

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY" IS BETTER THAN EVER!

(See the special Summer Sports Supplement Inside.)

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New
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No. 187.

28
Pages.

The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED.

SPECIAL
SUPPLEMENT
INSIDE.



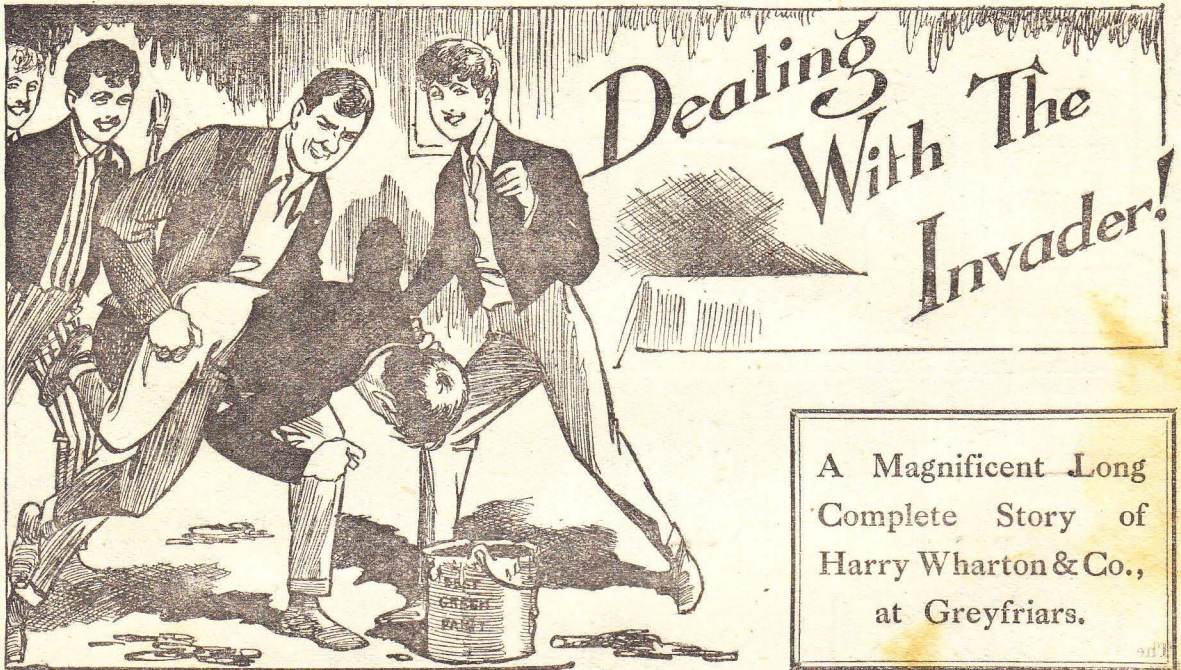
THE JAPE OF THE SEASON!

The Remove Juniors Paint the Prefect's Study in Rainbow Hues!

(An Incident from one of the Exciting, Complete School Stories in this Issue.)

2 Christmas Comes Once a Year—and so does the "Holiday Annual"!

IN WHICH WAR IS DECLARED BETWEEN THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS AND THE PREFECT WHO IS PUT IN CHARGE OF THE REMOVE PASSAGE!



BY FRANK RICHARDS

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER!

Quite the Limit!

FROM the first, the Remove declared that they wouldn't stand it.

It wasn't to be expected.

Differences of opinion might exist—and, in fact, did exist—among the Remove fellows, upon other points. But they were all agreed upon that point. They wouldn't, couldn't, and shouldn't stand it.

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, said so. Bob Cherry said so. Peter Todd said so. Vernon-Smith, the Boulder, said so. All the Remove said so. Even Billy Bunter was indignant. With more or less degrees of emphasis, they all said the same thing. They wouldn't stand it.

It was an insult to the Remove. It was an invasion of the liberty of the subject. It was an innovation. It had never been done before; and it wasn't going to be done now! What was the good of Britannia ruling the waves, if the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars—the famous Remove—couldn't do as they liked in their own quarters?

Nugent hinted his fears that the respected and reverend Head was, at last, going off his "rocker." At all events, he ought to have known that the Remove wouldn't stand it. He certainly ought to have known that.

It really looked as if he didn't trust the Remove, as Bob Cherry remarked, more in sorrow than in anger. Nugent declared that some beast of a prefect must have been talking to the Head, hinting to him that the Remove were not a nice, quiet, orderly Form. They weren't, as a matter of fact. But to have a prefect quartered in the passage that had always been sacred to the Remove—to live, move, and have their

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

being under the watchful eyes of a Sixth Form prefect—that was the limit! It was too thick! It was impossible. It was, as Bob Cherry said in a burst of eloquence, unstandable, and, therefore, not to be stood.

There wasn't a dissentient voice in the Remove on that point. They wouldn't stand it. The real trouble was, that they had to.

For the order had gone forth—and the Head's order was law.

From that day forth the Remove passage was to be desecrated by the continual presence of a prefect. There had been, it appeared, rows in the Remove passage. Bumping had been heard—raggings were not infrequent. There would be a roar of disturbance in the quarters of the Lower Fourth; and when an exasperated master toiled upstairs, cane in hand, to see what was the matter, he would find the juniors all working away industriously in their studies, and looking as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths.

Then it was useless to make exasperated inquiries. Nobody had heard anything out of the common. Everybody wore an expression of surprised or injured innocence.

At Greyfriars each Form had its own quarters to itself. That was how it had always been; and that, in the opinion of the Removites, was how it ought always to be.

It was no use quoting the example of other public schools to the Greyfriars fellows. Greyfriars fellows had a way of smiling in a superior manner when Eton and Harrow were mentioned. Eton and Harrow, certainly, were Eton and Harrow; but Greyfriars was Greyfriars.

When the order went forth, some of the fellows said it was gammon—as if the reverend Head of Greyfriars could be suspected of "gammoning."

A Magnificent Long
Complete Story of
Harry Wharton & Co.,
at Greyfriars.

But the next day it was proved clearly, enough that it was not "gammon."

Bob Cherry rushed breathlessly into Study No. 1 where Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were sitting on the table, talking over the prospects of the coming football season. Bob was crimson with excitement and haste.

"They're at it!" he gasped.

"Who are—at what?" asked Wharton.

"They are—at it!" roared Bob. "The Head means business. He really intends to stick a prefect's study in the Remove passage—our passage!"

"But what—?"

"They're at it, I tell you. Come along and see!"

And Bob Cherry grasped his chums, one with either hand, and dragged them off the table, and rushed them out of the study.

The passage was crowded with Removites.

