me home to die!" said Billy

Cook. "You go to school regier, and you don't know what a bad man is!"

Frank grinned.
"We live and learn," he said. "So a 'bad man' is a border ruffian, is he? Well, however bad Long Bill may be, I suppose he wouldn't eat us if we dropped in at the camp to-day."

"Oh, you're a tenderfoot!" said the ranch foreman. "Long Bill has been painting the town red last night. The boys say he's goin' to shoot up the camp to-day."

"Shoot up the camp?" ejaculated Frank.

"Yep."

"In the name of all that's potty what does shooting up the camp mean?" yelled Frank Richards.

Billy Cook grunted.

"I guess that's plain Canadian," he said. "You don't want to stop any of the bullets, youngsters. He'll be rounded up soon. The sheriff of Thompson has been warned that Long Bill's come over the border on the warpath. He can't play his Boot Leg games here. I guess when the sheriff gets after him with his posse, Long Bill will be sorry he left Boot Leg. Mind you keep away from the camp."

And Billy Cook rode on.

"Come on, Franky," said Bob, grinning at the surprise in his English cousin's face.

The chums rode on towards Cedar Creek School.

"But what the dickens does it mean?" asked Frank in wonder. "Have you heard of this chap, Long Bill, Bob?"

"Yes, I've heard him spoken of," said Bob, laughing. "He doesn't belong to this country, Frank. Shooting-up a camp isn't a Canadian pastime at all. He belongs to a place called Boot Leg, on the south side of the border. It's a wild place, among the mining camps of the Cascade Mountains, and there isn't much law and order there—except lynch law!"

"Oh!" said Frank.

"I shouldn't wonder if even Boot Leg has got too hot to hold him," grinned Bob. "The man's a regular brute, and he seems to fancy that he can play his tricks in Canada—quite a mistake of his part. If he tries the game of shooting-up the camp at Cedar, he will be brought to order so quick it will make his head swim."

"But what is shooting-up the camp?" asked the mystified Frank.

"It's a fool's game they play in some of the lawless mining-camps down in the Cascade Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. A man fills himself up to the chin with fire-water, and goes on the warpath. He chases up the street, firing right and left with six-shooters. If anybody gets in the way he is liable to get hurt. He smashes all the windows, riddles the cabins, knocks over a dog or two, or a horse or two—sometimes a man or two."

"My hat!"

"You see, in a lonely camp like Boot Leg a ruffian like that terrorises the whole place," explained Bob. "There's no handling him, unless all the boys get together some fine day and lynch him."

"I say, Bob—" Frank hesitated.

"Well?"

"I've never seen a bad man," said Frank. "That kind of a bad man, I mean. What price trotting over to Cedar Camp after morning lessons?"

Bob chuckled.

"After Billy Cook's warning?" he said.

"Well, we needn't get in the way of his pistols," said Frank. "It would be no end of a lark."

"I guess I was just thinking of it myself," said Bob. "We won't say a word at the school. We'll just cut over and get our dinner at the camp, instead of at the school."

"Good egg!"

"I dare say the Cherub will come," grinned Bob. "I've never seen a bad man on the rampage, any more than you have, Frank. We don't grow 'em in Canada, you know. It will be no end of a stunt!"

And the chums rode on to school, their minds made up on that reckless scheme. They were quite curious to see the Bad Man from Boot Leg "on the rampage," and they hardly thought of the danger involved.

But when they joined their chum, Vere Beaulere, at the school, and propounded the precious plan to him, Beaulere looked rather grave.

"You'll be running a lot of risk," he said. "Bullets are not respecters of persons, you know. That man Long Bill is a regular scoundrel. He was fighting three or four

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NEXT
TUESDAY!

"TAKEN IN!"

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

chaps in the camp last night. My pater was there."
 "Oh, let's go!" said Bob. "We can keep out of danger."
 "Yes, let's!" said Frank.
 Beauclerc smiled.
 "I'm game," he said. "I'll borrow Dick Dawson's horse, and ride over with you."
 And so it was settled.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

"Shooting-Up the Town!"

MISS MEADOWS, when she took her class that morning, certainly had no suspicion of the reckless scheme concocted by three of her pupils.
 Frank Richards & Co. had not said a word to the other fellows.

It was wiser to keep their scheme strictly dark.
 Long Bill's fame had already spread, and Cedar Creek fellows were talking of him that morning, and of the way he would be "rounded up" by the sheriff of Thompson if he started playing the fool in the Thompson valley.

The chums were glad enough when morning lessons ended.
 Frank and Bob brought round their ponies, as if going on a ride, and Dick Dawson willingly lent Vere Beauclerc his horse. Dawson was the only fellow Beauclerc was friendly with excepting his own chums.

The three schoolboys mounted, and rode away down the trail through the timber.
 When they were out of sight of the lumber school they broke into a gallop.

They passed the Hopkins' homestead, and the shack where Vere Beauclerc lived with his father, the remittance man, and a little later Cedar Camp came in sight.

The three schoolboys rode into the camp cheerily in the bright, wintry sunlight. They jumped down before the Hotel Continental, which, in spite of its grandiloquent title, was only a log building of two floors.

A Kootenay stableman took their horses away, and the chums entered the backwoods hotel.

A good many of the men of Cedar Camp were there for their midday meal, and there was an excited discussion going on.

Long Bill of Boot Leg was the subject. There was angry indignation in most faces. Cedar Camp, in the backwoods as it was, was as orderly as any town in Canada, and not in the least like the wild, lonely camps on the other side of the border, such as Boot Leg, where Long Bill came from.

For the "bad man" to attempt to play his wild pranks there was an insult as well as an injury, and it was quite certain that Long Bill would soon find that he was in the wrong box.

"Hallo, Pete!" said Bob Lawless, with a nod to the red-shirted landlord of the Continental.

"Hallo, young Lawless!" said Pete. "What on airth are you doing hyer?"
 "I guess we've come to see your bad man."

"You'd better have stayed at home," said Pete seriously. "The sheriff hasn't come along yet. When he does, Long Bill is going to get a surprise. He's going to discover that this hyer town isn't Boot Leg, not by long chalks!"

"Where is he now?" asked Frank Richards. "He's at the Red Dog, filling himself up with tanglefoot," said Pete, with a sort of angry disgust. "He's been bragging that he's going to shoot up the camp, same game as he plays at home in Boot Leg. He ain't done it yet."

"We're in time for the show!" said Bob. "What about lunch? I'm hungry!"
 The three schoolboys went into the dining-room to lunch.

Long Bill and his threatened "shoot-up" did not have the effect of impairing their appetites.

They made an excellent meal in the log dining-room, at a table crowded with cattle-men and lumbermen. The talk at the table ran entirely on Long Bill and his reckless threats.

Just as the meal was over, a Chinese bar-tender came bunding into the dining-room, his almond eyes wide-open with terror. He plunged under the table, and sat there quaking.

"Hallo! What's that game?" asked Frank Richards, in astonishment.

There was a wail from the Celestial under the table.

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NEXT TUESDAY

"Bad Melican man come! Shootce! Poor Ching killy! Oh!"
 Bang! Bang! Bang!
 "Hallo! He's at it!" shouted Bob Lawless.

Every man was on his feet at once. There was a rush into the outer room, to look into the street.

From the long main street, lined with cabins and buildings, there came a loud, incessant rattle of shots.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
 Warning shouts were heard on all sides. "Look out!" "Cover!"

"It's Long Bill on the rampage!" And there was a rush to take cover.

Frank Richards, scarcely able to believe his eyes and ears, stared out of the window into the street.

The Bad Man from Boot Leg was evidently fulfilling his threat.

Frank sighted him as he came up the street from the Red Dog Saloon.

He was a huge, muscular ruffian, with a shaggy black beard and a red-brick complexion.

Long Bill had filled himself with the fiery tanglefoot, and lashed himself into a warlike mood. Now he was starting out to "shoot up the town" in the approved Boot Leg style.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
 The reckless ruffian had a six-shooter in either hand as he charged up the centre of the street.

With utter disregard of the damage he might do to property, and even to life, the ruffian charged up the street, firing right and left into the cabins.

The street was deserted in the twinkling of an eye.

Crash! Crash!
 The few buildings in Cedar Camp that boasted glass in the windows were quickly deprived of that luxury.

A terrified dog, bolting across the street, gave a sudden fearful howl, rolled over, and lay still.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
 "Cover!" yelled Bob Lawless, dragging Frank Richards by the arm.

Crash!
 Right in at the window where Frank had been standing a few moments before a bullet whizzed, crashing into the bottles behind the long bar.

There was a roar of wrath from Pete Hawkins as he saw his property demolished in that reckless style.

Bottles crashed right and left.

Bob Lawless threw himself on the floor to get out of the line of fire, dragging down Vere and Frank with him.

Bullets flew over them as they lay.

Crash! Crash!
 Long Bill passed the hotel, charging recklessly up the street, firing his revolvers right and left as he went.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
 And then he was gone.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Arrival.

FRANK RICHARDS rose to his feet, breathing hard.

His heart was beating fast. The ordeal had lasted scarcely longer than a minute, but it had been exciting enough while it lasted.

"My hat!" gasped Frank. "Oh, my hat!"

"A bit exciting—eh?" said Bob Lawless, sorting out his Stetson hat from the feet it had fallen among.

"Yes, by Jove!" breathed Frank.

"The reckless scoundrel!" said Vere Beauclerc. "He's gone!"

There was still a sound of shooting in the distance.

Long Bill was still holding the street, monarch of all he surveyed, and certainly there was none his right to dispute.

But the danger was past.

"Well, this beats Banagher!" said Bob Lawless. "The cheery rascal, to play that game in a Canadian camp! Wait till the sheriff comes!"

The shooting died away.
 Frank Richards looked out into the street again.

Smashed windows and riddled doors met his gaze, and a dead dog lying in the middle of the road. A mule, grazed by a bullet, was galloping frantically down the street.

Frank drew a deep breath.

"By Jove, this beats everything!" he said. "The sooner that chap is put safe in chokey the better it will be for him and everybody else."

"I guess it won't be long," said Bob.

It was time for the chums to start on their return to Cedar Creek School, to get there in time for the afternoon lessons.

But they wisely decided to wait a little, lest the intoxicated ruffian should come charging back, as was quite possible.

But nothing more was seen of Long Bill for the next quarter of an hour, and so they called for their horses and started.

Their feelings were not quite easy as they rode out of the camp. Flying bullets would not have been pleasant to meet. They realised that they had acted far from wisely in coming to the camp to witness that peculiar scene.

But Long Bill was not to be seen, and they left the camp behind, and rode rapidly down the trail.

"Hallo! Here's the sheriff!" exclaimed Bob.

From the direction of Thompson a bunch of horsemen came in sight—the sheriff of Thompson and three of his men, with rifles under their arms.

The sheriff pulled in his horse as he came abreast of the schoolboys on the trail.

"Anything going on at Cedar?" he asked.

"I guess so, Mr. Henderson," grinned Bob. "Long Bill has been shooting up the town—right on the war-path!"

The sheriff's lips closed grimly.

"I guess we'll look after Long Bill," he said.

He rode on with his men towards the camp, and the schoolboys resumed their way. Bob Lawless looked after them.

"By gum, I'd like to be there when he ropes in Long Bill!" he exclaimed.

"Same here!" said Frank. "But—"
 "We are already late for lessons," said Beauclerc. "Miss Meadows won't be pleased!"

"Right-ho! Come on!"

They galloped back to the school. But afternoon lessons were proceeding when they arrived. The three chums came into the log school-room red and breathless.

Miss Meadows gave them a very severe look.

"Lawless! Richards! Beauclerc! You are late!"

"Very sorry, ma'am!" said Bob meekly.

"Where have you been?"

"Ahem!"

Miss Meadows frowned.

"Tell me at once where you have been!" she exclaimed sternly.

"H'm! We— we dropped in at Cedar Camp for lunch, ma'am!"

"You have been to Cedar Camp! You know you should not have done so, under the circumstances!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "I shall detain you for an hour after lessons. Go to your places!"

"Yes, ma'am."

And the three delinquents, looking very meek and repentant, sat down. They had expected Miss Meadows to be "waxy." The schoolmistress' point of view was, naturally, rather different from their own.

There were excited whispers in class for some time. The news that the three had been to the camp made them the observed of all observers. The other fellows wanted to know whether they had seen the bad man from Boot Leg.

And there was a thrill in the class as Bob Lawless, in cautious whispers, described the "shooting-up" of Cedar Camp.

"I guess the sheriff will nail him!" said Eben Hacke. "I calculate Long Bill will be sorry he spoke—just a few!"

"You bet!" said Dawson.

"Silence in the class!" rapped out Miss Meadows.

And the whispered discussion of Long Bill and his exploits had to cease.

Miss Meadows was decidedly "cross" with the three young adventurers. When the school was dismissed she gave them a stern look.

"You will remain for one hour!" she said.

(Continued on page 17.)

ANSWERS
 EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2¢

"TAKEN IN!"

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



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Sr. Jim's

Greyfriars

Rookwood

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



IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

MY DEAR READERS,—I am not in love with education. I never was. And I never will be.

There's only one thing to be said in favor of a public school education, in my opinion. It is very nice, in later life, to be able to say, "Oh, I was educated at Eaten, or Shroosbury, or Dullidge!" as the case may be.

Education wouldn't be so bad if there was more freedom about it, if it wasn't rammed down your throat, so to speak. A fellow should be left to follow his own bent, to study those subjects which appeal to him, and leave the rest alone. What's the use of teaching a fellow things which are no use to him, and never will be? For instance, why teach a chap German, if he will never have occasion to speak the langwidge?

I confess that my views on education are not jeneralal. I was chatting to Mark Linley about it, and he quite disagreed with me. "Education, Bunter," he said, "is one of the finest things going, and it's a pity you don't take it more seriously. Education equips you for the great tasks of life."

It's all very well for Linley to talk like that. He's a swot, and a pretty hopeless case at that. I've given up trying to reform him.

Well, dear readers, we are each entitled to our opinion, and my view is that education is all rot. Just think of the hundreds of hours we wait in the classroom, when we might be doing something far more profitable—gorging, for egg-sample!

However, I have been pressed for a long time (as the trousers said when they were taken out of the press) to publish a Special Education Number. And here it is. Although the subject of education is a distasteful one, so far as I am concerned, I have spared no effort to bring out a really interesting number. In fact, on going through the proof pages before passing them for press, I have come to the conclusion that this is one of the best numbers we have ever set before a ravenus and eager public. I hope you will think the same.

With crowds of good wishes to all my chums, weather they are plump like me, or scraggy like Skinner.

Yours sincerely,

YOUR EDITOR.

