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Week Ending—  
July 8th, 1922.

New  
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No. 181.

28  
Pages.

# The POPULAR 2d

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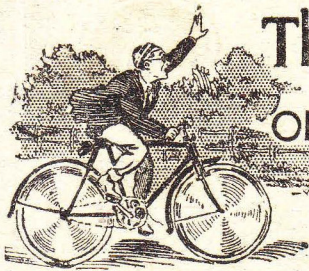


**THE "KINDNESS" OF CLARENCE IS REWARDED!**

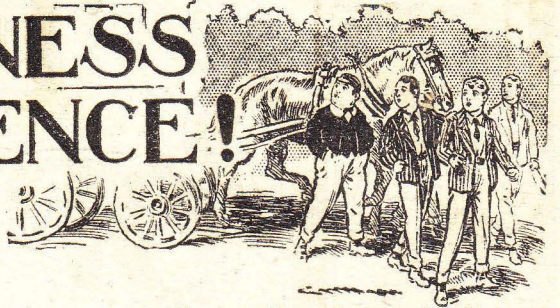
(A Humorous Incident from the long complete tale of Rookwood in this issue.)

## 2 Wonderful Coloured Plate of a Famous Canadian Pacific Railway Engine—

JIMMY SILVER & CO. USE THE GUILLESS CLARENCE CUFFY TO PLAY A JAPE ON THEIR OLD RIVALS, THE MODERNS.



# The KINDNESS OF CLARENCE!



A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Chums of Rookwood, on their Caravan Tour.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Author of the Famous Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Tommy Dodd is Too Funny!

**T**URN to the right!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Left!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Right!"

"Fathead!"

"Duffer!"

The Rookwood caravanners halted at the cross-roads.

Jimmy Silver and Co., Classicals, of the Fourth Form at Rookwood School, were ahead with their van.

Dodd and Cook and Doyle, the three Tommies of the Modern Side at Rookwood, were close behind.

Classicals and Moderns had fallen in with one another, and for a day or two they had travelled together with unusual harmony.

But there had been arguments.

Now there was evidently going to be another.

Jimmy Silver decided to turn to the right at the cross-roads, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome backed him up, simply because the Moderns demurred.

Even Tubby Muffin, the fat Classical, gave a slow nod in support of Jimmy.

Cook and Doyle, of course, backed up Tommy Dodd at once.

"Better keep to the right," said Jimmy Silver. "There's a ruin or something that's worth seeing over yonder."

"Better keep to the left," answered Tommy Dodd. "Who cares for mouldy old ruins?"

"Faith, there's ruins at Rookwood, and we can see them in the term," said Tommy Doyle. "Blow the ruins!"

"It's an easier road," said Jimmy Silver. Tommy Dodd gave a superior sniff.

"Just like you Classical slackers, wanting to take an easy road," he said.

"Just like!" agreed Tommy Cook.

"Fathead!"

"Ass!"

"Look here, you blessed Modern asses, you turn when you're told!" ordered Arthur Edward Lovell indignantly.

"Rats!"

"Classical a s!"

"If you want me to mop up the road with you, Tommy Dodd—"

"I do—I does!" said Tommy Dodd instantly. "If you want your features altered, old nut, come on! They couldn't be altered for the worse!"

"Impossible!" said Cook.

Lovell pushed back his cuffs. But Jimmy Silver interposed.

"Peace, my children!"

"I'm going to lick that cheeky Modern ass!" roared Lovell.

"Let him come on!" urged Tommy Dodd. "I've often thought that a really good licking would do Lovell good."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"My dear asses, let's settle it by taking one road each," he said. "We've en-

joyed your company, Tommy, and we'll give it up with dry eyes. Turn to the left, and be blowed to you!"

"Turn to the right, and be bothered!" said Cook.

"Well, so long as the Modern chumps clear off, I don't mind," said Lovell. "We're turning to the right—I know that!"

"Right-ho!" said Tommy Dodd. "Blessed if I know how you'll get on without us to look after you!"

"Why, we've been looking after you!" exclaimed Raby indignantly.

"Oh, don't be funny, you know!"

"You cheeky ass!"

"Shut up, the lot of you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Get that blessed van round, and don't jaw. Good-bye, Modern asses!"

"Good-bye, Classical chumps!"

The Classical van took the turning to the right.

Jimmy Silver led the horse, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome marched with him, Tubby Muffin sitting half-asleep on the van.

They stopped for a moment to view the ruin Jimmy Silver had pointed out, and then the van rumbled on again. A mile or more down the road the Classical caravanners came to a little village, which they learned was called Ponders Hatch. Here they replenished their provisions before taking to the high road again.

They were a couple of miles from the village, when Lovell glanced back.

"There's a blessed bikist after us!" he grunted.

From the direction of Ponders Hatch a cyclist was riding fast, and he waved his hand to the caravanners as they looked back, evidently as a signal to stop.

"I know that figure!" said Jimmy, staring at the cyclist. "My only hat! It's Cuffy, of the Modern Fourth!"

"Clarence Cuffy!" exclaimed Lovell, in wonder.

All the Classicals recognised the cyclist as he came nearer. Well they knew the duffer of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood.

They were surprised to see him there. Cuffy was not an athletic youth, and he was not likely to be on a cycle tour.

He came up, gasping, in a cloud of dust.

"Tommy!" he exclaimed, as he jumped off his machine.

"Hallo, ass!" said Lovell politely.

Clarence Cuffy blinked at him through his big spectacles.

There was an expression of deep disappointment on his face.

"Is not Thomas here?" he exclaimed.

"Thomas! What Thomas?"

"My dear friend Thomas Dodd," said Cuffy. "I am searching for Thomas. I have come from Gander's Green looking for Thomas. I have missed him somehow. Dear me!"

Clarence fanned himself with his hat, and gasped.

"Oh, you're looking for Tommy Dodd?" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, my dear James. I am going caravanning with dear Thomas," said Cuffy. "Mr.

Dodd thought it would be so nice for me to be with dear Thomas. What are you laughing at, my dear Arthur?"

Lovell chuckled.

"Somehow I have missed his caravan," said Cuffy, in great distress. "I heard news of a caravan at the village I have just left, and rode after it at great speed, my dear fellows, expecting to find dear Thomas."

"And you've found dear us instead!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Never mind; we can tell you where to find dear Thomas."

Clarence Cuffy beamed.

"That is so kind of you, dear James!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, don't mench! Have you had your tea?" asked Jimmy Silver considerably.

"Indeed, no. From Thomas' last letter to his uncle, I expected to meet the caravan at Burwood this morning," said Cuffy. "I have not seen it. I have been looking for it ever since. Thomas will be so distressed when he knows the trouble I have had."

"He'll be distressed when you find him, I'm sure!" said Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am sure of it, dear Arthur," said Clarence innocently. "If you can tell me where to find Thomas, dear James—"

"Better have tea with us, first," said Jimmy. "Lots of time."

"I say, we're not stopping yet!" exclaimed Lovell warmly.

"We're stopping for tea, now Cuffy's with us," said Jimmy Silver severely. "And we may be able to do a good turn to dear Thomas through dear Clarence."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell.

The Co. understood, if Clarence Cuffy did not, and in great good humour the Classical caravanners halted for tea.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Tit for Tat!

**T**HE Classical van was drawn up on a patch of grass beside the road, where Robinson Crusoe put his head over a fence and sampled a fine crop of artichokes growing on the other side.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were too busy to note how the horse was occupied, and it was to be hoped that the farmer to whom the field belonged would be too busy to note it also.

Clarence Cuffy was a guest whom the Classical juniors delighted to honour, to judge by the way they looked after him.

They nobly forbore to put mustard in his egg, and salt in his milk, and pepper in his cheese, remembering they were not at Rookwood now, and that the simple youth from Gander's Green was a guest.

But they firmly declined to allow Clarence to help in getting tea. They knew him too well.

"You just sit down, old chap," said Jimmy Silver. "You're our guest, you know. You're not going to work."

"But, really, my dear James, I do not wish to eat the bread of idleness!" protested Clarence. "Pray allow me—"

"Not at all!"

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NEXT  
TUESDAY

"PUTTING UP WITH CLARENCE!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Let me at least set out the crockery."  
Crash!  
"You howling ass!" roared Lovell, as the dish of lettuces crashed into the jam-jar, with disastrous results to both.  
"Dear me!" said Clarence, blinking at the wreck through his enormous glasses. "How ever did I come to drop that dish?"  
"Don't you drop everything you lay hold of, ass?" grunted Raby.  
"My dear George—"  
"Shush, you fellows!" murmured Jimmy Silver.  
The Classics made an heroic effort to recover their smiles, but they did not allow the duffer of Rookwood to touch the crocks again.

Clarence looked quite distressed. He always was distressed when he brought about a disaster.

But he recovered his smiles over tea, so cheery was the company he found himself in. Lovell even refrained from bellowing when Cuffy passed him the milk and spilt it over his trousers; and Raby only breathed hard through his nose when Clarence upset the mustard over him.

Little things like that were bound to happen when Clarence Cuffy was about. And the Pistical Four wished Tommy Dodd joy of his future comrade in the Modern caravan.

"And you have seen dear Thomas lately?" remarked Clarence, when Jimmy told him of the meeting.

"Oh, yes; it was no end of a pleasure!" said Jimmy Silver. "You'll overtake them quite easily before dark. They'll be so pleased to see you!"

"I am sure dear Thomas will be delighted," said Clarence, beaming.

"I suppose you're going to take the party under your wing, and look after them a bit?" suggested Jimmy.

"Certainly it is my wish to do so, James. I hope that my presence may keep the dear fellows from indulging in any tendencies to extravagance of spirits or any reckless proceedings," said Cuffy. "My dear papa said it should be my object to exercise a thoughtful restraint upon the exuberance of their youthful spirits."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lovell. "I'm sure you'll do that, Cuffy," said Jimmy Silver cordially. "I can't imagine any exuberance of spirits when you're around."

"I am so glad you think so, dear James!" "If you really want to be useful and kind to Tommy Dodd, I can put you up to some tips," suggested Jimmy.

"That is very, very kind of you!" "Not at all, Cuffy, old chap! You are one of the chaps that do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," said Jimmy. "I think of you as a sort of guardian angel in the Modern caravan."

"How very kind of you to say so!" "As an old hand, there are a few things I can tell you, Cuffy. P'instance, the milk is liable to go off in this hot weather. That would be rather serious, so what you've got to do is to mix a certain amount of mustard with it."

"Mustard, my dear James?" "Yes; about one ounce of mustard to every pint of milk. I'll give you a tin of mustard in case the Moderns are short of it."

"Thank you so much!" "Then there's the grub," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "Tommy Dodd was laying in stuff to-day for a stew this evening. I think—in fact, I'm pretty sure—that he forgot the ammoniated quinine."

"Ammoniated quinine, my dear James?" "Yes, I really think he forgot it."

"I am aware that Thomas is sometimes a little thoughtless, James. It will be my aim to remedy this defect," said Clarence simply.

"Exactly! Drop in at the chemist's as you go through the village, Cuffy, and buy a bottle of the quinine. Don't tell Tommy. Just slip it into the stew when it's on the fire, so as to surprise him with your thoughtfulness."

"What a very pleasant thought, James!" "Mention to him what you've done as soon as you've done it, and see him smile," said Jimmy Silver. "It's so delightful to see a chap look pleased over some thoughtful, friendly act!"

"How very nice!" said Clarence. "Then, about the horse," continued Jimmy Silver, in the same reflective way. "He has to have a good range for cropping the grass during the night. If you camp in a field, see that the gate's left open. If on a common, Tommy may tether the horse—he's so

thoughtless. Don't say a word to him, but just get up quietly and see that the gee-gee's allowed to roam. It is worth while even to make a horse happy, Cuffy."

"I quite agree with you, James."

"Then, about airing the caravan," said Jimmy Silver. "Caravans have to be kept well aired and disinfected, Cuffy. I suppose you know that there's danger of the beds being infected by the—the—the collywobbleitis microbe?"

"I was not aware of it, James." "Collywobbleitis," said James, "is a serious thing. It may lead to a general outbreak of collywobles."

"Dear me!" "The best way to prevent that is to disinfect the berths in the caravan thoroughly," explained Jimmy Silver. "Those kids are very thoughtless, but I am sure you can be relied upon to think of this, Cuffy."

"I will make it an especial point to remember it, James. What kind of disinfectant would you advise me to use?" "Simply pepper."

"Pepper?" "Just so! We've got some pepper to spare, and we'll give it to you with pleasure, Cuffy. Just before the chaps go to bed, shake the pepper well into the beds, especially the pillows, and don't grudge it—use up all that I give you. That will drive away the microbes."

"I don't know how to thank you for telling me these things, James!" said Cuffy gratefully. "How very pleased dear Thomas will be!"

"Don't tell him I gave you the tip," said Jimmy. "The fact is, Cuffy, we were a bit excited when we parted with the Modern chaps. I should like you to do the kind things I've mentioned, but don't let Tommy know it comes from me till to-morrow. Then you can tell him, and I am sure it will make him feel kindly towards us."

"Certainly, my dear James!" "In fact, don't tell him you've met us till to-morrow," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "Tell him in the morning, after you've done all the things I've mentioned. Because it will be so nice for Thomas to learn all at once that he owes these kind attentions to my thoughtful friendship. It will make me very happy to think of it, Cuffy. I shall picture that pleasant little scene in the morning, when you tell him that he owes these little kindnesses to my suggestion. I am only sorry that I shall not be present to receive his thanks."

"My dear papa would be delighted with you, James," said Cuffy, his eyes almost moist with emotion. "This kind and friendly thoughtfulness would make him very happy if he could behold it."

"If it makes Tommy Dodd happy I shall be satisfied, dear Clarence."

"So—so—so say all of us!" gasped Newcome. And when Clarence Cuffy took his departure, climbing on his bike after shaking hands all round twice over, the Classical juniors watched him start, with smiling faces.

They gave him ample directions for finding the Modern caravan, and they gave him a tin of mustard and a tin of pepper, which he put in inside pockets to keep them out of sight till he started doing good by stealth.

They watched Clarence Cuffy fading away down the road, and gurgled.

"Of all the sublime asses!" murmured Lovell.

"Jimmy, do you think that howling chump is chump enough to do as you've told him?" gasped Raby.

"My dear man, he's chump enough for anything," answered Jimmy Silver. "He will do it like a bird!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Tubby Muffin. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The Classical caravanners resumed their march with many chuckles.

Their only regret was that they would not be present at the modern camp when Clarence Cuffy was doing good by stealth.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Cuffy Makes Himself Useful.

"Y E gods! He's found us!" "Oh, what luck!" "Howly smoke!"

Three merry Moderns looked a little less cheery as they glanced back along the road at the cyclist who was pumping after them.

It was Cuffy of the Fourth.

The three Tommies had not exactly been trying to elude Cuffy.

Tommy's Uncle Dodd had wished his old friend's son to join the caravanners, and Tommy did not like to say no, though he viewed with dismay the addition to the party.

Tommy Dodd certainly had hoped that Clarence would miss the Modern caravan and trek home to Gander's Green.

Probably Clarence would have done so but for the kind directions he had received from Jimmy Silver.

But here he was now, as large as life, and his face beamed with satisfaction as he overtook the Modern van.

Naturally, he ran into Tommy Dodd as he stopped, and bowled him over, and when he jumped off his bike he landed on Cook's feet.

It would not have been Clarence Cuffy if he had not done those things, or something like them.

Then he stood panting for breath. "My dear, dear fellows, I'm so glad I've found you!" gasped Clarence.

"Yow-ow-ow!" said Cook. "Is anything the matter, my dear friend?"

"Yoop! You've squashed my toes, you thumping ass!" roared Tommy Cook.

"I'm so sorry! I hope my front wheel did not hurt you, Dodd?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "It was nice and pleasant. I like being run into by a bike."

"I am so glad," said Cuffy simply. "Oh, you—you—you—I—I mean I'm glad to see you, Cuffy!" said Tommy Dodd manfully.

"Wheel your bike for a bit; we're stopping soon. Don't wheel it into the horse, fat-head!"

"I really did not mean—"

"Well, don't do it without meaning it. And not into me, either!" roared Tommy.

"I am so sorry!" "B-r-r-r-r!"

Clarence Cuffy got his machine under control at last, and wheeled it off with the caravan.

Dusk was falling, and the Moderns were close upon the spot they had selected for camping.

It was an open common, near a stream, and an excellent spot.

The caravan rumbled off the road, and the horse was taken out.

Tommy Dodd tethered him to a peg a short distance from the caravan, a proceeding that Cuffy watched with a grim smile.

He had his own views about disposing of the horse, owing to the valuable tip he had received from Jimmy Silver on the subject.

He did not mention that to Tommy Dodd, partly because he wanted to surprise Tommy with his thoughtfulness, and partly because Tommy was so dreadfully argumentative, and had always expressed the most undisguised scorn for any ideas that emanated from Clarence Cuffy.

The afternoon's march had made the Modern juniors hungry, and they were very quick in gathering brushwood for the campfire.

There were materials for a gorgeous stew in the van, and the pot was soon set up over the fire on three sticks, gipsy fashion.

While the three Tommies attended to the evening stew, Clarence Cuffy explored the van.

He found the big tin can of milk, and in the privacy of the van he mixed the mustard in it, as he had been instructed by Jimmy Silver.

He had just finished when Tommy Dodd shouted to him.

"Bring in the milk-can, Cuffy!" "Certainly, my dear Thomas."

"Get the tin cups, too," said Cook. "You can't break them."

"My dear Cook, I had no intention of breaking—"

"Bow-wow!" "I say, this milk looks a bit queer," said Tommy Doyle, as he dipped in his tin cup.

"Ought to have boiled it, I think."

"All serene; it hasn't turned," said Tommy Dodd.

"It cannot, my dear friends," smiled Clarence Cuffy.

"Eh? It could, I suppose, in this hot weather," said Dodd. "Still, it hasn't."

The juniors were thirsty after their march, and milk was a grateful and comforting beverage.

But that milk did not prove to be either grateful or comforting.

THE POPULAR.—No. 181.

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"PUTTING UP WITH CLARENCE!"

## 4 Real Action Photo Presented Free with This Week's Issue of the "Magnet."

Tommy Dodd filled his cup, and drank heartily, and half the milk was down his throat before he discovered that it had a remarkable flavour.

Then he stopped suddenly. The expression on Tommy Dodd's face was extraordinary. His remark was:

"Gruggggg!"  
"Ooooh!" came from Tommy Cook.  
"Woooop!" howled Doyle.

"What's the matter with it?"  
"Groooh!"  
The three Moderns coughed violently.

"It—it groogh!—tastes just like—ooch!—mustard!" gurgled Tommy Dodd. "Has any silly ass been spilling mustard in it?"

"My dear Thomas—"  
"Have you spilt mustard in the milk, Cuffy?" shrieked Cook.

"My dear Cook—"  
"Kill him, somebody!" howled Tommy Doyle. "Yaroooh! It's poisoned I am intorely! My throat's burning! Ooooh!"

"Groooh!"  
"Wooodoooh!"  
"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Cuffy.

"My dear friends—"  
Tommy Dodd seized him by the throat.

"Have you spilt mustard in the milk?" he shrieked.

"Yow-ow! You are hurting my neck, Thomas. I put the mustard in the milk."  
"You put it in?"

"Yes, to preserve it!"  
"Pip-pip-pip-preserve it!"  
"Certainly, my dear Thomas."

"Groooh!"  
"Yurrgggg!"  
"Kill him!" moaned Tommy Doyle. "Kill him intorely! What's he doin' outside a lunatic asylum? Oh! Ow! Wow!"

Tommy Dodd was nearly weeping. He had had a good deal of the mustard which Clarence had so thoughtfully placed in the milk.

"Perhaps I have put it in a little too strong," said Clarence in distress. "I am really sorry— Yaroooooh!"

Three exasperated youths seized Clarence at once, and bumped him on the common.

They bumped him once, they bumped him twice, they bumped him thrice.

It was no use talking to Clarence; actions were needed, not words, and they gave him action.

Clarence Cuffy sat in the grass, gasping, when they had finished.

The three Tommies dashed down to the stream to wash out their tingling mouths.

Cuffy staggered to his feet.  
"Oh dear!" he gasped. "Goodness gracious! Oh, goodness! I am sure Tommy's Uncle Dodd would be shocked at this! My dear papa would be horrified! Ow! I fear that I shall not enjoy caravanning with Thomas! Ow!"

There was a sound of gurgling from the stream.

Clarence recovered from the bumping before the three Tommies recovered from the mustard.

He was a little hurt, but he was not resentful. He was still prepared to do good to his comrades.

And while the juniors were occupied at the stream, he had his opportunity to help with the stew.

The big pot was simmering over the fire, with all kinds of vegetables floating in it, and Clarence cheerfully poured in the large bottle of quinine, and stirred it industriously.

He was stirring away when Tommy Dodd & Co. came back.

"Oh, you're trying to be useful, anyway!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Certainly, my dear Thomas."  
"What's that blessed taste?" Tommy Dodd tasted the stew and sniffed. A dreadful suspicion smote Tommy Dodd. "You—you—you frabjous villain, have you been putting anything in the stew?"

"Only the quinine, my dear Thomas," replied Cuffy innocently.

"The—the what?" asked Tommy faintly.  
"Merely the quinine."  
"Great Julius Cæsar! You—you—you've put quinine in the stew?"

"Is not quinine a necessary ingredient in an Irish stew, my dear Thomas?"

The three Tommies fixed their eyes upon Clarence Cuffy, with looks that would have put a basilisk to the blush.

"Quinine in the stew!" stuttered Cook.  
"Where did you get it?"

"I brought it with me on purpose, my dear fellow," beamed Clarence. "I have put in half a pint. Do you think that sufficient?"

Tommy Cook's reply was extraordinary. It took the form of rushing upon Clarence Cuffy, and smiting him hip and thigh.

Clarence rolled in the grass in a dazed condition.

"Mum-mum-my dear fellow!" he spluttered.  
"What—what—"  
"Pour the stew over him!" shrieked Doyle.

"Good! Lend a hand!"  
The stew was boiling, quinine and all. Clarence Cuffy leaped to his feet, and ran for his life.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Clarence is Too Good.

**W**HY Tommy Dodd & Co. were angry, Clarence Cuffy did not know.

He was sure that he had done his best.

Certainly he had carried out exactly the instructions he had received from Jimmy Silver, and what could he do more than that?

But neither the mustard in the milk, nor

the ammoniated quinine in the stew, had pleased the Modern juniors.

Cuffy did not know why they were wild, but even Cuffy realised that they were wild, and that he had better keep away for a time.

He wandered sadly for a good hour before he ventured near the Modern camp again.

He found the three Tommies seated round the camp-fire, finishing a supper on things from tins.

Tommy Doyle shook a fist at him, and Cuffy decided not to join the circle round the fire.

Besides, he had other matters to attend to.

The beds in the caravan had not yet been treated with pepper as a disinfectant, and Cuffy remembered how solemnly Jimmy Silver had impressed upon him the necessity for that.

He disappeared into the caravan.  
Some time later Tommy Dodd called out to him.

Tommy charitably remembered that Cuffy could not help being a dummy, and he proposed to forgive him.

"What are you up to, Cuffy?" he called out.

"Getting the beds ready, Thomas?" replied Clarence cheerfully.

"Oh, good! You'd better come and have some supper."

"Thank you, my dear Thomas, I will finish the beds first."

"Buck up, then! We've got to get the fire out before we turn in," said Tommy Dodd.

Clarence joined the three Moderns a little later, and they sniffed as he came up.

There was a scent of pepper about Clarence.

The duffer of Rookwood sat down to sardines and bread for his supper; the unfortunate Irish stew had disappeared.

"Two in the van, one in the tent with Cuffy," said Tommy Dodd, yawning. "Let's get the tent up."

The tent was erected while Cuffy was finishing his sardines, the three Tommies sternly declining his aid.

Dodd and Doyle were to sleep in the caravan, leaving the tent to the other two.

As Tommy Dodd shook his bed he gave a sudden, convulsive jump.

"Wha-at— Atechoo, atechoo, atechoo!"  
"Atechoo!" came from Doyle. "Howly mother av Moses! Chew-chew-atechoo!"

There was a formidable outbreak of sneezing in the Modern caravan.

Cook came up the steps.  
"What's the matter there?" he called out.

"Atechoo—atechoo—atechoo!"  
"Caught a cold?" asked Cook, in wonder.

"Atechoo-atechoooh!"  
"My hat!"