Morning lessons were over, and as a rule the Remove juniors would have been on the playing-fields just then, or out in the Close. But now all the Remove were in their passage. The work of desecration, as Bulstrode put it dramatically, had begun.

At the end of the Remove passage was a disused room, where lumber had been piled. The lumber had been removed now. In the room were two British workmen, busy. There was a smell of paint and plaster. The work had evidently started that morning while the Remove were in their Form-room. The room had been swept and cleared out, and a paperhanger was at work. The walls were newly papered, and the painting had started. The room was being turned into a study for the obnoxious prefect who was to take charge of the Remove passage.

There was a buzz of voices in the passage. The two British workmen went

steadily on with their work, at the easy and leisurely pace of men who are paid by the hour. The excitement outside the open doorway did not affect them at all.

"They're at it!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, as his chums came dashing up the passage.

"Papering and painting, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Turning this room into a study!" growled Bolsover major. "I pity the prefect who puts up here—that's all!"

"We'll scalp him!"

"We'll lead him a giddy dog's life!"

"We'll screw him in!"

"We'll boot him out!"

"We'll make him think life isn't worth living!"

"It's rotten!"

"It's a shame!"

"We won't stand it!"

Thus the Remove. Indignation was at boiling-point. The Head was in earnest, then—it was not gammon. It was no empty threat. From that day forth there was to be a Sixth Form study in the Remove passage—a prefect would live among the juniors—and raggings and bumpings and all sorts of little jollifications would have to stop. At the sound of a row in the passage, a Sixth Form "beast" would come striding out with cane in his hand—there would be whackings, whoppings—lines would fall as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.

The Remove were an unruly Form, and they rather prided themselves upon it. But their unruliness would be a thing of the past now. There would be a Reign of Terror—a chap might as well live in Russia with the Bolsheviks. In their minds' eye, the Removites saw themselves reduced to the state of meek orderliness of the "Babes" of the First Form. The Remove, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, would be fallen from their high estate.

"Let's raid 'em now!" suggested Bolsover major. "There are only two of 'em. We can yank off the paper before it's dry—and chuck the paint out of the window."

"Hear, hear!"

"Good egg!"

"I think you had better not!" said a quiet voice, as Wingate of the Sixth came striding along the passage.

The buzz of voices died away. Wingate was head prefect, and captain of the school. The noise in the Remove passage had brought him upon the scene, and he had thoughtfully brought a cane with him.

"I say, Wingate—" began Bob Cherry.

"We're not going to have any blessed prefects here, Wingate!" said Nugent.

"We don't want any strange dogs in the kennel!" howled Bolsover major.

"Let the blessed Sixth keep in their own blessed quarters!" roared Johnny Bull. "We have enough of the Sixth, anyway!"

"Too much!" said Vernon-Smith.

"The too-muchfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Wingate laughed.

"Head's orders," he said tersely. "If you kids had behaved yourselves you wouldn't have needed looking after. There have been too many rows in this quarter. It's a jolly good idea to put a prefect in this passage; not very nice for the prefect, certainly; but duty's duty."

"Some beast must have suggested it to the Head!" snorted Johnny Bull.

"I suggested it!" said Wingate.

"Oh!"

"I say, Wingate, that wasn't cricket,

you know," said Harry Wharton reproachfully.

Wingate pointed down the passage towards the stairs.

"Clear off!" he said.

There was a roar of indignant protest.

"Yah! We can stay in our own passage if we like, can't we?"

"No, you can't! Clear off! You're bothering the workmen. Mind, if they are ragged in any way, or interfered with, the Head will take the matter up. To-morrow there will be a prefect quartered here."

"Who's the beast, Wingate?"

"Walker is going to take up his quarters here. Now clear off, and no more jaw!"

Wingate made a movement with the cane. The Removites, breathing wrath and indignation, cleared off, and the captain of Greyfriars followed them down the passage.

"Get a move on, Skinner!"

"I s'pose a chap can stop to tie up his bootlace, can't he?" demanded Skinner indignantly.

Thwack!

Skinner gave a yelp, and dashed away, leaving his bootlace till he was downstairs. The passage was cleared, and the Removites, boiling with indignation, swarmed out into the Close.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Up Against It!

"GENTLEMEN—" "Yah!"

"Hear, hear!"

Harry Wharton had mounted upon a bench outside the tuckshop, in the corner of the Close. Harry Wharton was captain of the Remove, and the Lower Fourth naturally looked to him for guidance in this emergency of emergencies. Wharton waved his hand as he stood up to address the meeting.

"Silence!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Order!" bawled Johnny Bull.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen of the Lower Fourth, in this unprecedented state of affairs we must keep cool. We must not lose our heads. This is no time for gas. It is a time for action! This is where we assert our rights, or the liberties of the Greyfriars Remove are lost for ever!"

"Hear, hear!"

"It is not only for ourselves that we shall fight," went on Wharton, with a vague recollection in his mind of some speech he had read in the newspapers. "It is for our descendants—our children and our children's children!"

"My hat!"

"I—I say, that's looking rather a long way ahead! What?" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I stand by my words!" said Wharton firmly. "What I have said, I have said! Now is the time for all just men to rally to the aid of the party! If there is trouble, let there be trouble! We are standing up for a principle. Long after we have left Greyfriars—when we are old, old men with grey hair, or no hair at all, there will still be Greyfriars—there will still be a Lower Fourth Form here; and the Removites of that time will call us funks if we allow a prefect to be planted on them in their own quarters. Therefore, I said, and I say again, that it is for our children and our children's children that we must keep flying the banner of liberty!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"I read something like that the other day," said Peter Todd suspiciously. "It

was a speech about Free Trade, or Tariff Reform, or something of that kind—"

"Order!" said Wharton hastily. "Gentlemen, I appeal to you! Can we allow this? As Shakespeare says—"

"Blow Shakespeare!" said Johnny Bull. "He wasn't a Greyfriars chap!"

"Order!"

"As Shakespeare says," pursued Harry Wharton determinedly. "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder? Gentlemen, I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman!"

"Oh, cut Shakespeare!" roared Bolsover major. "What are we going to do about it? That is the question."

"To rag or not to rag—that is the question!" said Bob Cherry.

"Gentlemen, we are not going to stand it! Our freedom is invaded. Our liberties are infringed; our own passage is desecrated by the presence of a Sixth Form bouncer! We get too much of the Sixth, anyway!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We are fed up to the chin with them, at the best of times. Now they want to plant one of them on us at close quarters. We are not taking any! Never!"

"Never!"

"The neverfulness is terrific!"

"The order has gone forth!" resumed Wharton. "To-morrow there will be a prefect in the new study. What are we going to do?"

"Bump him!"

"Rag him!"