THE SLACKER'S LAMMENT.

By SAMMY BUNTER

(Subb-Editor).

I'm simply sick of swotting Greek—
Day after day, weak after weak.
I'm sure I never shall be pat in
The langwidge that is known as Latin.

I always feel a paneful wrench
When Twigg announces, "Now for French!"
And my resolve is quite a firm 'un—
To give up mugging beestly German!

I never seem to feel at ease
When learning Dutch or Portuguese.
I don't konder it is mannish
To swank by saying things in Spanish!

Why they should teach us history
To me is quite a mystery.
I also hate orthography,
Mathematicks, and geography.

I wish we didn't have to swot,
It's just a lot of tommy-rott!
Some langwidges are dumb and dead,
Why karn't we learn to kook, instead?

I'm sick of this, and sick of that.
I'm sick of everything, that's flat!
The tyranny of education
Is driving me to desperashun!

Greek and Latin, Latin and Greek,
Day after day, weak after weak.
Ain't it enuff to make you sing:
"Why, what's the use of anything?"

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE

By George Kerr.



PERCY BOLSOVER (Greyfriars).

BRIGHTER LESSONS.

By HAROLD SKINNER

(Remove Form, Greyfriars).

Lessons are a beastly bore. There's no getting away from it. All the same, I don't see why they should remain a bore. If only my hints are faithfully carried out, lessons will become a dream and a delight, and the sound of the school bell will be sweet music in a fellow's ears!

To begin with, you should arm yourself with a little light literature before going into the Form-room. "The Daring Doings of Deadshot Dave!" will provide enjoyable reading. Under your desk you should fix up a convenient book-rest. But don't let the master spot you, for the love of Ould Oireland!

When you are tired of reading, there are many ways in which you can amuse yourself. Load your peashooter, and take careful aim at the backs of the nuts of the fellows seated in the front row. If you are an erratic marksman, however, you had better give this style of amusement a miss, or you may pepper your master. And then he'd be "mustard" keen on licking you, and his countenance would be as sour as vinegar!

A game of noughts and crosses will help to break the monotony of class routine. If you possess artistic ability, you can amuse yourself, and your schoolfellows, too, by drawing a cartoon of your Form-master. If he should catch you in the act, however, it will mean a licking. And then you will look a "sorry sketch"!

Some fellows find amusement in ventriloquism. But this is an art possessed only by the favoured few. If you can't throw your voice, throw paper pellets! Always make sure that the master's back is turned before taking aim. And make sure, also, that the brute hasn't got eyes in the back of his head, like some of them have!

A certain liveliness can always be introduced by bringing a monkey or a parrot into the Form-room. The parrot should be carefully coached to say, "Yah, Tyrant!"—referring, of course, to the Form-master. The monkey should be taught to perch on the gas-bracket over the Form-master's desk, and drop nutshells on his devoted head!

There are many ways in which lessons can be made brighter. I can't enter into them all here, but I've given you something to go on with. I can accept no responsibility, however, if any or all of these "stunns" end in disaster!

A SLITE MISTAİK!

By **TUBBY MUFFIN.**

(Subb-Editter & Rookwood
representative.)

MY Uncle Robert is a generous sole. At the beginning of the term I had a letter from him as follows:

"Dear Reginald.—In response to your appeal for a remittance, I regret that I cannot see my way to forward you any money until you have done something to deserve it.

Your last school report, forwarded by your headmaster, was far from satisfactory. There will have to be a sweeping improvement before I put my hand in my pocket for your benefit.

If the next report I receive shows a marked improvement on your part, I shall be delighted to hand you a gratuity of five pounds.

"Your affectionate,

"**UNCLE ROBERT.**"

As you may imagine, dear readers, that letter didn't make me feel very hopeful.

Although I am one of the most brilliant and brainy skollers on the Classical Side at Rookwood, I never get any bow-kays handed out to me at the end of the term by the school authorities. My report is generally very bad.

Well, I worked like a Trojan all the term, in the hope of getting a better report, and, incidentally, pocketing a nice fiver from my Uncle Robert.

As the term drew to a close, however, and the reports were made out, I knew I had fared no better than in previous terms, and I despaired of ever reseeving the fiver.

Well, a few days before the end of term, who should suddenly roll up in his hansom Daimler car but Uncle Robert. I eggsppected him to be all scowls, but, lo and behold, he was all smiles! He fairly gushed over me, and one of the first things he did was to produce a crisp, russling banknote and hand it over.

You could have nocked me down with a fether!

"I have just reseved your report, my dear boy," said my uncle, "and it is eggssellent in every way."

"My hat!"

"It is a kappital report, Reginald. The headmaster has nothing but praise for you!"

Well, I didn't pretend to be able to understand it; so I pocketed the fiver and dried up.

And then the Head came along.

"Eggseuse me," he said to my uncle, "but a mistaik has arisen in connection with the school reports. They were despatched in a hurry, and two of them became transposed. Your nevew's report was sent to Mr. Erroll, and Erroll's report was sent to you."

"Oh!" said my uncle. "Might I ask if my nevew's report was a good one?"

"On the contrary," said the Head, "it was most unflattering. Your nevew, sir, remains the biggest dunce and dullard in the Fourth Form."

Then Uncle Robert fairly eggsploided; and he insisted on my handing him back the fiver. Which I did, with grate reluctance.

Bother the Head and his silly mistaik! Why couldn't he have hushed it up? That conversation of his with my uncle cost me five pounds!

THE POPULAR.—No. 175.

THE ROOKWOOD EDUCATION COMMITTEE!

By **JIMMY SILVER**

(Of Rookwood.)

THE above-mentioned committee consists of Lovell, Raby, Newcome, Erroll, Teddy Grace, and my humble self. It was formed last week, to deal with the problem of educating those fellows at Rookwood who stand in need of it.

We started on Tubby Muffin. Lovell declared that it was possible to educate Tubby into becoming a first-class cricketer. I said it wasn't. There was no bet on the subject. If there had been, I should have won my money!

We thrust a bat into Tubby's hand, and bade him take up his position in front of the stumps. Then we turned all our fast bowlers loose on him!

Poor old Tubby! After he had posed as a human target for ten minutes, he had bumps and bruises all over his anatomy. He lacked the quick-eye of the skilful batsman, who can always hop out of the way of a fast leg-ball. And by the time the ordeal was over he was a case for the ambulance.

We then invited Tubby to try his luck as a bowler. But he had had enough. He melted away like snow before the morning sun.

"Better take Peele in hand now," suggested Newcome. "Peele's manners leave much to be desired. We'll educate him, and convert him into a little gentleman."

Well, we took Cyril Peele in hand, and transformed his stable manners into table manners. We taught him to ask nicely whenever he wanted a thing, and to say, "Thank you very much!" when he got it. But I very much fear that Peele will be only a temporary gentleman. When the members of our Education Committee don't happen to be on the spot, he'll lapse into his old bad ways.

Educating Adolphus Smythe proved a very painful ordeal—for Smythe! We made him discard his fancy waistcoat, and his gaudy socks, and his rainbow tie, and dress perfectly plainly. This nearly broke Smythe's heart. He's a tremendous swell in his way, and he couldn't bear being soberly clad. For some time he was obstinate, so we were obliged to bump him. No wonder he said we were bump-tious in our attitude towards him!

We next turned our attention to Tupper, the page. Tupper complained one day that he hadn't the "eddication" that we had; so we took him in hand, and gave him lessons in Latin and Greek and French. He can now say "Parleyvoo Frongsay," and "Ontray noo." And he's picked up quite a lot of Latin verbs; but he'll soon drop them again!

Tupper didn't take kindly to being "eddicated." It was too much like hard work, he said, and he advised us to turn our zealous attention towards Mack, the porter. Which we accordingly did. We gave Mack an education in sweeping up leaves and carrying trunks—kept him busy for a whole afternoon—and he simply hates the sight of us now!

Education committees are never popular. We've made many more enemies than friends. But we mean to continue our philanthropic efforts; so if you know of anybody who stands in need of education, send him along to us, and we'll put him through his paces.

OUR BOOK CORNER.

THE following works may be obtained at the Rookwood Lending Library, at a fee of twopence per volume. Books are to be returned clean and in good condition. Tubby Muffin sent one back the other day with strawberry jam on the frontispiece, and fragments of fish on the centre pages! We want the books back, but not the remnants of a study feed as well!—**ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL**, Chief Librarian.

"A GUIDE TO ROOKWOOD CRICKET."

By George Bulkeley.

This is a compact little book, containing the history of Rookwood cricket since the year dot, or thereabouts. It tells of many historic tussles between Rookwood and the rival schools, and makes special mention of the great match of 1912 between Rookwood and Greyfriars, which ended in a tie. Rookwood started their second innings 350 runs behind, and it was regarded as a hopeless task to save the game; but they did it! Truly might we say with the scribe, "There were giants in those days!"

"KOOKING SIMPLIFIED."

By Reginald Muffin.

What Tubby Muffin doesn't know about cooking isn't worth knowing. But he has blundered badly in calling his book "Kooking Simplified." There is nothing simple about it. The queer spelling complicates it so much that it resembles a jigsaw puzzle! The word "onions," according to Muffin, should be spelt "ungyuuns." And many of us are left guessing as to the meaning of "tarbly dote." We suggest that the Falstaff of the Classical side changes the title of his book to "KOOKING KOMPLICATED!"

"THE BOY WHO KEPT STRAIGHT."

By Mark Lattrey.

A public school story, not without merit. We find the hero "a handsome, dashing fellow of fourteen, skipper of his Form, good at games, and the soul of honour." It is a great pity that the writer of the book doesn't model himself on the lines of his hero!

"THE COMIC SIDE OF EDUCATION."

By Valentine Mornington.

Morny's book is one long "scream." He has collected all the funny incidents which have occurred in the Form rooms of Rookwood, and has served them up in a most entertaining manner. Mornington is the happy possessor of a keen sense of humour. Not many of us can squeeze any fun out of education!

"HOW TO FURNISH A STUDY."

By Adolphus Smythe.

We shouldn't care to start furnishing a study on the principles laid down by that foppish faddist, Adolphus Smythe. To begin with, the colour scheme of pink and purple would annoy us intensely. Pink walls and purple carpets are about the limit! In the second place, the cost of furnishing a study, in the approved Smythe manner, would be about a hundred and fifty pounds.



Educating 'Enery!

By DONALD OGILVY.
(Of Greyfriars.)

WHIZ!
An overripe pear came sailing through the air—no poetry intended!—and took off Lord Mauleverer's topper as clean as a whistle.

Mauly had been strolling elegantly along the village street. He whipped round suddenly, and grasped by the collar a small boy who was hovering near.

"Begad, you young rascal! Pick up my topper at once!"

The small boy looked scared. "I'll pick up yer 'at, sir, with pleasure," he said, "but I never done it!"

"Eh?"

"It wasn't me wot done it!" Lord Mauleverer shuddered. He was not an exacting sort of fellow, but he liked to hear the English language correctly spoken.

"I take your word for it, kid, that you didn't throw that pear," he said, "but I wish your denial had been a bit more grammatical. You should have said, 'It was not I who did it!'"

"Great pip!" The small boy picked up his lordship's topper, and Mauly perched it afresh on his noble head.

"What's your name, kid?" he inquired.

"'Enery."

"Henry what?"

"'Enery 'Uggins."

"Well, Henry Huggins, I can only say that your education has been sadly neglected. 'Tain't my fault!" said the boy sullenly. "Which I ain't 'ad no chance to be a scholar. I never 'ad much schoolin'. I was always at 'ome with the mumps or the 'oooping-cough."

Lord Mauleverer nodded sympathetically. "Rough luck!" he said. "Don't run away with the idea that I'm despisin' you. Look here, Henry, I should like to take you in hand."

"Wot?"

"If you care to come along to Greyfriars with me, I'll put you through your paces—teach you the rudiments of grammar, an' so forth."

"My word!"

"It will cost you nothin'," said the generous Mauly. "You can come along, say, three times a week, an' receive tuition. What do you say?"

"You're a toff!" said Henry. "Which I'll jump at it!"

"Come along, then!"

The ill-assorted pair set off together. Harry Wharton & Co. were standing in the school gateway when they arrived.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's all this?"

Lord Mauleverer and his companion certainly afforded an interesting study in contrasts.

Mauly was spick and span and elegant, save for a few specks of dirt on his topper. Henry Huggins was ragged and disreputable. He belonged to the army of the great unwashed, and he wore no collar or tie. A muffler was drawn tightly around his neck.

"What the thump—" began Harry Wharton, in astonishment.

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"My pupil, dear boys!" he announced.

"Eh?"

"This is Master Henry Huggins, of Friar-dale. I'm goin' to take him in hand, an' educate him."

"My hat!"

Harry Wharton & Co. had never regarded their elegant schoolfellow in the light of a private tutor. Somehow, Mauly did not seem to fit the part. He was not frightfully keen on education himself, being the biggest slacker in the Remove.

"You'd better smuggle the kid along to your study before a master or a prefect comes along!" said Nugent.

Mauly nodded.

"This way, Henry!" he said.

His lordship ambled away towards the school building, and Henry followed meekly. Mauly found his study deserted, which was just what he wanted. Sir Jimmy Vivian and Piet Delarey were on the cricket-field, practising at the nets.

"Now, kid," said Mauly, jerking a chair into position for his strange guest. "Sit down!"

His lordship stretched himself on the sofa. "Can you say your alphabet, Henry?" he inquired, with a yawn.

"Yessir."

"Fire away, then!"

Henry recited the alphabet, leaving out about half a dozen letters. But Lord Mauleverer did not notice the omissions. He was too sleepy.



Mr. Huggins rushed at Mauly, swinging his thick walking stick. "I'll give you heducate my 'Enery!"

"Now we'll test your spellin'," he said drowsily. "How do you spell 'dog'?"

"D-o-g-g," said Henry. "That right, sir?"

No answer.

"Bit 'ard of 'earing, p'r'aps," murmured Henry.

"That right, sir?" he added, in a louder key.

Shore!

Henry gave a jump. He crossed over to the sofa, and saw that his tutor was fast asleep.

A bewildered expression came over the boy's face. Then he seized his lordship by the shoulders, and shook him.

Lord Mauleverer started up, blinking dazedly.

"Wharrer marrer?" he mumbled. "Tain't risin'-bell yet!"

Then he caught sight of Henry, and grinned apologetically.

"Fraid I must have dozed off, Henry," he said. "Look here, I'm feelin' a trifle fagged this afternoon. You've made rippin' pro-

gress so far. You've said your alphabet, an' you've spelt 'dog.' Suppose you come again to-morrow?"

"Right-ho!" said Henry cheerfully.