Tommy Cook climbed into the van, and then he joined in the chorus of sneezes, as he caught a whiff of the pepper Clarence had used with so liberal a hand.

Clarence, remembering Jimmy Silver's instructions, had not spared the pepper; he had been very generous with it.

There was enough, and to spare.  
It had risen in clouds in the caravan as the beds were shaken out, and the three Tommies sneezed and coughed, and coughed and sneezed, as if for a wager.

In a frantic state of sneezing, with tears streaming from their smarting eyes, they leaped out of the caravan.

Clarence Cuffy surveyed them in consternation.

"My dear friends—" he began.  
"Atechoo—atechoo!"  
"Oh, howly smoke! Grooh—atechoooh!"

"I sincerely hope there was not too much pepper!" exclaimed Clarence in distress.

"My dear Thomas—"  
Tommy Dodd sat up in the grass feebly.

He was still sneezing, and he had sneezed till he felt his nose had parted company with the rest of his features.

"You—you—you—" moaned Tommy. "Did you put pepper in our beds, you mad villain?"  
"Certainly, dear Thomas!"  
"You—you did?" spluttered Cook.

"Yes," beamed Clarence. "I am sincerely sorry that you have had an attack of sneezing, my dear schoolfellows; but, at all events, you are safe—quite safe—from the collywobles!"

"The—atechoo!—the what?"  
"Collywobles, my dear Thomas."  
"Collywobles!" moaned Doyle. "Faith, and I'll give yez collywobles!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD.  
: : BY OWEN CONQUEST. : :

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THE POPULAR.—No. 181.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"PUTTING UP WITH CLARENCE!"

## Four Long Complete School Tales Next Week! All Your Old Favourites! 5

He staggered to his feet and started for Cuffy.

But an explosive sneeze caught him, and he had to stop.

"Groooh! Atchoo-choo-choooh!"

The unfortunate Modern was fairly doubled up.

Clarence himself began to sneeze a little, catching a whiff of the pepper from the Tommies.

For some minutes nothing was heard on the common but the incessant sound of sneezing and snorting.

Tommy Dodd found his voice at last.

"This must be a jape!" he said weakly. "Even Cuffy couldn't be idiot enough to do that simply out of idiocy! Shove him in the van, and let him have the pepper! We three'll stick to the tent."

"My dear friends— Oh dear!"

Clarence Cuffy was grasped by the three Moderns, and pitched headlong into the caravan, and the door slammed on him.

He landed on a bed that was thick with pepper, and that cheery condiment rose round him in a cloud.

"Atchoo-atchoo-atchoo!"

The anguished sneezing from the van was music to the ears of the three Tommies outside.

Weeping with pepper, the Tommies turned in in the tent, leaving Cuffy to dispose himself for the night as he thought fit.

Cuffy opened the door of the van and rolled out, sneezing.

He lay in the grass, and sneezed for a full quarter of an hour before he was able to get on his feet.

Then he approached the tent where Tommy Dodd & Co. having given up sneezing at last, were settling down to sleep.

"My dear friends," said Cuffy, blinking into the tent, "I fear that it is impossible to sleep in the van, owing to the thorough manner in which I have disinfected it. Have you any objection to my sharing this tent— Yarcoooh!"

Crash!

A boot smote Clarence Cuffy on the chest, and he sat down suddenly.

"Yaroooh! Oh dear! My dear Thomas!"

"Do you want the other?" came Tommy Dodd's sulphurous voice. "If you do, put your silly nose in this tent again!"

"Ow! I don't want the other! Yow-ow!" Cuffy quitted the spot in haste.

Really, Thomas' temper seemed very unreliable that evening.

The caravan was quite uninhabitable till the pepper cleared off.

Clarence Cuffy had to camp out for the night in a coat and a rug.

But this was fortunate in one way, as he did not sleep very soundly; and after all was silent in the tent he was able to rise and carry out Jimmy Silver's instructions with regard to the horse, after which he returned to his rug and sleep the sleep of the just.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Black Ingratitude.

**T**OMMY DODD & CO. had recovered their good humour by the morning.

They had gone to bed feeling inclined to slaughter Clarence Cuffy, but in the sunny morning light they felt that they could forgive him.

They came out of the tent, and found Clarence asleep, and Tommy genially awake him with a dig in the ribs from his boot.

"Yow-ow!" said Cuffy, as he sat up.

"Time to get up, slacker!" said Tommy Dodd. "Lend a hand in getting sticks for the fire. Hallo!" Tommy Dodd noticed that the caravan horse was not in sight. "Where's the gee-gee?"

"Sure, it's a gossoon ye are, Tommy!" said Doyle. "You've let him loose!"

"I fettered him safely enough last night!" said Dodd warmly.

"Rats! He's got away!"

"That's jolly queer!"

Tommy Dodd ran to the peg to which the horse had been tethered.

The rope was gone along with the horse, so it had evidently been untied.

"He's been let loose!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Sure, some thafe of the worruld has come along while we've been astape!" said Doyle in dismay.

Tommy Dodd fixed his eyes upon Clarence Cuffy.

"Cuffy!" he rapped out.

"Yes, my dear Thomas."

"Have you let the horse loose?"

"Cuffy!" yelled Cook. "Of course! That potty chump—"

"There is nothing potty, as you term it, in kindness to animals, Cook," said Clarence Cuffy reprovingly. "Certainly, my dear Thomas, I let the horse loose, as you had forgotten to do so."

"Forgotten!" yelled Tommy.

"Yes. It is my aim to repair such thoughtless omissions on your part, my dear Thomas," said Cuffy, with a beaming smile. "I have given the horse plenty of room to roam."

"You—you—how mad idiot!" stuttered Tommy Dodd. "And how are we to get him back? He may be miles away now."

Cuffy looked thoughtful.

"I did not think of that, my dear Thomas. Jimmy Silver did not mention that."

Tommy Dodd jumped.

"I hope you are not angry, my dear Thomas."

"Scalp him!" shrieked Cook.

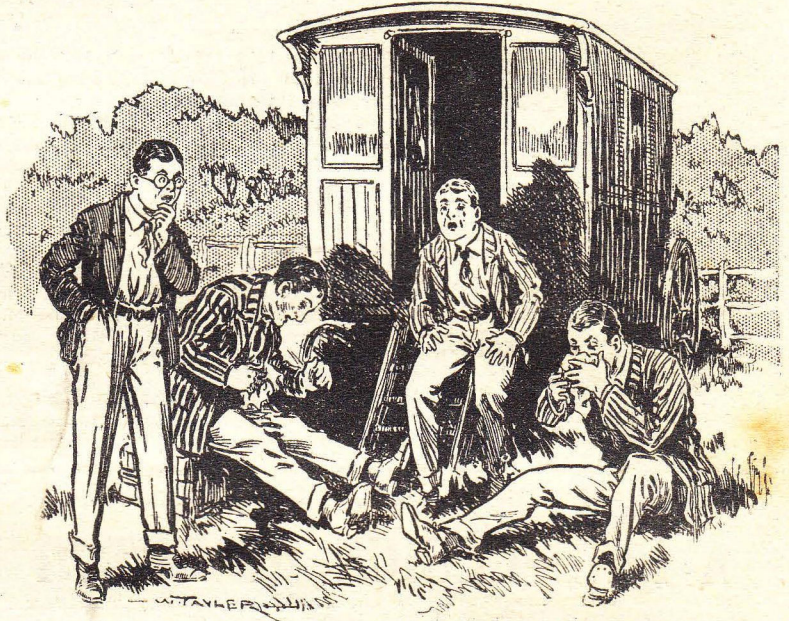
He rushed at Clarence Cuffy, and got his head into chancery.

He felt that that was the least he could do.

Frantic yells rose from the unhappy Clarence.

"Yoop! Yah! Yaroooh! Help! Oh dear! Yoop! Goodness gracious! Yah! What ever are you—yaroooh!—thumping me for, my dear—yoop!—Thomas?"

"That's for the mustard!" roared Tommy Cook, with a terrific thump. "And that's for the pepper! That's for the quinine! And that's for letting the boss go! And that's for being taken in by Jimmy Silver! And that's for being a silly chump! And that's for being a howling idiot! And that's for being a potty lunatic! And that's—"



**PEPPERING THE MODERNS!**—In a frantic state of sneezing, with tears streaming from their smarting eyes, Tommy Dodd & Co. leaped out of the caravan. Cuffy surveyed them in consternation. "My dear friends," he began, "I sincerely hope there was not too much pepper!" "Atchoo—Atchoo!" (See Chapter 4.)

"Jimmy Silver!"

"Yes, my dear Thomas," said Cuffy, with an effusive smile. "I will tell you now that I met Jimmy Silver on the road yesterday, and he gave me directions how to find you. And he very kindly gave me tips from his experience as a caravanner about preserving the milk—"

"Eh?"

"And improving the stew—"

"What?"

"And disinfecting the beds with pepper"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And letting the horse loose, if you should be so careless as to leave him tied up," said Clarence brightly.

"Oh!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Jimmy Silver!" stuttered Cook.

"Yes; he said he might be able to do you a good turn through me," said Clarence.

"Was it not kind of dear James, Thomas?"

Dear Thomas could not reply; his feelings—perhaps of gratitude—were too deep for words.

"What a very pleasant thought of dear James, that I should tell you this in the morning as a happy surprise," said Clarence, beaming.

"He said he was sorry he would not be here for you to thank him personally, my dear Thomas."

Still Tommy Dodd did not speak.

He seemed to be able only to gaze fixedly at the ineffable Clarence.

Doyle gazed round wildly for a weapon.

"Where's the chopper?" he gasped. "Sure I'm going to slaughter him intirely!"

Tommy Dodd dragged his excited chum off.

Clarence Cuffy dabbed his nose, and blinked at the Moderns, and gasped.

Cuffy was a forgiving youth; he was full of all the virtues. But he was roused to wrath at last.

"Yow-ow-ow! My nose! Oh dear! Thomas, I am sorry—groooh!—to leave you—yow!—but I refuse—mmmmmm!—to remain with you—yow-ow—wow!—any longer! I will not—groooh!—be treated in this—yow-ow!—manner! Wow!"

Clarence Cuffy meant it. For once he was wrath.

He dragged out his bicycle, mounted it, and pedalled away, without another word of farewell, and the three Tommies gazed after him, thinking it was too good to be true.

But it was true, and Clarence Cuffy was gone from their gaze like a beautiful dream.

And during the next three hours, while they were hunting for the elusive caravan horse, perhaps it was just as well for the ineffable Clarence that he was gone!

"Hallo!"

"Cuffy, by Jove!"

The Classical caravan was on the road that sunny morning, when a cyclist came pedalling out of a side lane, and nearly ran into the caravan.

Jimmy Silver & Co. recognised Clarence Cuffy.

THE POPULAR.—NO. 131.

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"PUTTING UP WITH CLARENCE!"**

## 6 Wonderful Coloured Plate of a Famous Canadian Pacific Railway Engine—

"Hallo! Not left the Moderns?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh dear! Yes," gasped Cuffy, "I did everything you told me, my dear James; and, instead of being grateful, or even commonly civil, they—they— Oh dear! I have been assaulted and battered, my dear James! I have actually been smitten with violence upon the nose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is not a laughing matter, my dear fellows!" said Clarence warmly.

"Sorry—ha, ha!—not at all— Ha, ha!"

"The extreme roughness of Thomas and his friends, my dear James, contrasted very painfully with the kindness I experienced with you," said Cuffy. "This is a most fortunate meeting. I have lost my way; but it does not matter now. I will go caravanning with you instead of Thomas."

"Wha-a-at?"

"The Fistical Four left off laughing suddenly. "How very fortunate I met you!" exclaimed Clarence, falling into line with the Classical caravanners, and wheeling his bike cheerfully. "I am sure I shall enjoy the tour in your company, my dear James. How very, very pleasant for us to be together for the holiday, don't you think so, my dear James?"

James did not reply. He couldn't!

THE END.

Another Magnificent Long Complete Tale of the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., on their Caravan Tour, entitled "Putting up with Clarence!" in next week's issue.

## RESULT OF "THE POPULAR LETTERS" COMPETITION!

In this Competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of all the eight letters. The First Prize of £20 has therefore been awarded to:

LESLIE JACK HOUGHTON,  
7, York Avenue,  
Hunstanton,  
Norfolk.

The Ten Prizes of £1 each have been awarded to the following ten competitors whose solutions came nearest to correct:

Arthur Henry Gibbons, 103, Diana Road, Walthamstow, E. 17; J. Renwick, 10, Lindsay Road, Leith; F. Pettit, 15, Milton Road, Walthamstow, E. 17; Alfred Burns, 12, South Grove, Bow, E. 3; Eric Beebee, 2, Persehouse Street, Walsall; Percy W. Rowley, 35, Spencer Road, Tottenham, N. 17; George E. Golding, 25, Amberley Street, Attercliffe Common, Sheffield; Thomas L. Stanton, 111, Byron Avenue, Manor Park, E. 12; Joe M. Burt, 18, Althorpe Street, Northampton; Reginald Barnes, School House, Swammore.

The Twenty Prizes of 10s. each have been awarded to the following twenty competitors whose solutions came next in order of merit:

Mary Janet Howard, Morton House, Roecliffe, Boroughbridge; Aubrey Batchelor, 27, Norfolk Road, Gravesend; Roy Barks, 38, Dulwich Road, Old Radford, Nottingham; L. E. Rolls, 56, Warwick Road, Luton, Beds.; Leonard Turner, 23, Ward Street, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent; Sidney Taylor, 223, Winson Green Road, Birmingham; John Brien, 50, Duncan Street, Mile End, Glasgow; Mrs. F. R. Drewry, 74, Sussex Street, New Cleethorpes, Grimsby; Harry Walker, 14, Lower Lichfield Street, Willenhall, Staffs.; Arthur Smith, 17, Portland Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.; Alec Beeney, 17, Langton Park, Southville, Bristol; Mary Farthing, 54, Crescent, Council Houses, Consett, Durham; J. Nicholls, 28F, Lewis Buildings, Ixworth Place, Chelsea, S.W. 3; Ernest W. Ford, 50, Upper Sandhurst Road, Brislington, Bristol; George Morson, The Village, Thurstonland, near Huddersfield; H. J. Allen, 47, Ashley Street, Bilston, Staffs.; Bessie Lee, 114, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham, S.E. 13; Joseph Rowe, 19, Denmark Street, Altrincham, Cheshire; Ronald Carr, Ivy Cottage, Ashbourne Road, Leek, Staffs.; George Clark, 12, Bosham Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.

(The correct solution will appear next week.)

## A FINE DESIGN OF DUTCH LOCOMOTIVE!

BY A RAILWAY EXPERT. All About the Famous Engine Which Forms the Subject of Our Grand Free Plate.

HOLLAND—as we call the Low Countries, or "Hollowland," but the Netherlands as the Dutch designate their country—has a fairly complete railway system. The country is small, less than the combined size of Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Lancashire, or about half the size of Ceylon. The Netherlands railways, however, radiate all over the low countries connecting the coast, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, with the various districts, and the lines cross the frontiers into Germany and Belgium. If we travel on the Dutch railways we find that one can take no luggage without paying extra for it, and therefore to travel as many English like to do, with much of their personal belongings, adds no inconsiderable expense to the cost of the journey. Bicycles are charged by weight, as for 50 lbs. being the usual charge per cycle. The half fare for children ceases at ten years of age, instead of at twelve years, as in England.

The total length of the Netherlands railways is about 2,000 miles, a length similar to the Midland Railway and its dependencies. This length of railway mileage may be considered remarkable, in view of the complete system of canals in Holland. The prime use of many of the canals is to drain the low-lying land—much of the country being below sea-level—but advantage is taken of these waterways for transport purposes.

Beyond the local importance of the Dutch railways, the Netherlands railways have a greater—an international—importance, so far as England is concerned. There are two Dutch ports, the almost sole users of which are the steamers to and from England.

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These ports are the Hook of Holland and Flushing—as we call the harbour of Vlissingen.

The former port is served by the G.E.R. steamships from Harwich, and the latter by steamships from Folkestone, in connection with S.E. & C.R. trains.

Of the numerous travellers by these two steamship services, but a small proportion are journeying to and from the Netherlands. From Flushing and the "Hook" these depart and arrive, in connection with the English steamers, through trains to and from all parts of Northern, Central, Southern, and Eastern Europe.

These trains are very important, and are made up of through coaches to and from the chief cities of Germany, Poland, Bavaria, Switzerland, Austria, etc.

In pre-war days there were through connections to Petrograd, Moscow, and across Europe and Asia to Vladivostok. The coaches could not go beyond the German-Russian frontier as the Russian railway gauge is different—made wider than the standard Continental gauge, so that the country could not be invaded by train by Germany.

The long trans-European expresses from Flushing and the "Hook" are formed of through coaches, to so many destinations, that they are particularly heavy, and powerful locomotives are necessary, although the speed is not nearly so high as that of the crack England expresses.

The colour plate of this issue of the POPULAR represents one of the fine-looking and powerful locomotives of the Netherlands State Railways.

The design shows that the administration follows to a considerable degree the English

practice of locomotive design, and thereby produces a symmetrical engine, and not a machine with a conglomeration of iron rods, cranks, and levers displayed to view, such as are usually observed on foreign railways. This is explained by the fact that the earliest locomotives on the Dutch railways were built in England from English designs. These proved to be so dependable that the Dutch locomotive engineers continued to design their engines after British models, modified from time to time, as the circumstances required.

Many of the locomotives used on the Netherlands railways are still built in England. The one illustrated in this issue was built in Manchester. She is a particularly good specimen of a powerful 4-6-0 locomotive. Her six-coupled wheels are actuated by four cylinders, instead of the usual two, the steam is superheated, and altogether she is well designed for the express services of the Netherlands State Railways.

It is interesting to note that at one time an English railway—the L.C. & D.R.—had several Dutch railway engines working on it. The then manager of the L.C. & D.R. had previously been manager of a Dutch railway. The English line being urgently in need of additional engines, the manager arranged to purchase some from the Dutch railway. These were landed at Faversham, in Kent, and, as a consequence of this isolated transaction, probably some of the readers of the POPULAR have read in a geography book that "Faversham has an import trade in locomotives."

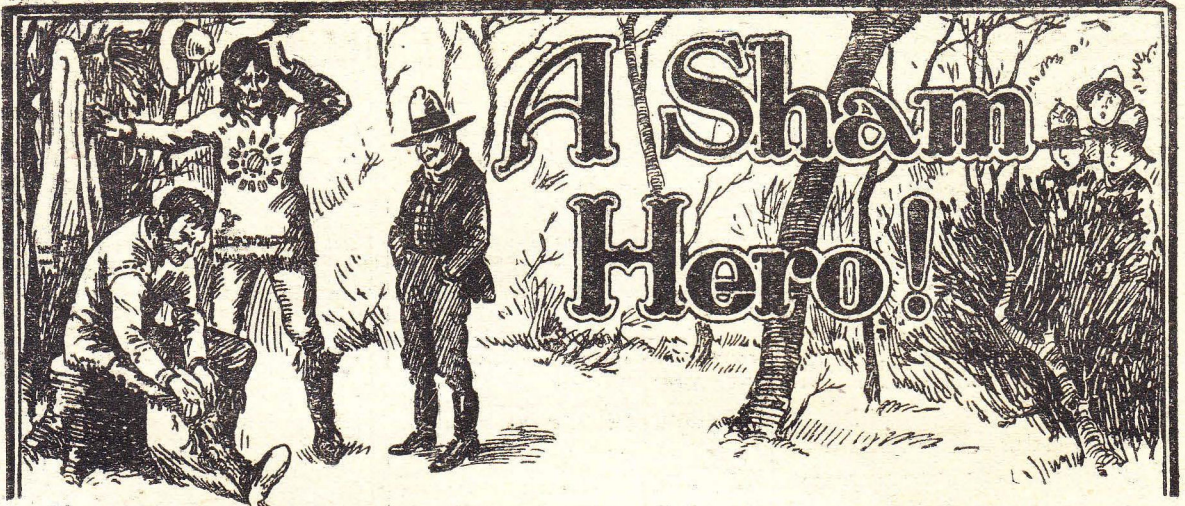
So is history made!

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"PUTTING UP WITH CLARENCE!"

TELLING OF THE AMAZING SCHEME ADOPTED BY KERN GUNTEN TO WIN THE GRATITUDE OF MISS MEADOWS, AND THUS GET HIMSELF RETURNED TO THE SCHOOL.



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.

#### Mysterious!

"HOLD on a minute, you fellows!" Frank Richards and Bob Lawless had jumped down from their ponies, at the fork in the trail where they met Vere Beauclerc on the way to school.

Beauclerc was waiting for them on the edge of the timber, and instead of joining them in the trail, he called to them in a subdued voice.

"Anything up?" asked Bob.

"Yes; something rather queer."

Beauclerc's face was grave in expression, and perplexed.

Frank and Bob hitched their ponies to a tree, and joined him.

"What is it?" asked Frank.

"I don't know that it's our business," said Beauclerc. "But it's jolly queer. Come and see, and keep quiet."

He led the way into the timber, and his chums followed him, in considerable astonishment.

There was not too much time to waste if they were to get to Cedar Creek School in good time for morning lessons.

But they followed Beauclerc without demur, taking care to move quietly in the snow that lay among the trees.

Beauclerc led the way, without speaking again, a distance of a hundred yards or so into the wood.

There he halted, on the edge of an open glade, making his chums a sign to be silent, and to look.

Frank and Bob looked, with surprise dawning in their faces.

There were three individuals in the clearing, at some distance from the schoolboys, but in plain sight.

Two were men, both recognisable as tough characters who "loafed" about the saloons in Thompson Town, and the third was Kern Gunten, the Swiss schoolboy of Cedar Creek.

The chums had not seen Gunten for some days.

The Swiss had been turned out of the school for his rascally conduct, and in spite of the wrath of his father, the rich store-keeper of Thompson, Miss Meadows had held firmly to her decision.

All Frank Richards & Co. knew of Gunten since that was that the Swiss was staying away from home, having had enough—or too much—of the parental cowhide.

But it was not the sight of Gunten in the timber that astonished the chums of Cedar Creek.

It was the occupation of his two companions, Black Rube and Dave Dunn.

The two roughs were engaged in painting their faces with Kootenay war-paint, evidently with the intention of making themselves up as Indians.

They wore Indian leggings and moccasins, and other articles of Redskin garb hung on the thicket near them, ready to put on.

Gunten was looking on at the peculiar transformation of his two associates, and grinning.

"Well, my hat!" murmured Frank Richards.

"This beats the Dutch!" said Bob. "What is Gunten doing with those two horse-thieves, anyway? And what in thunder—"

"I spotted them as I came along through the timber," said Beauclerc. "They've been at this some time. They've got their horses in the wood, too. What on earth does it mean, you fellows?"

Frank Richards shook his head.

"There's some gum-game on," said Bob Lawless sagely. "I'm certain that Dunn was one of the rustlers that tried to rob us the night we were going to Fraser. They are a precious pair, those two, anyway. I guess they're going to rob somebody, and that's to keep them from being known."

"Gunten wouldn't have a hand in that!" muttered Frank. "He's an awful rotter, but not quite rotten enough for that."

"Oh, that foreign trash is rotten enough for anything!" said Bob Lawless, with a sniff. "Look here, let's speak to them, as we're here. If it's a gum-game, we may as well let them know they're spotted."

Vere Beauclerc nodded.

"I was thinking of that," he said. "I waited till you fellows came. It looks to me as if it means a raid of some sort—horse-stealing, most likely, and that trick is to make out that it was the Kootenays did the trick."

"I guess so. Come on!" said Bob.

And the rancher's son strode out into the glade, followed by his comrades.

There was a sudden exclamation from Kern Gunten as he saw them, and Dave Dunn and Black Rube ceased their peculiar occupation all of a sudden.

The Swiss scowled angrily at the three chums.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed.

"I guess we want to know what you are doing!" retorted Bob Lawless.

"Mind your own business!"

"If it's a horse-raid, to be put down to the Kootenays, you may as well know that the game's up before it's begun," said Bob disdainfully. "We shan't keep this dark—you can bet your boots on that!"

"It's nothing of the kind!" snapped Gunten

angrily. "Do you think I'm a horse-thief, you silly idiot?"

"Well, I know your friends are," said Bob; "and you're none too good for it, either, Gunten!"

"It's a lark," said Gunten grinning.

"Jest a leetle joke, sonny," muttered Dave Dunn. "Don't you be skeered. It's a leetle joke!"