"Chuck him out!"

"Gentlemen, I have formed a plan. Let the enemy come—let him plant himself in our quarters. Gentlemen, we will soon make him glad to go. Gentlemen, we shall declare war upon the new study. We shall proceed to make it so uncomfortable that the prefect will get out. We cannot chuck him out, as an honourable member has suggested, because the Head has sent him there. But we can make him sorry he came, and make him clear out of his own accord. Walker of the Sixth is coming. Well, a walker ought to walk, and we are going to make him walk!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gentlemen, all suggestions from members of the Form will be carefully considered by the Standing Committee that will meet in Study No. 1. We shall consider everything that is suggested, but the editor's decision will be final—I mean, the committee's decision—"

"Who's the committee?" Bulstrode wanted to know.

"I shall be chairman, and there will be four members—Nugent, Cherry, Bull, and Inky—"

"Keeping it all in the family, as usual!" bawled Bolsover major. "I'm jolly well going to sit on that committee!"

"Impossible!" said Nugent. "It will be a Standing Committee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Same here!" said Peter Todd. "You can't leave out Study No. 7—the top study in the Remove!"

"Rats!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, I shall be a member!" piped Billy Bunter. "You'll need me! Besides, I've got a wheeze for ragging the prefect. You know what a jolly good ventriloquist I am—"

There was a general roar:

"Shut up, Bunter!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 137.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE HAUNTED STUDY!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

The meeting might disagree about other things. But they all agreed unanimously in telling Billy Bunter to shut up.

"I guess you'll want me on the committee, too," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "You will want the brainy man of the Form, I guess! Just a few!"

"The Committee of Five will meet—"

"The Committee of Six!" roared Bolsover.

"Seven!" said Peter Todd.

"Eight, I guess—"

"Nine!" yelled Billy Bunter.

"Order! Gentlemen, the committee will meet after lessons this afternoon, and take measures for diddling the Sixth and frustrating their knavish tricks."

"Hear, hear!"

"The whole Form will be expected to back up as one man. No compulsion will be used, but any fellow who doesn't back up will be slogged, bumped, and pulverised!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Are you going to talk all day?" yelled Bolsover major. "I've got a few words to say—"

"Rats!"

"Go home!"

"So have I!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, clambering on the little table under the elm, where Mrs. Mimble was wont to set ginger-beer for juniors who took their refreshment alfresco. "I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Yah! I'm not going to shut up! I've got a few words to address to the Form!" Billy Bunter blinked at the excited crowd round the table through his big spectacles. "At a time like this you want a really clever chap to take the lead, and I suggest that Wharton shuts up and leaves it to me! I consider—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's the dinner-bell!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm off!"

"I say, you fellows, just listen to me! I say—"

"Cheese it!"

"I insist upon addressing the meeting!" roared Bunter. "After what you have heard from Wharton, you can hear some sense from me! I say—Ow! Let that table alone, Bull, you idiot! Don't shake it, or I shall fall—yah!—fall down! You silly ass, I shall be down in a minute—"

"You'll be down in less than a minute!" chuckled Johnny Bull, as he kicked at the centre leg of the little table.

"Yaro-o-oh! Ow! Help!"

Bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Ow! Reast! Yow!" Billy Bunter sat up on the ground, and groped for his spectacles, and set them straight on his little fat nose. "I—Ow! Yaroo! I say, you fellows—"

But the fellows were streaming away for dinner. Billy Bunter's valuable remarks upon the situation were lost for ever.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Shoulder to Shoulder!

AFTER the workmen were gone, the Removites looked into the new study at the end of their passage, to see how it was getting on. The alterations were nearly finished, and the study looked very bright and clean, and a strong odour of new paper and THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE HAUNTED STUDY!"

paste and paint hung about it. Walker of the Sixth was there, looking round his new quarters, and apparently satisfied with what he saw.

He grinned as Harry Wharton & Co. looked in. Walker knew how the Removites regarded the innovation, and he rather enjoyed it. Walker was a good deal of a bully, though not quite so bad as Loder or Carne in that respect. He had a very high-handed way of dealing with juniors, and he felt that he would have every opportunity now for exercising the high hand.

"Whose study is next to this?" he asked.

"Mine!" growled Johnny Bull. "No. 14."

"I guess it's mine, too," said Fisher T. Fish. "I shall expect you to be quiet, Walker, and not disturb me at my work."

Walker frowned.

"None of your cheek!" he exclaimed. "I was going to tell you that you will have to mind your P's and Q's there. The partition isn't very thick, and I don't like noise. If there is any disturbance I shall come in with a cane."

"You may go out with a thick ear!" said Johnny Bull.

Walker made a movement towards the speaker, and Johnny Bull prudently vanished into the passage.

The juniors left Walker of the Sixth there, planning the arrangement of his

DON'T MISS

The Special Announcement on Page 24!

ALL ABOUT THE GREAT TREAT COMING!

furniture. The study was at present only furnished with paint-cans, brushes, and paste-pot and brush, and remnants and trimmings of wall-paper. They were to be removed when the workmen came to finish in the morning.

Harry Wharton's eyes were glimmering as he walked away down the passage. It was evident that an idea had come into his mind.

"Walker's taking up his quarters there to-morrow!" he remarked.

"Yes," said Nugent. "The study's finished. What are you thinking of? It's no good trying to stop that, is it?"

"I think so. The study's finished to-morrow," said Wharton, with a chuckle.

"Suppose somebody—anybody—came down in the night—"

"Yes?" said his chums all together.

"And repainted the study?" said Harry.

"My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gee-whiz! I guess there would be an awful row!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, there are going to be rows, anyway," said Wharton coolly. "If we're afraid of rows we may as well chuck up the sponge at once."

"Hear, hear!"

"The whole Form's in it!" said Harry.

"If we're called over the coals—"

"If!" grinned Nugent.

"Well, when we're called over the coals," amended Wharton, "we shall all

take blame for it—all equally. They can't flog a whole Form, and if we stand together we shall come off lightly. Every chap in the Remove will have a hand in it."

"Good egg!"

In the dormitory that night the plan was discussed in full. The Removites jumped at the idea. Peter Todd was pleased to signify his approval—though he had formed a rival committee in Study No. 7. The juniors were in the thick of the discussion when Gerald Loder of the Sixth came in to see lights out. Loder noticed how the buzz of voices died away on his entrance, and he stared suspiciously at the juniors.

"What are you young rotters up to?" asked the bully of the Sixth, in his usual amiable way.

"Snuff!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"Plotting some mischief, eh?" said Loder.

"Loder, old man, you're a regular wizard," said Nugent solemnly. "How do you guess these things? It shows what education will do even for a silly chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The prefect scowled.