"Before you go," said Lord Mauleverer, "help yourself to a snack. You'll find some jam-tarts in the cupboard—an' some ginger-pop."

Henry needed no second bidding. He consumed half a dozen tarts in true Buntarian style, and drained a couple of bottles of stone ginger. Lord Mauleverer's ginger-beer was excellent. His lordship always insisted upon having the best of everything.

Whilst Henry refreshed himself, Lord Mauleverer relapsed into slumber.

Henry nodded amiably at the recumbent form, and took his departure. He had greatly enjoyed his snack. If this was education, he reflected, he would be able to stand quite a lot of it!

Henry renewed his visit to Greyfriars next day, with much the same result.

Lord Mauleverer reclined on the couch, and gave tuition, until overcome by drowsiness. Then he waved his hand towards the cupboard, and told Henry to help himself. Which Henry promptly did.

There was an interval of a few days before Henry came again. He had been told to present himself on Saturday afternoon. There were sundry jobs of work to be done at home, but Henry ignored them. He would much rather feed in the study of a real lord than perform the menial tasks of cleaning knives and boots at home.

Lord Mauleverer, for once in a way, was wide awake on Saturday afternoon. He steered Henry through a difficult course of grammar, and everything was going along swimmingly, when suddenly there was a dramatic interruption.

The door of the study was flung open without ceremony, and a big, burly, beetle-browed man strode into the apartment. His hobnailed boots left their impression on Lord Mauleverer's luxurious carpet.

The intruder did not beat about the bush. He came straight to the point.

"'Ere, wot are you doin' with my 'Enery?" he demanded.

"I—I'm educatin' him, begad!" stammered his lordship.

"Ho! You're a-beddicatin' of 'im, are yer? The young rascalion! He's playin' truant from 'ome, and you're aidin' an' abettin' 'im!"

"My dear sir—"

"Don't 'dear sir' me! Take that—an' that—an' that!"

As each "that" was uttered, a stout stick came across Lord Mauleverer's shoulders.

Mauly yelled with anguish, and shouted "Rescue, Remove!" at least half a dozen times. But there was no one at hand to hear him.

By the time Henry's father had finished Mauly was pretty well finished also! He sank down on to the sofa, groaning and gasping.

Mr. Huggins then laid violent hands on his recalcitrant son. And Henry was whirled out into the passage, and thus home, with his education, sadly incomplete.

When Harry Wharton & Co. heard the news they could not help grinning. They felt sorry for Mauly; but, as Bob Cherry remarked, a fellow who goes around trying to educate people is asking for trouble. And, in Lord Mauleverer's case, he found it!

A Magnificent New Serial of the Further Adventures of Ferrers Lord and Co., entitled "The Pearl Poachers," by Sidney Drew, coming shortly. Look out for it!

TRIMBLE THE TRICKSTER!

By RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW.

(Fourth Form, St. Jim's.)

"ALL Housemasters," declared Baggy Trimble, parodying a well-worn remark of Taggles the porter, "ought to be drowned at birth!" Tom Merry & Co. grinned. They felt no sympathy for their fat school-fellow.

Mr. Railton had just descended on Baggy Trimble in wrath, and given him a hundred lines. Baggy's offence was what the police would call loitering with intent to commit a felony. He had been seen hanging around Mr. Railton's study, waiting for an opportunity of popping inside and exploring the cupboard. The opportunity had not arrived. Mr. Railton had arrived instead!

Baggy felt very bitter on the subject. "I hate Housemasters," he said with emphasis, "and Railton's the worst of the whole blessed tribe!"

The grins vanished from the faces of Tom Merry & Co. They became suddenly serious. For a figure in cap and gown had suddenly loomed up—unseen by Baggy Trimble, but noticed by the others.

"Railton's an absolute beast!" Baggy went on, blissfully unconscious of the Housemaster's presence. "Wish it wasn't a crime to attack a master. I'd go for Railton bald-headed! Why are you making faces at me, Tom Merry?"

"Oh!" gasped Tom.

"If only I was on equal terms with Railton," continued Baggy, "I'd give him a piece of my mind! The beastly tyrant! Yow! You trod on my foot, Lowther!"

"Shurrup, you ass!" muttered Monty. "I refuse to shut up! This is a free country—it's supposed to be, anyway—and I shall say just what I think. Railton's not fitted for a Housemaster's job at all. He ought to be a bus conductor, or something of that sort!"

"Trimble!"

A stern voice rapped out the name.

An expression of horror came over Baggy Trimble's features. He looked as if he were going to faint.

"Trimble!" repeated Mr. Railton, who had been too thunderstruck hitherto to find his voice. "You have spoken of me in terms of the grossest disrespect! You called me, among other things, a beast and a tyrant!"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Baggy. "I—I wasn't referring to you at all, sir. I was alluding to old Ratty!"

"Enough!" said Mr. Railton sternly. "I will not listen to these prevarications. A short time ago, Trimble, I had occasion to award you a hundred lines. That imposition is increased to five hundred!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You may account yourself fortunate, Trimble, in escaping a severe caning!"

Baggy Trimble emitted a hollow groan, and rolled away.

"I shall expect your lines to be handed in to me by eight o'clock this evening, Trimble," Mr. Railton called after him.

The fat junior rolled disconsolately along to his study.

An imposition of five hundred lines is a

pretty stiff one, and it would keep Baggy occupied for some hours. And Baggy had already made arrangements to pay a visit to the Wayland cinema. He couldn't possibly get his lines done and go to the cinema as well. Either the impot, or the cinema would have to slide. And Baggy rashly decided to go to the cinema, and let the impot rip.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Baggy returned from Wayland. We noticed that his right hand was swathed in bandages.

In the hall, Baggy bumped into Mr. Railton. The Housemaster eyed him sternly. "Have you written your imposition, Trimble?" he demanded.

"No, sir."

"And why not, pray?" Mr. Railton's tone was ominous.

"I—I started on it, sir, and when I'd written about twenty lines I got writer's cramp. My fingers simply refused to hold the pen, sir!"

Mr. Railton frowned. Baggy Trimble's explanation cut no ice with him. He lacked that simple faith which is said to be so much better than Norman blood.

"You are lying, Trimble!" he thundered. "What is that absurd bandage doing on your hand?"

"I had to bandage it, sir—the cramp was so painful. I mean—I sprained my wrist on the cricket field, sir!"

Mr. Railton compressed his lips.

"Remove that bandage immediately!" he commanded.

"I—I daren't, sir! It would mean loss of blood. You see, sir, I cut my hand with a table-knife!"

The Housemaster looked grim.

"Do you expect me to believe, boy, that you have developed writer's cramp, sprained your wrist, and cut your hand, in the course of a single afternoon? If so, you must think me a very gullible person. Since you will not remove the bandage, I will do so myself."

So saying, Mr. Railton stepped forward and wrenched the bandage from the fat junior's hand. There was no sign of cut or sprain.

"Ah! It is as I thought, Trimble—a trick—a wanton deception! You will follow me to my study!"

"Ow! I—I can't move, sir. I've got pins and needles in both legs, and—"

"Follow me!" thundered Mr. Railton, in such terrifying tones that Baggy had no option but to obey.

On arrival in his study, Mr. Railton selected his most supple cane. Baggy Trimble's complexion turned a sickly yellow at the sight of it.

"I—I suppose you're going to lick me, sir?" he faltered, moistening his dry lips.

"Your supposition, Trimble, is correct! Hold out your hand!"

During the next few moments sounds of swishing could be heard, accompanied by loud lamentations.

Baggy Trimble was discovering—if he had not already made the discovery—that the way of the transgressor—and the trickster—is hard!

POPULAR PERSONALITIES!

No. 5.—HERBERT SKIMPOLE
(Of St. Jim's).

I'm Skimpole of the Shell, you know,
A man of brains—not brawn.
I sit and swot all sorts of rot
From sunset until dawn.
The other fellows like it not,
But then, they have to lump it;
From morn till night I take delight
In swotting Balmycrumpet!

A wise old man is Professor Balmycrumpet. His latest work on Determinism occupies twenty-five volumes, and as there are nine hundred and ninety-nine pages to each volume, you will see that I have enough reading matter to last me all the term.

I am a wonderfully brainy chap, you know. I absorb knowledge like a piece of blotting paper absorbs ink. Aided by wet towels and blocks of ice, I sit and swot in my study from the rising up of the sun unto the going down thereof. And even then I don't always pack up. I go on swotting through the night, acting on the poet's advice:

"The heights, by great men gained and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards through the night."

I mean to be a great man one of these days. The fellows laugh at me now, just because I can't handle a cricket bat or kick a football. But wait! There will come a time when the name of Herbert Skimpole will ring through the land.

I have already made up my mind to become a great statesman. I shall sit in the seats of the mighty, and direct the destinies of the nation. My name will be a household word. I might even become Prime Minister! Stranger things have happened.

Meanwhile, I am steadily swotting, perfecting myself day by day, using every minute to advantage, while the "flannelled fools," as somebody rightly styled them, are playing their absurd game of ball on the cricket field.

You don't hear a great deal of me, dear readers—at present. I don't often figure in **BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY**. But keep an eye on the barometer of my progress, and you will see that I shall soar higher and higher. For I am a master mind—a powerful and brainy genius. I shall "get there," rest assured of that. And when such names as Merry and Talbot and Blake are sprinkled with the dust of oblivion, then shall the mighty name of **HERBERT SKIMPOLE** be flashed in letters of fire across the political sky. Wait and see!

I'm Skimpole of the Shell, you know,
A brainy sort of chap.
All games I hate; I hesitate
To join in sport or scrap.
I have a large and noble head
(I wish they wouldn't thump it!)
And night and day, my strength and stay
Is dear old Balmycrumpet!

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THE GEM LIBRARY
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**ROPING IN THE
BAD MAN!**

(Continued from page 12.)

"You will write out the conjugations of a strong and a weak verb!"

"Yes, ma'am." The early dusk was settling down as the three schoolboys were left alone in the big room.

Outside, the moon was rising over the woods, but in the log school-room it was necessary to light candles.

Rather dimly, the three settled down to their detention task by the light of the candles.

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, put away his books, and left the schoolhouse. Silence settled down over the place.

Bob Lawless yawned lugubriously.

"I say, this is rotten!" he remarked. "Beastly!" said Beauclerc. "But Miss Meadows is right enough. We ought not to have gone, really."

"Right as rain, Cherub! But I don't like verbs out of lesson-hours—nor in them, for that matter! Everybody's gone now."

The school grounds outside were silent and deserted.

The full, round moon, riding high in the clear Canadian sky, gleamed in at the windows of the school-room. Outside, it was almost as light as day.

Conjugations of verbs, either strong or weak, did not entertain the detained boys much.

They scribbled dimly. The only sounds that came to their ears were the clinking and clanking of pans from the kitchen, where Sally, the black cook, was at work.

But suddenly, in the evening silence, there came a sharp, ringing report. It was the report of a pistol.

Bob Lawless started to his feet. "Hallo! Who's playing with firearms?" he exclaimed.

"Hark!" exclaimed Beauclerc. A loud, harsh voice rang outside.

"Hurroo! Hyer, I am, the bad man from Boot Leg! Hyer, I am! Hurroo!"

Crack! Crack! "Long Bill!" panted Frank Richards, in alarm.

Tramp! Heavy footsteps rang in the porch outside. Then in at the open doorway of the school-room strode a gigantic figure—a man with a shaggy beard, red face, and savage eyes, with a still smoking revolver in his hand.

He brandished the weapon in the air, and fired another shot, which smashed through a window-pane.

"Hyer, I am!" he roared. "Hyer's me—Long Bill, of Boot Leg! Any galoot got anything to say? Hurroo!"

Crack! Crack! Smash!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER

Cock of the Walk!

LONG BILL!" Frank Richards and his chums were on their feet now, in utter dismay.

The fearsome ruffian caught sight of the three schoolboys among the desks, and strode towards them.

Plucky as they were, it required all their nerve to stand up and face the man as he advanced.

"Hallo, galoots!" roared Long Bill.

"Hallo!" said Bob Lawless, with a gasp.

The man was evidently the worse for drink, but he did not seem to be in a bad temper. The firing had been simply exuberance of spirits. It was a weakness of the bad man from Boot Leg to wish to inspire terror.

"Anybody at home in this hyer shebang?" demanded Long Bill in his bull voice. "Wot do you call this hyer shanty, anyhow?"

"It's a school!" said Frank Richards.

"Oh, it's a school, is it? Then where's the schoolmarm? I've looked in hyer for some supper. If I don't have that supper quick there'll be blood on the face of the moon. You hear me yaup!"

And Long Bill brought down both his huge boots with a crash on the plank floor, and with a thud that made the school-room ring again.

"What is this?"

It was Miss Meadows' cool, quiet voice at the door.

The Canadian girl started as she saw the huge ruffian, and her face paled a little, but she remained perfectly calm.

Long Bill lifted his big Stetson hat to the schoolmistress with a clumsy attempt at politeness.

"Evening, marm!" he said.

"Who are you?"

"Long Bill of Boot Leg!"

"Oh!"

"Don't be skeared, marm!" said Long Bill.

"I ain't hurting you. I've dropped in for some supper. Glad to see me, hay?"

"I am not glad to see you," said Miss Meadows calmly. "But I will certainly give you some supper if you desire it."

"O.K.!" said Long Bill. "Don't you mind a little shootin', marm; that's only my way. I've been on the blaze at the camp, miss, and they don't like my ways! I've woke 'em up!" He chuckled. "I'm tramping up the valley, marm, and I ain't looking for any hotel bills to pay. You hand me some supper, hot and plenty, and put me up for the night, an' you'll find me as gentle as a lamb. You bet!"

"I am afraid I cannot put you up for the night," said Miss Meadows. "But you shall have some supper."

An ugly look came over Long Bill's face at once.

"You can't?" he thundered.



"No!"

"I guess, marm, I'm staying hyer this night," said the bad man from Boot Leg.

"I guess I'm not going farther on. You hear me yaup! And if there's a word said agin it, I pity the pilgrim what says the word! You bet, marm!"

"If you choose to stay here, I cannot prevent you, of course."

"Now, you're torkin' hoss-sense, marm," said Long Bill approvingly. "What I says goes, and don't you forget it! When I'm home in Boot Leg, marm, I kill a man before breakfast every morning! That's the kind of antelope I am, with the wool on, marm."

"I will order some supper for you," said Miss Meadows, taking no notice of the ruffian's rhodomontade. "You boys may go now. Go home at once!"

Frank Richards and his chums left the school-room.

They stopped in the porch.

"I guess we're not going!" said Bob in a whisper. "We're not vamoosing the ranch and leaving Miss Meadows with that ruffian!"