"Yes, you look like taking all that trouble for a joke," said Bob. "Look here, what are you up to?"

"Jest as Dave says," replied Black Rube. "A leetle joke to please Gunten."

"Oh, rot!"

"That's all it is," said Gunten. "You can mind your own business, Bob Lawless. And—and, look here, don't jaw about this!"

"Why not, if it's only a little joke on somebody?" asked Bob sarcastically.

Gunten bit his lip.

"You'll spoil the joke," he said. "Look here, you've no business to come spying on me!"

"Do you want your nose flattened, you foreign worm?" asked Bob politely. "You've only got to say that again, if you do."

"I didn't mean exactly that. But, anyway, you've no right to tattle about what you've seen by accident. You—you'll spoil the joke, too."

"If it's only a joke, we don't want to spoil it," said Frank Richards. "But it looks to me more like some piece of rascality, and that's flat!"

"I give you my word—"

"What's that worth?"

Kern Gunten gritted his teeth.

"You silly duffers! If you hear of anything being done by a couple of Kootenays, you can jaw them. I tell you it's only a joke!"

"Done!" said Bob, at once. "Mind, if there's any yarn in the section of Kootenays running off horses or sleighs, we shall know what kind of Injuns they were, and we shall go to Sheriff Henderson at once about it."

"Done!" said Gunten, in his turn.

"Well, that's all right," admitted Frank.

And the three chums left the spot, leaving the two rustlers still engaged in getting themselves up as Redskins.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Waylaid on the Trail!

MISS MEADOWS was very grave that morning.

The schoolmistress of Cedar Creek had been considerably troubled about the Gunten affair.

THE POPULAR.—No. 131.

A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"THE BOUNDER ON THE TRAIL!"

Gunten had played a disrespectful trick that could not be forgiven, and he had been dismissed from the school, and Miss Meadows did not regret it.

But the news that the boy was staying away from his father's home in Thompson troubled her somewhat.

The storekeeper's attempt to bully her into taking his son back into the school had failed.

For the arrogant wrath of Gompers Gunten she cared nothing.

But she was somewhat concerned for the boy himself.

The angry storekeeper had "cowed" him with great severity, and there was more cowering for Kern Gunten when he came home—if he ever did.

He deserved it, certainly. Still, there was a limit. And Miss Meadows cared probably more than Mr. Gunten did what might happen to the perverse young rascal.

Indeed, the schoolmistress was turning it over in her mind whether, after all, it would be possible to allow the Swiss to return to the school.

If he had shown a sign of real repentance for his wrongdoing she would not have hesitated.

Morning school was dismissed at last, and when the school was dismissed, Black Sam brought round Miss Meadows' horse from the stable.

Miss Meadows had business in Thompson that day, and Mr. Slimmey, the assistant master, was to preside at the dining-table, where the pupils, whose homes were at a distance, took their midday meals.

Frank Richards & Co. were talking in the gateway when Miss Meadows rode out on the trail, and they lifted their hats very respectfully to the schoolmistress as she passed.

Miss Meadows gave them a kind smile. She rode on down the trail through the timber—a lonely trail that ran for miles, without a habitation in sight, to the town on the Thompson River.

Cedar Creek School vanished behind, and the Canadian girl rode at a leisurely pace along the trail, upon which still lay patches of snow.

Suddenly, from the frost-blackened larches ahead, two horsemen pushed out into sight. Miss Meadows glanced at them carelessly as she rode on towards them.

They were Redskins, in leggings and moccasins and blankets, and their copper-coloured faces were adorned with daubs of paint.

The schoolmistress started a little as she noted it.

Kootenay Indians were plentiful enough in the district, but the days of warpaint were long over.

Occasionally, in the more unsettled districts, an excitable young "buck" would daub his face with warpaint and go on the trail—generally to be "run in," to meditate upon his folly in the log gaol.

But warpaint along the banks of the Thompson was a thing unknown.

The Canadian girl was surprised, but she felt no sense of alarm as she rode nearer to the two bucks.

But alarm mingled with surprise as the two horsemen suddenly closed in upon her, and a coppers hand caught at her rein.

Her horse was dragged to a halt, and she sat the steed between the two painted braves.

Her eyes flashed. "Release my horse at once!" she exclaimed sharply. "How dare you!"

The Redskins grinned. "You come wit' Injun!" "What?"

"Injun on warpath!" continued the brave. "Look for squaw—pretty white squaw! Wah! I have spoken!"

The Canadian girl's face flushed with anger.

"Let my horse go at once!" she commanded. "Are you mad?"

"You come!" said the other brave gutturally. "You come wit' Kootenay. Me Black Bear, great warrior!"

Miss Meadows drew a sharp breath. She was miles from help, and completely at the mercy of the Redskins, though their audacity was simply amazing.

But the Canadian girl was accustomed to taking care of herself.

With a sudden movement she raised her riding-whip, and struck Black Bear full across the face.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE CEDAR CREEK CHINEE!"

Lash, lash! The whip struck and struck again, but it was grasped and torn away, and tossed into the thickets.

Strong and savage hands grasped the schoolmistress, and she was held a helpless prisoner.

Black Bear, with a furious look, whipped out a knife.

Miss Meadows' heart turned almost sick within her for a moment.

But the painted brave contented himself with flourishing the knife.

"Now you come—you my squaw!" he snarled.

"Help!" shrieked Miss Meadows, in the faint hope that some white man might be abroad in the timber.

"No cry—you come!" hissed Black Bear.

A length of buffalo hide was whipped round the girl, and fastened her to the saddle.

Then her horse was led from the trail and into the timber.

"Help!" Her cry rang out again, piercing the sombre shadows of the forest, and echoing among the trees.

There was a sudden shout from the timber in response, and a figure leaped into view, directly in the path of the kidnapers.

"Halt!" A rifle came up to a level, bearing upon the coppers braves, and behind the levelled barrel gleamed the eyes of Kern Gunten, the outcast of Cedar Creek.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gunten the Hero!

MISS MEADOWS panted for breath. Her captors had dragged in their horses at once at the sharp voice of the Swiss.

Black Bear was gripping his knife, but he did not draw it.

The rifle, in the hands of Kern Gunten, bore full upon the two riders, and his finger was on the trigger.

"Gunten!" panted Miss Meadows. "All O.K., ma'am!" said Gunten coolly. "I've got them covered! You scoundrels, let that lady go at once!"

"No go!" grunted Black Bear. "Kootenay young man want squaw." "Let her go, or I'll drop you off your horse! Now then!"

Miss Meadows gazed at the Swiss in astonishment.

Kern Gunten at the lumber school had never given her an impression of being a fellow of great courage. Yet he was facing the two Kootenays without a tremor.

Such an action would not have surprised her in Frank Richards or Bob Lawless. But it surprised her in the Swiss.

But she was glad to see Gunten there. Unheard-of as such an outrage was in the Thompson Valley, she had been in the hands of the Redskins a helpless prisoner, and she shivered to think of what her fate might have been if the two bucks had succeeded in carrying her off to their lodges in the remote north.

The two Redskins hesitated, growling in an undertone.

But they yielded, and Miss Meadows' horse was released.

"Now vamoose!" said Gunten, watching them across the rifle. "I give you one minute to get out of sight."

Again hesitation, but the braves apparently decided that it was "not good enough."

With guttural mutterings, they wheeled their horses and rode away, crashing among the larches.

Not till the sound of their horses had died away did Kern Gunten lower his rifle.

Then he dropped it under his arm, and came towards Miss Meadows. He whipped out a knife, and cut through the buffalo strip that bound her to the saddle.

"All right, ma'am," he said.

"I owe my safety to you, Gunten," said Miss Meadows, in a deeply-moved voice.

"I guess I'm glad I heard you, Miss Meadows. I was looking for game in the wood, so I happened to have my rifle with me. It was lucky, I reckon."

"It was very brave of you to face them as you did."

"I guess I'm not a coward, ma'am!" "You certainly are not!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "Come, we must leave this spot; there may still be danger. I shall not go to Thompson to-day."

"I'd better see you back to Cedar Creek, ma'am," said Gunten. "There may be some more of the rascals hanging about."

"Come with me," said Miss Meadows.

In a few minutes they were on the trail again, and Miss Meadows rode back towards Cedar Creek, Gunten running by her side.

The Canadian girl was glad when the school came in sight again at last.

She halted at the gate.

"You will come in with me, Gunten," she said.

"I—I don't belong to Cedar Creek now, ma'am!" muttered Gunten, with a sidelong look at the schoolmistress.

"My dear boy, after what you have done, I should be very ungrateful if I did not pardon you," said Miss Meadows. "If you choose, you may return to the school. I shall be glad to see you at Cedar Creek again."

"Thank you, Miss Meadows!" "You have been away from home some days, I think, Gunten?"

"I—I dared not go home, ma'am. Popper was too hefty with the cowhide!"

"You will go home, now that I have received you back into the school?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I guess it's not pleasant camping-out in this weather!" "You will come in to dinner now."

"Certainly, ma'am!" Gunten followed the schoolmistress into the dining-room, where most of the Cedar Creek fellows had sat down to dinner.

Mr. Slimmey rose, with a look of surprise. The Cedar Creek fellows looked at Gunten in astonishment.

"By gum! Here's Guntly again!" muttered Chunky Todgers.

"Come back, by thunder!" muttered Eben Hacke. "What does this mean?"

Frank Richards & Co. simply stared. Gunten gave them a vaunting look.

"You have not been to Thompson, Miss Meadows?" asked Mr. Slimmey.

"No; the trail is not safe now," said Miss Meadows. "Word must be sent to the sheriff at once. Some of the Kootenays are on the warpath."

"What!" exclaimed the assistant-master. "It is true, Mr. Slimmey. I was seized in the wood by two Kootenays, and forced away with them, but, fortunately, Gunten came up, and frightened them off with his rifle. He faced them very bravely," said Miss Meadows.

"I desire all the school to know that I owe my safety to Kern Gunten. He is to return to Cedar Creek."

"My hat!" ejaculated Frank Richards involuntarily.

"Gunten faced two Kootenays on the warpath?" almost shouted Tom Lawrence.

"Yes; he was very brave."

"Brave!" stuttered Bob Lawless. "Gunten brave!"

A look of comprehension dawned in Vere Beaucler's face.

"Miss Meadows, you were attacked by two Kootenays!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"And—and Gunten came up?"

"Yes, very bravely. I have forgiven him, and I hope the whole school will receive him kindly, and with the admiration he merits for his courage," said Miss Meadows.

The schoolmistress left the dining-room, and Kern Gunten coolly took a seat at the table.

Mr. Slimmey blinked at him over his gold-rimmed glasses.

"I congratulate you, Gunten," he said mildly. "You seem to have acted in a very courageous manner."

"Thank you, sir!" said Gunten. "Courageous!" murmured Bob Lawless. "Two Kootenays! I savvy!"

The three chums looked at Gunten expressively.

Miss Meadows had been attacked by two Kootenay Indians, and they had not forgotten the masquerade of Black Rube and Dave Dunn in the timber that morning.

They knew that the whole affair was a cunning trick of Gunten's to regain his place at Cedar Creek.

He had succeeded, that was clear. Gunten caught their eyes fixed upon him, and grinned.

He knew that Frank Richards & Co. guessed the truth, but he did not fear that they would betray him.

And when the boys and girls trooped out of the dining-room after dinner, Kern Gunten was surrounded by a curious crowd, all

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS. :: By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



## Four Long Complete School Tales Next Week! All Your Old Favourites! 9

demanding the details of his gallant rescue of Miss Meadows.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Not Out of Danger!

"GUNTEN, you swindler!" exclaimed Bob Lawless wrathfully, as he joined the group in the school ground, with his chums.

"You spoofer!" exclaimed Frank Richards. Vere Beauclerc did not speak, but his lip curled.

The other fellows looked at Frank and Bob in surprise.

"What's that?" exclaimed Dawson. "Are you going to tell tales?" sneered Gunten. "You made me a promise this morning in the timber, Bob Lawless."

"I guess it wasn't a promise," said Bob. "I knew you were up to some gum-game. Is this trick what you call a joke?"

"Yes," said Gunten coolly, "and you're bound not to chew the rag on the subject. Telling tales is barred at Cedar Creek."

"We're not thinking of telling Miss Meadows," said Frank contemptuously. "But it's a bit too thick for you to be swanking as an heroic rescuer when we know—"

He broke off. "What do you know?" exclaimed Chunky Todgers curiously. "Out with it, Richards!" "Yep, out with it," said Hacke. "What's all about?"

But Frank was silent. He felt that he had no right to give the Swiss away, though Gunten's duplicity disgusted him.

"All serene," said Bob. "Gunten can tell you, if he likes. We're not saying anything." "Look here, can't you fellows explain what you're driving at?"

In his opinion, the English schoolboy was jealous; that was all he could say.

There was a good deal of swank in the manner of the Swiss, as he strolled through the schoolground.

Frank Richards & Co. knew the truth, but they did not feel that they could betray him.

In the eyes of the rest he had distinguished himself.

How Gunten came to play the part of a hero was a great mystery to them, but Miss Meadows' words could not be gainsaid. They had to take it as true.

Keller joined his fellow-countryman, grinning.

"All O.K.?" he remarked. "Well, I'm back again," said Gunten. "Popper will come round when I tell him. It's all serene."

"Where did you dig up those Redskins?" "Oh, they happened along! Some of the Kootenays kick over the traces at times, you know," remarked Gunten carelessly.

Keller chuckled. "Come off, old scout," he said. "Don't give that to me. You fixed it up with them, of course, and Frank Richards knows it, though he won't say."

"And you won't say, either, unless you want to quarrel with me, Keller!" growled Gunten. "I'm giving you straight goods. They were real Redskins, and I chipped in with a rifle."

"Ha, ha!" "Look here, Keller, if you want your nose pulled—"

"Easy does it!" grinned Keller. "I've come to give you a tip, I guess. There's two galoots outside."

Gunten started. "Eh? What—who—" "Two bulldozers from Thompson," said Keller coolly. "They want to see you. They asked me—"

Gunten did not wait for him to finish. With a startled face, and his eyes gleaming under knitted brows, he hurried to the gates. Keller looked after him with a grin.

Outside the school fence Dave Dunn and Black Rube were standing, evidently waiting. Gunten hurried up to them.

"You fools, get out of my sight!" he muttered savagely. "Haven't you sense enough to keep away from here after—"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Kern Gunten!" said Rube surlily. "We've come hyer to see you."

"If we're seen together it may give away the whole stunt!" hissed Gunten. "Haven't you any sense?"

"I guess we're bound to see you," said Dunn coolly. "Come into the timber if you don't want to be seen."

"I've nothing to say to you! I've paid you—"

"Then we'll talk here!" "Hold on! I'll come!" Gunten panted, as Frank Richards & Co. came out of the gateway. "Come—quick!"

He hurried the two ruffians into the shelter of the timber.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### The Way of the Transgressor!

KERN GUNTEN'S hard face was pale as he followed the two rustlers into the timber. He breathed a little more freely when they were out of sight of the school.

Dunn and Black Rube were grinning. The unconcealed fear and uneasiness of the Swiss seemed to amuse them.

Gunten fixed his eyes upon them fiercely. "Now, what do you want here?" he said, between his teeth.

"I guess that's soon said!" drawled Rube. "We want payin' for our trouble. I tell you, I was a good hour washin' that muck off in the creek!"

"I've paid you!" said Gunten shrilly. "Ten dollars each for the stunt, and I ponied up in advance."

The two ruffians chuckled hoarsely. "Ten dollars!" grinned Dunn. "What's that? An' you the son of the richest man in Thompson! A hundred dollars would be nearer the mark!"

"Or two hundred!" grinned the other rascal. "You—you agreed—"

"Course we did!" said Rube. "We're agreeable galoots, we are! You paid us ten dollars on account. You're goin' to pay us ten more now."

"That'll do for the present," remarked Dunn, with a nod. "Ten more on Monday," said Rube.

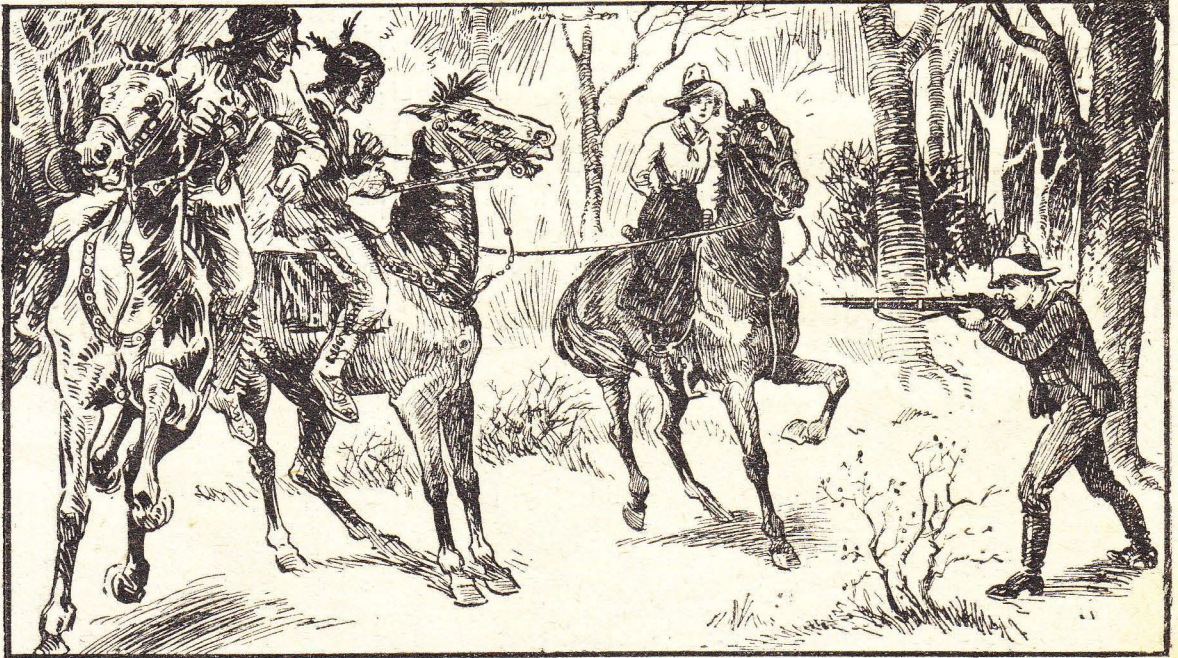
"And ten more the next week!" chuckled Dunn. "I can't—I won't—I—"

"I guess you will," said Dave Dunn coolly. "You've fooled your schoolmistress into taking you back into the school you was turned out of. It was a good game, and we helped you. That's worth something. Waal, you can't get all that for ten dollars!"

"Not much!" chimed in his companion. "S'pose we was to call on Miss Meadows, and tell her that them two Kootenay Injuns was us!" chuckled Dunn. "S'pose we let on that it was got-up from the start to make her take you back in the school? You've took her in, Mister Swiss, but how long would it last if we blowed the gaff?"

"Oh, you villain!" almost groaned Gunten. "That's enough! Come on, Rube! We're goin' to see the schoolmarm!"

"Stop!" shouted Gunten desperately, as the



GUNTEN, THE HERO!—There was a sudden shout from the timber in response to Miss Meadows' cries, and a figure leaped into view, directly in the path of the kidnapers. "Halt!" A rifle came up to a level, and behind the gleaming barrel flashed the eyes of Kern Gunten, the outcast of Cedar Creek. (See Chapter 2.)

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"THE CEDAR CREEK CHINEE!"

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF  
FRANK RICHARDS. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE POPULAR.—No. 181.

## 10 Wonderful Coloured Plate of a Famous Canadian Pacific Railway Engine—

two ruffians made a movement towards the school. "You—you dare not—"

"I guess we'll soon see about that!"

"Stop, I tell you!" panted Gunten.

"Well, are you paying up, or ain't you?" demanded Dunn roughly. "We ain't got no time to waste hyer chewing the rag!"

"I—I can't," muttered Gunten. "Where am I to get the money from?"

"I guess your old popper's got plenty," said Dunn. "He's the hardest case in the Thompson Valley, and there ain't a galoot 'tween hyer and Kamloops that he ain't done brown, one time or another. You've got the spondulicks, you young cub! I've seen you swanking with ten-dollar bills, and your popper's got more. And we're going to have a finger in that pie, I reckon!"

"You thief! You—"

"Come on, Rube!"

"Stop!" panted Gunten. "I—I can stand ten dollars, perhaps—"

"I reckoned you could!" grinned Dunn. "Hand over the durocks, and not so much chinwag with it!"

The Swiss fumbled in his pockets.

His hands trembled with rage as he handed out two ten-dollar bills, one to each of the grinning blackmailers.

"I guess that lets us out," said Dave Dunn. "We'll drop in an' see you agin on Monday, Gunten."

And the two rascals went tramping away towards Thompson, where their ill-gotten gains were to be spent in "painting the town red."

With faltering steps, Gunten stumbled away towards the creek. He wanted to be quiet, to think it out.

But as he came out of the timber on the bank of the creek he almost ran into Frank Richards and his comrades.

"Hallo, Guntey! Are the cheery Kootenays gone?" chortled Bob Lawless. "You don't look as if you'd enjoyed a visit from your Indians!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunten gave him a look of hatred.

But he stopped.

The chums knew the truth, and, in his desperation, he was willing to turn to them for help.

"I say, I'm in a horrible scrape!" he muttered.

"I thought so," said Frank Richards dryly. "Those—those rotters have turned on me!"

muttered Gunten huskily. "They're bleeding me for money, and—and—"

"What did you expect?" said Beauclerc.

"They're the kind of men to do it."

"I—I never guessed—"

"You're too jolly clever, Gunty," grinned Bob. "You overreach yourself. You might have foreseen that."

"Well, I—I didn't! I say, what am I to do?" muttered Gunten wretchedly. "I—I can't let them go to Miss Meadows!"

"My word, you'd be fired out fast enough if she knew!"

"Can't you advise a chap?" muttered Gunten. "I—I've got back to school now. My popper will come round when I tell him that. Only—only those scoundrels are goin' to spoil it all! Can't you advise me, Richards?"

Frank gave him a look in which compassion was mingled with contempt.

His scorn for the wretched scheme was deep enough, but he could not help feeling sorry for a fellow who was utterly down.

"I could advise you," he said. "But I don't suppose you'd take my advice."

"Give it me, anyway."

"Well, go to Miss Meadows and make a clean breast of it."

"Why, you fool, then she'd know—same as if those bulldozers told her! You want me to give myself away!"

"I don't want you to do anything. You ask my advice, and there it is."

Gunten paused.

Suspicious as he was, he could see that Frank Richards was giving him the best advice possible, under the circumstances.

Frank was advising him to make a clean breast of the whole business.

But it came into Gunten's mind at once that he could improve on that.

"I guess you're right!" he said.

And he hurried back to the lumber school, his mind made up.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

#### Gunten Pulls Through!

**M**ISS MEADOWS was in her study, writing a letter to the sheriff of Thompson, when Gunten tapped at the door.

The Swiss came in with hanging head, and Miss Meadows gave him a kind smile.

His service that day had wiped out all past offences, in the schoolmistress' eyes.

"Well, Gunten, what is it?" she asked kindly.

"I—I've got a confession to make, ma'am," stammered Gunten.

Miss Meadows' brows contracted a little.

"I hope you have been doing nothing wrong again, Gunten?"

"I—I'm sorry, ma'am. I—I—I can't let it go on like this," murmured Gunten. "I hope you'll forgive me, ma'am. The—the fellows are all talking about how brave it was of me to face those Redskins, and—and I can't let it go on."

Miss Meadows looked at him in wonder.

"I don't understand you, Gunten. It was brave of you; your schoolfellows are quite right."

"It—it wasn't, ma'am."

"What!"

"I've come here to confess," said Gunten, his eyes on the floor. "I—I wanted to come back to the school, Miss Meadows, and—and it was a trick."

"A trick?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Yes, ma'am," said Gunten humbly. "I—I fixed it up with two fellows to do it. They weren't real Redskins, ma'am—"

Miss Meadows caught her breath.

"Gunten!"

"They were got up as Kootenays, ma'am," stammered Gunten. "I—I reckoned you'd let me come back to school if you thought I'd rescued you, so—so I did it, ma'am."

There was a deep silence for a minute or more.

The Swiss hardly dared to look at Miss Meadows.

Her face had become stern and set.

The schoolmistress spoke at last.