"You'll have an eye kept on you in future," he said. "No more of your rags and rows in the Remove passage."

"Some fellows want watching in the Sixth Form passage," suggested Johnny.

"I've heard that some of the Sixth smoke and play nap in their studies."

The Remove chuckled at that, and Loder made no reply. He turned out the light, and quitted the dormitory with a frowning brow.

The buzz of voices broke out again as soon as the prefect was gone. The Remove were full of the new scheme. Almost all the Form had received it with enthusiasm. But there were no exceptions. That trouble would follow was certain; and all members of the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars were not of the stuff of which herogs are made. Billy Bunter was not keen, and Snoop was still less keen, and there were other waverers. But as Harry Wharton remarked, any fellow who tried to keep out would be scalped, slaughtered, boiled in oil, and otherwise maltreated, so that laggards had more to fear from their Form-fellows than from their Form-masters.

"We start at twelve o'clock," said Harry. "Everybody will be in bed then, and there won't be any danger of prefects nosing about."

"Hear, hear!" said the Remove.

"I don't want to lose my night's sleep!" growled Snoop.

"It isn't a question of what you want, my son," said Vernon-Smith. "For once the bouncer of Greyfriars was hand-in-glove with Harry Wharton & Co. 'It's a question of what's got to be done, Savvy?'"

"Quelch will cut up frightfully rusty!" said Snoop.

"Let him cut up!"

"The Form will cut up rusty if anybody tries to sneak out of his share," said Bob Cherry. "Don't be a funk, Snoopy!"

"Oh, rats!" said Snoop.

"I say, you fellows," came Billy Bunter's voice. "I think I shall very likely be too sound asleep to wake up at twelve o'clock—"

"That's all right," said Bob Cherry. "You can rely on me to wake you up. You'll be woke up all right if a jug of water will do it!"

"Look here, Cherry—"

"Don't trouble to thank me, Bunter, I shall be pleased."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

Bunter grunted and went to sleep. He was in hopes that all the Remove would go to sleep, too, and fail to wake up at the appointed time. But when midnight tolled out from the clock-tower of Greyfriars, it found Harry Wharton awake. He had dozed off several times, but he woke up in time, and heard the last stroke of twelve.

The captain of the Remove jumped out of bed.

"Time!" he called out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" yawned Bob Cherry.

"Wake up!"

"Grooh! I'm awake—all right!"

"Help me wake the other chaps!" said Harry.

Wharton shook Bulstrode by the shoulder. Bulstrode opened his eyes and blinked at him in the darkness.

"Wharrer marrer?" he murmured.

"Shurrup!"

"Time! Buck up!"

Bulstrode yawned portentously.

"I—I say, Wharton, I've been thinking. It would be a jolly good idea to leave it till to-morrow night—don't you think so? You see—Yah—oh! Yaw!"

Bulstrode yelled as he was bumped out of bed on the floor. Then he put on his trousers without further objections. The other fellows did not raise any objections, either, after that example—if they had been thinking that it would be a good idea to put off the expedition until the following night, they did not say so.

In a few minutes only Sidney Snoop and Billy Bunter remained in bed. Snoop was awake, but Billy Bunter was snoring. He was snoring with so much energy that it sounded, as Bob Cherry remarked, too good to be true.

"Time, Snoop!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Look here, I'm not coming!" said Snoop.

"Yank him out!"

"Bump him!"

"Hands off, you beasts—yaroo!—I say I am not coming—leggo my leg—yah!"

Bump!

Sidney James Snoop descended upon the floor with a terrific concussion. The juniors gathered round him with pillows and bolsters, and smote him as he rolled over.

Smite, smite, smite!

"Coming now?" asked Wharton pleasantly.

"Ow! Groo! Yow! Yes!"

"Get into your bags, then, and sharp!"

And Snoop sulkily got into his bags. Then the juniors devoted their attention to Billy Bunter. The Owl of the Remove was still snoring as if by steam-power.

"Fast asleep!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "Bunter, old man, are you asleep?"

Snore!

"Can't you wake up, Bunter?"

Snore!

Bob Cherry bent over the fat junior and roared in his ear:

"Bunter!"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. Then, remembering himself, he snored again, more loudly than before.

The juniors chuckled. Bob Cherry dipped a sponge into a jug of water, and approached the fat junior's bed again, and suddenly squeezed the sponge over his fat face. There was a gasping yelp from Bunter, and he started up so suddenly that his head came into violent contact with Bob Cherry's nose.

Crack!

"Ow!" yelled Bob. "Ow, ow! My dose! Ow, crumbs! Murder—yow!"

"Grooh!" gasped Bunter. "You beasts! I'm wet!"

"Ow! My dose—my dose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—ow!—I've knocked my head against something—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you fat villain! It was my nose!" said Bob Cherry sulphurously.

"Ow, it's bleeding! I believe it's flattened! Ow!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" growled Bunter. "I'm wet! Look here, you fellows, I'm not getting up!"

"Your mistake—you are!" said Johnny Bull. And he rolled the Owl of the Remove off the bed with a mighty shove. Bunter and bedclothes rolled on the floor together. Bob Cherry bathed his nose, which was streaming red, and Bunter scrambled wildly among the

moment Harry Wharton caught the Owl of the Remove by the neck and shook him energetically.

"You fat boulder! You can't catch us twice with that rotten trick! It's all right, you chaps—it's only some more of Bunter's beastly ventriloquism!"

"I'll ventriloquise him!" growled Bolsover major. "Lemme get at him!"

"Ow! Leggo! I—it was only a lark!" gasped Bunter. "I'm coming, you know. I—I meant to come all along. J—I want to come!"

"Shut up and come, then, you fat beast!"

Vernon-Smith linked arms with Bunter, and Peter Todd with Snoop, as the Removites left the dormitory. There was no chance for the laggards to retreat. The juniors crept softly out into the passage. All was dark and silent; with



NOTHING DOING FOR BUNTER!—"I insist upon addressing the meeting," roared Billy Bunter. "After what you have heard from Wharton, you can hear some sense from me! I say—ow!—don't shake the table, Bull, you idiot, or I shall fall down in a minute!" "You'll be down in less than a minute!" chuckled Johnny Bull as he kicked at the centre leg of the table. Bump! The table collapsed, and Bunter fell to the ground with a wild yell. (See Chapter 2.)

tangled bedclothes and roared lustily: "Ow, ow! I'm not going—yah! I tell you—ow—"

"Shut up!" said Harry Wharton. "You'll have the prefects here."

"I don't care! Yah! I—yaroo! What beast is that kicking me? Yow!"

"Shut up!"