"Certainly not!" said Beauclerc. "No jolly fear!" exclaimed Frank emphatically. "The brute may get savage any minute. Look at the rotter now—boozing!"

Long Bill was taking a drink from a flask—a very liberal drink of raw whisky. His red, coarse face grew redder.

Miss Meadows followed the boys into the porch.

"It is time you were gone," she said. "We're not going, ma'am!" said Frank Richards. "We can't leave you alone with that beast!"

"You would not be able to help me, even if it were necessary," said the schoolmistress, with a slight smile. "Please go!"

"We can't, ma'am!" said Beauclerc quietly. "Let us stay, please. We—we'll help you to give the brute his supper. He may begin shooting."

Miss Meadows hesitated. But it was quite clear that the boys would not go, and she nodded at last.

"Very well, you may stay at present," she said. "But keep out of the man's sight, and do not irritate him."

"Yes, marm!"

"Where's that supper?" roared Long Bill, striding out of the school-room. "I ain't waiting long, you bet!"

"Please step into the kitchen," said Miss Meadows, unruffled.

The ruffian's heavy boots went tramping into the kitchen. Sally, the black cook, fled with a shriek at the sight of him. Long Bill burst into a roar of laughter.

The sight of the terror his very looks inspired seemed to be very entertaining to the gentleman from Boot Leg.

"Haw, haw, haw!" he roared.

Miss Meadows did not recall Sally. With quiet calmness, though her heart was beating fast, the brave girl set about waiting on the unwelcome guest and supplying his needs, which were not moderate.

The three boys remained in the hall. If Long Bill's mood changed, and he became violent, as was only too probable, they meant to chip in, whatever the danger might be.

Danger or no danger, they did not mean to leave Miss Meadows to entertain her terrible guest alone.

"My hat!" murmured Frank Richards. "This does take the cake, Bob! Fancy that rotten brute coming here!"

"He's had to clear out of Cedar, I guess," said Bob. "With all his bounce, he lighted out as soon as he found the sheriff was after him. The sheriff of Thompson wouldn't care for his guns, and he knows it."

There was a step outside, and Mr. Slimmey, pale and agitated, came into the porch.

"What is it—what is going on?" exclaimed the young master, peering at the boys over his gold-rimmed glasses.

Frank pointed into the open doorway of the kitchen.

Mr. Slimmey became paler still, but he did not tremble. Poor Mr. Slimmey was feeble in body, but he had the spirit of a lion. His eyes blinked away at a great rate behind his glasses.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured.

"He's quiet now, sir," said Bob. "We're hanging on in case he cuts up rusty with Miss Meadows."

"You must not go into danger—I shall deal with him, in that case," said Mr. Slimmey nervously.

Bob Lawless grinned; he could not help it. Mr. Slimmey would not have made a mouthful for the gigantic ruffian from the Californian sierra.

The ruffian was eating voraciously. His exploits in Cedar Camp had apparently given him an appetite.

Miss Meadows waited on him with quiet calmness. The brave Canadian girl was making the best of a bad situation.

Long Bill caught sight of Mr. Slimmey in the porch, and glared out at him.

"Hallo! Who's that galoot with the blinkers on? I allers wing galoots with blinkers on!"

Crack! Bob Lawless dragged Mr. Slimmey aside.

The ruffian had fired recklessly, intending to "wing" the young master—not to take his life, but to injure him, that being the Boot Leg gentleman's idea of pleasantry.

He roared with laughter—as poor Mr. Slimmey disappeared round the corner in the passage, dragged into cover by Bob Lawless.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Slimmey. "The—the ruffian was—was actually firing at me! Oh!"

Miss Meadows came quickly out of the kitchen.

"You boys go at once!" she said authoritatively. "You are in danger here."

"So are you, ma'am!" said Bob rebelliously.

"Go, I tell you!" commanded Miss Meadows.

The three schoolboys looked rebellious, but they did not dare to disobey. They went out into the moonlight.

But they did not go far. Nothing would have induced them to leave the precincts of THE POPULAR.—No. 175.

the lumber school so long as the border ruffian was there.

They moved round the building to the open window of the kitchen, where the lamp-light streamed out into the night.

Long Bill sat at the kitchen table, with his broad back to the window, and the schoolboys were within a few yards of him, unseen by the ruffian.

He crashed his pistol-butt impatiently on the plank table. Miss Meadows came back into the room.

"Anything to drink in this hyer shanty?" demanded Long Bill gruffly.

"You do not like water?"

"Water?" Long Bill yelled an oath. "Do you think I'm a missionary, marm? What's the matter with tanglefoot?"

"I have no intoxicants here. Shall I make you some coffee?"

"Nix! Tanglefoot's my drink!"

"I have none here."

"Mean to say you run a shanty without a drink in it?" demanded Long Bill incredulously. "Don't tork to me! I dare say Binkers has got some tanglefoot. Come hyer, Binkers!"

Mr. Slimmey did not appear.

"Come hyer!" roared Long Bill. "Show yourself, you galoot, before I shoot the schoolmarm's ear off!"

He caught up the revolver. Paul Slimmey came hurriedly into the kitchen.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Roping In a Ruffian.

LONG BILL chuckled. His savage threat to Miss Meadows had brought the young master on the scene at once.

"Oh, hyer you are!" snorted the ruffian. "Now, about that tanglefoot? I've got a man's thirst. Where's the licker?"

"There is no liquor in this house," said Mr. Slimmey quietly. "And I warn you, my man, not to go too far. There is law and order in Canada."

"What! You tork to me, you—your slab-sided son of a greaser!" roared Long Bill.

"Do not anger him, Mr. Slimmey," whispered Miss Meadows hastily.

Long Bill waved his six-shooter at Mr. Slimmey.

"You hike off, and fetch in the licker!" he said. "I guess I've nearly finished my flask. You hear me yalp! Get a move on!"

"I cannot give you what is not here," said Mr. Slimmey.

"I give you two minutes!" said Long Bill. "Afraid of me getting elevated—hey? You galoot, I could drink more whisky than you could drown yourself in, and keep as sober as

a padre. Hump it, you galoot! If that there licker ain't hyer in two minutes off goes the schoolmarm's ear!"

The ruffian levelled his six-shooter at Miss Meadows.

Whether he would have carried out his atrocious threat, Mr. Slimmey hardly knew. But he knew that he did not mean to risk it.

With a pale face, but quite composed, Mr. Slimmey stepped between the levelled revolver and the schoolmistress.

"Leave the room, Miss Meadows!" he said hurriedly. "Leave him to me!"

"Haw haw, haw!" roared Long Bill. "Leave me to you, you whipper-snapper—you—you mosquito—you howling coyote! Hyer I am for you, you galoot!"

He made a rush at the young man, clubbing his revolver.

Mr. Slimmey, still keeping in front of the Canadian girl, faced him bravely, but he was unarmed. He struck once, full on the brutal, bearded face, and then the revolver-butt crashed on his head, and he fell senseless to the floor.

Miss Meadows gave a sharp cry. "You villain!"

"Enough chinwag!" shouted the ruffian. "I'm Long Bill, the bad man from Boot Leg, and I don't stand chin-music. Fur a Mexican red cent I'd serve you the same, and don't you forget it!"

Miss Meadows bent over the assistant master. Mr. Slimmey was quite unconscious, and a big blue bruise was forming in his pale forehead.

Long Bill sat down at the table again, and resumed his voracious meal.

"Now, you hurry up with that licker!" he said. "Mind, you bring it along sharp, or I'll fill that carcass so full of bullet-holes that you can use him for a colander! You hear me!"

"Will you listen to me? I—"

"I calculate not! You hump it!" exclaimed the ruffian savagely. "Out you go, or I'll come to you!"

He half-rose from his seat threateningly, and Miss Meadows stepped back out of the kitchen. Long Bill sat down again, with a brutal laugh.

"Don't you come back without the tanglefoot!" he said. "And if that ain't back in five minutes you'll hear my shootin'-irons, and that galoot on the floor will be the target. You hear me yalp!"

And he resumed his wolfish meal.

Outside, in the glimmering moonlight, Frank Richards and his comrades looked at one another with pale, set faces. They withdrew quietly to a distance from the window to speak.

"We've got to chip in!" muttered Bob tensely. "He's fit to commit murder now!"

Frank Richards nodded.

"There's no choice," he said. "He may kill poor Slimmey, and Miss Meadows, too, for that matter. There's no time to get help here."

"We've got to handle him!" said Beauclerc, clenching his hands.

"But—but how?" muttered Bob.

"You can handle a lariat, Bob?"

"You bet!"

"We can get a rope from the horse. One of your trail-ropes would do."

"Good man!" said Bob, under his breath. "I guess I'll try it! Chaps, it may mean death to us all! That villain will shoot if he gets a chance!"

"We shall chance it," said Frank. "It's Miss Meadows—or us."

"That's so."

They hurried away.

It did not take a minute to catch one of the ponies and take off the long trail-rope. Bob Lawless hastily ran a slip-noose at the end.

The rancher's son was an old hand with the lasso. Often enough he had lassoed cattle on the ranch when helping the cattlemen in their work.

With the improvised lariat coiled in his hand, Bob Lawless crept back towards the open, wide kitchen window. Frank Richards went with him, with a heavy billet of wood in his hand—the only weapon he could find.

Were Beauclerc, also armed with a bludgeon, went to the front porch, to attack the ruffian on the other side when he was "roped."

He crept quietly into the porch, ready to rush into the kitchen the moment Bob had made the lasso-cast from the window.

Frank and Bob stopped silently outside the window.

Long Bill was finishing his huge meal, sitting in the same place, with his back to the open window, quite unconscious of the schoolboys there. If he had known they were there he would hardly have been on his guard against them.

The bad man from Boot Leg would certainly not have supposed that he was in any danger from schoolboys.

But the three were desperately determined. They were setting their lives upon a cast, and they knew it, and they did not falter.

Long Bill sat at the table, his revolver lying beside his plate. It was ready in his hand if he wanted it, though he did not suspect that he would need it.

Bob, with steady hands, though his face was pale, prepared for the cast.

Frank Richards stood with his teeth

(Continued on opposite page.)

THE "BALTIC" BRIGHTON ENGINE!

BY A RAILWAY EXPERT. All About the Famous Engine Which Forms the Subject of Our Grand Free Plate.

The Brighton Railway engines have long been favourites. One reason for this popularity was that until a decade back they had had names.

At first glance it appears to be a difficult problem to find suitable names for five or six hundred engines. The L.B. & S.C.R. met this difficulty in an ingenious manner. The names of stations on the line were given to the engines, so there were locomotives with such names as "Brighton," "Victoria," and "Croydon." This type of engine nomenclature was popular because Brightonians considered they had something in the nature of a proprietary right in the locomotive named "Brighton." In the same way Horshamites were interested in the "Horsham," etc. As the L.B. & S.C. locomotive stud increased the supply of stations gave out, but there are many parishes through which the railway runs which do not possess a station; this accounts for such names as "Patcham" and "Blatchington" being found on L.B. & S.C. engines. After these were used

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up the names of places on the Continent reached by the L.B. & S.C.R. Continental connections were applied to engines, the names of directors of the company were pressed into service, and also names of celebrated engineers. Then came a time when names for locomotives went out of fashion on the Brighton Railway, and the popular titles borne by the engines gradually disappeared.

A few months ago the Brighton locomotive works turned out a fine big tank engine for express work, of the 4-6-4 "Baltic" type. A club of locomotive enthusiasts considered that so handsome and powerful a specimen of the locomotive builders' craft ought not to go nameless, and petitioned the company that No. 329 should be named after Stephenson, the locomotive designer who obtained fame right at the commencement of the railway era. The directors acceded to the wish, and this engine, instead of working express trains merely as No. 329, has been given a name, and with the name a personality.

The "Southern Belle," and other non-stop London-Brighton expresses, the Newhaven boat expresses, and the fast Eastbourne trains have need of powerful engines such as "Stephenson," the subject of the colour plate presented with this issue.

Her 6-coupled wheels are 6ft. 9ins. diameter, and the cylinders measure 22ins. diameter by 28ins. stroke. The heating surface measures 1,816 sq. ft.; being a superheater, only 170lbs per square inch pressure is carried. Her tanks hold 2,686 gallons of water, and her bunkers 3½ tons of coal. The total weight of "Stephenson" is only 1½ tons short of 100 tons!

A monster express tank engine is very suitable for express work on the L.B. & S.C.R., the distances from London termini to coast termini are not very long—50 miles to Brighton and 60 to Eastbourne—so there is no need for tender locomotives to be employed, and the railway is able to benefit from the advantage of employing the handy tank engines.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TAKEN IN!"

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



ROPING IN A RUFFIAN! Long Bill started to his feet at the same moment the rope settled over his shoulders. Bob pulled at the rope with all his might and dragged the ruffian off his feet and on to the floor with a crash. (See Chapter 5.)

stretched, his hand gripping his cudgel. He breathed hard, but he was steady.

It was not easy to make the cast through a window, but the range, at least, was close. Bob Lawless swung the coiled rope, and paused. He swung it again, and it flew.

Whiz!

Long Bill started as he heard that sudden whizz in the air.

But before he could rise the loop was round him, settling down over his shoulders, and Bob was dragging madly on the rope outside.

The ruffian started up, with a horrible oath, and the drag on the rope dragged him off his feet, and he sprawled, with a crash, upon the floor.

A string of furious oaths left Long Bill's lips as he rolled on the floor, struggling with the gripping, tightening noose.

One of his arms was pinned down to his side, but the other was torn free, and he had one hand at his service.

He was out of reach of the six-shooter lying on the table, but there was another in his belt, and he groped for it furiously as he rolled over.

Had that revolver been drawn there would have been grim murder done in the lumber school.

But Frank Richards was clambering through the window as Bob dragged on the rope. Half-way through he hurled his bludgeon with good aim, and the heavy billet of wood crashed on the ruffian's arm.

Long Bill gave a howl of agony, and his right arm for a moment hung useless. The crashing blow had numbed it.

Still, he struggled to his feet, making ferocious efforts to throw off the gripping noose, which was tight round him now. But before he was fairly on his feet Vere Beauclerc was dashing into the room from the porch.

The ruffian was facing the window now, as he struggled with the lasso, Beauclerc struck at him, and his cudgel crashed on the back of the ruffian's head with stunning force.

Giant as he was, Long Bill reeled under the blow, which would almost have felled an ox.

As he staggered, Vere Beauclerc struck again, with all his strength, and the ruffian crashed at full length on the floor.

Frank Richards was in the room now, and, catching up his cudgel, it circled over Long Bill's head, and came down with a crash.