"Then what happened to-day was all a trick, Gunten?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You planned to deceive me in order to be admitted to the school again?" Miss Meadows exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, ma'am."

"And why, Gunten, when your contemptible scheme had succeeded perfectly, have you come to confess to me?"

"I—I couldn't let it go on, ma'am," murmured Gunten. "The—the fellows are all calling me a hero, and—and praising me, and—and it made me feel a hypocrite. I couldn't stand it. I—I never thought there was much harm in it at first, but now—now I can see it, and—and I—I came to own up, ma'am."

Miss Meadows' stern face softened.

The Swiss was playing his part well, and, so far as Miss Meadows could see, there was no other reason why he should have confessed.

"That shows, at least, that there is an honest strain in your nature, Gunten," said Miss Meadows, after a pause. "At least, you did not wish to obtain credit under false pretences."

"I felt rotten, ma'am," said Gunten glibly. "I—I simply had to own up! I—I hope you won't send me away now, Miss Meadows. I could, have kept it secret if I'd liked, only—"

"I shall not send you away, Gunten. You have acted very badly, very wickedly, but, at least, you have shown that you are not all bad. After your confession of your own free will, I cannot punish you. You may go."

"And—and I'm to stay at Cedar Creek, ma'am?" asked Gunten eagerly.

"Yes; at least, so long as you are careful in your conduct."

Gunten left the study, still looking very humble and meek. But outside, when the door was closed, he grinned.

Once more his cunning had saved him.

It was the next day that Miss Meadows knew the real reason for Gunten's precious confession.

Dave Dunn and Black Rube, having "painted the town red" overnight, dropped in at the lumber school to see Gunten, who snapped his fingers in their faces and turned his back on them.

Much enraged, the two rascals proceeded at once to Miss Meadows with their angry tale.

The precious pair were pretty hard cases, but Miss Meadows' words, when she heard their story, penetrated even their thick skins, and they were looking decidedly shamefaced as they slunk away.

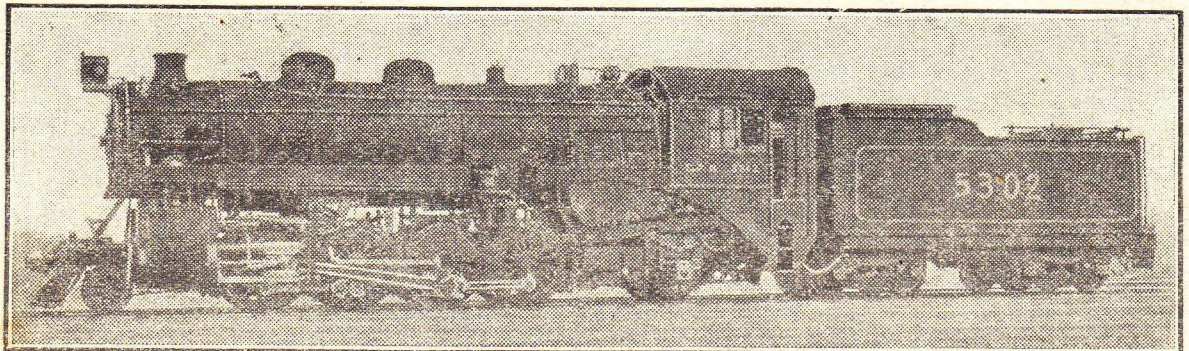
To Gunten, Miss Meadows said nothing. She understood how the Swiss had tricked her, because he knew that his secret was to be betrayed; but her word was given now, and she did not retract it.

Kern Gunten remained at the lumber school, but from that day there was a very sharp eye upon him, and the rogue of the school had to tread very warily.

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's splendid long complete tale of the chums of the Cedar Creek School.)

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THE POPULAR.—No. 181.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A CHANCE OF PLAYING IN AN IMPORTANT CRICKET MATCH, AND THEN WAS ORDERED, BY SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE TEAM, NOT TO PLAY? THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO FRENCH!



# AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!



A Grand New Long Complete Tale of the New House Chums at St. Jim's and Tom Merry & Co.



By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

(Author of the Famous Tales of St Jim's now appearing in The "Gem" Library.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. An Unpopular Verdict.

"WE shall have to field our very strongest eleven," said Tom Merry.

Manners nodded.

"There must be no weak link in the giddy armour," he said. "Greyfriars isn't a team we can afford to take risks with."

"They've got to be licked," said Monty Lowther, with unusual grimness. "They've got to be sent home with their tails between their legs, so to speak. Let's have a look at the list, Tommy."

Tom Merry, skipper of the St. Jim's junior eleven, had been slowly and painfully compiling a list of players for the great match. The list was incomplete. Only ten names were down.

The Terrible Three were included. So were Talbot and Blake and D'Arcy. Then came the names of four New House fellows—all sterling cricketers. Figgins, Kerr, Wynn, and Redfern. These four were indispensable to the side.

"There's an eleventh man wanted," said Tom Merry. "Any suggestions?"

"What about Kangaroo?" said Manners.

"Noble? He's not fit. The silly chump came a cropper sliding down the banisters."

"I vote for Cardew," said Lowther.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"Cardew's a rattling good player when he chooses," he said. "The trouble is he doesn't always choose. And, as Manners said, we can't afford to take risks."

"There's plenty of talent in the School House," said Manners. "Levison, Clive, Julian, Brooke, Wildrake. Pay your money and take your choice."

"It's a matter that calls for the judgment of Solomon," said Tom Merry. "Dashed if I know whom to choose!"

"There was a tap on the door of Study No. 10.

"Enter, fathead!" sang out Monty Lowther.

"The 'fathead' proved to be George Figgins, the New House leader.

Figgins glared at Lowther and nodded genially to Tom Merry.

"Team complete yet?" he inquired.

"Not quite. We want an eleventh man."

"Good! It seems that I've just come along in time. French is your man. Put him down."

"French!"

Figgins nodded.

"You've seen for yourself how French has been shaping at practice," he said.

"On present form, he's worth a place in any eleven. I'm not cracking him up because he happens to be a New House fellow. He's been batting beautifully."

"Yes, I've noticed it," said Tom Merry. "But—"

"What are you 'butting' about?" demanded Figgins.

"French is a nery sort of merchant, I believe. Plays awfully well at the nets, but when it comes to a match he gets into a panic and starts wobbling at the knees."

"Rats! He used to be like that, but he's cured. Kerr cured him. He's got as much confidence as the best of us now."

Tom Merry sat silent for some moments.

"If I include French," he said at length, "it will cause a deal of grumbling—possibly a riot. You're satisfied with French's form, and so am I. But the majority consider him a dud."

"You're not called upon to study the majority," said Figgins. "What you've got to do is to draw up the best possible eleven, without fear or favour."

"Thanks! I don't want a New House fellow to teach me my duty," said Tom Merry dryly.

"All right. Don't get your wool off. Is French to play or not?"

Tom Merry added a name to the list.

"French will play," he said.

"Good!" said Figgins.

And he departed, highly satisfied.

When the decision was made known

to French of the New House that junior danced a hornpipe with delight.

It had long been French's ambition to play for the eleven. Hitherto, he had been crowded out by others, for St. Jim's was rich in cricketing talent. French had played for his House, and done well. He was now to play for the school, and he hoped to do better.

He had earned his place in the team. He had attended every practice, and he had worked like a Trojan. He had, in fact, overworked. He had spent hours and hours leather-hunting in the broiling sunshine. He had not spared himself. And this was his reward. He was to play against Greyfriars.

When the list of players appeared on the notice-board there was a big outcry in the School House.

"This is the absolute limit!" exclaimed Grundy of the Shell. "Tom Merry must be suffering from mid-summer madness! He's playing French—a duffer who hardly knows which end of a cricket-bat to handle!"

"Shame!" echoed Wilkins and Gunn. "I'm going to make a noise about this!" said Grundy. "Fancy playing a hopeless duffer like French when there are fellows like me waiting for a chance!"

"We shall be licked!" said Wilkins.

"Licked to a frazzle!" agreed Gunn.

And Gore and Crooke and several others subscribed to these sentiments.

"Let's march through the quad with a banner, and show Tom Merry what we think of his rotten decision!" exclaimed Grundy.

"Good wheeze!"

The banner was promptly prepared by Grundy—which was a pity, as Grundy's spelling was not all that could be desired.

The inscription on the banner, which was mounted on a couple of broomsticks, ran as follows:

**"WHO CAN PLAY CRICKET?  
NOT FRENCH!"**

THE POPULAR.—No. 181.

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

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"THE SLEEPER AWAKES!"**

"WHO CAN BAT AND BOLE  
AND KATCH?  
NOT FRENCH!"

"WHO WILL TIE GREYFRIARS UP  
IN NOTTS?  
NOT FRENCH!"

Grundy and Wilkins carried this banner between them through the quad in the gathering dusk.

Half a dozen juniors trotted at their heels. And there was much hooting and hissing and groaning on the part of the processors.

Faces began to appear at study windows.

"What the thump——" began Tom Merry.

"We might have expected this," said Manners. "It's that chump Grundy who started the giddy disturbance!"

"Methinks the proper caper is to bombard 'em with peashooters," said Monty Lowther.

The Terrible Three promptly brought their peashooters into action.

Yells of anguish arose from the members of the procession as the hard, round peas spattered upon them like hailstones.

"Ow!"

"Yow!"

"Yaroooop!"

"Pass along, there!" sang out Monty Lowther. "Do you want me to read the Riot Act?"

Grundy & Co. hurriedly moved out of the line of fire. The procession broke into a canter and headed towards the school gates. Then Grundy called a halt.

A junior in cricket flannels came strolling down to the gates. He was greeted with yells of derision.

"Here he is!"

"Here's the duffer who can't play cricket for toffee!"

"He'll be out first ball! Yah!"

French of the New House took no notice of the hostile demonstration. He didn't even glance at the inscription on the banner. He strolled leisurely out of gates and swung along the road.

Nothing could have annoyed Grundy & Co. more than French's indifference.

"Follow him!" yelled Grundy.

French struck off across the fields. The processors followed, booing and hooting.

It was getting quite dark now. French chuckled softly as he picked his way across the fields.

Presently he came to the towpath of the River Rhyl. His schoolfellows were hard at his heels.

A wooden plank skirted the river at that part. French hurried across it. Then he shifted the plank in such a way that it would collapse if anyone stepped upon it.

Grundy & Co. did not see French's little manoeuvre.

"He's crossed the river!" shouted Wilkins. "After him!"

Grundy and Wilkins, the banner-bearers, stepped upon the plank, the others following. It began to wobble perilously.

"Look out!" yelled Grundy. "Get back!"

But the juniors were unable to retrace their steps owing to the pressure of the fellows behind.

There was a crash and a splash as the plank went hurtling into the water.

Further splashes followed as Wilkins, Grundy, Gunn, and Rucke, broomsticks, and banner descended into the water.

Then there was spluttering and gurgling and gasping as the victims came to the surface and struck out frantically for the bank.

From the bank opposite came a peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Sorry, you chaps, but it had to be done! I had to cool your ardour a little, you know! Did you find the water damp?"

Grundy struggled on to terra firma, and dragged the others out after him. Then he shook his fist at the dark outline of the junior on the opposite bank.

"You—you——" he spluttered. "We—we'll jolly well slaughter you when we get hold of you!"

"In that case," said French, "I'd better evaporate!"

And he did!

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.  
Against Orders!**

**F**RENCH of the New House had a late pass. He wanted to go to Wayland. And, having shaken off the members of the procession, he set out at a brisk stride in the direction of the little market town.

French seemed cheerful enough, and he hummed a merry tune as he went along. He had laughed gaily at the discomfiture of Grundy and Wilkins, and he was immensely pleased at having been selected to play for St. Jim's.

All the same, there was something that weighed on the junior's mind. And it was this that took him to Wayland on this summer evening.

On reaching the town, he called at a house where a red lamp was gleaming in the porch.

This was the house of Dr. Norman. He was not the St. Jim's doctor, but he was a young and very clever practitioner.

French was ushered into the waiting-room.

Presently the doctor appeared in the doorway, and beckoned to the junior to follow him into the consulting-room.

"Well, my boy," said Dr. Norman kindly, "what's the trouble? You don't appear very ill."

French certainly did not. His face and neck were tanned with the sun, and, standing there in his cricket-flannels, he looked the very picture of health and strength.

"I hope I'm not worrying you for nothing, doctor," he said. "I don't think there's very much the matter, but I—I just wanted to make sure."

The doctor nodded.

"Nothing like being on the safe side," he said. "Got a pain anywhere?"

"Not at the moment. But I had one last night—just here."

French placed his hand over his heart. Dr. Norman reached for the stethoscope.

"Off with your coat," he commanded.

French removed his coat and unbuttoned his cricket-shirt. The doctor then applied the stethoscope, and thoroughly tested the junior's heart. French watched him rather anxiously.

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," said Dr. Norman, when his examination was over. "It's nothing serious. Have you been indulging in any strenuous exercise lately?"

"Yes, doctor. I've played lots of cricket every day."

"Ah, I thought so! Well, the fact is, you've slightly strained the muscle of the heart, and you'll have to rest the organ for a week or two. No violent

(Continued on page 17.)

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

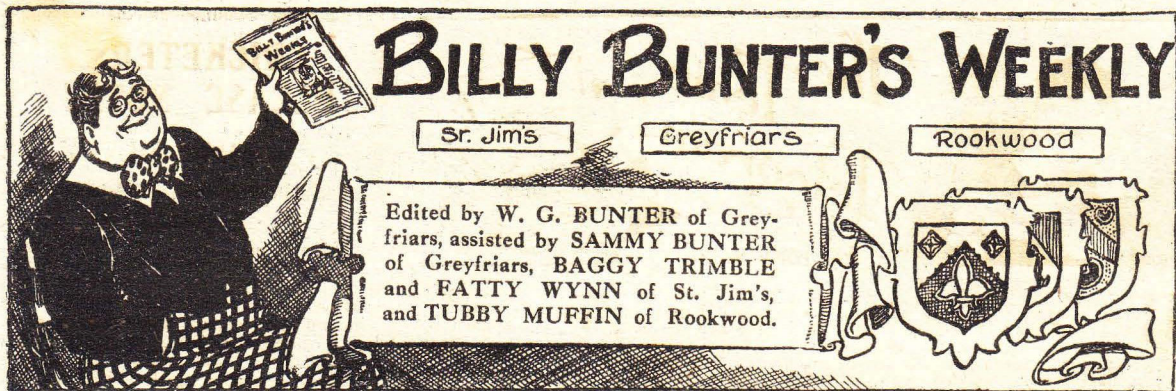


**A WETTING FOR THE DEMONSTRATORS!**—There was a crash and a splash as the plank bridge went hurtling into the water. Further splashes followed, as Wilkins, Grundy, broomsticks, and banner descended into the river. From the opposite bank came a peal of laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared French. (See Chapter 1.)

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

**"THE SLEEPER AWAKES!"**



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,—You will be delighted to see that I am back in harness again after my indisposition.

As you know, I got a tuch of the sun last week, and had to go into the sanny in consequence.

While I hovered on my bed of pane I was able to do a good deal of thinking. And I came to the konklusion that there had been a lot of slackness on the part of my four fat subbs.

Now, I will not tolerate slackness at any price. It is a canker that eats into the prosperity of a paper. If you have slackers on your staff, you can't eggspsect your paper to prosper. That's how I look at it.

Having recovered from my illness, I am going to make things hum! I shall give my staff a corse of dissiplin. They want it badly enuff, goodness knows! For weeks and weeks they have been slacking and idling and loafing and taking advantage. It won't do! "This praaktis must cease forthwith!" as they say in the Army.

Even if I have to go round with a catter-nine-tales, and chastise the members of my staff, I will make them pull up their sox and put their sholders to the weal. When a Bunter is roused, he duzzent stand on seremony. (At the prezant moment, I am standing on my studdy carpet!)

Fatty Wynn, and Baggy Trimble, and Tubby Muffin, and my miner Sammy, have all got to buck their idears up. I'm not going to have any hankey-pankey. They've got to serve me faithfully, and carry out my instruckshuns to the letter.

This Special Dissiplin Number will show you what a stern master I can be. I'm not a tyrant like Nero—the chap who burned while Rome was fiddling—but I mean to have things properly done, and to have my orders eggsecuted with promptness and sallery.

And now, dear readers, I will leave you to offer up a thanksgiving for the fact that W. G. B. is still alive and kicking. Very much so, as my four fat subbs know to their cost!—Your sinseer pal,  
**YOUR EDITOR.**

**THE SORROWS OF SAMMY!**

Described by **DICK PENFOLD.**

"Work, work, work, and be contented!"

That's what Billy says to me. Poor old Bill is quite demented. Bill's as barmy as can be! When I'm working like a nigger, Billy says I'm lazy and I'm slack; Though I slog with vim and vigour, Billy lays a stump across my back!

It's "Sammy, put the kettle on!" And "Sammy, lay the tea!" And it's "Sammy, pull your socks up. And be a busy bee!" It's Sammy here and Sammy there, And Sammy all over the shop; I sprint on errands like a hare, Until I'm fit to drop!

"Work, work, work, and keep on working!" That's what Billy says to me. Bill gets ratty when I'm shirking. Bill won't give me any tea! Week by week I sit and scribble, Till my brain is going round; All Bill does is rave and quibble, And call me a lazy little hound!

It's "Sammy, write an article!" And "Sammy, fetch some ink!" And it's "Sammy, stop your chatter, And let a fellow think!" It's Sammy here and Sammy there, And Sammy all over the shop! I tell you, I am in despair— Some day I'll go off pop!

"Work, work, work, and keep per-spiring!" That's what Billy says, with glee. Little does he dream that work is tiring To a frail, feeble chap like me! Day by day I toil and labour, Till I'm nearly off my head; Some day every friend and neighbour Will find me lying ill in bed!

It's "Sammy, sweep the study out!" And "Sammy, fetch an-ice!" And it's "Sammy, always carry out Your brother Bill's advice!" It's Sammy here and Sammy there, And Sammy all over the shop! O for a rest in a quiet lair, With pints of ginger-pop!

**RULES AND REGULATIONS!**

To Be Strictly observed by The Four Fat Subbs of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

By the Editor.

1. All stories, artikles, poems, odes, drivvel, and balderdash to be sent to me not later than Wednesday each week. Any kontributions which arrive after that day will be konsigned to the waistpaper-basket.

2. My subb-editors are not aloud to write for any other paper without my eggspress konsent. Breach of this rool will be punishable with the sack.

3. In the event of any of my subb-editors being taken ill, and therefore unable to do any littery work, he will forward me a medical sustifficate, made out sumthing like this:

"I hearby sertify that Reginald Muffin is suffering from brane-fagg and nervus tremmers, and is in consequence unable to pursue his littery work.

(Signed) A. HART THUMPER, Fizzician."

4. Any case of slacking during the summer will be summerly dealt with. The Editor reserves the right to thrash, flog, chastise, or spank any subb-editor who shows signs of slacking.

5. Any fellow who grumbles at the rate of payment he reeves for his kontributions will have the hole of his sallery nocked off.

6. When the Editor sends one of his subbs an order to go and report a cricket match, or a boxing contest, or any other kind of sporting event, the order must be komplied with at once. Failure to carry out my kommands will rezult in instant dismissal.

7. My subbs are forbidden to hold kouverse with any member of the staff of the "Greyfriars Herald."

8. It must be born in mind that I, William George Bunter, am the soul proprietor and manager of this jernal. All questions of dissiplin and policy must be referred to me. My word is law. And my law is like unto the Laws of the Swedes and Nasturshuns.

9. A copy of these Rules and Reggulations has been sent to each of my four fat subbs. They should be carried on the person day and night, and konsulted when necessary.

10. Once again let me repeat—I, William George Bunter, am the head cook and bottle-washer, and my four fat subbs are merely pawns in the game. It will pay them not to depart from my kommandments.

**I SAY, YOU FELLOWS!**  
There will be a Special **HEAT - WAVE NUMBER** next week. **W.G.B.**



By Fatty Wynn.

**B**ILLY BUNTER is a thumping nuisance. He keeps pestering me to write for his "Weekly." I suppose I ought to be a sub-editor. All the same, I prefer to write when I'm in the mood. No fellow likes to be worried into writing articles and stories when he has other things to think about.

I've been at loggerheads with Billy Bunter for some time. He has tried to introduce iron discipline in his methods of dealing with his subs. This sort of thing may be all right for fellows like Baggy Trimble and Tubby Muffin, but it cuts no ice with me. The climax came last Friday.

Shortly after breakfast a telegram arrived for me. It set my heart fluttering with hope.

Had I taken first prize in some big competition? That was my first thought.

But when I ripped open the buff-coloured envelope, and read the message, I gave a groan.

The wire was from Billy Bunter. It was worded as follows (the post-office girl had evidently corrected Bunter's weird spelling):

"Article on summer sports urgently required. Write and despatch immediately.—BUNTER."

Now, I was in no mood for writing an article. It was a sweltering summer day, and I am one of those writers who can't work during extremes of heat or cold.

I ignored Bunter's telegram.

During morning lessons another wire came. It was opened by me in the Form-room, with the master's permission.

"In addition to summer sports article, please write explanation where flies go winter-time.—BUNTER."

Well, I haven't the foggiest notion where flies go in the winter-time. Even if I knew, I shouldn't feel disposed to write an article about it.

I ignored telegram number two.

There is no rest for the wicked—or for a sub-editor. Lunch-time brought a further wire.

"Please instruct Trimble to write article on the use of blubber.—BUNTER."

"Confound this fellow Bunter!" I growled. "He's making a blessed convenience of me. Dashed if I'm going to act as his errand-boy. He should give his orders direct to Trimble, if he wants Baggy to write an article."

The telegram was ignored, as the two previous ones had been.

During the afternoon more wires came. I crushed them into paper pellets, and pelted my schoolfellows in the Form-room.

Next morning the bombardment of telegrams was resumed. (I might mention that Billy Bunter wasn't paying for all these wires out of his own pocket. Oh dear, no! The money came out of the funds.)

By midday on the Saturday I had received no less than nine telegrams from Billy Bunter.

"Your editor seems to have developed telegraphitis, Fatty," said Figgins, with a grin. "You're being snowed-up with wires."

"I shan't trouble to open any more," I said savagely. "I'm sick of the sight of the telegraph-boy."

"You'll be sacked from the staff of the 'Weekly' if you ignore Bunter's commands."

"And a jolly good job, too!"

At three o'clock in the afternoon the tenth telegram arrived.

"Look here," I said to the telegraph-boy, "I don't want to cause a painful scene, but

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if you show your nose on these premises again, I'll duck you in the school fountain!"

The boy backed away in alarm.

"Which I'm only doin' my dooty, Master Wynn," he protested.

"Quite so. But I don't want to be pestered any more, see? I'm sick and tired of getting telegrams."

I took the wire which had just arrived, screwed it up into a ball, and tossed it away without opening it.

"I'll give Bunter a piece of my mind when I see him!" I muttered wrathfully.

A couple of hours later, to my intense astonishment, my Uncle Robert arrived.

Uncle Bob is rather a fussy old gent. Taggles, the porter, brought him along to my study, and he glared at me as if he would eat me.

"David," he thundered, "what do you mean by not meeting me at the station, as requested?"

"I—I—"

"You knew very well I was arriving on the four-forty-five. I asked you expressly to meet me, with a hired car to bring me up to the school. You failed me. Result—I



"David!" thundered Uncle Robert. "What do you mean by not meeting me at the station, as requested?"

have had to travel in an antiquated horse-cab! I am extremely annoyed!"

Uncle Bob certainly looked it. Never had I seen him looking so hot and bothered.

"I—I had no idea you were coming, uncle—" I faltered.

"What! I sent you a telegram before I left home, asking you to meet me at Rycombe Station with a car."

"Oh crumbs!"

I saw clearly enough what had happened. The tenth telegram, which I had destroyed without opening, had not been from Billy Bunter at all. It was from Uncle Robert.

"You received my wire, David?" thundered my uncle.

"Ye-e-e-s."

"Then why did you not act on my instructions?"

"Ahem! I—I chucked the wire away without opening it."

"Then you are an insensate young fool, sir!" shouted my uncle, pacing to and fro in great wrath. "I had intended, as a climax to this visit, to give you a five-pound note, as a token of avuncular approval. I shall now do nothing of the sort."

I emitted a hollow groan. And I could have kicked myself for not opening that tenth telegram.

Anyway, I shall at least have the consolation of kicking Billy Bunter with great vigour and heartiness when next we meet!