Bunter disentangled himself and scrambled up. From the direction of the door, in the darkness, came a sharp voice:

"Boys! What are you doing out of bed at this hour? Get back to bed at once!"

"Oh, my hat! Quelch!"

For a moment the Remove were stricken with dismay. Put the text

the exception of the Remove, all Greyfriars was sound in slumber.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Art for Art's Sake!

"HERE we are again!" grinned Bob Cherry.

The Co. were the first to enter the new study. Harry Wharton lighted the gas, and the other fellows crowded in. There was not room for all of them, and most of the crowd had to remain in the passage. Johnny Bull was set on guard to watch in case of an alarm, and also to see that the laggards did not get away. It was necessary for every member of the

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

PLEN... FILE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
BY FRANK RICHARDS.

6 Christmas Comes Once a Year—and so does the "Holiday Annual"!

Remove to have a hand in the proceedings, and Wharton ordained that they should take it in turns.

Wharton started the proceedings.

He picked a brush out of a can of paint and started on the window. The glass was soon covered with a thick coating of green. Bob Cherry painted the newly papered walls, and Nugent and Inky and Todd and Vernon-Smith joined in. Meanwhile, Bolsover major and Tom Brown were busy with the paste and the remains of the wall-paper and the trimmings. They pasted them on the walls, on the door, and on the painted window. The steps the workmen had used in the whitewashing were still there, and the juniors mounted upon them to paint the ceiling.

The grate was painted in a variety of colours, and looked really striking when the amateur artists had finished.

Under Wharton's direction, relays of the Removites came in to take part in the painting, and the activity of the juniors was only limited by the amount of paste and paint at their disposal.

With many a chuckle they continued their work, till the last atom of paint had been squeezed out of the brushes, and the last fragment of paper had been stuck up.

By that time the study presented a most remarkable appearance.

"Walker will be pleased!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"So will Quelch—I don't think!" grinned Nugent.

"Yaas, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer, who had wired in manfully, putting nearly as much paint upon himself as upon the study walls. "I really think it looks rather artistic, don't you know. Somethin' like one of those Post-Impressionist pictures, begad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Has Snoop done his whack?" asked Wharton.

"Not yet," grinned Skinner. "Come on, Snoop! Don't be backward in coming forward, you know. This isn't a time for bashfulness."

And Snoop was pushed into the study by the grinning juniors.

"Look here, I won't have a hand in this!" howled Snoop. "There will be a fearful row over this, and I'm not looking for lickings. I tell you I won't have a hand in it!"

"You'll have a head in it, then!" growled Bolsover, grasping the sneak of the Remove, and forcing his face down into the largest of the paint-pots. "How do you like that?"

"Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you going to have a hand in it now, or do you prefer to keep your head in it?" asked Bolsover pleasantly.

"Groogh! Lemme go! I—I—Ow!"

Snoop's face was startling when he raised it from the paint-pot. He scraped the paint off his face, amid suppressed chuckles from the other fellows. He was red with fury, but he did not make any further objections. He took the brush that Harry Wharton put into his hand and painted away savagely.

Billy Bunter took warning by Snoop's punishment, and joined in, without being persuaded by Bolsover major's gentle methods.

"There, I think that's about done!" said Harry Wharton, looking round the study with great satisfaction when the last atom of paint was exhausted.

"Ha, ha! Yes, I think so!"

"Begad, yaas!"

"Me tinkee lookee nicee-nicee," said

Wun-Lung, the little Chinese. "Tom-molow Walkee will be latty!"

"He can be as ratty as he likes; he won't be able to dig in this study!" grinned Wharton.

And the raiders, satisfied with their handiwork, cleared out of the study at last. Harry Wharton turned out the gas, and went last. Softly and silently they made their way back to their dormitory.

"I say, we've brought a giddy niff of paint back with us," said Peter Todd. "I fancy we shall show signs of this in the morning—especially Snoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, we should be found out, anyway," said Hazeldene. "I don't think it will take Quelch long to tumble."

"Ha, ha! No."

One was chiming out as the juniors went to bed again. They were soon fast asleep, and they did not wake again until the rising-bell was clanging out in the fresh summer morning.

Clang, clang, clang!

The juniors yawned and rubbed their eyes as they sat up in bed at the familiar clang of the rising-bell.

"Begad, I feel sleepy!" mumbled Lord Mauleverer.

"Same here!" grinned Bob Cherry. "But we did a good night's work. My hat! I didn't know I'd brought away so much paint!" he added, as he surveyed his hands.

A great deal of washing was required before the juniors got the paint off, and even then enough of it remained to betray them. Snoop scrubbed at his face desperately, but his complexion was still a pale-green when he went downstairs.

Mr. Quelch glanced sharply at Snoop at the breakfast-table, but made no remark about his peculiar complexion. The raid on the new study had not been discovered yet. It would probably not be found out until the workmen arrived to finish.

By that time the Removites were in their Form-room.

They expected the discovery every moment now, and when it came it would be followed by trouble.

It came at last! In the middle of first lesson there was a knock at the door of the Remove-room, and Trotter, the page, came in. Trotter was suppressing a grin, which would not be quite suppressed. He brought a message to Mr. Quelch. The juniors did not hear what it was, but they saw their Form-master give a start, and he hurried out of the Form-room, followed by Trotter.

"Now the band begins to play!" murmured Bob Cherry. "This is where we get it in the neck, my infants! Buck up, and look chippy!"

But now that the hour had come the Remove did not succeed in looking very chippy. However, they "bucked up" as well as they could. Ten minutes passed in suspense and then Mr. Quelch returned. He came into the Form-room with a brow like a thunder-cloud. There was a hush. In the Remove Form-room—not as a rule the quietest Form-room at Greyfriars—a pin might have been heard to drop.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. A Very Downy Bird!

BOYS! Mr. Quelch's voice was not loud, but it was deep; it sounded to the ears of the Removites, like the rumble of distant thunder.

The Remove sat silent. It was coming

now, and they were prepared for the storm.

"Boys, wanton and wicked damage has been done in the new study in the Remove passage, the study destined for Walker of the Sixth! I have very little doubt that the damage has been done by members of this Form!"

Still silence.

"I call upon the authors of this outrage to stand forward and own up!" said Mr. Quelch. "They will be discovered, in any case. Every boy concerned in damaging the new study will step out immediately before the class!"

The Removites exchanged glances. Harry Wharton gave the signal by rising to his feet and walking out into the middle of the room. The rest of the Form followed him. Only two remained in their places—Billy Bunter and Sidney Snoop. In spite of ferocious looks from the other fellows, they remained sitting where they were.

Mr. Quelch started as his order was obeyed to such an unexpected extent. He had hardly expected the culprits to own up at all, and he had certainly not expected the whole Lower Fourth to turn out promptly at the word of command.