There was a deep groan from the ruffian,

and he lay inert on the floor. He was stunned.

Frank Richards panted. "The rope—quick!"

Bob Lawless came scrambling in. The three schoolboys threw themselves upon the fallen giant, fearful lest he should recover before they could secure him. The blows had stunned him, but already he was stirring.

The rope was knotted round his huge body and round his powerful arms. Coil after coil was knotted upon him, and then the end of the rope was knotted around his legs. He was secure at last—more than secure.

"My boys!" Miss Meadows was at the kitchen door. "My dear boys, you should not—"

Bob Lawless sprang up. "I guess we've got that galoot in a dead cinch, Miss Meadows," he said. "He won't shoot up a town in Canada again in a hurry!"

"He's safe now, ma'am," said Frank. Long Bill opened his eyes. He struggled, and seemed amazed when he found that he could not move a limb.

As he realised his position, a stream of furious curses poured from his lips. "Hold your tongue, you blackguard!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc fiercely.

The torrent of oaths and threats did not cease. Beauclerc picked up one of the ruffian's revolvers, and thrust the muzzle into his open mouth.

"Silence!" he said. And the bad man from Boot Leg gurgled into silence.

He lay glaring at the schoolboys with speechless rage. The bad man, who boasted that he killed a man before breakfast every morning when he was at home in Boot Leg, had been roped in by schoolboys, and his wrath was unspeakable.

But Long Bill had to grin and bear it—or, at least, he had to bear it. The bad man from Boot Leg had reached the end of his tether.

Miss Meadows bent beside Mr. Slimmey, and bathed his face. The young man had recovered consciousness now, and he sat up, Frank Richards supporting him.

He looked at the bound ruffian, and crimsoned as he turned his glance upon Miss Meadows.

"I did my best!" he muttered. "You were very, very brave!" said Miss Meadows softly. "The bravest man could not have done more than you did in your place."

And poor Mr. Slimmey took comfort. Frank Richards and Miss Meadows helped him away to his cabin, while Bob and Vere watched the bound ruffian. With a pistol-barrel between his jaws Long Bill could not speak, but his looks were eloquent.

"I guess the sheriff will be glad to see this pilgrim, Miss Meadows," Bob remarked, when the schoolmistress came back with Frank. "Wasn't it lucky you detained us after lessons to-day, ma'am!"

Miss Meadows smiled. She could smile now. She hardly dared to think how the matter would have ended but for the presence of the three schoolboys.

"It was very lucky," she said. "Now I will send Chu Ching Chow over to Thompson at once for the sheriff."

"And we'll wait till he comes," said Bob. Miss Meadows did not dissent. The Chinese servant was despatched on horseback at once, and the schoolboys waited, to keep guard over their prisoner.

They had their supper while they waited, and while they enjoyed it the bad man from Boot Leg glared at them from the floor in helpless rage, with which apprehension was now mingled.

There was a trampling of hoofs outside at last.

The stalwart sheriff of Thompson strode in, and a look of great satisfaction overspread his bearded face at the sight of Long Bill.

"Take him out," he said to his men; and the border ruffian's legs were freed, and he was marched out, to be bound on a horse, and taken to Thompson, to stand his trial, and later to depart for a very long period of repose in an institution which the Canadian Government maintained for the special benefit of "bad men."

In that enforced seclusion Long Bill had plenty of time to reflect upon the chequered career of a professional "bad man."

It was late when Frank Richards and his comrades reached home that night. But they reached it in a very satisfied mood, and the next day, at the lumber school, they were called upon a dozen times at least to relate how they had dealt with the "Bad Man from Boot Leg."

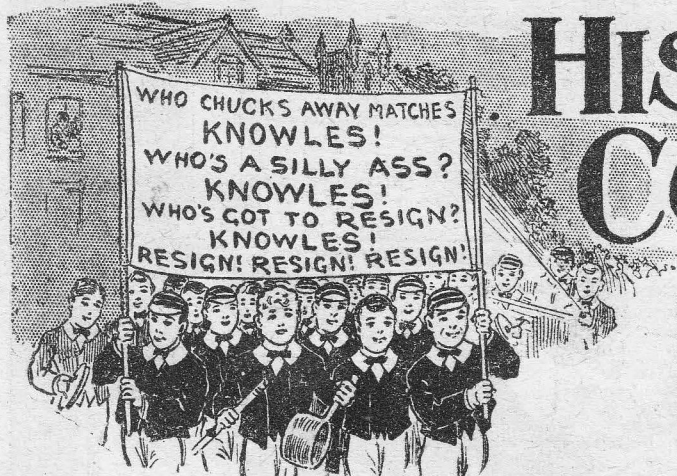
THE END.

(There will be another grand, long, complete story of Frank Richards & Co. next Tuesday.)

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

HAVING SECURED THE CAPTAINCY OF ROOKWOOD, KNOWLES OF THE SIXTH SHOWS HIMSELF UP IN HIS TRUE COLOURS!



HIS TRUE COLOURS!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co., at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Yarns appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Knowles Shows His Hand!

TUBBY MUFFIN put his head in at the end study, in great excitement. "Jimmy Silver—you fellows—

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver, looking round. "The list's up!" announced Tubby. "Oh!"

"Nearly all Moderns!" said Tubby. "Just as we expected, you know. Come and look at it! The fellows are grouching, I can tell you!"

And Tubby Muffin vanished, to carry the news further.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at prep in the end study, but they rose to their feet at once.

All Rookwood, in fact, was waiting to see the list of the First Eleven for the St. Jim's match—the first big fixture of the cricket season at Rookwood.

Classicals and Moderns alike were eager to see the kind of eleven Knowles of the Sixth intended to put into the field.

By that list it could be seen how the new captain of Rookwood intended to set to work.

Fellows knew pretty well what players Bulkeley, the former captain, would have selected for that important match.

But "old Bulkeley" was gone from Rookwood, and Knowles, of the Modern side, had been elected in his place.

Jimmy Silver & Co. found a crowd already collected before the notice-board in the hall, where the cricket list was posted up for all to read.

The crowd were nearly all of Classicals, and their comments were decidedly unfavourable.

"Rotten!"
"What a set of tripe!"
"It's a joke!"
"Knowles must be potty!"

"This is asking St. Jim's for a licking!"
Such were the remarks Jimmy Silver & Co. heard as they came up.

They heard other remarks, too, as they shoved their way through the crowd by a liberal use of elbows.
But they did not heed them.
They were anxious to see the list.
"Who are you shoving, bedad?" roared Flynn.

"You, old chap," answered Jimmy Silver cheerily.
And he won his way to the board, followed by his chums.

"What do you think of that, Jimmy Silver?" shouted Rawson.
"Let's read it," answered Jimmy.
And he read it, with a frowning brow.
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The list of players given for the first big match of the season ran:

- C. KNOWLES.
- S. CATESBY.
- R. FRAMPTON.
- T. HOKE.
- H. TRESHAM.
- M. MYERS.
- T. LISTER.
- K. BRAYE.
- L. NEVILLE.
- E. JONES.
- M. CARTHEW.

Jimmy Silver fairly blinked at that list. Eight names in it belonged to the Modern side of Rookwood.

The final three were Classicals. Several of them were fellows who had never been selected for the Rookwood First at all, even as reserves.

Of the three Classicals, Neville and Jones major were first-rate men, but Mark Cartew certainly was not.

But he was a friend of Knowles', and that accounted for his selection.

Jimmy rubbed his eyes.
"My only hat!" he said. "That isn't a Rookwood team—that's a Modern side team. Lonsdale's left out, and Hansom, and Scott—My hat!"

"It's asking for a licking," said Raby.
"An' gettin' it, by gad!" remarked Mornington. "Knowles is beginnin' well!"

"Here comes Neville!" murmured Oswald.
The juniors made way for Neville of the Sixth as he came along with Lonsdale.

Neville had put up for the captaincy after Bulkeley's departure; not so much from ambition, as from a desire to keep the place warm, as it were, for his old chum, whom he hoped to see return some day.

Knowles had carried the election, however, partly by means that were not quite open to inspection.

Neville glanced at the excited crowd of juniors.
"What's on?" he asked.

"It's the cricket-list," said Jimmy Silver.
"Oh!"

"Your name's in it, Neville," grinned Smythe of the Shell.

Neville took no notice of that remark. He read the list through quietly.

Lonsdale read it, too, and his brow darkened.

Lonsdale had been one of Bulkeley's best men, and he could not be spared from the First Eleven in a big fixture.

But Knowles had evidently considered that he could spare him.
"My hat!" said Neville at last.

"What a team!" said Lonsdale, his lip curling. "Well, the Classical chaps who voted for Knowles are gettin' what they

asked for, now. That list is simply a disgrace!"

The two seniors walked away.
"We know what the Sixth think of it now!" grinned Oswald.

Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to the end study.

Prep had to be done. But that evening the Classical juniors certainly did not give so much thought to prep as they should have given.

The way Knowles had started, as captain of Rookwood, filled all thoughts.

It was not only that he was going to put into the field a team that couldn't beat St. Jim's. That was bad enough!

But it was clear that, in Knowles' eyes, the Modern side—his own side—was the only side that mattered, and that under the new captain the Classicals were to be left out in the cold in every way.

And that was serious.

"They're going to remonstrate with Knowles, I believe," said Jimmy Silver, with a sniff. "Fat lot of good that will be! Knowles will only grin. He's got the whip-hand now, and he's going to use it."

"And Rookwood First will go to pot!" said Lovell.

"Well, it does look like it! Serve the fellows right for electing Knowles!" growled Jimmy. "I wish old Bulkeley could come back!"

Jimmy Silver was not the only fellow on the Classical side who wished that.

The Classicals—even some of those who had voted for Knowles in the captain's election—would have given a great deal to see George Bulkeley in his old place at Rookwood again.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Knowles Knows Best!

CECIL KNOWLES was standing by the window in his study.

He turned from the window, with a smile to Catesby and Frampton, who were in the study.

"We're goin' to have visitors," he remarked.

The two Modern seniors grinned.
"I thought the cricket list would stir 'em up a bit," remarked Frampton.

"Bound to!" smiled Catesby.
They joined Knowles at the window.

Through the dusk of the quad they discerned Neville and Jones major of the Sixth, and Hansom and Lumsden of the Fifth, coming to the House.

The four Classical seniors looked very serious.

There was no doubt that it was Knowles' selection of the First Eleven that was the cause of their coming.

"Shall we clear off, Knowles?" asked Catesby.

"No; stay where you are. I shall speak pretty plainly if there's any nonsense."

"Good! Let them understand that the captaincy is on this side of Rookwood now!"

"I intend to. We had to do a lot of knucklin' under while Bulkeley was skipper. It's their turn now."

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Knowles' two supporters.

In a very cheery mood the three Modern seniors waited for the visitors.

"Come in!" said Knowles very politely, as a tap came at the door.

Neville and his companions entered. Knowles greeted them with a cheery nod.

"Glad to see you fellows!" he said affably. "Sit down!"

"We sha'n't be staying long," said Neville. "The fact is, we've come to see you about the team for the St. Jim's match, Knowles."

"Any suggestions to offer?"

"Yes; if you care to hear them."

"Certainly! You are on the committee, Neville, and you have a right to make any suggestion you think fit. Of course, the decision rests with the captain of the school."

"I don't dispute that," said Neville dryly; while Hansom of the Fifth gave utterance to an expressive grunt. "We've seen the notice you've posted up, Knowles. It was the first I'd seen of it when I found it on the board. Are we to take that cricket-list seriously?"

Knowles elevated his eyebrows. "Naturally!" he replied.

"That's the eleven you intend to play against St. Jim's?"

"Yes."

"And you expect to win?" broke in Jones major.

"I hope to," answered Knowles calmly.

"With that team?" snorted Hansom.

"You think it could be improved?" asked Knowles.

"What! I know it could."

"Well, I don't think I ought to leave out Neville or Jones major," said Knowles, with a shake of the head. "They're good men."

"Eh? I'm not suggesting anything of the sort. Leave out some of the Modern crocks who're loading up the team with," said Hansom.

Knowles smiled.

"I'm afraid you're a bit prejudiced, as a Classical, Hansom. You must really allow me to use my own judgment, especially in connection with fellows in my own House, that I know thoroughly well."

"I should jolly well think so!" said Catesby warmly.

"If you're determined to play this team, Knowles, I suppose there's nothing more to be said," said Neville quietly. "But as head of the Classical side, I feel bound to protest. It's practically a House team, not a School team at all, and it can't possibly meet St. Jim's on anything like equal terms. It means a defeat for the First Eleven."

"Why?"

"Because half the men you have selected are no good," answered Neville bluntly.

"Because they are Moderns?" sneered Frampton.

"Because they can't play cricket up to the standard required for a first-class match, I mean, and you know it."

"I don't know it," said Frampton. "I know the Modern side produces better cricketers than the other side, though Bulkeley didn't think so in his time!"

"Oh, come out into the open!" said Lumsden. "Now Knowles is captain, the Classical side is to be left in the shade. That's it."

"Not at all," said Knowles smoothly. "You remember what Bulkeley used to say. In matters affecting the school we must forget that there are two sides to Rookwood, and think only of the school."

"That's right enough."

"Well, that's what I'm doing. Bulkeley worked on that principle, and it always led him to select the majority of players from the Classical side. It just happened that way, of course. Working on the same principle, I happen to find the best men on the Modern side."

"Only you don't find the best men there; you find a set of crocks."

"I might have said the same to Bulkeley in his time. I certainly thought so," said Knowles calmly. "The fact is, since you force me to speak plainly, I'm not satisfied with Classical cricket."

"What!"

"I want to see a general improvement in

your form," went on Knowles. "I want to see you stick to practice, and buck up generally. When you produce men fit to play for Rookwood, I'll play them with pleasure. Until then I've got to win matches somehow with the material I've got in hand. That's how the matter stands."

Knowles spoke with perfect gravity, though the effect was somewhat spoiled by the lurking grins of his two comrades.

The Classical seniors stared at him almost open-mouthed.

Knowles' statement was so directly contrary to the facts, that it quite took their breath away.

"So—so that's how you look at it, is it?" gasped Jones major at last.

"Yes, that's it."

"Then we may as well get out. Come on, you fellows!"

"We protest!" said Hansom.

Knowles nodded. "I will make a note of your protest," he replied.

"And you are going to play that team of duds, all the same?"

"I am going to play the Rookwood First, if that is what you mean."

"Then I'm dashed if I'll play in a team that goes out hunting for a thumping licking!" exclaimed Jones major angrily.