## CRICKETERS, PLEASE NOTE!

By JIMMY SILVER.

Discipline is like an extraction at the dentist's—a painful but necessary affair. And discipline is as essential on the cricket-field as in the Form-room.

It is not my intention to "put the wind up the troops," as the saying goes. But I thought it would be a good plan to publish in these pages a list of the pains and penalties which will be inflicted upon slackers and those who break the rules of our cricket club.

Rookwood cricketers on the Classical side are requested to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following:

(1) Any fellow who fails to turn up to practice at the times specified on the notice-board will be soundly and severely bumped.

(2) Those who muff catches on the field will be punished as follows: First offence, fined a tanner; second offence, fined a bob; third offence, ejected with violence from the team.

(3) Any fellow who makes "a pair of spectacles"—i.e., two "ducks"—in one match will receive six hefty swipes with a cricket-stump.

(4) Cricket subscriptions must be paid directly they become due. Defaulters will be called upon to show cause why they have not paid, and unless they can give a satisfactory explanation they will be expelled from the club.

(5) Any fellow who is found guilty of causing a riot owing to his not having been selected to play in a match will be sentenced to run the gauntlet.

(6) Cheeking the captain on the field is strictly forbidden. Any person guilty of this offence will be bumped till he howls for mercy.

(7) Any fellow found guilty of deliberately letting his side down will be dealt with by court-martial.

(8) A fellow who breaks a bat or loses a ball must replace the said articles out of his own pocket.

(9) Anyone who funks fast bowling will be subjected to a peashooting bombardment by the remainder of the eleven.

(10) No member of our regular eleven must play for another team without my express permission.

There! I think that covers all the ground.

I am sorry if I appear to be a hard taskmaster, but without proper discipline no team can hope to be successful. Once slackness creeps into a side, that side may as well throw up the sponge.

Obey these rules to the letter, and all will be well. Defy them, and you will get it where the chicken got the chopper!

Given under my hand and seal this Umpteenth Day of July, in the Year of Grace One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Two,  
JIMMY SILVER.

**DON'T MISS  
NEXT WEEK'S  
SPECIAL NUMBER!  
IT'S GRAND.**

W.G.B.



By  
DICK RUSSELL.

**"B**LOW!" said Billy Bunter. It was indeed a blow—a crushing blow!

Billy was working on his "Weekly." It was press day—or, rather, press night—and the industrious editor had been rudely interrupted on at least half a dozen occasions.

Fisher T. Fish had sailed into the study with an article on finance. Skinner had blown in with a sonnet. Bolsover major had brought a boxing article. Dicky Nugent had dashed in with a treatise on the rearing, maintenance, and upkeep of white mice.

In each case the would-be contributors had lingered to "jaw." They gave Billy Bunter no peace.

Billy had been trying for two hours to write his editorial. Owing to the ceaseless interruptions, he had been unable to get beyond the first paragraph.

And now, to crown everything, the electric light had gone out. In moving it from one part of the study to another, Billy Bunter had fused the wire.

The apartment was plunged into darkness. "Blow!" repeated Billy Bunter, with emphasis. "This is the limit and the last straw rolled into one."

A sleepy voice came from the armchair, in which Sammy Bunter was curled up like a fat dormouse.

"What's wrong with the light, Billy?" "Can't you see, you little fool? It's gone out!"

Sammy chuckled drowsily. "You're a rotten electrician, Billy! You ought to have left it alone."

Billy gave a snort. "I'll punch your head if you talk like that!" he said. "I say, it's a thumping nuisance, this light going wrong! And on press night, of all nights! I shall have to go and borrow a bike lamp from somewhere. I may be some little time. While I'm gone, Sammy, I want you to take on the duties of fighting editor."

"Eh?" said Sammy, sitting up with a start. "We can't afford any more interruptions to-night," said Billy. "If anybody comes along I want you to smash them!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Sammy Bunter didn't fancy himself in the role of fighting editor. If he tried to "smash" somebody, it was more than likely that he would be smashed himself. What chance would he have, for instance, against a fellow like Coker of the Fifth?

"I—I'm not a fighting man, Billy!" muttered the fat fag.

"Well, you've got to be on this occasion—see? If anybody comes along you'll be able to take 'em by surprise, because it's dark. And there's a cricket-stump in the corner, if you care to grope for it. Don't be a beastly little funk. You've got all the advantage on your side."

"Oh, all right," said Sammy. "I'll see that nobody comes in."

"Mind you do! If I find anybody here when I come back there'll be ructions!"

So saying, Billy Bunter went off in quest of the bicycle-lamp.

When Billy had gone, Sammy foraged around for the cricket-stump. He was still searching for it in the darkness, when there was a sound of brisk footsteps in the passage.

The footsteps halted outside the door of Study No. 7. Then the door opened.

Sammy Bunter marshalled his courage. He could dimly discern the form of the intruder, and he hurried himself upon it as if he were taking part in a Rugby scrum.

"Ow! Ah! Oop!"

There was a violent collision, and the unknown visitor sat down heavily in the doorway.

"Oh dear! I—I am winded! What young rascal has had the temerity to hurl himself at me in that fashion?"

When Sammy Bunter heard that voice his hair stood on end.

For the voice was the voice of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove!

Mr. Quelch, earlier in the day, had given Billy Bunter an imposition, and he had come along to ascertain whether Billy had done it. On opening the door Sammy had charged him full pelt in the stomach, and the Remove master sat in the darkened doorway, gasping for breath.

Sammy, appalled at what he had done, scuttled towards the study window.

Before Mr. Quelch could recover sufficiently to stagger to his feet, Sammy had clambered through the window, and dropped down into the Close.

Mr. Quelch struck a match, and peered round the study.

"Bless my soul!" he muttered. "There is nobody here! The perpetrator of this outrage must have dodged past me into the passage. If I discover his identity, things will go hard with him!"

And Mr. Quelch, breathing threatenings and slaughter, betook himself to his own study.

Sammy Bunter waited until the coast was clear. Then he returned to his post. He didn't want Billy to come back to the study, and find him absent.

Billy was a stern taskmaster, and neglect of duty on Sammy's part would be punished by forfeiture of pay. Instead of drawing his usual week's salary—fourpence-halfpenny—Sammy would receive a meagre twopence. And no sub-editor can enjoy life on twopence a week.

Re-entering Study No. 7, Sammy renewed his quest for the cricket-stump.

He barked his knuckles against the wall. He tripped over the fender and bookcase; but at last he found what he was looking for.

Gripping the stump tightly in his hand, Sammy seated himself in the armchair, and awaited developments.

He hadn't long to wait.

Timid footsteps approached the door of the study, and an equally timid voice called:

"Bunter, my dear fellow, are you within? If so, why are you in darkness?"

Sammy recognised the voice as Alonzo Todd's. He smiled grimly, but did not answer.

Alonzo had opened the door, and was peering into the apartment.

"I have rewritten my 'Ode to a Deformed Daddy-longlegs,'" he said. "I trust it will be in time for your next issue, my dear Bunter."

At this stage, Sammy bounced to his feet, and dashed towards the doorway, hitting out blindly with the cricket-stump.

"Whack, whack, whack!" "Yaroooooh!"

Alonzo Todd uttered a piercing yell, and shot out of the study as if discharged from a cannon's mouth.

Sammy followed up, doing terrible execution with the cricket-stump, and Alonzo bolted in terror down the passage.

Flushed and triumphant, Sammy stepped back into the study.

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" he murmured gleefully. "I didn't think at first that this fighting editor's job would suit me; but it suits me down to the ground!"

He resumed his seat in the armchair, and waited.

There was an interval of about ten minutes. Then, for the third time, came a sound of footsteps, and the door of the study was thrown open.

Filled with zeal, Sammy jumped up, and sprang towards the intruder. He laid about him right lustily with the cricket-stump.

The first blow struck the doorstep. The second, equally erratic, knocked a picture off the wall. The third, by a lucky chance—unlucky so far as the victim was concerned—smote the intruder on the shins.

"Yaropski!"

A wild yell of anguish rang out, and further yells followed, as Sammy continued his carpet-beating antics.

"Ow! Yow! Help! Fire! Murder! Dragimoff!"

There was a tramping of feet in the passage, and the Famous Five of the Remove came on the scene.

Bob Cherry flashed his electric torch. And then, with a gasp of dismay, Sammy Bunter saw that he had been guilty of the heinous offence of chastising the editor of "Billy Bunter's Weekly"—his own brother!

"Oh crumbs!" he muttered. "It's Billy! I—I didn't know! I didn't think—"

"Let brotherly love continue!" said Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy turned upon Sammy in a frenzy.

"You—you potty young lunatic!" he hooted. "I'll give you the sack for this! I'll stop your pay! I'll lam you till you're black and blue, and howling for mercy!"

If the Famous Five had not been at hand to protect him, Sammy would have had a very rough passage. But Harry Wharton & Co. formed a barrier between Sammy and Billy, and the fag escaped.

But it will be a long time before Billy recovers from his press night experiences!

MAGNIFICENT REAL PHOTOS OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS

GIVEN AWAY FREE

TO READERS OF

THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY.

## POPULAR PERSONALITIES!

DR. HOLMES.

I'm a mighty man of knowledge;  
I rule St. James' College.  
Stern and just is my decree;  
The boys all bow the knee to me.  
They fear my fixed and dreadful frown;  
They fear my mortar-board and gown.  
And many a time they cry with dread:  
"Look out, you chaps, here comes the  
Head!"

Yes, I am feared! There is no question about that. But I am glad to say I am respected as well. The headmaster who is feared without being respected is little short of a tyrant.

For many years—I hesitate to say how many—I have had charge of this college. I am what the world would call an old man, but I trust I still have many years of active life ahead of me. Grey-headed as I am, and wrinkled of face, "there is life in the old dog yet!"

I am very attached to this school. There are other schools, perhaps, of greater note, but I would not willingly accept the post of headmaster at any one of them. I have been here so long that I have become, as it were, a fixture. And I am content to remain a fixture.

I have seen whole generations of boys come and go. I have seen constant and countless changes. As the poet remarks, "The few remain, the many change and pass." I am one of the few that remain. With the solitary exception of Taggles, the porter, I am the oldest member of the school staff.

In my youth I was very keen on athletics. And I still take delight in watching a good cricket-match or a swimming gala. Sometimes I experience an almost frantic desire to be young again, that I might wield the willow, or plunge into the river. But, alas! I have had my innings, so far as sport is concerned.

However, I am not too old and doddering to wield a cane to advantage. Trimble of the Fourth will bear me out in this statement. I have just had occasion to chastise him for appropriating a rabbit-pie from the school kitchen. Judging by Trimble's yells of anguish, my right arm has lost none of its vigour.

I am fortunate in having under me some excellent masters and prefects. My task of ruling the school is greatly simplified thereby.

In some quarters I am regarded as a hard taskmaster. But it is very unwise for a headmaster to be "soft" and easy-going. He must be reasonably stern and strict, so that he may retain a tight grip on the reins, and keep the respect and regard of those who are committed to his charge.

I'm a mighty man of learning;  
I'm active and discerning.  
Those who thwart me in my wishes  
Receive severe and stinging switches!  
But those who always play the game  
Need never tremble at my name,  
Nor murmur, in dismay and fear:  
"Look out, you chaps, the Head is  
here!"

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## A FISTIC ENCOUNTER!

By  
TUBBY MUFFIN.

It is a painful story I have to relate this week—eggstremely painful.

On Satterday afternoon I was taking forty winks on the studdy sofa when Jimmy Silver looked in.

"Mind your eye, Tubby!" says he. "Billy Bunter's on the warpath!"

"Eh?"  
"He says you've been very slack lately, and he's going to wake you up. He's just arrived at Rookwood, and he's brought a hoarsewhip with him!"

I jumped up from the sofa like a jack-in-the-bocks.

And then a whirlwind rushed into the studdy. It was a human whirlwind—Billy Bunter, to be precise.

"Ah, here you are, you beestly slacker!" he cride. "I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

I made a dive for the poker.  
"If you dare to attack me," I said, "I will nock out the few branes you possess!"

I must have looked despritly in earnest as I uttered those words, for Billy Bunter shrank back with a gasp of alarm.

"Look here, you two," said Jimmy Silver, "we don't want any traggedies to happen. If you want to fight, you must do it in the proper manner, with fists."

I drew myself up to fool height.  
"I am quite prepared to meet Bunter in the gym," I said hortly.

"All serene," said Jimmy Silver. "We will proseed thither."

He took the hoarsewhip away from Billy Bunter, and releaved me of the poker. Then he led the way to the gym.

When it became known that there was to be a scrap between Billy Bunter and his Rookwood representative, a vast crowd collected. Nearly all the simperthy was on my side.

Billy Bunter turned to me with a fierce snarl.

"I will teach you a lessen you will not forget to your dying day!" he said. "Come on! Where will you have it?"

The next moment we were fighting like tigers.

Bunter came for me like a mad bull. He rushed in with lowered head, and I stepped briskly aside. My opponent turned a kompleet summersault, and landed on the floor with a terrifick konkussion.

I waited for Bunter to rise, and then I gave him a crool jab in the ribs.

"Yow!" he panted. "I'm punctured!"

I followed up my advantage, and my fist shot out with the force of a cannonball.

Billy Bunter reeseved the blow in the chest, and he was nocked flat.

That terriful blow of mine had nocked all the stuffing out of Bunter. He was beaten to a frazzle.

"Ow-ow-ow! Take a week's notiss, Muffin!" he groaned. "I sha'n't want you on my staff any more!"

"Oh, come! Shake hands and be friends," said Jimmy Silver, appealing to Bunter's sporting instinx.

After some hezzitation, Billy Bunter shook. And thus the clouds rolled by.

Billy won't try to give me any more lessons in dissiplin!

## PHYSICAL DRILL!

By  
TEDDY GRACE.

With limbs all weary and worn,  
With feet as heavy as lead,  
Four-and-twenty juniors marched  
Until they felt half dead.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
It fairly makes you ill;  
There's nothing that makes your spirits so damp  
As drill—physical drill!

"Left, right, left!"  
"Pick your feet up, there!"  
The sergeant's shout like thunder booms  
Upon the summer air.  
If I were head of the school  
I'd promptly pass a bill  
Abolishing, now and for evermore,  
Drill—physical drill!

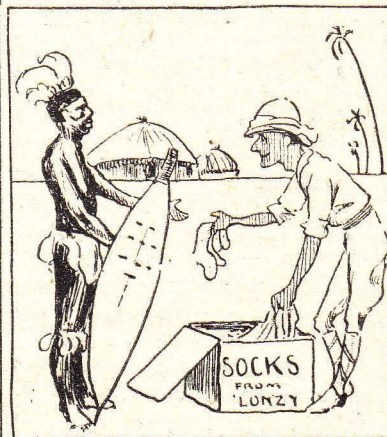
"Move to the right in fours!"  
"On the left foot, hop!"  
Oh, for a draught of lemonade,  
Or cooling ginger-pop!  
The sergeant's rasping voice,  
It lives in my memory still;  
There isn't a thing we hate so much  
As drill—physical drill!

"Halt! Stand at ease!"  
"Pull your socks up, there!"  
On every victim's haggard face  
Is a look of wild despair.  
The beastly tyrants here,  
Whenever there's time to kill,  
Drag us out on the cricket field  
For drill—physical drill!

March, march, march!  
From morn till dewy eve;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
The pain you'd never believe.  
In anger and disgust,  
I lay aside my quill,  
Now that I've told you what I think  
Of drill—physical drill!

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



ALONZO TODD. (Greyfriars.)



# AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!

(Continued from page 12.)

exercise for a fortnight—that's my prescription."

"Oh crumbs!"

French gave a groan.

"No cricket, doctor?"

"Certainly not!"

"But I—I've just been selected to play in an important match!"

"Then the selectors will have to get a substitute," said Dr. Norman. "It would be very unwise for you to play, in the circumstances. The strain is not serious, but further exertion may make it so. Cheer up, my boy! Surely it isn't such a terrible sacrifice to have to give up cricket for a fortnight?"

"You—you don't understand, doctor!" muttered French. "We're playing Greyfriars to-morrow—it's the most important match of the season—and I've been brought into the team as eleventh man! It's a chance I may never get again!"

Dr. Norman looked sympathetic.

"It's rough luck," he said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to stand down. My advice to you is to take things as quietly as possible for the next fortnight. No cricket, no swimming, no violent physical exertion of any sort."

French handed over the doctor's fee of five shillings, and went out into the street.

The doctor's verdict was a great blow to him. He wanted desperately to play against Greyfriars. And what excuse could he give for not turning out? How could he tell the fellows he was unfit, when he looked a picture of health? They would doubt him. They would accuse him of turning funky at the last moment.

Greyfriars boasted a very fast bowler in Hurree Singh. The fellows would think that French was afraid to face him.

With his hands thrust moodily into his pockets, French tramped back to St. Jim's.

By the time he came to the school gates he had formed a resolve.

"I'll play!" he muttered. "Whatever happens, I'll turn out!"

Having made this decision, he felt easier in his mind.

After all, perhaps the doctor had exaggerated the position. Doctors, for the most part, were faddy people. They never allowed their patients to take risks.

French handed in his late pass to Taggles, the porter, and strolled over to the New House.

Three forms loomed up in the darkness, and three juniors barred French's path. He recognised them as Grundy, Wilkins, and Gunn.

"So you've turned up at last!" said Grundy. "I've been waiting for you to come in! I'm going to smash you for playing that trick on me!"

"Sorry to disappoint you," said French, "but I'm afraid you'll have to postpone the smashing till some other evening!"

It was not that he was afraid of Grundy. But he did not feel like fighting just then.

A fistic encounter came under the heading of violent physical exercise. And if Grundy were to plant one of his sledge-

hammer blows over French's heart—well, the consequences might be serious.

"Stand aside!" said French. "I'm going in!"

"But I'm going to smash you first!" said Grundy aggressively. "You gave Wilkins, Gunn, and me a nasty ducking, and we came back to the school looking like drowned rats! We were the laughing-stock of the place!"

"Serves you jolly well right!" said French.

"Look here, you cheeky New House bouncer!" roared Grundy. "Are you going to stand up to me or not?"

"Not!" said French promptly.

"He's showing the white feather!" said Wilkins.

"Beastly funk!" said Gunn contemptuously.

Grundy threw off his coat.

"I'm going to smash him, whether he's willing or not!" he growled. "Come on, you worm! Where will you have it?"

The situation was desperate.

French saw Grundy coming towards him with lowered head, like an infuriated bull. Grundy's fists were clenched, and he meant business.

Then French did the only thing possible—a thing he would not have dreamed of doing had there been any alternative. He turned on his heel, and sped away through the darkness in the direction of the New House.

For a moment Grundy and Wilkins and Gunn stood stupefied.

Then a yell of derision rang out.

"Funk!"

"Beastly coward!"

"Come and be licked!"

There was no response. French had sought sanctuary in his own House.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Grundy. "And that's the fellow they've selected to play against Greyfriars!"

"He'll run away from the bowling," said Wilkins.

"And if a catch comes his way, he'll scream for help!" said Gunn bitterly.

"Tom Merry couldn't have made a worse choice," said Grundy. "He'll be full of regrets to-morrow afternoon, when French comes sneaking back to the pavilion with a duck's-egg against his name!"

"Yes, rather!"

And Grundy and his two satellites when back into the building in a state of high dudgeon.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### The Supreme Test.

**G**REYFRIARS brought their strongest side over to St. Jim's. It was a side that would take some beating.

Harry Wharton, their skipper, was a brilliant bat, and Vernon-Smith, Bob Cherry, and Mark Linley ran him very close.

In the bowling department, Hurree Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, was a wizard. He could make the ball perform all sorts of weird antics, and he continually had the batsmen guessing.

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It was to be a single-innings match. If a batsman failed, he would not get another chance. Time did not permit of two innings apiece being played. Stumps were to be drawn at half-past six, to enable the Greyfriars players to catch their train.

Harry Wharton shook hands cordially with Tom Merry on the pavilion steps.

"Topping afternoon for the match," he remarked, "Hope we can play it to a finish."

"Same here," said Tom Merry. "I'm fed-up with drawn games. Shall I spin the nimble tanner?"

Wharton nodded, and Tom Merry set the coin revolving in the air.

"Tails!" said the Greyfriars skipper. "Tails it is. You'll put us in first, of course?" said Tom Merry.

"Some hopes!" chuckled Wharton. "It's a batsman's wicket, and we're going to make the most of it. Get your pads on, Smithy. You're coming in first with me."

St. Jim's took the field. Very fit and businesslike they looked in their spotless flannels.

Tom Merry tossed the ball to Fatty Wynn.

"I want you to start bowling from the pavilion end," he said. "You take the other end, Blake."

"All serene, old sport!"

Tom Merry turned to the team's new recruit.

"Where would you like to field, French?"

"That's for you to say."

"Very well. Take short-slip."

The fieldsmen moved to their allotted positions. Fatty Wynn lovingly fingered the ball. The first Greyfriars pair advanced slowly on to the field.

There was a roar from the onlookers.

"Play up, the Saints!"

"Put your beef into it, Fatty!"

Fatty Wynn prepared to bowl. French crouched low in the slips.

The first ball was very fast. The batsman just nicked it.

French shot out his right arm. There was a click, and French lost his balance and rolled over, with the ball securely clutched in his uplifted hand.

"Oh, well held, sir!"

"Jolly well caught!"

Harry Wharton looked astonished. He had kept the ball very low. It had not been travelling more than a foot from the ground. But French had got it.

"Well, I'm dashed!" ejaculated the Greyfriars skipper. "Out first ball, by Jove!"

He muttered a word of congratulation to French, and walked back to the pavilion. His place at the wicket was taken by Bob Cherry.

Then came an exhibition of fireworks. Bob Cherry was one of those bright sort of batsmen who can get off the mark at once, without waiting to play themselves in. He cuffed his first ball to the railings, and the umpire signalled a boundary.

Fatty Wynn looked grim.

"The fellow's beginning to take liberties with my bowling already!" he growled. "I shall have to settle his hash!"

But it was not so easy to settle Bob Cherry's hash. Bob had a quick eye and wonderful anticipation. He seemed to know exactly what the ball was going to do as soon as it left the bowler's hand, and he played it accordingly.

Runs came rapidly.

Vernon-Smith played his usual brilliant game, and he helped Bob Cherry to take the score to 50 before

THE POPULAR.—No. 181.

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

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE SLEEPER AWAKES!"

## 18 Wonderful Coloured Plate of a Famous Canadian Pacific Railway Engine—

they were separated. The venturesome Bob, trying to snatch a run where no run was possible, had his wicket thrown down.

Mark Linley joined Vernon-Smith, and there was another merry partnership.

The score rose by leaps and bounds, and the fieldsmen were given a tremendous amount of leather-hunting.

It was bright cricket, and the crowd enjoyed it. But they wished the boot had been on the other foot, and that it was their own men who were piling up the runs.

The St. Jim's fielding was splendid, and there was no smarter fellow on the field than French at short-slip. Whenever the ball came in his direction, French was upon it with the spring of a panther.

He was enjoying himself immensely.

"All rot what Dr. Norman told me last night about my heart!" he muttered. "I strained it slightly, I suppose, and it's all right again now. Anyway, it hasn't worried me so far. I'm awfully glad I decided to play!"

With the score at 90, Vernon-Smith was sent back for obstruction. He tried to pull a ball from Blake round to leg, and missed. The ball thudded against his pad, and his leg was bang in front of the wicket.

"How's that?" appealed the wicket-keeper confidently.

The umpire's hand went up, and Vernon-Smith retired, a victim of the l.b.w. rule.

After this Greyfriars did little to make a song about.

Frank Nugent put together a dozen, and Johnny Bull made a few hefty swipes. But wickets fell regularly, and the side was out for 120.

"A useful total," remarked Tom Merry, as he came off. "We shall have all our work cut out to pass it. Where's French? Oh, there you are! I say, old man, you deserve a gold medal for your fielding! You were great!"

The words were sincerely spoken, and French experienced a thrill of pleasure. It was his first school match, and it was cheering to know that he had given satisfaction.

"The tea interval's arrived," said Fatty Wynn. "Loud cheers! I'm going to polish off about half a dozen strawberry ices, by way of a beginning. I've taken five wickets, so I think I'm entitled to eat as much as I like, without stint or limit."

"Greedy beggar!" said Figgins. "You won't be able to bat on a full stomach."

"I don't want to," said Fatty. "I want to bat on the cricket-pitch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tea was a merry meal. It was partaken of under the trees, and the perspiring cricketers cooled themselves with ices and other luxuries.