The Remove stood before their astounded Form-master, who was at a loss for words for the moment.

"What does this mean?" he gasped at last. "Were you all concerned in this outrage?"

"Yes, sir."

The Remove replied with one voice.

"The whole Form?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"This is—is outrageous!" exclaimed the Remove master, very much taken aback. "However, I see that two of the Form were innocent of the matter. Had you anything to do with the outrage in the new study, Snoop?"

"I refused, sir," said Snoop.

Mr. Quelch looked at him more closely.

"Indeed! Then what is the cause of the stains of paint on your face, Snoop, if you were not there with the others?"

"I—I—"

"Were you there with the rest?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Ye-es, sir. But—"

"Did you take part in the painting?"

"Yes, sir; but I—"

"Then stand out here with the others!"

"But, sir, I—"

"Do as I tell you, Snoop, and hold your tongue!" said Mr. Quelch crossly.

And Sidney James Snoop reluctantly joined the array of culprits.

"Bunter!"

"Eh? Did you speak, sir?" asked Billy Bunter.

"I did! Were you concerned in this matter, in which the whole of the Remove seems to have been engaged?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly not, sir!" said Bunter promptly.

"Did you go with them?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Did you remain in the dormitory while it was done, for I am aware that it must have been done after lights out?"

"No, sir—I mean, yes, sir, I—I didn't even know they were going to do anything of the sort, sir," said Bunter.

"If I had known, I should certainly have remonstrated—like Eric, sir. I have always regarded Eric as my model, sir. I should have remonstrated with my misguided schoolfellows, sir, if I had known what they were going to do. In fact, I

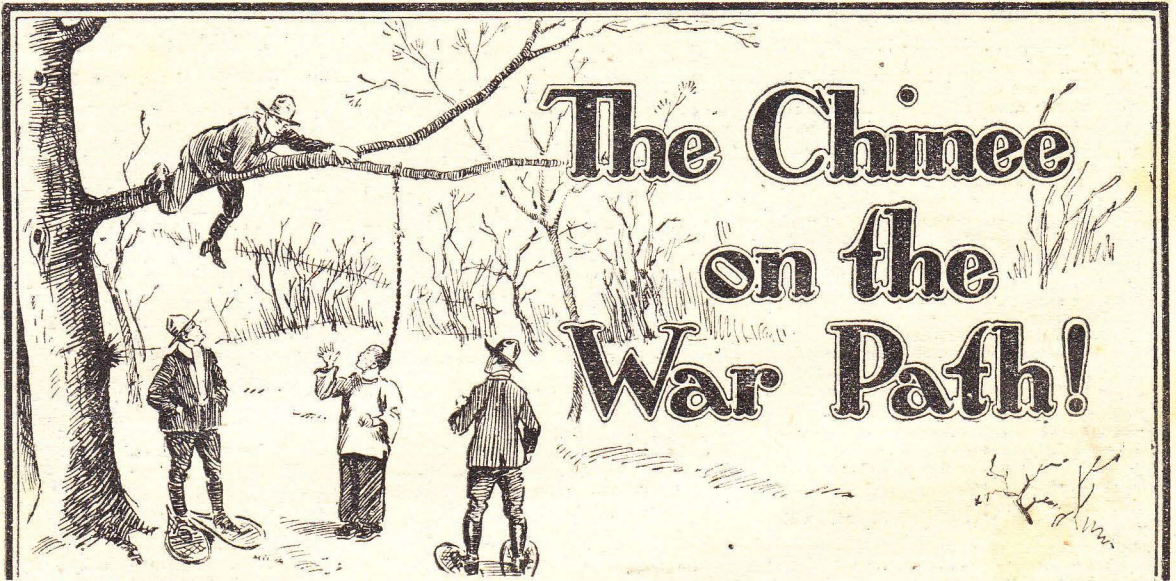
(Continued on page 16.)

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"THE HAUNTED STUDY!"

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

YEN CHIN, THE WILY SON OF THE FLOWERY LAND, GETS EVEN WITH KERN GUNTEEN, THE BULLY OF CEDAR CREEK 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.

Gunten's Little Joke.

"HELPEE!" Vere Beauclerc looked round quickly.

Beauclerc was gliding along on his snowshoes over the thick snow that covered the forest trail.

He had just reached the fork of the trail, where he was accustomed to meet his chums, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless, on their way to school, when that peculiar cry reached his ears:

"Helpee me! You comee quick!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Beauclerc, in astonishment.

It was Yen Chin, the Chinese schoolboy of Cedar Creek, who was calling.

The little Chinese was standing on his snowshoes beside the trail, and his pigtail was drawn up on end above his head, the tip of it being tied to a branch above by a cord.

Beauclerc slowed down, looking at him in astonishment.

The unhappy Chinese had evidently been the victim of a cruel practical joke.

His pigtail was long, and he could not possibly reach to the point where he was tied to the cord, and so he was held a prisoner to the spot.

His only means of escape was by cutting off his pigtail—a desperate resource which probably did not even occur to his mind.

His doleful face lighted up at the sight of Vere Beauclerc.

"You helpee me!" he gasped. "You good boy! Me fixee; no can loosee!"

"Who did this?" asked Beauclerc, as he stopped and felt under his furs for his pocket-knife.

Yen Chin's almond eyes gleamed.

"Guntee and Kellee!" he answered. "Me killee Guntee and Kellee! You lettee me go, quick!"

"Right-ho, kid!"

Beauclerc opened his knife.

"No cuttee pigtail!" exclaimed the Chinese, in alarm. "No cuttee!"

Beauclerc smiled.

"I won't cut your pigtail, you young duffer! But how the dickens am I going to get at the cord?"

He looked upward, puzzled.

"Climbee tlee," said Yen Chin.

Beauclerc nodded, and began to take off his snowshoes.

A cheery voice hailed him on the trail as Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin came speeding up from the direction of the Lawless Ranch.

"My hat! Somebody's been lynching Yen Chin with his own pigtail!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

"It's one of Gunten's rotten jokes!" said Beauclerc.

"The awful rotter!" exclaimed Frank indignantly. "How long have you been here, kid?"

"Long timee," said Yen Chin dolorously. "Guntee blingee me here—Guntee and Kellee. Me killee!"

"I shall have to shin up the tree to get him loose," said Beauclerc. "Give me a hand-up, Frank."

He kicked off the snowshoes, and Frank Richards bunked him up the frosty trunk.

Beauclerc crawled out on the bough above the Chinese schoolboy's head to reach the cord.

"Mindee don't cuttee pigtail!" called up Yen Chin.

Beauclerc sawed through the cord with his knife.