"If you choose to resign your place, of course you are at liberty to do so," said Knowles, unmoved. "I dare say I can fill it; we've got plenty of good men in this House. Only don't say it was my doing, to make the First Eleven entirely Modern. The responsibility for that will be yours."

Jones major strode out of the study without replying.

His companions followed him.

Knowles had them in a cleft stick, as it were.

The Classical players could either share in the match, foredoomed to defeat, or they could resign, and put it in Knowles' power to say that defeat was brought about by their desertion.

They were breathing hard as they crossed the quad back to the School House.

Knowles smiled as the door closed.

"I don't think our dear friends got much change out of me," he remarked.

"Not much!" grunted Frampton. "By gad, this is like Bulkeley's time over again, but with the boot on the other leg!"

And Catesby chuckled.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Tubby Muffin Has His Suspicion.

TUBBY MUFFIN insinuated himself into the end study, where the Fistical Four were starting their preparation.

Tubby ought to have been at prep himself, but he was apparently putting it off, as he often did, sometimes with dire results to himself when he had to deal with Mr. Bootles in the morning.

"I say, Jimmy—" he began. Jimmy waved a hand at him.

"Can't you see I'm busy? Buzz!"

"Clear!" grunted Lovell.

"Scat!" said Raby.

"Absquatulate!" howled Newcome.

Tubby Muffin remained entirely unmoved by those four oburgations, all delivered at once.

He waited for silence, and recommenced: "I say, Jimmy, Catesby's gone out!"

"Bother Catesby! What the dickens does it matter to us whether a blessed Modern bouncer stays in or goes out?" snapped Jimmy. "Let a fellow work!"

"But, I say—"

"Go and do your prep, you fat duffer! You'll have Bootles on your track in the morning!"

"Never mind prep now," said Tubby. "Catesby's gone out, I tell you! It's a jolly good chance for one of you fellows to nip into his study!"

Jimmy looked up from his work at last, and stared at the fat Classical.

"What on earth should anybody nip into Catesby's study for, you owl?" he demanded.

"Have you gone off your rocker?"

"I've got a strong suspicion—"

"Bow-wow!"

"That he's hiding some grub!"

"Rats!"

"Then, what is it he keeps in his desk?" demanded Tubby.

"Eh? Any old thing, I suppose!"

"I mean that big mahogany desk in his

study," said Muffin eagerly. "He keeps it locked, and always takes the key out."

"He may be afraid of a fat, little, inquisitive beast nosing among his papers," remarked Raby caustically.

"His hag's noticed it—in fact, he told me," said Tubby, unheeding. "One day Catesby found him near the desk, and cuffed him. Taverner wasn't going to touch his old desk, but Catesby cuffed him. He thought he was. Looks suspicious, don't it?"

"Oh rot!"

"You see, Catesby never used to keep that desk locked."

"How do you know?"

"His hag says so. Taverner says the matches used to be kept in that desk, and he used to get them when he was going to light a fire for Catesby. Well, all of sudden Catesby took to keeping it locked. Why should he? The key used to stick in the lock, but now Catesby wears it on his watch-chain. He don't keep papers in it. It's never opened. Taverner knows that."

"And how does Taverner know that?" asked Newcome.

"He was rather curious about it, you see," grinned Tubby, "so I put him up to a dodge. He stuck some wax in the keyhole. It's never been disturbed, though it was a week ago. Catesby never unlocks that desk. Yet he's awfully careful about the key. He had a ring made specially to keep it on his watch-chain. Tain't a key you'd wear on a chain, neither. It's rather big and clumsy, and must be awkward on a chain."

Tubby Muffin paused and looked inquiringly at the Fistical Four.

Evidently the Paul Pry of Rookwood considered that he had strong grounds for suspicion.

"What do you fellows think?" he asked.

"I think you'd better mind your own business, and let Catesby's desk alone!" said Lovell gruffly.

"But he's hiding something in it!" urged Tubby. "What can he be hiding there, if not grub?"

"Nonsense!" said Jimmy Silver. "Don't you think so, Jimmy?"

"No, I don't!"

"But he's hiding something there!" urged Tubby. "Isn't it plain enough?"

"Rats!"

"It's grub, right enough!" said Tubby, with conviction. "Couldn't be anything else. Something he's putting away for a rainy day, you know."

"Buzz off!"

"But I say—"

Lovell grasped the inkpot, and Tubby Muffin rolled hastily out of the end study without finishing his remarks.

"I say, that's jolly queer, all the same," remarked Newcome, as Lovell set down the inkpot. "Why should Catesby bother so much over his old desk? Looks as if Tubby is right."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I can guess what's in that desk," he answered.

"You can!" ejaculated Newcome.

"Yes."

"What the dickens is it, then?"

"Papers!" said Jimmy.

"But how do you know?"

"Don't you remember the day we were at Woodend?" said Jimmy, with a touch of impatience. "Catesby met his uncle there, and the old Johnny gave him a bundle of papers to mind. Ten to one it's that that's in the desk."

"I remember now," said Lovell, with a nod. "I'd forgotten. That was jolly queer, too. It puzzled me at the time."

"Not our business."

"No; that's so. But it was queer. I wonder what Catesby would say if he knew we knew!" said Lovell, with a grin.

"Just as well he doesn't. He would be down on us, though we couldn't help knowing, and as his pal is captain of Rookwood now he could make it warm for us," said Jimmy Silver. "Not a word about it. They want to keep it dark, according to what we heard them say. And it's not our bizney. Pile in, or we sha'n't get done."

And the Fistical Four resumed their prep. But Tubby Muffin was not thinking of prep.

The thought of Stephen Catesby's locked desk haunted him.

Tubby Muffin knew nothing of that mysterious meeting between the Modern

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By OWEN CONQUEST.

prefect and his uncle, which Jimmy Silver & Co. had accidentally witnessed.

The only conclusion he could come to was that Catesby was concealing a secret store of food in the mahogany desk, all the more because Tubby's thoughts and dreams ran continually upon food.

The thought of that possible supply was so enticing to the fat Classical that he made up his mind at last to risk it himself, having failed to interest the Fistical Four in the matter.

With great caution Tubby made his way into Mr. Manders' House, and as most of the Modern fellows were at preparation at that hour he succeeded in reaching Catesby's study unobserved.

With bated breath the fat Classical tiptoed into the study.

It was in darkness.

Tubby groped his way to the desk in the far corner and struck a match.

His eyes lingered on the desk, but he tried in vain to force the locked lid.

His glance wandered to the poker in the grate, and he wondered whether he could risk it.

He struck another match, his fat mind almost made up.

There was a step in the passage, and the door opened.

"Hallo! You're in, Catesby?" It was Tresham of the Modern Sixth. "Hallo! What—"

Tubby dropped the match in terror.

Tresham entered the study, switching on the electric light.

He stared sternly at the palpitating Fourth-Former.

"You young sweep, what are you up to?" he exclaimed. "What are you doing at that desk?"

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Tubby. "I—I wasn't touching it, you know. I—"

"What did you come here for?"

"N-nothing! I—I—"

Tresham grasped him by the collar.

"This way!" he said grimly.

"I—I say— Yaroooh!" roared Tubby.

The Modern senior spun him out of the study, and planted a heavy boot behind him.

Tubby Muffin went down the passage as if he had been shot from a catapult.

Tresham burst into a roar of laughter as he went.

Tubby Muffin did not laugh; he roared in quite another way, and fled for his life.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Dark Doubts.

WELL, Stephen?"

Mr. Stephen Catesby removed the cigar from his mouth, regarding his nephew, with a somewhat

curious look.

There was a troubled expression on Catesby's face.

"You wished to see me, Stephen," continued

the City gentleman. "I have not had time to come down before. I have been rather busy, owing to the unfortunate happenings at the bank."

"I understand that, uncle. But why couldn't you come to Rookwood to see me as you used to do?"

"There are reasons, Stephen, why I do not wish to visit you at present."

"Is it anything to do with the bundle of papers you gave me to mind for you the other week, uncle?"

Mr. Catesby looked very sharply at his nephew.

"Hush!" he muttered.

"There's nobody to hear us here," said Catesby.

Uncle and nephew had stopped in the dusky lane, a little distance outside Coombe.

"You cannot be too careful, my boy. A great deal depends upon it."

"You have never told me what that bundle contains, uncle."

"Important legal papers," said Mr. Catesby.

"Yes. But—but—"

"My dear nephew, do not trouble your mind about them," said Mr. Catesby. "Is there anything else you wish to ask me?"

Stephen Catesby was silent, but it was evident that he was troubled.

The elder man's sharp eyes narrowed as he watched his nephew's face in the dusk.

"Bulkeley has left Rookwood?" he said suddenly.

"Yes. His father—"

"Mr. Bulkeley is on bail, but under close supervision, I believe," said the City gentleman.

"I understand that you believe in his innocence, uncle?"

"I try to do so, at all events, Stephen. I feel bound to defend my partner until he is actually condemned by the law."

"Is he guilty, uncle?"

"That I cannot say until his trial has taken place."

"Then—then he is going to be tried?"

"Certainly. He is now remanded on bail."

Mr. Catesby lighted another cigar.

"I've only heard imperfectly what happened at the bank, uncle," said Catesby at last.

"As I heard it, a number of bonds were missing."

"About twenty thousand pounds' worth, Stephen. A large sum."

"They were taken away—"

"From the bank safe, yes."

"Why should Mr. Bulkeley be suspected of taking them?"

"Really, there seems little room for doubt," said Mr. Catesby, still watching his nephew closely. "Mr. Bulkeley had the key to the bank safe."

"But you are the junior partner, uncle; you had a key, too?"

"Quite so. But it happens that I was on business in Scotland at the time, and when I left I placed my key in Mr. Bulkeley's charge for safety," explained Mr. Catesby.

"It was during my absence in Scotland that

the bank was entered, and the safe opened with a key and the bonds abstracted. The night watchman was attacked from behind, and stricken senseless; and a heavy cane, the property of Mr. Bulkeley, was found lying near the safe the next morning. Apparently he had laid it down when opening the safe, and had forgotten to take it up afterwards. However, I trust he may be able to clear himself."

"And the bonds have not been found?"

"No."

"He denies knowing anything about them?"

"He protests his innocence, of course. I sincerely hope he will be able to prove it."

There was a slight infection of mockery in Mr. Catesby's tone, involuntary, but quite noticeable.

Catesby looked at him quickly.

"Uncle, I don't know whether you're aware what happened at Rookwood—why Bulkeley left. The police suspected that his father might have put the stolen property in his charge, and a detective came down and searched Bulkeley's quarters."

"Yes, I was aware of that."

"All the fellows back up Bulkeley, but he felt that he couldn't remain at Rookwood after it."

"I suppose so."

Catesby's lips opened again, but closed.

There was something weighing on his mind, but it was something to which he did not care to give utterance.

His uncle regarded him quietly through the smoke-wreaths of the cigar.

"Have you nothing else to say to me, Stephen?"

"No."

"You have said very little, considering that you asked me to come down specially to see you," said Mr. Catesby sharply.

"I—"

"Well?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Catesby drew a deep breath.

"My dear Stephen, you must not think too much about matters that do not concern you," he said quietly. "Don't worry over the affair in any way. It is not your business, you know."

"I don't; only—"

"Only what?"

"Nothing," muttered the Rookwood prefect.

"Really, you are rather mysterious, Stephen," said Mr. Catesby sharply. "But I will not ask you to explain yourself further. Perhaps you have some little troubles of your own on your mind. Are you in need of money?"

"That's an old need with me, uncle."

"Well, you have a kind uncle to draw upon," said Mr. Catesby, laughing. "I put a five-pound note in my pocket-book for you, Stephen."

"You're very kind."

"You are my favourite nephew, my boy, and so long as I am prosperous you will never want," said Mr. Catesby.

He opened the pocket-book, and Catesby took the crisp fiver in his fingers.

But his face was still heavy and troubled.

"By the way, you have never mentioned those papers to anyone?" asked Mr. Catesby carelessly.

"You told me not to, uncle."

"And you have not done so?"

"No."

"Where do you keep them?"

"In the old mahogany desk in my study."

"And the key?"

"I wear it on my watchchain."

"Good! You cannot be too careful. If those papers were lost, I might get the worst of a law suit on a future occasion."

"Oh!" said Catesby, his face clearing a little. "They are really legal papers, then—something to do with a law suit?"

"Precisely."

"I should think they would be safer in a bank than in the desk in my study at Rookwood, uncle."

"I am the best judge of that, Stephen. In a few weeks I hope to be able to relieve you of your charge. Until then keep the matter secret."

"I will, uncle."

James Catesby looked at his watch.

"You have nothing else to ask me, Stephen?"

"Nothing, uncle."

"Then I will say good-bye. I have to take the next up train. Do not mention that I have visited you."

"Very well, uncle."

They parted, the City gentleman hurrying into the village.

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THE POPULAR.—No. 175.

NEXT TUESDAY! **"TUBBY MUFFIN'S DISCOVERY!"** A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

Stephen Catesby took his way in the direction of Rookwood with a clouded brow. There was a thought—a suspicion—lurking in the back of his mind that filled him with uneasiness, almost with fear. He strove to dismiss it, but it would linger.

What were the papers that his uncle had handed him within twenty-four hours, as he knew, of the robbery of the bonds at the bank in London?

Was it possible—
The bare possibility was so terrifying that Catesby did not care to think of it.

He preferred to tell himself, and to try to believe, that it was impossible—incredible. But his mind was still troubled when he came back to Rookwood and let himself in with the prefect's key at the side-gate.

There was a light burning in his study when he reached it.

Tresham of the Sixth was there.

"Waitin' for you, old man!" said Tresham, as Catesby came in. "You seem to have forgotten that we were going to have the gloves on this evening."

"Sorry!" said Catesby. "I had forgotten, somehow."

"By the way, do you keep anything of value in that old desk?" asked Tresham, jerking his thumb towards the mahogany desk in the corner.

Catesby started violently.

"That—that desk! What do you mean?" he panted.

Tresham looked at him in astonishment.

"Hallo! Keep your wool on!" he said. "I was only going to tell you that I had found Muffin of the Fourth nosing about the desk when I looked in for you some time ago."

"That inquisitive little beast! How could he know—"

"He was nosing over the desk. I kicked him out of the study," said Tresham.

Catesby crossed hurriedly to the desk, and examined it.

He breathed more freely as he found that it was intact.

A fear oppressed him for a moment that the secret papers had been brought to light.

"How could he know what?" asked Tresham.

"Oh, nothing! I mean, what could he have been nosing about that desk for?" said Catesby. "There's nothing of value in it."

"I thought I'd mention it in case there was," said Tresham, with a smile. "Now, if you're ready, we'll go down to the gym."

Stephen Catesby left the study with his friend, his brow darker than ever.