Shortly afterwards St. Jim's started on their big task.

Tom Merry and Talbot opened the innings, and they found runs very hard to get.

Hurree Singh kept a good length, and his deliveries were deadly. Both batsmen had narrow escapes. But they managed to hit up 30 runs before Talbot was clean bowled.

Figgins went in next. He had a sorry experience. Hurree Singh sent down a ball which shot in along the ground at a terrific pace. Figgly jammed his bat down, but he was a fraction of a second too late. The ball made a nasty mess of his wicket.

Jack Blake followed on, and a fast-riding ball took off his bails as clean as a whistle.

Hurree Singh had performed the coveted hat-trick!

"Thirty for three," said Tom Merry, looking glum. "We're up against it, by Jove!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy joined Tom at the wickets, and between them they carried the score to 50. But there was still a long, long way to go.

At 50 Tom Merry was bowled off his pads. He had scored 26 runs against brilliant bowling, and he deserved well of his country.

Then came another startling collapse. D'Arcy, Kerr, and Fatty Wynn were disposed of in quick succession.

"You're in, French," said Tom Merry.

The New House junior buckled on his pads.

As he walked out to the wicket, he noticed that his partner was Dick Redfern. He was glad of that. Reddy was the sort of batsman who inspired confidence.

All eyes were on French as he took his stand at the wicket.

Grundy & Co. scoffed loudly.

"Duck's eggs are cheap to-day!" said Grundy. "Here's another to be added to the collection!"

But Grundy was a poor prophet. French drove his first ball for 2.

And then began a partnership which would live in the annals of St. Jim's cricket.

Dick Redfern batted vigorously. And French backed him up all he knew.

Runs came profusely. And they were sorely needed.

Sixty went up, and 70, and 80. And Redfern and French were still together.

"We've a chance, after all!" said Tom Merry, his eyes sparkling. "French is proving a rod in pickle for us! I'm jolly glad I took your advice, Figgly, and played him!"

Figgins chuckled.

"When you need a rattling good player, always apply to the New House!" he said. "Hallo! Reddy's out!"

Dick Redfern had just sent the ball soaring to the boundary. It looked as if it would go clean out of the field, but its flight was deceptive. Harry Wharton came racing up, and he brought off a sensational catch right on the boundary-line.

"Oh, well caught!"

Wharton had failed with the bat. But that amazing catch amply atoned for his failure.

Dick Redfern was given a great ovation when he came off. And then Monty Lowther joined French.

The latter was now playing on the top of his form. Everything came alike to him. Hurree Singh's express deliveries, Vernon-Smith's leg-breaks, he punished them all without mercy. And Monty Lowther played with a straight bat, and kept his end up while French hit.

The 100 went up amid a wild burst of cheering.

It was then that French became conscious of a pain in his chest and a feeling of giddiness. He knew what that meant, but he was determined not to throw up the sponge. Twenty-one runs were still required to give St. Jim's the victory.

Monty Lowther scored a couple of boundaries, and greatly simplified the task. And then French, playing like a fellow in a dream, hit off the remaining runs.

The winning hit was greeted with tumultuous cheers, which French did not hear. He had collapsed on the turf, and lay prone.

Suddenly the cheering was hushed. A murmur of alarm took its place.

French was carried into the pavilion and laid full length upon a cushioned seat. He was unconscious.

Mr. Railton came hurrying on the scene. He administered brandy from a flask, and dispatched Tom Merry post-haste for the doctor.

It so happened that Dr. Norman, of Wayland, was passing in his car when Tom Merry reached the school gates. Tom hailed the doctor, and hurriedly explained the situation.

"I'll come at once," said Dr. Norman.

When he reached the pavilion French had come round. He smiled wanly at the doctor.

"I—I went, in the face of your advice, doctor," he muttered; "but I simply had to do it! I—I didn't want to be thought a funk!"

"You were very, very foolish!" said Dr. Norman. "You will have to take that fortnight's rest now, whether you like it or not! The boy has strained his heart, Mr. Railton. He played cricket in defiance of my advice."

"But we won!" said French. "That's all that matters!"

And then they carried him away to the sanatorium.

A fortnight of complete rest, and French was declared fit again.

Whilst in the sanatory he had received a number of visitors, including Grundy, Wilkins, and Gunn, who were very remorseful and profuse in their apologies for the way they had treated him.

French cheerfully shook hands all round, and assured the juniors that he bore no malice.

"You're a ripping good cricketer and a jolly decent sportsman, French!" declared Grundy.

And praise from George Alfred Grundy, who usually praised no one but himself, was praise indeed!

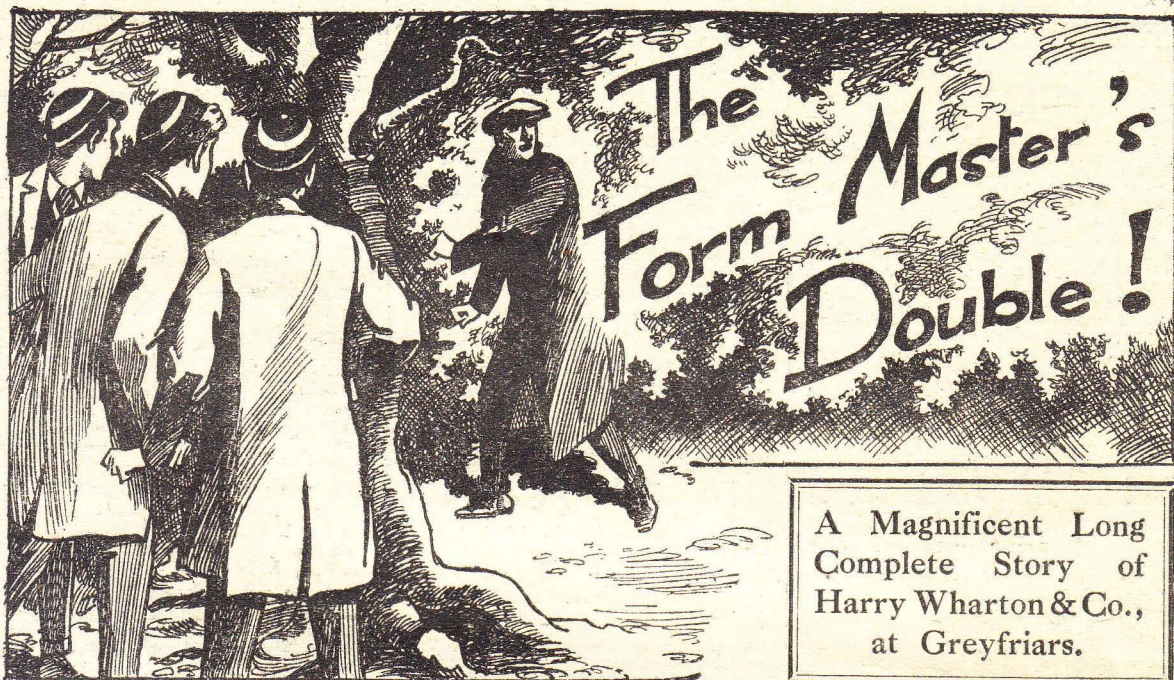
THE END.

There will be another Splendid, Long, New Story of TOM MERRY & CO., the Famous Chums of ST. JIM'S, entitled:

**"THE SLEEPER AWAKES!"** By Martin Clifford

included in next week's Bumper Programme of Stories.

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, MR. QUELCH'S NE'ER-DO-WELL COUSIN ARRIVES AT THE SCHOOL, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, TO SEEK HELP. STRANGE THINGS TRANSPIRE IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING.



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.

## BY FRANK RICHARDS

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

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. After Lights Out!

"CAVE!" Harry Wharton whispered the word, and, as he whispered, he drew his two companions into the dark shadow of the clump of trees at the cross-roads.

"What the—" began Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent together.

"Hush! It's Quelch!"

"Oh my hat!" murmured Bob.

"Shush!"

The three juniors of Greyfriars drew back closer into the dark shadow of the trees. Round that clump in the middle of the cross-roads fell the light of the road-lamp, and in the radius of light a figure had loomed up, approaching from the direction of the village.

The Greyfriars juniors had good reason to keep out of sight.

At that hour of the evening they were supposed to be in their dormitory and sound asleep; and certainly were not supposed to be on their way to the tuckshop in Friardale village for a supply of "tuck."

And, although their reason for being out of bounds after "lights out" was not a very harmful one, they knew what to expect in case of discovery.

Their palms already tingled in anticipation.

"What rotten, rotten luck!" murmured Bob Cherry inaudibly. "I'd have sworn old Quelch was in his study when we came out. The light was burning."

"That's Quelch!"

"No doubt about that—and he's stopping."

The juniors kept their eyes fixed upon the man in the road with almost painful intensity. If he had seen them it was all, as Bob Cherry would have said, "U P."

He had stopped, and was glancing towards the clump of trees.

The light of the road-lamp, dim as it was, fell full upon his face—the somewhat severe and hard face they knew so well. The keen, sharp features were shown up in the light—though the juniors noted, with surprise, that the man was wearing a cap pulled down low over his forehead. An overcoat covered his person, buttoned up to the chin, though the evening was decidedly warm. They did not

remember to have seen their Form-master in that long, dark coat before, and they had never seen Mr. Quelch wearing a cap. But there was no mistaking the clear-cut features.

"He's seen us, I believe!" Frank Nugent breathed.

The juniors watched the man with intent eyes, their curiosity growing.

What was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove at Greyfriars, doing out there at nearly ten o'clock? When they left the School House they had looked at his study window, and had seen the light burning there, and had not doubted that Mr. Quelch was in his study. It was very unlike the orderly and methodical Form-master to go out and leave the light burning in his study. And what did his peculiar manner mean?

He stared towards the dark clump of trees with a keen stare that made the juniors fancy he had discovered them, and then he looked back furtively along the road, as if to see whether anyone was following him.

The juniors waited, in momentary expectation that he would stride towards the clump of trees that concealed them, and order them to step out into the light.

But he did not.

"Quiet!" whispered Harry Wharton, as a low branch crackled and rustled, one of the juniors having pushed hard against it.

The sound, slight as it was, seemed loud in the dead silence of the lonely lane, and it evidently reached the overcoated man at a little distance.

He started.

"Now we're done!" groaned Nugent. "Game's up!"

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob. "Look at him!"

The juniors stared blankly. Instead of striding towards them at the sound, the man had made a sudden spring through a gap in the hedge that bordered the road.

For a moment or two they heard his footsteps pounding in the field.

Then silence!

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at one another blankly.

For the moment it seemed to them that

they must be dreaming. Bob Cherry was the first to find his voice:

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "What on earth—"

"He's bolted!" said Nugent.

"Clean gone, by Jove!"

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath.

"Well, of all the unexpected things, I think that takes the cake!" he said. "He didn't see us—he heard us, and he scooted. Quelch scooted! What on earth did he scoot for?"

Bob Cherry rubbed his eyes, as if in doubt as to whether they had deceived him.

"I suppose it wasn't a giddy dream!" he murmured.

"It was real enough. It was Quelch, and he didn't want to be seen for some reason—though I'm blessed if I can see the reason!" said Harry.

"Wonder what the old bird has been up to out here?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Some giddy mystery!"

"Jolly lucky for us, anyway!" said Nugent. "Let's get on before he changes his mind and comes back again!"

The juniors left their cover, and hurried on their way.

The inexplicable conduct of their Form-master troubled their minds as they went, and they could not help thinking about it.

What had caused Mr. Quelch—usually so grave and composed and dignified—to act in that extraordinary manner.

It was inexplicable.

"Better luck up!" said Bob Cherry, in a low voice, as they came into the old High Street of Friardale. "The old boy may be hanging round to catch us."

The juniors lost no time.

A considerable number of Removites were awake in the dormitory at Greyfriars, awaiting their return, or they would have abandoned the expedition. But they could not go back without the tuck, under the circumstances. The disappointment of the intended feasters, and the sneers of Vernon, Smith and Skinner and Snoop, would have been too hard to bear.

They hurried to Uncle Clegg's little shop, and found the old gentleman about to close. But Uncle Clegg was quite willing to serve

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A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. : : By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

THE BOUNDER ON THE TRAIL!"

the Greyfriars juniors, and in a few minutes a sovereign had changed hands, and the three Removites had their pockets bulging with purchases.

Then they hurried away from the tuck-shop, and took the road home to Greyfriars. In case Mr. Quelch should still be about the lane—though what he could be doing there they could not imagine—the juniors took the short cut back across the fields.

They ran most of the way, and reached the school gates, and passed them, going along the wall towards the spot where they had climbed out, and where they intended to climb in again.

"Hold on!" whispered Wharton suddenly. The juniors halted, crouching close against the shadowy wall.

Ahead of them was an overcoated figure in a cap, and, although there was no light here to show the face, they knew it at once.

"Quelch!" murmured Nugent. "And waiting for us!" growled Bob Cherry. The man in the overcoat had stopped by the wall, and was scanning it with his eyes, as if he intended to climb it.

The juniors backed away. "We'll get in over the wall of the Head's garden, and cut across the Close," Wharton whispered. "Jolly close shave that!"

They lost no time. The wall of the Head's garden was easily scaled, and the juniors dropped into the garden and ran down the path, and clambered over the gate into the Close.

"Safe enough now!" breathed Wharton. "Quelch is still outside the walls. If he's waiting for us—"

"He'll have a long wait!" chuckled Bob. "The light's still burning in his study," said Nugent, pointing to the study window, on the ground floor of the old grey building. "Careless bouncer, to go out and leave his light burning! Ought to be reported!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" murmured Wharton. "Why, what—what—who—My hat!" A form loomed up before the juniors in the shadowy Close. The light from the study window fell upon the face.

"Mr. Quelch!" The juniors gasped out the name together, in dumbfounded amazement.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Caught Out!**

**"MR. QUELCH!"** "M-m-my hat!" "Oh!"

It was not a wonder that the juniors were astonished. They had left their Form-master—as they believed, at all events—outside the school walls.

And here he was standing before them, in the Close of Greyfriars. And the man they had left standing outside the school wall was dressed in cap and overcoat.

Mr. Quelch was in his usual gown and mortar-board that they knew so well. The juniors could only stare at him, dumb-founded.

A dark frown came over the Form-master's face.

"Wharton! Nugent! Cherry!" he rapped out. "What are you doing out of your dormitory at this hour?"

The chums of the Remove did not reply. They could not. They could only stare blankly at the Remove master, and wonder if they were dreaming.

"What is the matter with you?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch irritably. "I suppose you are surprised at being caught? But why do you stare at me as if I were a ghost?"

"Mr.—Mr. Quelch!" gasped Wharton. "It is—it is you, sir?"

"Certainly it is! What do you mean?" "I—I—I don't understand it, sir!"

"Indeed! Will you kindly explain yourself, Wharton?"

"Wasn't it you—outside—in the lane?" stammered Wharton blankly.

"I—outside!" said the Remove master. "Don't be absurd, Wharton! I have just come out of my study!"

"Y-y-your study, sir!" "But—but we saw you!" stuttered Bob Cherry.

"What?" "We saw you in the lane, sir." "Nonsense!" "You were wearing a cap and an overcoat."

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coat, sir," said Nugent dazedly; "and—and we thought you were still out there, sir!"

"Are you wandering in your mind, Nugent?" said Mr. Quelch, scanning the junior's face in angry surprise. "I have just come out of my study to take a turn in the Close before going to bed. What do you mean by saying that you saw me outside the walls?"

"But we—we did, sir. I—I mean, if you say we didn't, of course we didn't; but it was somebody exactly like you, sir!"

The Form-master started. "Somebody exactly like me, Nugent?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir; only he was dressed differently." "I do not quite understand this," said the Form-master coldly. "There is certainly a man in existence who resembles me very much, but he is nowhere near Greyfriars—he is not in this country at all. You have been misled by some fancy. Follow me into my study!"

"Ye-es, sir!" The juniors followed the Form-master with grim faces.

It was pretty clear now that they had been deceived by someone who bore a resemblance to their Form-master in features though the resemblance was certainly very striking. It had been an unlucky deception for them. In the belief that they had left their Form-master outside the school wall, they had shown less caution in returning across the Close, and had run fairly upon Mr. Quelch there.

They felt very much inclined to kick themselves as they followed the Form-master into the house and into his study.

Mr. Quelch picked up a cane. "Where have you been?" he asked sharply. "Friar-dale, sir."

"Turn out your pockets." The unfortunate juniors turned out their recent purchases upon the table. Mr. Quelch eyed them grimly. Bags of tarts, and a pot of jam, and a cake, and two or three bottles of ginger-beer, and doughnuts and cream-puffs. There was a sufficient supply of tuck there to make half the Remove ill with indigestion.

"So that is what you broke bounds for?" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir." "I am glad that your object was no worse, and this was only a foolish prank!" said Mr. Quelch, a little more mildly. "These things will, however, be confiscated, and I shall cane you. Hold out your hands!"

"Swish, swish, swish!" "Ow, ow, ow!" "You may return to your dormitory," said the Remove master. "If you stir out of it again, your punishment will be severe!"

"Good-night, sir!" said Nugent meekly. "Good-night; and remember what I have told you!"

The juniors left the study, and with doleful faces ascended to the Remove dormitory. As soon as they had entered, and the door was shut, there was a chorus of inquiry.

"Got the grub?" asked Johnny Bull. "All serene?"

"Faith, and weren't ye spotted intirely?" "Where's the grub?"

Wharton laughed ruefully, as he rubbed his tingling palm. Mr. Quelch had not laid the strokes on lightly.

"The grub's in Quelch's study," said Harry. "We were spotted!"

"Oh, tare and 'oun's!" groaned Micky Desmond.

"Rotten!" grunted Johnny Bull. "The rottenness is terrific, my worthy chums," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Indian junior, in his weird and wonderful English.

Vernon-Smith, the Bouncer of Greyfriars, burst into a scolding laugh.

"There goes a quid!" he said. "Oh, blow the quid!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll give you back your little bit of it if you're so mighty particular about that!"

"Oh, I don't mind my bob!" said the Bouncer. "But I knew you fellows would make a muck of it! I could have pulled it off all right!"

"Rats!" "Rats to you, and many of them!" said the Bouncer coolly. "I could have pulled it off, and I'll prove it if you like by going now!"

"I say, you fellows, that's a jolly good idea!" said Billy Bunter. "Let Smithy go."

I'll stand my whack out of another quid for the tommy—I mean, I'll owe it to you!"

"Smithy can go if he likes!" growled Bob Cherry. "It's jolly risky, though, now that Quelch is on the watch. He'll be keeping his eyes and ears open now!"

"He won't catch me!" said the Bouncer arrogantly.

"Oh, rats!" Vernon-Smith evidently meant to be as good as his word. He slipped out of bed, and began to dress himself. Harry Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry turned in. They were disappointed about the feed, but they had had enough adventures for one night.

"Look out for Quelch downstairs, that's all," said Bob Cherry.

"I'm going by the window!" said the Bouncer.

"You'll break your silly neck!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Well, it's my neck!" said Vernon-Smith, with imperturbable coolness.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" And the Bouncer, with a low chuckle, went to the window, and opened it cautiously, and swung himself out in the thick ivy. Thick and strong as it was, it required a nerve of iron to make a descent that way, especially at night-time. But the Bouncer of Greyfriars had never wanted for nerve, either for good or for evil.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**A Strange Visitor!**

**"MY hat!"** The Bouncer murmured the words softly to himself.

He had scuttled across the shadowy Close, and reached the school wall, unseen and unheard. He stopped at the wall, and was about to climb, when a peculiar sound on the other side of the wall caught his ears.

It was a rubbing, scraping sound on the rough old stones, and the Bouncer of Greyfriars knew very well what it meant.

Someone was climbing the wall from the road.

The Bouncer grinned in the darkness, and crouched back in the deep shadow of the nearest tree to watch. He had no doubt that it was some fellow who had been out of bounds—perhaps Loder or Carne of the Sixth, who, as the Bouncer had good reasons to know, sometimes paid little nocturnal visits to a certain public-house in Friar-dale.

A head appeared over the top of the school wall, and the Bouncer dimly made out a cap pulled down over a face. In the darkness he could not make out the features. The rest of the climber followed, and the Bouncer whistled inaudibly to himself. It was not a boy at all—it was a man who was climbing the wall of Greyfriars!

A natural suspicion flashed into the Bouncer's mind.

It must be a burglar who was making this surreptitious entrance into the school grounds. It was curious that a midnight thief should come at so early an hour for his work, before the lights were out in Greyfriars. But whom else could it be?

The Bouncer set his teeth hard. The man dropped on the inner side of the wall, and Vernon-Smith heard him give a grunt. He remained for a few moments breathing hard close to the wall, the hidden junior within six feet of him.

Vernon-Smith did not make a sound. If it was a burglar, he did not want to risk getting a jemmy or a life-preserver crashing upon his head. He would wait till a safer moment before he thought of giving the alarm.

The man moved through the shadows of the trees, and stepped away towards the School House.

Vernon-Smith watched him go, and saw the dark figure loom up in the light that shone from Mr. Quelch's study window.

Outside that window the figure halted. Vernon-Smith's heart was beating hard. He followed the stranger cautiously, but he no longer thought that it was a burglar. The intruder was evidently a man who knew the way about in the Close of Greyfriars.

Tap! Vernon-Smith started and drew a deep breath.

The dark figure outside Mr. Quelch's window was tapping at the pane.

Vernon-Smith's eyes blazed with excitement. His heart was beating hard.

A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"My only hat!" he muttered. "It's somebody to see Quelch—a visitor for our giddy, respected Form-master sneaking in at night like a thief over the wall! What does it all mean? I know one thing—I'm jolly well going to find out."

Tap!  
Vernon-Smith kept back in the shadow of the elms, watching the Form-master's window. There was a moving shadow on the blind within.

Tap!  
The blind was drawn aside, and Vernon-Smith saw Mr. Quelch within the study, in full view of the electric light.

The man within, and the man without, stood staring at one another through the glass for a second or two.

Within the study the Form-master seemed petrified.

Vernon-Smith watched eagerly, tensely. It was clear to him, as he looked, that the meeting was a surprise to Mr. Quelch—that he had not been expecting a visitor.

The cad of the Remove felt that he was on the brink of a discovery—that some hidden secret of the Form-master was at his mercy.

Not for an instant did a scruple enter his head about penetrating a secret that was no concern of his. The Bounder of Greyfriars was not troubled by scruples of that kind. That there was something shady in the matter was evidenced by the secrecy with which this strange visit was paid. And a vision floated in the Bounder's mind of surprising a secret that would give him a hold over his Form-master—and thereby make it much easier for him to indulge in some of his peculiar little relaxations.

He watched breathlessly. There was a slight sound as the window opened. The Form-master leaned out a little, and gazed more closely at the face of the intruder. As the man's back was turned to Vernon-Smith, he could not see the face. In the stillness of the Close, the voice of Mr. Quelch came clearly to the Bounder's ears.

"Good heavens, Ferrers! It is you!"  
"Yes!"  
"What are you doing here?"  
"Let me in!"  
"Let you in! I cannot—you know I cannot! You should not have come here! Are you mad? You may be looked for here first of all!"  
"I must come in!"  
"I refuse!"

"For a few words, Quelch—then I will go; but I must speak to you!"

The man had his hands upon the window-frame as he spoke, and he put his knee upon the sill.

The Remove master seemed to hesitate, and then he drew back, and the man leaped lightly into the room.

He half turned then, and the light was on his face.

The Bounder could scarcely repress a cry of astonishment.

For, allowing for the difference the low cap over the forehead made, the man's face was startlingly like that of the Remove master. It was quite evident that they must be relations; they might have been twins.

The man tossed off the cap, and then the likeness was less apparent.

For, instead of the Form-master's dark hair, slightly fringed with grey, the newcomer's hair was of a sandy hue, inclining to light brown.

The difference in the colour of the hair was so striking that it subtracted a great deal from the resemblance of the features, though the resemblance was still apparent.

"Ferrers," began the Remove master, whose face showed signs of strong agitation.

"Close the window!"

"But—"

"And pull the blind! Who knows who may be watching?"