The pigtail, with a length of severed cord attached, fell upon Yen Chin's head, and he gave a howl:

"Yow-ow!"

"All serene now!" said Frank Richards.

Beauclerc dropped lightly from the bough into the snow-trail. He put on his snowshoes again.

"You lendee me knifee!" said Yen Chin.

"Eh? What do you want a knife for?" asked Beauclerc.

"Killee Guntee!"

"You young ass!" roared Bob Lawless.

"You mustn't killee Guntee! You can give him a licking if you like."

"No can. Guntee too big."

"Well, that's so," agreed Bob. "Leave him to me, and I'll give him a licking if you like. It's high time he had one."

Yen Chin shook his head obstinately. "Me killee!" he answered venomously.

"Oh, dry up!" said Bob. "Let's get along to school, or we shall be late."

Yen Chin said no more, but there was a gleam of vengeance in his almond eyes as he slid along the trail with the chums of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards & Co. arrived at the lumber school only just in time to kick off their snowshoes and follow the rest of the fellows into the school-room.

Gunten and Keller grinned as they came in with the little Chinese.

"So you found him?" chuckled Gunten.

"Yes, you rotter!" growled Frank Richards.

"But suppose we hadn't found him?"

The Swiss shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I reckoned you would! Not that it would have mattered, I guess. I'm not worrying over the heathen Chinese."

"You waitee, Guntee!" muttered Yen Chin. "Me killee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunten.

Miss Meadows came into the school-room, and the pupils of Cedar Creek took their places.

But during lessons Yen Chin's eyes turned constantly in the direction of Kern Gunteen with a vengeful glitter.

Frank Richards observed it, and he was a little troubled in his mind.

He resolved to keep an eye on Yen Chin as far as he could.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Yen Chin on the Warpath.

"COME and lend a hand, you fellows!" said Bob Lawless, when the school was dismissed after morning lessons.

"What's on?" asked Frank.

"There's some logs to be split."

"Right-ho!"

Splitting logs for the school was an optional duty, but the Cedar Creek fellows were generally willing to lend a hand when there was work to be done.

The three chums went round the school-house to the wood-pile.

There was a sound there as they approached—the sound of a grinding axe.

"Hallo! Somebody starting work already!" remarked Bob.

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"A CHINESE PUZZLE!"

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



YEN CHIN'S REVENGE!—Yen Chin looked round innocently at the startled, aghast faces round him. "All selene," he said. "Chinee poison velly quick. Gunten no suffer muchee. In five minute Guntee deadee!" "Ow!" moaned Gunten. He leant back on the seat in the porch gasping for breath, his face lined with pain. (See Chapter 5.)

sat up dazedly in the snow. "Ow, ow! You bumpee me—you hurtee poor little Chinese!" "I'll poor little Chinese you!" gasped Bob. "I'll lay a rope round you till you can't crawl, you murderous young, villain!" "Chinee good boy!" wailed Yen Chin. "No layee lopee!"

"I'm going to the sheriff about this," said Gunten, through his chattering teeth. "You fellows are witnesses that the young villain was going to shoot me."

Bob Lawless seized Yen Chin by his pig-tail and jerked him to his feet, to the accompaniment of a fiendish yell from the Chinese. "Now, you young rascal," said Bob.

"Yoooooo!" "Give me that shooter, Frank, and I'll blow his head off!" exclaimed Bob. The Canadian had grasped the revolver, and turned it upon Yen Chin.

He did not touch the trigger, however, in case of accidents. But the Chinese did not seem to be scared. He grinned.

"Now, how would you like some of your own medicine, you young scoundrel?" demanded Bob Lawless.

"Allee light." "What?" "You shootee, if likee—me no care!" "You don't care if I shoot you?" exclaimed Bob in amazement.

"No care. You shootee." "Well, I'm not going to shoot you," said Bob. "But—"

"Shootee if likee," said Yen Chin cheerfully. "Me no get hurtee. Nothing in levelvee!"

"Wha-a-at?" "No loadee," explained Yen Chin, with a chuckle. Bob's face was a study, for a moment. Beauclerc smiled, and Frank Richards burst into a laugh.

Kern Gunten ground his teeth. "It's a lie!" he panted. "He was going to shoot me!" "No loadee," persisted Yen Chin. "You lookee."

Bob Lawless examined the revolver, and next moment he burst into a laugh. "It's not loaded," he said. "Look here!" He pulled the trigger, and there was only a rusty click.

He threw the revolver to the ground. Gunten's face was red with rage now. He could not doubt any farther, and the

thought of the terror he had been through enraged him beyond words. He had begged for mercy on his knees to the heathen, under the threat of an empty revolver!

Even Keller was grinning. But Gunten did not feel inclined to grin. He started towards the Chinese, with vengeance in his looks.

Frank Richards interposed. "Let him alone, Gunten!" he said curtly. The Swiss clenched his hands furiously.

"I'm going to smash him!" he said, between his teeth. "I'll cripple him for playing that trick on me! I'll—I'll—"

"No smashee Yen Chin," said the Chinese, dodging behind Frank Richards. "You playee tlick on Yen Chin—me playee tlick on you, allee samee. You beaste; me good boy!"

Frank pushed the enraged Swiss back. "It serves you right, Gunten!" he said coolly. "You played a rotten trick on Yen Chin this morning, and he's frightened you out of your wits in return, and it serves you right. You won't touch him!"

"I—I wasn't frightened!" "Ha, ha!" roared Bob. "You looked as if you were."

Gunten tried to push past Frank Richards. Frank grasped him without ceremony, and flung him into the snow. "Cut off, Yen Chin," he said. "And look here, no more of your mad tricks! Cut off!"

"Allee light. You good boy," smiled Yen Chin. "Me no killeee Guntee, if Flanky no wantee."

"Cut off, you young ass!" Yen Chin chuckled, and slid away down the trail. Gunten regained his feet, with a look of deadly malevolence at the chums.

"Come on, Keller!" he muttered thickly. "Not yet," said Frank. "You're not going to handle Yen Chin after we're gone, Gunten. You can come away with us."

"I won't!" "You'd better," said Frank, taking hold of his arm. "That's right—mosey a bit along with us, old scout!" grinned Bob Lawless.

The Swiss clenched his hand, but he unclenched it again. There was no choice in the matter, and Gunten and Keller accompanied the chums a mile back along the trail before they were allowed to start for home.

When they started the two Swiss lost no

time in speeding on the track of Yen Chin, but the little Chinese was safe at home in the paternal laundry long before they came in sight of Thompson.

Frank Richards & Co. chuckled as they sped homeward.