The prying Tubby Muffin haunted him.

What did Muffin know? What could he know? What could he suspect?

It was some time before Catesby of the Sixth was able to dismiss the matter from his mind.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
The St. Jim's Match.

JIMMY SILVER & Co. started for Big Side immediately after dinner on the following day.

They were looking very serious. Though the First Eleven match was not, in their eyes, so important as their own matches, they still admitted that it was a matter of importance.

And they had no desire to see Rookwood First "walked-over" by Kildare and his merry men from St. Jim's.

But that was what they fully expected to see.

How could a team composed almost entirely of Moderns beat any lot that could play cricket at all?

That was the question the Classics asked themselves, and to which they could find only one answer.

Most of the Classics agreed that Knowles was simply chucking the match away for the sake of Modern swank.

The view taken by the Moderns was quite different.

Tommy Dodd & Co., the heroes of the Modern Fourth, opined that Rookwood was in for a successful season, now that the Modern side was really getting a chance in the games.

It was House patriotism that led to Tommy Dodd taking this view. It really was not founded on the facts.

Rushden, Lefevre, and the rest looked very fit and in great form.

They were a team that required the best men in Rookwood to be put into the field against them, and even the Moderns could hardly maintain that Knowles' eleven represented the best in Rookwood.

Knowles seemed to have no doubts, however.

He was smiling and confident.

A victory over St. Jim's would certainly have been a great triumph for Cecil Knowles, and a proof of his contention that the Moderns had never been given a fair show under George Bulkeley's rule.

But it was a very great question whether he could win such a victory with his present team.

Knowles himself was a first-class man, and Catesby and Frampton were good; but most of the others could have been replaced with



CAUGHT IN THE ACT! Tresham stared sternly at the trembling Tubby Muffin. "You young sweep, what are you up to?" he exclaimed. "What are you doing at that desk?" "N-n-nothing!" stammered Tubby. "I-I wasn't touching it, you know!" (See Chapter 3.)

But Tommy Dodd and the rest held that view with great obstinacy.

"Hallo, Doddy!" said Jimmy Silver, as he arrived on the cricket-ground and found the Moderns there. "Nice prospect for to-day—what?"

"Ripping!" agreed Tommy Dodd.

"Faith, and we're going to see some cricket entoirley!" said Tommy Doyle sturdily.

"Real cricket, I mane!"

"I don't think!" snapped Lovell.

"No need to tell us that, old scout," remarked Tommy Dodd kindly. "We know you don't. You can't in fact!"

"Look here, you cheeky Modern chump!" roared Lovell belligerently.

"Order!" said Kit Erroll, with a laugh. "Leave Tommy his opinion. He'll change it fast enough when the play begins."

"Well, that's so," agreed Lovell.

"Rats!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Here comes St. Jim's!" said Mornington.

"They look a ripplin' lot!"

There was a cheer for the St. Jim's cricketers.

Jimmy Silver knew a good many of them by sight, having seen them when over at St. Jim's for the junior matches with Tom Merry's team.

Kildare, their captain, was a mighty cricketer; and Monteith, Darrell, Langton,

advantage from the ranks of the Classical seniors.

Knowles won the toss, and elected to bat, and he opened the innings for Rookwood with Frampton.

Kildare and his men went into the field.

"What price duck's eggs to-day?" growled Lovell.

"Cheap!" said Jimmy Silver.

And Tommy Dodd snorted.

Darrell bowled the first over for St. Jim's against Knowles.

The Moderns cheered loudly as Knowles dealt with the bowling.

The Modern captain was certainly at the top of his form, and at such times he was decidedly good.

Jimmy Silver felt his hopes rise as he watched him.

Angry, as he was with Knowles, Jimmy could have tolerated his triumph if only he could have bagged a victory for Rookwood School.

For twenty minutes Knowles and Frampton kept up their wickets in fine style, and Rookwood hopes were high.

But suddenly there was a loud shout.

"Well bowled, St. Jim's!"

(Continued on page 27.)
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A WONDERFUL NEW SERIAL BY SIDNEY DREW COMING SHORTLY.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great German treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought from the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once tying with Ching Lung, Gan Waga has the great luck to win the island.

On the way south the yacht is overtaken by a terrific storm. They are swept far out of their course, and the yacht runs foul of a gigantic iceberg in the intense darkness. The ship crashes through the side of the hollow berg, and the entrance freezes up, imprisoning them. 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. Castaro sends Dan Gova with a letter to Ferrers Lord, telling him to surrender while he has the chance; but the millionaire refuses the Mexican's offer, and decides to fight for possession of the island.

During the next few days the weather becomes milder, and causes the ice-floe to break away from the rest of the island. Whilst out scouting, Hal Honour has a fight with a strange monster inhabiting the unknown depths of the lagoon on the floe. Ferrers Lord decides to explore beneath the surface of the lake to find the monster. Fitted with diving suits, they go to the bottom of the lagoon.

(Now read on.)

A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing Ferrers Lord & Co., and Gan Waga, the Eskimo.

By SIDNEY DREW.
Author of "The Invisible Raider."

Gan Waga's Dream.

THE strange weapons which Ferrers Lord & Co. carried were deadly things. The light grew fainter above them as they passed beneath the curtain of weed into the submarine ice tunnel. The bottom was quite smooth, but their lead-soled boots gripped it firmly. The walls also were smooth, as if rubbed down and polished by the inrush and outrush of many tides. The water was dead still now, without the vestige of a current.

"He's got in further than you expected, hasn't he, chief?" asked Thurston. "I shouldn't be surprised if he managed to reach the sea, if this tunnel does reach the sea without coming to a dead end."

"It can scarcely be a dead end," said the millionaire. "We know that the brute is an amphibian, and can leave the water when he feels so inclined. By the rather vague account of his jaws he must be a fish eater, and by what he did to O'Rooney's bait he is partial to mutton. If he got into this tunnel by accident, he would have died of starvation long ago, for there is nothing to eat on the floe that I know of."

"That seems to put the lid on the dead end theory, Chief. If the brute couldn't get to sea to forage, he couldn't very well exist unless he has the knack of going dormant for long periods at a stretch. Hallo! It's getting shallower, isn't it? We're climbing up, I think."

The incline was long and gradual. All at once the top of Prout's helmet, and then his great goggled eyes, rose clear of the water. A dozen more strides, and they were only waist deep. Ferrers Lord flashed his lamp upwards and round them. They were in an ice cavern very like the one in which the Lord of the Deep had found a prison and a tomb, but on a much smaller scale. The flashing lamp became motionless.

"There he is!" cried Prout and Thurston, with one voice.

The monster lay stretched out on a ledge of ice that no doubt had often formed its sleeping place—stark, stiff, and frozen. It was a saurian, as the millionaire had sus-

pected, long-necked, and cone-bodied, and with an eight-foot jaw, armed from snout to gape with three-inch incurving teeth. Its great tail was flattened like a beaver's, and it had four huge flippers, built chiefly for swimming, but probably powerful enough to drag the massive body over fairly level ground at a good pace. One eye had gone, carried away by Hal Honour's bullet; but the other, dull green, glared stonily and unwinkingly at them in the glow of the lamps. The millionaire measured it roughly with his electric rifle, which was four feet six inches in length.

"Forty-two feet," he said, "or something very close to it. I have seen plenty of skeletons of these old-world lizards, and pictures of them as they ought to look in the flesh; but I never saw a fellow quite like this one. He looks like a cross-strain between a plesiosaurus and a dinosaurus."

"By honey, I was always told there were bigger fish in the sea than ever came out of it, and now I believe it," said Prout. "What a jaw! I believe, with a fair go, he'd have beaten Barry O'Rooney for talking, with a jawbone that size. And Barry's yarn wasn't quite the big lie we thought it was, sir. You want a lot of salt as a rule before you can swallow down O'Rooney's yarns, but in this case he wasn't stretching it very much."

"If he only saw the beggar he'd quickly stretch the forty-two feet into forty-two yards," said Rupert Thurston, "so I'm glad he can't see it. Are you going further, Chief?"

"I think not. It won't be difficult to block the tunnel to keep any of this fellow's friends away," said Ferrers Lord. "We'll let well alone, and go back."

They reached the rope safely, and by climbing the rope hand over hand, gained the spar and the foot of the ladder. The moment he was on the bank of the lagoon, and the nozzle of his helmet had been unscrewed, a volley of questions was fired at Prout by Maddock and Barry O'Rooney, and chiefly by Barry O'Rooney. Prout pulled off his waterproof rubber glove, and took the Irishman by the hand.

"By honey, I respect you, Barry!" he said. "From the bottom of my heart, and for the

first time in my life, I really respect you. I've seen the critter, and you didn't tell a single lie about it. It's a sight bigger and uglier than you swanked to us it was. Well, if you did tell a lie at all, it was letting out that you'd spotted it. Not a glimpse, my boy! If you'd spotted it, it would have been larger than from here to Gan Waga's island. By honey, we've caught you out! You said the beast had green eyes the size of soup plates."

"Bedad, Oi niver did!" cried Barry. "Puiwat d'ye mane, grane oies? Oi said ut had red oies—two big, glaring, crimson oies. Oi niver said grane."

"Well, the chap we discovered dead down there, Barry," said Thurston, "had only one eye, not two, and that was as green as you are, and I'll swear to it!"

"Ho, hoo, hoo!" laughed Gan Waga. "That a nasty one, Ruperts! Dears, dears! That a smack in yo' eyes, Barry! How yo' like it, hunk, old bean?"

"Av coorse—av coorse," said O'Rooney, quite unruffled. "Laugh, bedad, and show your ignorance and the lovely education you got at a ragged school! Oi'm not doubting Misther Thurston's word, for he's an honourable gentleman loike me who scorns a loie. Av coorse his oies or oie was grane when he was dead and quiet; but when the gossoon chased after me they was blazing crimson wid hunger and fury, so that's that, you grinning idiots!"

"Souse me, he'd wriggle out of anything—out of the rope if the hangman had it round his neck!" growled the bos'un. "Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle. Worms and caterpillars ain't in it! Yank up that lamp and sinker, Joe, and see that one of them chaps with green eyes when they be quiet, and red ones when they be snappy, don't come along and leave you short of several legs. And instead of standing there wriggling and twisting, Mr. O'Rooney, lend a hand here, you twister!"

The operator could still make nothing of the wireless. He had sent out the millionaire's message time after time. The operator had spent years in the millionaire's service, and was highly skilled and experienced. Never before had any magnetic storm played such havoc with his wireless.

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE BOY WHO COULDN'T FIGHT!" A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"And I'm not so sure that it is a magnetic storm, sir," he told the millionaire. "It's like a lot of stuff butting in. The stuff seems to go out right enough, but I can't get a thing back. I've sat here three mortal hours with the cup on, and not picked up two dots or dashes I can sling together."

"Do you think Castaro can be jamming on from the island?" asked Ferrers Lord. "I presume he has a wireless."

"I don't think I could be tricked like that, sir. I'll experiment shortening and lengthening the waves, and see what that will do. Perhaps it's being so close to the South Pole. I fancied I knew a lot about wireless, but perhaps I know less than I thought I did. I'll worry through, somehow, sir, sooner or later!"

Though the wireless was in a bad temper, the glaciograph took a rest—as well it might after its exertions during the night.

Gan Waga went nosing round the camp, looking for an empty packing-case, in which to pack some of his garments. It was useless to hang them on pegs driven into the walls of his igloo, for the heat of his electric cooking-stove made the snow rather damp.

He found a case filled with straw and wastepaper, and when he turned it over, to his intense joy, four tins of lobster, that had been overlooked, rolled out of it.

Gan Waga's smile absolutely pushed his ears back.

"Ooh, butterfuls!" he gurgled. "Ooh, lovelifuls! M'ym! Lobsters and marmalade fo' suppers—hunk! Hoorays! What a bit of merriness old luck!"

The Eskimo was particularly fond of tinned lobster, and a lot of it. He wanted some marmalade to eat with it, but just then he was rather unpopular in the cook's galley, and had been chased out of it recently on several occasions by a very angry chef and a large carving-knife.

Not thinking it wise to ask the chef for a jar, though he might have got a jar of a different kind, Gan transferred the lobster to his igloo, and returned to chase some marmalade.

Very politely he knocked at the door of the hut shared by Rupert Thurston and Ching Lung. As there was no response to his knock, he opened the door and walked in. When he went out, a pot of marmalade, the joint property of the prince and Thurston, went out with him.

An hour later four empty lobster-tins and one empty marmalade-jar were pitched out of the only window of the igloo that would open.

The Eskimo felt happy, but drowsy. He was too drowsy even to smoke a cigar, so he lay down on his tiger-skin couch, and slept. And, of course, he dreamed.

No human being—not even a hungry Eskimo—could empty four tins of lobster and a jar of marmalade at a sitting, and not dream.

When he awoke it was still broad daylight and the men were still at work. The Eskimo sat up, and rubbed his eyes.

"I better bury those tins and that old pot-jams, or else they say I pinch them," he thought. "Dears, dears! That a funny dream! I go and tells my old Chingy that before I forgets him! I wonder what made me dream like that? I not knows. And why I dream him twiceness, hunk?"

After burying the rubbish in the snow, Gan Waga lighted a cigar, and went in search of the prince. He found Ching Lung in his hut darning a pair of stockings, for even princes have to do useful little things like that for themselves at times.

"Chingy," said Gan Waga, squatting down on the rug before the stove, "I dreamed a drump, old bean!"

"You dreamed a which of them?" asked Ching Lung. "You must have been pretty bad to dream a drump, my lad! I'll bet you had plenty of lobster, my fat lad, if you drumpt it twice. Unfold the merry tale! What was the giddy dream you drump all about?"

"I thought there was an awfulness storm, Chingy," said the Eskimo. "I dreamed lots of things before that, but I not remembers only the storm. It snowed and blowed horribles, Chingy, and nearly all the foe was washed away! Old Hal he'd built his launch, but in the dream that had got smashed up. I nots know how, only something had busted it. We were all nearly frozen and starved and deaded, Chingy, and I wanted to wake up, and couldn't!"

"Anyhow, I dream the foe had busted, all but enough to keep us afloat, and that

bit was busting and awash, and we'd tied ourselves together with ropes. That was a rotten dreams, wasn't it? The wind go whoosh! and the waves go slap-swash! and come slopping over us, and everything was merry and brightness, old dear! Then somebody yell—Prout, I think—that the foe was turning over, and I tried to wake up agains before I got any wetter."

"Oh, if you want to wake up a second time, you must kick yourself under the right ear," said Ching Lung, as he threaded the darning-needle.