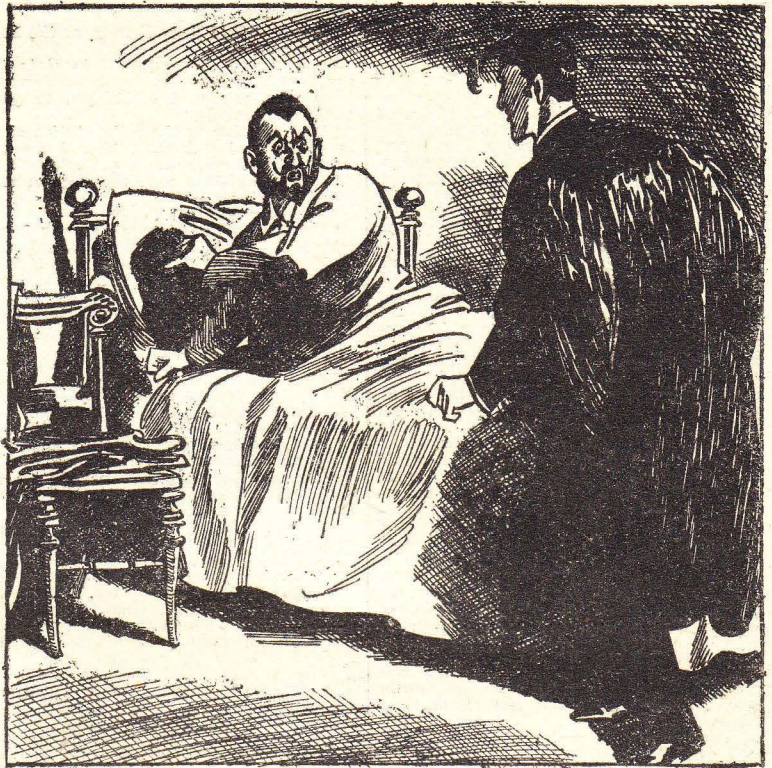
"The boys are all in bed." Then Mr. Quelch started. "Good heavens! A short time ago I found some of the Remove boys in the Close—there might be more—"

"Close the window; you can look into their dormitory and see."

"True!"

Mr. Quelch closed the window and drew the blind again, and the interior of the study was shut off from view.

But Vernon-Smith did not wait for that. In a few minutes Mr. Quelch would be in the dormitory to see whether any of the Remove were absent. Vernon-Smith ran for the wall under the dormitory window, and clambered



INTO THE WRONG ROOM!—In the faint glimmer of light from the window the sham Form-master made out the outlines of a man sitting up in bed. Before he could act, there was a sudden flood of light in the room. Monsieur Charpentier had turned on the electric switch beside his bed. "Monsieur Quelch!" exclaimed the French master in surprise. (See Chapter 6.)

desperately up the ivy. He reached the window, which he had left open, and clambered in, closed the window quickly, and ran for his bed. There was no sound as yet of the approach of the Form-master. The Bounder stripped off his clothes almost in a twinkling.

"Back again!" growled Billy Bunter. "You haven't been to Friardale—"

"Shut up!"

"Spotted?" asked Peter Todd.

"No; but Quelch's coming here!"

The Bounder turned in.

"Oh, I say, you know—" began Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, you idiot!"

"But, really—"

"Cave!" whispered Harry Wharton.

There was a footstep outside, and even Billy Bunter had wisdom enough to cease speaking, and to begin to snore. The door opened, and a light glimmered in. Mr. Quelch entered the dormitory, and glanced at every bed there.

Every bed had its occupant, and the Remove master was satisfied.

He withdrew quietly from the dormitory, and closed the door, and his footsteps died down the passage.

Not till the last sound had died away was there a voice audible in the dormitory. Then the juniors sat up in bed, and showered questions on the Bounder.

"How did you know he was coming, Smitty?"

"Weren't you spotted?"

"How did you—"

"I wasn't spotted; I've been spotting!" grinned the Bounder. "Quelch has got a visitor—a chap who sneaked in over the wall, and tapped at his window, and got in that way into his study."

"Great Scott!"

"A chap so like Quelch that he might be his brother, only he's got sandy hair," said the Bounder. "Until he took his cap off you'd have sworn it was Quelch, if you'd seen him alone."

Harry Wharton uttered an exclamation. "My hat! The chap we saw!"

"No doubt about that!" said Bob Cherry

"So he's visiting Quelch?"

"You saw him?" exclaimed Vernon-Smith

"When and where?"

Wharton explained.

"It's jolly queer," said the Bounder slowly

"The man must be a relation—he's so like Quelch, if it wasn't for the colour of his hair. Something jolly fishy in his visiting Quelch in this way—don't you think so?"

"Jolly fishy!" said Bolsover major.

"No business of ours!" yawned Bob Cherry.

"I'm going to sleep."

The other Removites followed his example. Slumber descended on the Remove dormitory, the juniors little dreaming of what was passing, in those very minutes, below in their Form-master's study.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Fugitive from Justice.

"FERRERS!"

Mr. Quelch spoke the name quietly, coldly. The man with the sandy hair, but otherwise so like the Form-master, had thrown himself into the comfortable armchair, and stretched out his feet to the fender.

The Remove master remained standing, his hand resting on the table, his eyes fixed upon his visitor.

The manner of the man whom Mr. Quelch addressed as "Ferrers" was quite cool and calm, but there was a glitter in his eyes that betrayed the feelings within. The man was keeping a strong hand upon himself, that was all.

"Can't you give me something to drink?" he asked.

"Water!" said Mr. Quelch.

Ferrers shrugged his shoulders.

"To eat, then? I have eaten nothing for twelve hours!"

Mr. Quelch hesitated.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE BOUNDER ON THE TRAIL!"

## 22 Wonderful Coloured Plate of a Famous Canadian Pacific Railway Engine

"I am famished!" said Ferrers. "Wait, then," said Mr. Quelch ungraciously enough. "I will return in a few minutes." He left the study, closing the door after him.

Ferrers waited a few moments, and then rose to his feet. The mask of coolness had dropped from his face. He looked like what he was—a desperate and hunted man. His quick, roving glance scanned the study, taking in every detail of his surroundings. He groped in his pocket with his right hand, and his hand came out with a short, thick cudgel in it. He slipped it back into his pocket, leaving it so that he could readily reach it.

But he was sitting in the armchair, apparently just as Mr. Quelch had left him, when the Remove master re-entered the study.

Mr. Quelch bore a plate, upon which were bread and ham. At that hour it was not unknown for feeds to be held surreptitiously in dormitories, but it was very difficult for a master to get anything to eat. The Form-master set the plate on the table before his visitor, and closed the door again.

"Better turn the key," said Ferrers. Again the Form-master hesitated. It would have surprised the Removites if they could have seen him. They knew him cold, severe, unhesitating. But Mr. Quelch was not at all his usual self now. The visit of the man who resembled him so much seemed to have thrown him quite off his balance.

"Someone might come along," Ferrers suggested easily, as he began to devour the bread and ham with a keenness that showed that he was, as he had said, famished.

"Very well." Mr. Quelch turned the key in the lock. Neither spoke again while Ferrers was eating. He finished, and the Form-master opened his lips to speak, and closed them again.

"You can give me a cigar?" asked Ferrers. "I do not smoke."

"Wise man!" said his visitor, with a curious inflexion of sarcasm in his voice. "You neither drink nor smoke?"

"Neither."

"It is a pity I did not share your wisdom. I might now be safe at Upshott instead of a wanderer on the face of the earth," said Ferrers.

"You did not want for warnings." "Quite so; you gave me enough," said Ferrers. "But the spirit is willing and the flesh is weak, you know, and Ulick Ferrers was not born to pass all his days in a country house, hammering instruction into the dull brain of a pupil."

"You seem to have come to worse," said Mr. Quelch dryly. "I had not the wisdom of my worthy Cousin Quelch," said Ulick Ferrers. "I suppose you have heard about what has happened?"

"It is in the papers." "I suppose so. I have not seen the papers. Gad! I wish you could give me something to smoke!"

"I cannot."

"Well, well, let it pass. What have you seen in the papers?"

"That Lord Upshott's name was forged upon a cheque by his son's tutor, and that the tutor has fled, and the police are looking for him," said Mr. Quelch.

"Exactly! Any more?" "That he obtained the money—a thousand pounds—and is supposed to have taken it with him," said the Remove master sternly.

"He would not be likely to leave it behind," said Ferrers coolly. "There is no mention of the fact that that unfortunate Ulick Ferrers had a cousin—"

"A second cousin," said the Remove master coldly. "Second cousin, if you choose—a Form-master at a famous public school on the coast, called Greyfriars?"

"I have not seen it referred to," said Mr. Quelch. "I am glad of it. I have no wish to be mixed up in your disgrace. We have never been friends, and I have no desire whatever to shield you from the just punishment of your crime. Moreover, although it is not referred to in the papers, there is little doubt that the police will look out all your connections, and discover that you have a relation here. I fully anticipate hearing from them, if not receiving a visit, to learn whether I know anything of your movements."

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An hour ago I could have said that I knew nothing. Now—"

"Now—" said Ulick Ferrers, as the Form-master paused.

"Now I shall be compelled to state that you have been here," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "For that reason, I advise you to go as quickly as possible."

"Why not ring up the police-station on the telephone, and tell them that I am here now?" Ferrers said, with a sardonic smile.

"I do not wish to have the disgrace of an arrest at this school."

"No other reason?"

"I do not wish to cause you any harm," said Mr. Quelch, after a pause. "I must mention that you have been here if I am questioned. Until then I will say nothing—if you go at once."

"And that is all you are prepared to do for me?"

"All, certainly!" "It is not enough," said Ulick Ferrers quietly. "Listen to me! The police will be here to look for me to-morrow. I was seen only twenty miles from this place, and had a narrow escape."

"All the more reason why you should go at once," said the Form-master.

"I cannot go! I should be laid by the heels before I was ten miles away! I have come here for a hiding-place."

"What!"

"Do I not speak plainly?" said Ferrers. "You know that I was a Greyfriars boy—once. Twenty years ago I knew every nook and cranny of this old place. There are recesses in the ruined chapel, and in the crypt under it, where a man could lie hidden for weeks, or years, if he had a friend at hand to bring him food and drink."

"Are you mad?" said the Form-master, his voice rising with anger. "Do you ask me—a Form-master at a public school, enjoying the confidence of the headmaster and the governors—to make this school a shelter for a runaway criminal, and to hide him and tend him while escaping from the police! You must be insane! Even at this moment you have about you the money you have robbed your employer of!"

"That is neither here nor there—"

"Listen to me!" said Mr. Quelch. "Lay that money here, upon the table, for me to return to its owner with an explanation, and I will give you ten pounds towards your expenses, and allow you to depart."

Ferrers laughed. "Thank you for nothing! I need the money to make a fresh start in America when I get safely out of England."

"You are asking me to become a party to a theft."

"I am asking you to save me."

"Well, I refuse! More!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, his eyes flashing, "unless you hand over the stolen money, to be returned to Lord Upshott, I will take your suggestion and ring up the police on the telephone."

Ferrers' eyes burned for a moment. "Be it so!"

There was a grim silence in the study. Mr. Quelch, agitated but determined, paced to and fro, glancing every few seconds at the clock on the mantelpiece. Ulick Ferrers kept his eyes upon the Form-master.

"It is time!" said Mr. Quelch, at last. "Have you decided?"

"I have told you so."

"Very well. I go to the telephone now."

Mr. Quelch turned towards the door. His hand was on the key to turn it, his back to the other, when Ulick Ferrers made a sudden spring. The Remove master did not see him; but he heard him, and he swung round quickly. Ulick Ferrers' hand was raised, and the cudgel was in it, and even as the Form-master turned the blow descended.

Crash!

One deep groan escaped the master of the Remove, and he fell insensible to the floor.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Change of identity.

THERE was no sound in the dead silence of the study, save the ticking of the clock, which seemed strangely loud in the deathly silence of the room.

Ferrers did not give a second glance at his victim. He knew that he was stunned.

He stood close to the door, his head bent to listen.

From the house came no sound.

The fall of the Form-master had not been heard. Almost all Greyfriars was in bed and sleeping, and the sound had not been loud.

For a full minute the scoundrel stood there, silent, motionless, with beating, throbbing heart.

Then, with a deep breath, he turned from the door.

"So far, success!" he muttered aloud. He stooped over the insensible Form-master. Mr. Quelch's eyes were closed, and his face was chalky white. Under the iron-grey hair was a large bruise, where the weapon of the assailant had struck him. Ferrers removed the gown that was tangled round the still form.

"Good for an hour at least!"

For some moments the ruffian stood in thought.

Then he turned out the light, and the study was plunged into darkness. He waited a few moments for his eyes to become accustomed to the gloom, and then moved cautiously across the room to the window, raised the blind, and opened it.

The Close without was dark and silent. One window gleamed. It was the window of the Head's study. But the blind was closely drawn, and no one within that room could have seen into the Close.

The coast was clear.

Ferrers stepped back to where the Form-master lay, and lifted the insensible man. He carried him to the window, and set him on the sill, and jumped lightly out. Then he lifted the unconscious man from the window-sill to his shoulder. With the Form-master thrown across his shoulder, he moved away into the darkness.

No sound; no movement came from Mr. Quelch. He was stunned, and, as the ruffian had said, he could not recover his senses for an hour at least. The blow had been a terrible one.

With the swiftness and certainty of one who knew the way well, Ulick Ferrers strode across the dark Close in the direction of the ruined chapel.

He had, as he had said, been a Greyfriars boy twenty years before; and in twenty years the old school had not changed.

In the darkness the old mossy masses of masonry loomed up.

With unflinching steps, Ferrers entered the ruins, and paused at the shaly old stone stair that led down to the crypt.

There he laid down his burden.

He groped in his coat, and drew out a dark lantern, and lighted it, keeping carefully in cover of the old masonry as he did so.

The light gleamed on the stone steps leading downward.

At the bottom was the door of the crypt. It was a stout oak door, and it was locked. The ancient door had long rotted away, but the new door had been placed there, and was kept locked, to keep out adventurous juniors who desired to explore the crypt. Those dark recesses were full of pitfalls for the unwary, and had been placed out of bounds. But "bounds" did not always restrain fellows who had a turn for risky exploration. Since the door had been there, however, the crypt had not been entered.

Ferrers muttered below his breath as he saw the locked door. That was a new thing since his time at Greyfriars. It was locked, and there was, of course, no key in the lock. It was in charge of Gosing, the porter. The rascal laid his burden down again at the foot of the door, and placed the lantern on the steps, where its rays fell upon the lock. Then he groped in his pocket again.

He had told Mr. Quelch that he had come prepared for all emergencies, and he had told the truth. He drew a curious-looking key from his pocket, inserted it in the lock, and the door swung open.

Dark and gloomy looked the old crypt as the door opened, and a noisome odour came from its sunless depths.

Ferrers, strong as his nerve was, shivered for a moment.

But he did not waste time. He lifted the insensible Form-master again, and carried him into the stone-walled vault.

He laid him down upon the cold flags, and then stood breathing heavily.

From a pocket, after a pause, he drew a cord, and shackled the wrists of the insensible man behind him. So that when he recovered his senses he would not be able to use his hands, or move them more than a few inches. Then, passing a cord round Mr. Quelch's

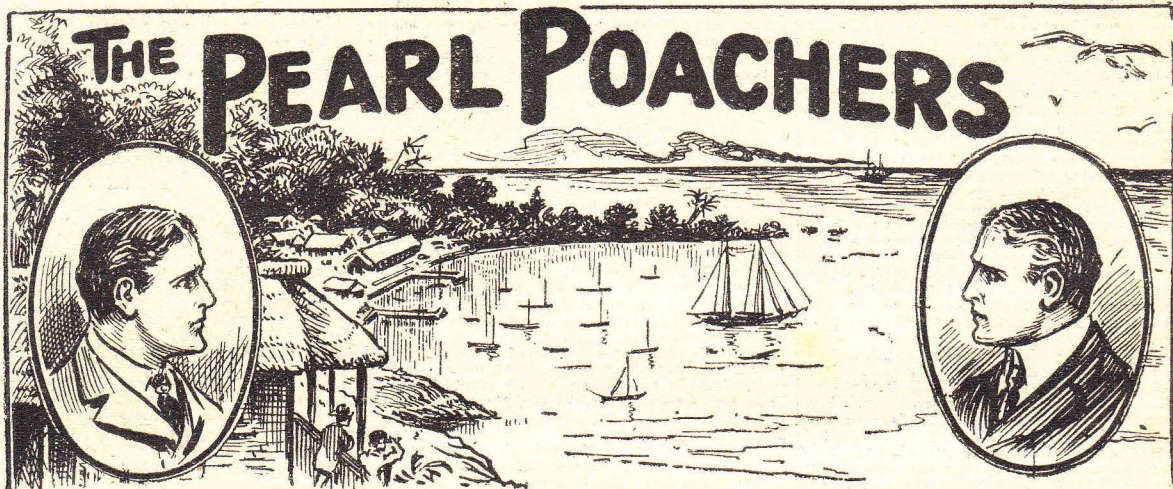
Next Tuesday!

"THE BOUNDER ON THE TRAIL!"

A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.



THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MOST DARING PEARL RAIDER WHO EVER SAILED THE SOUTH SEAS; ABOUNTING IN STRANGE ADVENTURES AND THRILLING MOMENTS!



A Grand New Serial, introducing Ferrers Lord, the Millionaire Adventurer, Ching Lung & Co., and the Daring Pearl Raider, Harper Blaise, the Terror of the South Seas.

By **SIDNEY DREW,**

(Author of "Gan Waga's Island.")

**INTRODUCTION.**

A meeting between Bruce Donelan and Harper Blaise, the mysterious pearl raider takes place in the manager's bungalow on Ferrers Lord's pearling station the day before the arrival of the millionaire. Donelan, the manager of the station is struck by the amazing resemblance between Ferrers Lord and Blaise, and he unfolds a daring scheme for raiding the strong-room on board the Lord of the Deep. Blaise is to impersonate Ferrers Lord, get away in the yacht, then after taking the thousands of pounds of pearls and gold from her, sink the yacht in the lagoon. The plan is successfully started. Ferrers Lord is kidnapped on his arrival at the station, and secured in the

bungalow; then Blaise sets sail on the Lord of the Deep, bound for Gan Waga's island.

As the yacht passes from sight, Ferrers Lord is conveyed to a deserted island by two of Blaise's men—Sharkfin Billy and a Kanaka—and marooned.

Ferrers Lord makes an attempt to escape by hurling a piece of coral at the Kanaka, and springing on Sharkfin Billy, taking him unawares.

Blaise, now on board the yacht, finds that he must rid himself of Thurston, who he thinks is dangerous. During dinner he drugs Thurston's wine, unseen by the steward.

(Now read on.)

through the hair of his moustache. Both men were streaming with perspiration. Billy had lost the use of one leg. He was much heavier than the millionaire, but he could obtain no leverage to heave himself up and fling Ferrers Lord over, for his kicks had dislodged the fine, dry sand, and it had poured down thickly, penning his left leg fast.

Relentless, choking, those slim hands kept their grip to Sharkfin Billy: the palms overhead seemed to be rocking and tumbling against each other under a sky that was no longer blue but crimson. The grip of his muscular arms weakened. They fell away limply, and Ferrers Lord's knee was on his chest. Sharkfin Billy had met more than his match at last, and was beaten.

Ferrers Lord was almost beaten also. His breath came and went in great, hungry gasps. He crawled slowly over Billy's body to the end of the hollow, and looked round it with bloodshot eyes. On the sand lay the revolver where it had fallen when the impact of the blow had jerked it from the Kanaka's hand. It lay exactly midway between him and the Kanaka. The millionaire managed to stagger to his feet, only to fall, for his knees refused to bear his weight. In his fight with Sharkfin Billy he seemed to have used up every atom of his strength and energy.

At that moment, the Kanaka, who had been lying prone, lifted himself on his hands. Ferrers Lord managed to do the same, and across the hot patch of beach, shining like pearl in the sunlight, they looked at each other and then at the revolver.

The Kanaka had little more life in him than the millionaire. The memory of something he had seen long ago came into Ferrers Lord's mind. He had seen two greyhounds, after a grueling course, stretched panting on the grass, too utterly exhausted and beaten to rise and seize the hare that lay equally exhausted and powerless within a few yards of them. The position was like that now, only they were men, and the prize was not a hare but a revolver. Then, uttering a grunt of pain, the Kanaka stretched out his brown arm, dug his fingers into the sand, and dragged himself a few inches closer to the coveted weapon.

To Ferrers Lord the possession of the revolver meant life and liberty; to the Kanaka it meant murder and revenge. Still, the millionaire's shaky legs refused to carry him. He could scarcely crawl. Taking a grip of the sand, he pulled himself forward. The white man and the brown man were watching each other with haggard eyes. Again the Kanaka made a painful effort, and the gap between them narrowed as they crept nearer to the revolver. The Kanaka

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

**THE NINTH CHAPTER.**

**The Escape!**

THE steward filled Thurston's glass with wine. He passed round the sham millionaire's chair with the bottle in his hand to fill Blaise's glass.

"I am not drinking wine just now," said Blaise. "Bring me a bottle of seltzer-water, with a mere splash of brandy in it."

Thurston raised the glass, and drank. Only one swift flicker of Blaise's eyelashes betrayed his anxiety. He had drugged the wine, and he was afraid that Thurston might detect some peculiar flavour. If he did, he made no comment. A few minutes later he had emptied the glass, and the watchful steward had refilled it. It had no immediate effect, and Thurston went on with his lunch, making a hearty meal.

"I don't now what you've been doing all the morning, Chief," he said, taking a cigar from the box held out to him by the steward, "but you'd have been better on deck in the sunshine and fresh air. Haven't you finished your accounts, or writing, or whatever it is you do in that bleak den of yours?"

"I have not quite finished, but I shall be able to join you in another half-hour or so," said the sham Ferrers Lord, smiling.

Tom Prout had just finished his watch below. He was yawning a little as he talked to the bo'sun, when Rupert Thurston walked aft to his comfortable chair under the awning. Maddock was not in a very cheerful mood. The bo'sun was just as devoted and as loyal to Ferrers Lord as Prout, but for the first time during his long years of faithful service, he had a secret feeling that he had not had fair play.

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"PUTTING UP WITH CLARENCE!"

"Never was such a chance, souse me," he said to Prout. "Never will be such a chance. I'd have got her second or third shot, sure! And I wanted bad to wipe Barry O'Rooney's eye, for you know how he brags about his gunnery, Tom. There's the dirty pirate, and the end of my gun, and—"

"By honey!" gasped Prout, staring past the bo'sun in wonder. "What's this?"

The yacht was on an even keel, but she might have been pitching and rolling in a violent storm by the way Rupert Thurston was acting. He was staggering towards them, making drunken zigzags, with his hands at his throat. Prout made a leap, and Thurston tumbled forward into his arms.

Hands of steel were at Sharkfin Billy's throat and arms of iron were locked round the millionaire, for Billy was a powerful opponent. His one eye glared up at Ferrers Lord, aglow with rage and hate. He kicked out savagely with his bare legs, but the terrible hand-grip only tightened. The strain of his encircling arms made the millionaire take in quick, panting breaths. The millionaire knew that he was having a race with death. The Kanaka was winded, and if he recovered from the blow before Sharkfin Billy was beaten, he would either club the millionaire into insensibility with the heavy butt of the revolver or put a bullet through his brain.

The burning sun blazed down on the two men as they lay in the sand hollow, fighting for the mastery. The ball of Sharkfin Billy's glaring eye was no longer white, but blotched with red. The end of his tongue showed



was gaining, but only by inches. A look of triumph came into his dark face. He had only to cover another yard and the weapon was his. From behind the sand heap came gasping sounds, telling that Sharkfin Billy had recovered consciousness and was fighting for breath. The Kanaka's hand was within eighteen inches of the revolver when Ferrers Lord gained his knees. Summoning up every atom of energy he could command, he forced the toes of his boots into the sand and flung himself forward. The next instant the revolver was his, and its long barrel was pointed at the Kanaka's face. Probably the man expected instant death, for his skin turned a ghastly yellow colour and he uttered a shriek. For a long five minutes they did not stir. Strength was coming back to the millionaire swiftly now. Sharkfin Billy was calling to the Kanaka in a strangled voice. Ferrers Lord rose. A glance at the Kanaka told him that he had nothing to fear, for the man was too weak to push off the boat, and his companion, Sharkfin Billy, must be in even a worse plight.

Very shakily, the millionaire made his way to the pool of fresh water. He drank, but only a few sparing sips, and splashed the water on his head. He walked back along the beach with a firm step, master of himself again, and master also of the situation. Sharkfin Billy was leaning over the sand heap, his eye bloodshot and his face twisted with pain. Sharkfin Billy was a very sick man. The waves were lapping gently against the beach, but there was not a ripple on the water or vestige of breeze in the hot, quivering air. Ferrers Lord picked up one of the fallen cigarettes.

"Perhaps you will oblige me with a match now," he said quietly.

Sharkfin Billy groaned and pulled a flattened matchbox out of the pocket of his shirt.

"You've about done for me, boss," he said hoarsely. "By ginger, my throat burns as if I'd been swallowing molten lead."

Ferrers Lord lighted the cigarette and walked over to the Kanaka.

"Give me your matches, too, if you have any, and that knife," he said briefly. "Thank you. And don't stir or there will be bad trouble for you. Savee?"

There were oars in the boat, but to have attempted to row in such a scorching sun would have been lunacy. The millionaire took possession of Billy's hat after scouring the inside of it with sand before putting it on his head.

"If you find the sun too hot, crawl into the scrub and shelter there," he said. "I don't suppose it will hurt the Kanaka."

Then Ferrers Lord collected the rest of the cigarettes and sat down on the gunwale of the boat, revolver in hand, to await the far-off sunset and the evening breeze. It was Sharkfin Billy who broke the long silence. The man knew he would be rescued, but it might not be for days.

"Look here, boss," he said, "you got us napping, and I allow you put up a thundering good fight, and when I look at you, by ginger, I don't know how you done it. We're out of our latitude, so to speak, and me and Bliff didn't tell our chums where we were bound for when we left. I don't know what you done to Bliff, but you've made him mighty sick, and you'll never make the reef alone, if that's your notion. I couldn't do it myself, not without Bliff. We give you top-dog, and so let's make a deal. Me and Bliff will land you on the reef, and let you go fair and honest if you'll promise to give us the boat and let us go fair and honest. There'll be no wind afore dark, and you'll wreck yourself, sure."

Ferrers Lord smiled grimly and shook his head. He could guess what Sharkfin Billy's idea of fairness and honesty would be. He put his shoulder to the boat, floated her, and stepped in. Though there was no wind, there was a current, and the boat began to drift away. Sharkfin Billy raised his clenched hands to the sky, and hurled hoarse curses after him from his aching throat.

and leisure, he had never practised. No doubt, Ferrers Lord was also qualified, though he had never spoken of it.

Thurston was a very sick man. He was carried down to his cabin and put to bed. The portholes were screened to keep out the glare, and the impostor came at once, feeling safe and secure, in the dim light, of any danger of recognition. There was not the least danger in the world. After the first paroxysm of intense pain, Thurston had fallen into a kind of lethargy. Blaise bent over him and felt his pulse and put his hand on the sick man's forehead.

"A touch of sunstroke, I think," he said, for the benefit of Prout, who waited anxiously. "How did he act when the seizure took him, Prout?"

"Staggered all over the deck, sir, just like a drunken man," answered Prout. "Then, by honey, he collapsed and flopped out, and I caught him. It's funny the sun should have got him, sir, being used to all sorts of climates, like he is. I hope he isn't going to be very bad?"

"We all hope that," said the sham Ferrers Lord. "He had better be kept very quiet. You may go, for I can attend to everything."

Blaise did not think Thurston would die, and he had gained his end. It was unlikely that he would be able to leave his cabin before the yacht reached Gan Waga's island. He knew that there would be at least one medical man there, if not several, but by that time his victim would have got the drug out of his system, so that no diagnosis could reveal that he had been poisoned. Blaise hoped to leave him there.

But his perils were not over. A youngster in a smart uniform was waiting for him in the alley-way when he left the cabin. The lad saluted, and gave him an envelope. On it was pencilled "Rupert Thurston, Esq." The boy stood at attention while he opened the envelope and read the message. It was from the unknown Chinaman, Prince Ching Lung, wirelessly from his yacht, Kwai-hal.

"Thurston, sy. Lord of the Deep. All going strong. Honour, self, and Gan Waga send greetings. Your message a bit muddled. Are you going back to island, and, if so, when? We are making for rendezvous, as arranged. Please be more explicit and say what you really mean. Cheerio.—Ching!"

What was the rendezvous? Blaise knew that Ferrers Lord had made some arrangement to meet Prince Ching Lung, and that portion of the bullion in the strong-room belonged to the prince. He felt that he must go cautiously, and the safe path still seemed to be one of evasion and delay.

"Mr. Thurston has been taken ill," he said to the boy. "There is nothing to send out just now."

The wireless was a nuisance. Ching Lung's message had asked for an explanation and a reply, and the operator would be wondering why no answer was sent. The operator, however, was a person of very little importance.

Harper Blaise did not know how magnificently he had been playing his assumed part, or he would not have drugged Rupert Thurston.

It was Blaise himself who was suspicious, for all the time he had been in Thurston's company he had felt like a man who walks on perilously thin ice, that may break at any instant under his feet and engulf him.

More messages were brought to him as he was sitting on deck, but nothing more from Prince Ching Lung. He went on the bridge, and stood fearlessly almost shoulder-to-shoulder with Prout in the clear sunshine, and looked at the chart. He had a dozen questions to ask, but his lips were sealed. He wanted to know the exact distance to the island of ice and gold, and when the yacht would make it.

In the solitude of the office Blaise made another examination of the books and papers in the safe. He found a list of names of the mining officials. The manager was John Whiburn.

Blaise was leaving nothing to chance. He drafted out an order to the manager to weigh, value, and pack the gold in hand, and transfer it to the Lord of the Deep.

Time after time he copied the transfer, imitating Ferrers Lord's handwriting from a private notebook he had found. The final result would have satisfied most men, but it failed to satisfy Harper Blaise.

The torn sheets went overboard through the porthole. When he reached Thurston's cabin, the steward who was watching the sick man went away.

Rupert Thurston was conscious. He gave a wry smile as the impostor looked down at him, assuming a grave concern he did not feel.

"I'm puzzled to know what's the matter with you," said Blaise. "You have almost given me a fright! Are you in much pain?"

"There's not such a lot of pain now, but I'm jolly sick, Chief!" said Thurston wearily. "Do you know, I feel as if I had been drugged or poisoned?"

"As you couldn't possibly have been poisoned, don't you think it must be the sun?"

"Perhaps; but I thought I was too hard-bitten for the hottest sun to knock me out, and it hasn't been hot since we left the reef. My head doesn't ache, either, to any extent, and my legs and arms are as heavy as lead. There's a beastly taste in my mouth, too. Jove, and I'm tired—dead-beat tired!"

Blaise waited until he had fallen into what seemed to be half a slumber and half a stupor. He switched on the light.

Thurston's face was very pale, and the corners of his mouth were puckered and twitching. Blaise smiled to himself, for it was obvious that his victim would be a sick man for a long time to come.

"Give him a little champagne when he awakens—very little," he said, to the steward. "He will not be able to eat anything yet. If he gets worse, call me."

Presently Mr. Benjamin Maddock tapped gently at the cabin door, and the steward opened it.

"How's he going now?" asked the bo'sun, in a hoarse whisper.

"Sleeping," answered the steward. "I'm to give him champagne when he wakes up. The Chief doesn't seem to think it's anything very dangerous."

"If he had, the Chief would have been here, not you!" said Maddock. "So there's a bit of satisfaction in that, souse me! It's mighty odd he should have come down with such a run, for I always took him to be as tough as the best of us. Well, the Chief knows, and he ain't worrying. I don't think it matters."

Harper Blaise dined in solitary state that evening, wearing one of Ferrers Lord's dress-suits. He drank the millionaire's rare wine, and smoked a couple of his exquisite cigars. He was beginning to revel in his stupendous bluff and to enjoy it thoroughly, confident that he would carry it through. Absolutely confident in himself, he coded a message. In the wireless-room the operator was listening-in. He took the caps from his ears as Blaise entered.

"Send this off," said Harper Blaise, giving him the slip of paper.

The operator saluted. He did not understand the meaning of the message, but he was quite accustomed to wireless codes, and its meaning was no concern of his.

Blaise watched him for a time, and then

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# Wireless

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## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### A Fatful Message.

THE Lord of the Deep seemed to be outside the rules and regulations governing vessels flying the British flag. She was armed, and that in itself was most unusual; and she carried no regular medical officer. Rupert Thurston was a qualified doctor, but being a man of wealth

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"THE CEDAR GREEK CHINEE!"

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF  
FRANK RICHARDS. :: By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

made his way on deck. Black rainclouds were gathering in the sky, and the yacht was heading towards them.

"It is undoubtedly a very charming thing to be a millionaire!" thought Harper Blaise, as we watched the green water sliding past the bows. "It must cost him fortunes to run this yacht, and it seems a pity to have to send her to the bottom. And I wonder how my marooned millionaire friend is enjoying it?"

He stood with folded arms, unconsciously assuming one of Ferrers Lord's favourite attitudes, the breeze ruffling his hair, and looked ahead at the thickening clouds. Lightning was flashing there. On the bridge, Prout knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and put on his tarpaulin and sou'-wester. Presently the rain was pouring down on the deck, thunder was crashing, and vivid flashes lighted up the gloom.

The storm drove Blaise below. He selected a cigar, mixed himself a whisky-and-soda, and took a volume out of the bookcase. The yacht ran through the storm, and thrashed

Someone had knocked—the wireless operator. It was another message from Prince Ching Lung, and he was growing impatient.

Blaise read:

"No answer from you. Beginning to think your wireless has broken down. Where are you, and what are you doing? Am I to make for rendezvous?"

Blaise was puzzled. Here was a message he was practically compelled to answer, though he was very much in the dark. He put out his hand for the pencil and writing-pad the operator had brought with him, hesitating what to do. Wherever the arranged meeting-place might be, Prince Ching Lung would have to kick his heels till he was tired.

Blaise tapped the pad with the point of the pencil, and then wrote a few fateful words.

"Yes, make for the rendezvous. Thurston unwell, but not seriously so.—Lord."

The operator glanced at the message as he took it. To Blaise he seemed to give a little start. It struck Blaise that the man had

hustler, and if he has to stick doing nothing on that baking reef six or seven weeks, he'll go mad. Well, there it is, Ben, and, as you say, it has nothing to do with us. Something jammed in, and they don't know we're bound for Gan Waga's Island."

At that moment, Ferrers Lord's engineer, Harold Honour, was reading the forged message. It was simple and plain, and it never entered the minds of the engineer and the prince that these few words winged across the sea from yacht to yacht was a message of Fate, enormous in its consequences.

#### THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

##### Jimmy Takes a Hand.

**G**AN WAGA lay forward in the shadow of the scuppers, with the nozzle of a hose-pipe close beside him on the slope of the deck. From the brass nozzle came a slow but steady stream of salt water, that flowed round the Eskimo and kept him comfortably cool. As he snored there, with the stump of a cigar between



**A TENSE MOMENT!**—To Ferrers Lord the possession of the revolver meant liberty and life, to the Kanaka it meant revenge and murder. Still the millionaire's legs refused to carry him. He could scarcely crawl. Taking a grip of the sand he pulled himself forward; at the same time the Kanaka made a painful effort to reach the revolver first. (See Chapter 9.)

her way on under a clear sky filled with stars. From the deck came a musical cry: "All's well!"

Harper Blaise put aside the book, and took stock of his reflection in the mirror. He smiled at himself, and his eyes sparkled.

"Yes, all's well!" he muttered. "And, without any flattery, my boy, you're a very good-looking fellow! You're so good-looking that it won't do to have two like you, so I'm afraid something unpleasant must happen to your double! By Jove, I'm half inclined to change my plans and go the whole hog! Why shouldn't I go back to England as the one and only Ferrers Lord, millionaire and magnate, and make shark-food of the real one? I believe I could do it!"

The thought was a dazzling one, and Blaise laughed at the sheer audacity of it, but he knew it was impossible. To do it safely he would have to rid himself of his accomplices. After the present coup, they would take their share of the plunder and scatter, and he hoped that none of them would ever cross his path again.

"I could do it, I could play the part right to the fall of the curtain!" he reflected. "But if I started handling Lord's millions, those bloodsuckers would never leave me alone. It would be blackmail and hush-money all the time, for the greedy leeches would never let me alone. Yes, come in!"

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"THE SLEEPER AWAKES!"

noticed something strange in the handwriting, though he had done his best to imitate the millionaire's. Or was it the purport of the message that surprised him? The operator saluted, and was gone. Blaise's lips tightened, and his eyes fixed on the closed door, were hard and menacing.

"I may have to deal with that fellow, too," he thought. "Have I done the wrong thing? Was it only imagination, or was he really surprised? What have I done?"

The operator was really surprised. He was on friendly terms with Maddock, and presently the ho'sun strolled in for a chat. The operator said nothing, but pointed to the slip the sham millionaire had written, the message that by this time had gone wringing through the ether to the antennæ of Prince Ching Lung's wireless. Maddock uttered a low, astonished whistle.

"Souise me, that's queer stuff!" he said. "I know we were to meet the prince at the reef. Now we're legging it one way, and he's going t'other! If he's got to peg down his anchor for seven weeks, he'll say a few strong words. Mighty queer stuff, but nothing to do with us, mate, though it is strange."

"A puzzler!" said the operator. "I expect the chap who'll say the most about it will be Hal Honour. I never heard Honour use six words at once in my life, but if this don't teach him to talk nothing will! He's a

his lips, his plump, olive-skinned face and jet-black hair shining with moisture, his feet bare, and his suit of pyjamas limp and saturated, Gan Gaga looked like anything on earth except what he really was, if he had only worried about it, the owner of an island rich in gold, an employer of labour on a huge scale, and a very important personage. But, like sailors, Gan did not care.

Across the deck of Prince Ching Lung's yacht in the glare of the tropical sunshine strode Mr. Barry O'Rooney, and gazed down at the Eskimo.

"Phwat a loife!" grunted Barry O'Rooney, taking care not to wet his nice white shoes. "The lazy, snoring grampus! Booh! Wake up, oil-tub!"

The Eskimo blinked open a pair of beady black eyes, and grinned a wide grin, with the most perfect and dazzling set of teeth any mortal could be blessed with.

"If yo' wakens me ups and dinner not ready, Barry," he said, in a soft, gurgling voice, "I hits yo' about twiceness and kills yo' stones stiffness!"

"Bedad, Oi always did say you were a gentleman!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Anywan could tell the same the minute you open that great mouth. Educated at Eton and Oxford. A gentlem'n to the finger-tips and to the end of that bit of blubber you call a nose. Bad luck to the day Oi ever set eyes on you! Whoy, you fat and lazy disgrace,

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

as you talk about killing me stiff, O'll walk all over your face wid both fate!"

"Gets on with it, my olds dear!" said the Eskimo cheerfully. "Yo' not such a badness sorts, Barry. Phew! I wish it not so awful hotness. When we get there, Barry, and meet those other rotters, Prouts and Madcock and the rests?"

O'Rooney shaded his eyes with his sun-tanned hand, and looked out across the shining sea. He was quite as anxious to meet his old comrades as the Eskimo was. The prince's yacht was a very fine vessel, but to Barry O'Rooney the only real yacht afloat was the Lord of the Deep. He was growing tired of so many yellow faces, for Ching Lung carried a Chinese crew. Barry had done his share towards knocking them into shape, and they had become very smart and business-like. They were very willing and obedient, and made excellent fair-weather sailors, but Barry O'Rooney did not like their colour. In a tight corner, he would not have placed much confidence in them.

"We're raising land now, for Oi can see the shimmer of ut," he said. "And you'll just love ut, bhoy, for Oi know you love them nice cool places. Bedad, ut's so cool that av you pin a beefsteak to your hut and take a stroll round for foive minutes, that same steak will be grilled ready to ate. A swate climate this toime of year. Every-body wears asbestos clothes and carries a foire-proof umbrella. You'll revel in it, Gan."

Then yo' nots forget yo' fire-proofs um-

brellers. Barry," said the Eskimo, "or we soon get roast pork, not grilled beefsteaks. Ho, ho, hoo!"

"Ho, ho, hoo!" echoed Barry O'Rooney. "Bedad, you're a witty chap, you miserable haythen! You ought to write for the comic papers, you did. Bedad, you just bubble over wid jokes and humour. Phwat d'ye mane—roast pork? Go to slape, you oily villain, and kape aslape!"

Although they did not always say the kindest things to each other, the Eskimo and the Irishman were quite good friends. As Barry moved aft, Prince Ching Lung, the owner of the yacht, turned his telescope in the direction of the grey line of the shore.

"We ought to have our mudhook down before dark, Barry," he said. "I suppose the Chief will send us a pilot. Could you get in without one?"

"Tommy Prout could, but, bedad, Oj wouldn't care to chance ut widout wan," said Barry O'Rooney. "Oj've been afore, but Oi don't know the place."

Seated at a deck-table, Harold Honour, the man who was never idle, was mending a watch. He put the delicate tools away, and stood up, big and bearded, a handsome giant of a man. Out of the shimmering haze the tops of palm-trees began to take shape.

"You'd better arrange to give your pals a dinner, Barry," said the prince. "Get ahead of them before they invite you."

"Oj'd sooner not, sor," grinned Barry O'Rooney. "They're sure to invite me, and then, bedad, Oj'll invite them later, and show

the lubbers phwat we can do. Oj'll give a spread that'll take all the shoine out of the Lord of the Deep. Their little blow-out will be on the ould booby-hatch. Just to make the spaapeens stare and gape, Oj'd loike to borrow the saloon, and do the thing in stoile."

"You may have the saloon, the stewards, the band, and everything of the best in the ship for one evening, Barry," said Ching Lung, with a laugh.

From his bungalow Bruce Donelan watched the smoke of the yacht with anxious eyes. His valise was packed and his horse was saddled for a quick start. His fear was that the approaching vessel would prove to be the Lord of the Deep. If so, the great bluff had failed, and his only hope was in an instant flight. He did not know definitely what had become of Ferrers Lord or of Sharkin Billy. Though the police had gone and he had hung out the signal to tell Sharkin Billy that it was safe to come ashore, the man had not visited him.

"Jimmy," he shouted over his shoulder, "what's this craft coming in? Is it big boss' boat coming along again, savee?"

Jimmy was old, but his curious yellow eyes were very keen. He rose from his mat as his master called him, and peered seawards.

"No, she not big boss' boat," he said. "Got green band on funnel, other fella all white. Not so large as big boss' fella. No same ship."

(To be continued next week.)

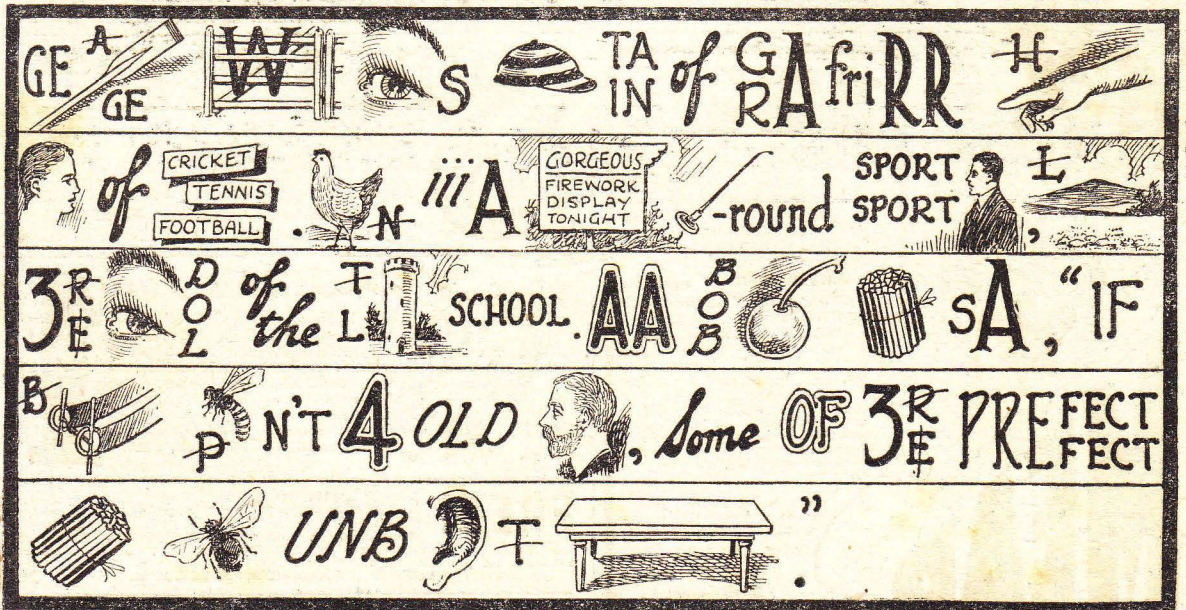
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### COMPANION PAPER GIFTS.

This week's Companion Papers are again presenting readers with magnificent photos of famous footballers and boxers, and a splendid coloured plate.

In this issue you have received a grand coloured plate of a giant express locomotive of the famous Netherlands State Railway. In the "Magnet" Library, which can now be obtained from all newsgagents, there is a splendid real action-photo of David Jack, the famous Bolton Wanderers footballer. In the "Boys' Friend," now on sale, is given away FREE a grand, real photo of Arthur Wynn, reputed to be one of the finest boxers of the day. Next Monday, in the same paper, there will be yet another of the fine series of "Rising Boxing Stars" given away—Tom Harrison.

The "Gem" Library will be on sale to-morrow—Wednesday—and in it you will find TWO REAL PHOTOS of Charles Flood, of Bolton, and James Torrance, of Fulham. Next week there will be a grand photo of Tom Brownell, in action on the field of play.

To make sure of obtaining all these magnificent gifts, go to your newsgagent and buy copies of the papers, or order them to be saved for you.

### NEXT WEEK'S PLATE.

In next week's issue you will find a splendid plate of the latest type of express locomotive of the Canadian Pacific Railway, beautifully coloured and correct in every detail. This is a really splendid plate, and one which you simply must not miss. Be sure you have ordered your next week's copy, so that you can add our grand coloured engine plate to your wonderful collection.

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### STORIES FOR NEXT TUESDAY.

I have in preparation a bumper programme of stories for next week's issue. There will be another splendid long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

#### "THE BOUNDER ON THE TRAIL!"

By Frank Richards.

It deals further with the adventures of Ulick Ferrers, the ne'er-do-well cousin of Mr. Quelch, at Greyfriars. Ferrers changes place with the master of the Remove until it is safe for him to leave the school, and he finds it a greater task to keep up appearances than he anticipated. The Bouncer has suspicions, and keeps the sham master under his eye, and he finds out one or two things which are very strange and baffling. He decides to watch closer.

Included in the splendid programme of stories will be another grand tale of Frank Richards & Co.'s adventures in the school in the backwoods of Canada, entitled:

#### "THE CEDAR CREEK CHINEE!"

By Martin Clifford.

A little Celestial arrives at the lumber school and causes much amusement for the Cedar Creek chums. Although Yen Chin is small in stature, he is well able to look after himself, as one or two fellows find out to their disadvantage. The little Chinese makes several enemies in the school, but also several friends—that counts a lot to him.

There will be a splendid story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, under the title of:

#### "PUTTING UP WITH CLARENCE!"

By Owen Conquest.

and deals with the further adventures of the Rookwood chums' caravan tour through the leafy lanes of Kent.

Martin Clifford again comes forward next week with another grand yarn of Tom Merry & Co., the famous chums of St. Jim's School, and the story is entitled:

#### "THE SLEEPER AWAKES!"

This story is one quite out of the ordinary, and is really one of the finest tales we have had from our talented author.

Of course, the usual four-page supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," will be included in the programme, and there will be another long, thrilling instalment of our wonderful serial, "The Pearl Poachers," by Sydney Drew, and a chance for you to win a splendid money prize in our novel competition. That's the little treat for next week, so be sure you do not miss it!

## NOTICES.

G. Matthews, 14, Flora Street, off Beersbridge Road, Belfast, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 12-14; all letters answered.

William Pennel, 14, Railway Cottage, Oudtshoorn, Cape Province, South Africa, wishes to hear from readers overseas.

H. L. Batt, 29, Manor Park Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 17-19, interested in water-colour painting.

F. Jackson, 57, Burnley Road, Padiham, Lancs, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-17, about photography.

Stewart Slings, 349198, care of Group Headquarters, R.A.F., Baghdad, Mesopotamia, wishes to hear from a Canadian reader of the Companion Papers.

B. Nivel, P.O. Box 456, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in the Empire, also in the United States. Ages 16-19.

Albert McMinnus, 4, Clough Street, Bury, near Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers keen on boxing, swimming, and adventure. Ages 15 upwards. All letters answered.

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