"It was awful dark! All at once the dark seem to split, and then I saw the Lord of the Deep, Chingy, not in the water, but ups in the air. Then I wake a minute and go asleeps again, and dream the same thing. Ups in the air she was, Chingy, just as I saw her before, only I not able to make out what hold her up. She was all covered with ice; funnel, deck, and rigging, Chingy, and no boats on the davits, and her bowsprit broke off short. Twice, Chingy, and just the same. That fumineso, hunk?"

"And then you woke up!"

"Then I woken ups, Chingy. It was awful painfull! Through the ice I see those funny gold marks on her bows that read her name, and her bowsprit smashed. But what she doings up in the air, Chingy? That a silly place for a yacht to be, hunk, old sport?"

"All dreams are more or less silly, especially those you get after gorging yourself with tinned lobster—possibly stolen at that!" said the prince. "If you can't dream anything better than that, tell it to O'Rooney or Maddock, and don't come worrying me with such rubbish!"

"What yo' means, Chingy? Yo' notted got the wind up, hunk? Yo' not ratty just because I come and tell you the dream I drump?"

"If you'd jabbed a needle about a foot deep into yourself, you'd be ratty, too!" said the Prince, sucking his thumb. "You and your silly dreams! Get outside!"

Gan Waga blinked his little black eyes, and then stared at the prince, as if trying to dis-

cover whether Ching Lung was in earnest or only jesting. Rising, he waddled to the door, and displayed his fine set of teeth in a broad grin.

"I'm getting outside quickness, old cross-patch!" he said, with a chuckle. "I jolly glad I pinched yo' marmalades now! Good-bye! Ho, ho, hoo!"

Ching Lung inspected his store cupboard, and discovered that the Eskimo had not laughed for nothing, for a jar of marmalade was missing. He made tea for Thurston and himself.

The sun was sinking, and a haze was gathering over the sea when Thurston came in beating his gloved hands together.

"Brr! It's sharpish, Ching!" he said. "Getting colder and keener every minute! Perhaps it will stiffen the foe and stop these breakages. Any news?"

"I fired Gan Waga out just now, for I thought he might expect to be asked to tea. He's been suffering from bad dreams after an overdose of tinned lobster and marmalade—our marmalade. The mean beggar borrowed it, and forgot to return the empty jar, so I hope the next dream he has will be a full-sized nightmare!"

Thurston drew his chair up to the table, and Ching Lung lifted the teapot from the top of the stove, and put it down again.

"Ship—a ship! Ship ahoy! A ship—a ship!"

They could scarcely believe their ears as they heard the welcome shouts. With a kick, Rupert Thurston sent the door flying open. Then they saw her, not a whaler, but a big rusty tramp steamer, with a blunt, stumpy funnel painted white and brown. She seemed scarcely two miles from the foe, and was throwing out clouds of black smoke.

The eager shouts sank to a murmur, and the murmur into silence. The ship seemed to rise out of the water, and then she slowly turned upside down, showing no keel, but a straight edge, as if the keel had been cut off level, and then faded into nothingness—a mirage.

(Another splendid instalment in next week's issue of our wonderful serial.)



THE MIRAGE! The ship was scarcely two miles from the foe when they saw her. She seemed to rise out of the water, and then she slowly turned upside down, showing no keel. (See this page.)

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

There will be another four long, complete school stories in next Tuesday's issue of the POPULAR. One of them will concern the adventures of Cleveland of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, entitled "The Boy Who Couldn't Fight!" by Frank Richards. This story deals further with the amazing accusation the Bounder has levelled against Cleveland.

The Rookwood story is entitled "Tubby Muffin's Discovery!" and the St. Jim's story will be entitled "Figgy's Fine Fight." Then we shall have another stirring story of the chums of the School in the Backwoods, entitled "Taken In!" and one of the closing instalments of "Gan Waga's Island."

Below you will find another splendid new competition, which will give every reader a chance of winning a splendid

money prize. The second picture will appear next week, when there will also be given away ANOTHER GRAND FREE ENGINE PLATE.

That, with "Billy Bunter's Weekly," is the programme for our next issue. And I have no hesitation in saying that it simply cannot be beaten!

This Week's Grand Free Gifts.

I hope every reader of this paper has taken the precaution of ordering his copies of the famous Companion Papers, which are appearing on sale this week.

I will tell you now of the splendid gifts which every boy and girl should obtain.

In the "Magnet" Library, now on sale, is a Grand, Free Real Photo of famous and popular "Dick" Dorrell in action on the field of play. This is a truly magnificent photo, well worth a prominent position in your album—a fine glossy card hard to equal.

The "Boys' Friend," now on sale, is giving away with every copy a splendid Free Real Photo of Ex-Guardsman Penwill, the famous boxer, who will one day be still more famous.

The "Gem" Library appears on sale to-morrow morning, and will be presenting every reader with Two Real Photos of famous footballers—K. Campbell, and Arthur Grimsdell. These will also make splendid additions to your collection.

In this issue of the POPULAR you will have found a Grand Free Coloured Engine Plate—and there will be more photos and a plate in our next week's issues.

Do not run the risk of missing any of these free gifts, my chums. It costs you nothing to place an order with your news-agent for copies to be saved for you, and he will be pleased to do so, for it helps him to avoid having to say to customers: "Sold out, sir!"

Good News!

There is a magnificent new serial coming along—a magnificent story of raiders and pearl poachers, written in the way only Sidney Drew can write a serial for boys and girls.

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Your Editor.


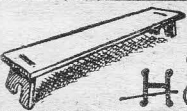
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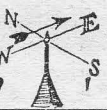




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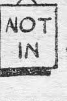


sheet of paper, sign and attach to the paper the coupon below the puzzle, and wait until you have the four pictures solved. Then you will be informed where to send your solutions.





The express condition of entry is that competitors agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding. There is NO ENTRANCE FEE.

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POPULAR Puzzles No. 1.

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"HIS TRUE COLOURS!"

(Continued from page 23.)

Knowles' wicket was down for 25 runs. It was a good innings, against good bowling, and Catesby was called in to take his captain's place. "Catesby will never stand that bowling," said Mornington sagely. Mornny was right. After a few overs, Catesby's wicket fell to Langton of St. Jim's. A few minutes later Frampton was caught out by Kildare. The Rookwood score stood at 50. "A jolly good beginning!" said Tommy Dodd, with a defiant look at Jimmy Silver and the disparaging Classical. "But what price the ending?" snorted Lovell. "Look out for the procession!" And a "procession" it soon proved to be, and Jimmy Silver's misgivings were more than realised.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Something Like a Licking.

KNOWLES looked grim as he watched the "procession." The Rookwood batsmen went to the wickets, and came away—they had little time to stay. Knowles had set down Neville and Jones major at tenth and eleventh, much to the disgust of the Classical. After the third wicket fell not a single run was taken till the tenth man went in. That was Neville. Six batsmen had gone in and gone out, angrily. They had no chance against the St. Jim's bowling and fielding. The Saints, by that time, were grinning. This was not the cricket they had expected at Rookwood, and they were already looking on the great match as a walk-over. The game did not wake up again till Neville and Jones major were at the wickets, doing their best for Rookwood. The Modern crowd looked on grimly. The two Classical seniors brought the score up to 90 between them before Jones major was caught out by Monteith, Neville carrying out his bat. "All down for 90!" said Mornington. "Why don't you Moderns cheer? Cheer, you beggars!" But the Moderns did not feel like cheering. The innings had ended very early, and it had ended badly. And when the St. Jim's men went to the wickets they showed that their batting was quite equal to their bowling and fielding. Kildare remained at the wicket while other batsmen came and went, even Knowles' best bowling failing to touch him. As the runs piled up, the faces of the Rookwood crowd grew longer and longer.

But when the St. Jim's score amounted to a 100 runs for two wickets, the Classical in the crowd lost all patience, and they fairly yelled at Knowles.

"Give Neville the ball!"
"Let Neville have a chance!"
"Neville can bowl! Yah!"
Knowles flushed with rage, but he could not resist the appeal in which many of the Moderns were joining. Neville was put on to bowl. Matters looked up a little for Rookwood then, two wickets falling quickly. But even Neville could not touch Kildare. The runs went on piling up.

It was Jones major who caught Kildare out at last, amid thunderous cheers of great relief from the Rookwood crowd. At 150 runs Kildare declared the innings closed, as a good many of the Rookwooders expected him to do.

Knowles was not looking happy. He let Neville open the innings with him, with Jones major down third on the list.

The few good men in the Rookwood team put up a great fight. But their opponents' bowling was as good as ever, and their fielding superb.

Knowles went out after his twentieth run, and Neville secured only 15.

Catesby was down for 6, and Carthew for 2.

Frampton had bad luck, and was dismissed for a duck's egg.

Rookwood still wanted 17 to tie, of which Jones major contributed 11.

But Lister added only 2; and after that there was once more a "procession."

The rest of the story was ducks' eggs, and the innings closed for 55.

Five were wanted to tie, to make St. Jim's bat again, but 500 might just as well have been wanted; they were not to be had.

St. Jim's had won the match with an innings to spare. Knowles' face was like thunder.

He was not a good loser, and this defeat, too, was especially humiliating.

He had realised his long ambition, and had become captain of Rookwood; and in the first exercise of his new authority he had come a "mucker," and he had himself to thank for it—which did not make it any the pleasanter!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Plain English.

BANG! Knowles started. He was alone in his study, in a gloomy mood. He rather expected Frampton and Catesby to come in; but they did not. Probably they would have been ready to concert with his plans against the "enemy," but the dissatisfaction on the Modern side was as great as on the Classical side, and Knowles' chums had no idea of further supporting him in the line he had taken.

(Continued on page 28.)

Teach Yourself Wireless Telegraphy

Mr. E. J. BARNARD, Welling, Kent, writes:—"I think I ought to tell you how much I value 'The Amateur Mechanic.' It has proved of great assistance in a variety of jobs, and especially as to the article on WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. I constructed an instrument entirely according to the instructions, and was rewarded with success on the first trial. Sunday last was for me a red-letter day, as I succeeded, with the same instrument, in picking up the telephonic message from London to Geneva at 9.40 a.m. Considering that my aerial is only 42 inches long and 18 inches high, I think these are grounds for self-congratulation. I may add that until I became interested in the article in your 'AMATEUR MECHANIC,' I had not the slightest elementary knowledge of Wireless Telegraphy."

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THIS IS SOUND MONEY SAVING KNOWLEDGE



Mr. BEARD, Long Eaton, writes:—"I intend that 'THE AMATEUR MECHANIC' shall be a free gift to me; for, by taking advantage of your instalment plan, I can see how to easily save the money on house repairs alone, as I find that quite a number of jobs I had intended putting out are treated of in the work, and are by no means beyond my limited capacity (with your writers at my elbow). . . . Once again to thank you. . . ."

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U.J.L., 1922.

HIS TRUE COLOURS!

(Continued from page 27.)

Knowles' reflections were bitter. To do him justice, he had not quite realised how he was throwing away Rookwood's cricket reputation in his keen desire to score over the rival side, and exercise the authority he had inherited from Bulkeley in spite of Classical criticism and opposition.

He had thought chiefly of having his own way, and humiliating those he regarded as rivals and enemies, and, as far as the match was concerned, he had hoped for the best.

Unfortunately, it was the worst that had happened.

Thump! Bang! Thump!
The sudden din from the dusky quadrangle startled him out of a very unpleasant reverie.

He started to the window, and looked out. Then his glance became fixed, with surprise and rage.

Outside, in the dusk, a crowd was gathering. Foremost among them were the Fistical Four, of the Fourth.

They were supported by the Colonial Co., and Oswald Flynn, Rawson, Mornington, Errell—in fact, nearly all the Classical Fourth.

Smythe of the Shell was with them, with several more Shell fellows, and Algy Silver and a mob of Third Form fags.

And among them, too, a good many Modern juniors could be seen.

It was not wholly a Classical demonstration. The Fistical Four bore a banner aloft.

It was made of a sheet stretched between two poles.

On the sheet words were daubed in paint with a brush, in huge capitals, and several fellows carried electric torches, of which they flashed the light on the banner, so that everybody could read.

And the inscription on the banner, though brief, was to the point. It ran:

**"WHO CHUCKS AWAY MATCHES?
KNOWLES!
WHO'S A SILLY ASS?
KNOWLES!
WHO'S GOT TO RESIGN?
KNOWLES!
RESIGN! RESIGN! RESIGN!"**

Knowles ground his teeth as he looked. He realised that this was a demonstration entirely for his benefit.

This was one of the first results of his policy.

The seniors had not taken action yet, though doubtless they would do so.

But the juniors were not so slow to express their feelings.

Thump, thump, thump! Bang!
Conroy was beating a tin can with a cricket-stump, and Oswald was thumping a pair of saucepan-lids together in the style of cymbals.

The demonstrators intended to let all Rookwood know what was on.

They did not mean to leave Knowles or anyone else in the dark as to their opinions. Knowles' face was white with rage as he threw up his window.

"Resign! Resign! Resign!" roared the crowd.

"Clear off!" shouted Knowles. "By gad, I'll—I'll—I'll—!" He choked with wrath.

Then he grabbed a cane from the table and rushed downstairs.

A yell greeted him as he rushed out of the house, cane in hand.

"Yah!"

"Resign!"

Lash, lash!
"Yarrah!"

"Collar him!"

Then followed an unprecedented scene. The captain of Rookwood was collared and hustled on all sides, his cane jerked away, and himself bumped down on the ground.

He lay there gasping for breath, while the demonstration marched away at last, perhaps feeling that they had made their meaning clear.

"Ow, ow! Oooooof!" gasped Knowles, as he sat up dazedly.

Catesby came and gave him a hand up.

"I—I—I'll smash them!" gasped Knowles, as he scrambled to his feet. "I'll—I'll—Ow! Groogh! Laying hands on the captain of the school, by Jove! Ow! I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Better come in!" said Catesby.

Knowles gave him a savage look, but on second thoughts he decided that the advice was good.

And he went in.

The exercise of authority had not brought much satisfaction, so far, to the new captain of Rookwood.

In the end study, on the Classical Side, the Fistical Four chuckled loud and long.

"Knowles knows what Rookwood things of him now!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "I think we made it plain."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "I think we did!"

"Captain of Rookwood!" grinned Raby. "Captain of Colney Hatch! Knowles won't remain captain long if he doesn't change his ways! We've given him a hint."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Fistical Four sat down to their prep that evening in a mood of satisfaction.

Rookwood was not to go to the dogs under its new captain if Jimmy Silver & Co. could help it, and they meant to do their best.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled: "Tubby Muffin's Discovery" By Owen Conquest. You must not miss this splendid tale of Rookwood School.)

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