Yen Chin's curious vengeance upon the bully tickled them, and they were relieved, also, to find that the threats of "killee" Gunten were only a peculiar form of humour.

"The young ass!" said Frank. "I half-believed he was in earnest!" "Gunten quite did!" chortled Bob Lawless. "His face was a picture when we came up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" And the chums chuckled loud and long as they swept over the frozen snow.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Tit for Tat!

FRANK RICHARDS & CO. were early at Cedar Creek the next morning. As they stood chatting at the gate, they sighted Yen Chin speeding up on the trail, with Gunten and Keller in hot pursuit.

The Chinese joined them at the gate, and the two Swiss came up, panting. "No letee whackee Yen Chin!" gasped the Chinese.

"Keep your paws to yourself, Gunten," said Bob Lawless. "Look here, we can't be always looking after Yen Chin. You're to let him alone, do you hear?"

"I guess I'll suit myself about that," answered the Swiss savagely. "He won't always have you around to protect him, hang you. I'll catch him 'on the trail one time, and then—"

"You won't!" said Bob. "You touch him again, and I'll touch you, pretty quick. If Gunten goes for you, Chinny, you tell me, do you hear?"

"Me teller." "And then I promise you the hiding of your life, every time, Gunten," said Bob. "I mean that, so look out for squalls!"

"You interfering hound!" "Shut up!" rapped out Bob. "Enough of that! If you don't want the shape of your face altered, you'd better keep a civil tongue."

The Swiss set his teeth. Yen Chin, grinning, went on towards the

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

log schoolhouse, and Gunten made a rush after him.

Bob Lawless promptly caught him by the shoulder, and spun him round, and the Swiss was stretched on the ground.

"Now, get up, and put up your hands," said Bob.

Gunten got up, but he did not put up his hands.

He had tried that before, with painful results.

He muttered under his breath, and swung away, but he did not follow Yen Chin.

Keller followed his chum in without a word.

In class that morning Yen Chin grinned at the two Swiss, evidently feeling quite secure in the protection of Frank Richards & Co.

Gunten gave him a dark look.

The Swiss was not of a forgiving nature, and he fully intended to make the Chinese suffer for the trick he had played on him.

Yen Chin eyed him warily when the Cedar Creek fellows came out of school. Gunten did not approach him, however.

Bob Lawless' heavy fists had to be argued with, if he did, and Gunten did not like the prospect.

But when Cedar Creek went into the lumber dining-room to dinner—those who stayed at the school for the midday meal—Gunten dropped into the seat next to Yen Chin.

Miss Meadows was at the head of the table, and Yen Chin, feeling quite safe in the presence of the schoolmistress, grinned at his neighbour mockingly.

Along with the dinner there were jugs of hot lemonade, home-brewed by Aunt Sally, the black cook—a very agreeable beverage on a frosty Canadian day.

Gunten reached to a jug, from which the steam was rising in a thick cloud, and as he did so his foot slipped.

He fell towards the Chinese, and the contents of the jug, piping hot, swamped fairly in the face of the little Celestial.

Swoosh!

There was a fiendish yell from Yen Chin as he leaped to his feet.

"Yoh-yow-yau! Yow! Me scaldee! Me burtee! Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Gunten, how could you be so clumsy?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"I'm sorry, ma'am!" said Gunten meekly. "My foot slipped!"

"Yen Chin!"

"Yow-yow-yow! Yoooh!" shrieked Yen Chin, dabbing wildly at his face. "Me scaldee! Me burtee! Ow-ow-ow!"

There was a laugh along the table.

The little Chinese's antics were comic enough as he mopped at the streaming liquid.

He was not quite scalded, but he was certainly hurt, for the lemonade was very hot.

His face was the colour of a boiled lobster when he sat down at the table at last.

Frank Richards gave the Swiss a grim look across the table.

He was quite well aware that there had been no accident.

Yen Chin ate his dinner in silence after that.

But presently he reached out for Gunten's mug.

"Let that alone!" rapped out Gunten; and he rapped Yen Chin's knuckles with the handle of his knife.

"Me solly!" murmured Yen Chin, withdrawing his hand.

Gunten drank his lemonade, the Chinese watching him with a peculiar grin.

Frank looked suspiciously at Yen Chin across the table.

His eyes had been upon the Chinese, and he was almost certain that when the yellow hand hovered over the mug something dropped from it into the lemonade.

When the fellows came out after dinner Frank tapped the Celestial on the shoulder.

Yen Chin looked up at him with a bland smile.

"Did you put anything in Gunten's lemonade?" asked Frank.

"No, puttee."

"Is that the truth, you young rascal?" Frank asked suspiciously. He well knew Yen Chin's truly Oriental disregard for veracity.

"Honest tuth! No can lie," said Yen Chin meekly.

Frank Richards laughed, and went on into the school-ground.

The snow was thick against the palisade, and the schoolboys were soon busily engaged in a snowball battle.

Frank Richards had forgotten the incident THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

of the dinner-table, but it was recalled to his mind when he came on Kern Gunten moving unsteadily towards the house.

He was about to hurl a snowball, when he caught sight of the Swiss' face.

It was pale, and his lips were twitching. Frank ran to him.

"Are you ill, Gunten?" he exclaimed.

The Swiss groaned.

"I—I don't know. I—I've got something the matter. I feel as if I'd been poisoned! Ow!"

"Poisoned?" repeated Frank, with a start.

"Oh! Ow! Lend me a hand to the porch!"

Frank, with a chill at his heart, helped the Swiss to a seat in the porch.

Gunten sat down, and pressed both hands to his stomach, the beads of perspiration thick upon his brow.

"Hallo! What's the matter?" called out Bob Lawless, as he came up with several others.

"Gunten's ill."

Gunten groaned.

"I'm poisoned! Ow! Ow!"

"What rot!" said Bob. "You've only got a pain."

"Ow! Ow!"

Frank Richards looked round uneasily for Yen Chin.

The Chinese was there, regarding the Swiss with a mocking grin.

Frank grasped him by the shoulder.

"You young madman!" he muttered.

"What have you done?"

"All light; me killee Gunttee!" said Yen Chin calmly. "Gunttee great blute. Scaldee poor little Chinese. Me killee!"

"What have you done?" exclaimed Frank, shaking him fiercely. "Did you put anything in Gunter's lemonade?"

"Me puttee."

Gunten shrieked.

"He's poisoned me! I'm dying!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Beaulerc.

"What has the mad young idiot done?"

"Only poison Gunttee," said Yen Chin.

Frank Richards simply staggered.

Yen Chin looked round innocently at the startled, aghast faces round him.

"All sel-ne," he said. "Chinee poison velly quick. Gunten no suffer muchee. In five minute Gunttee deadee."

"Help!" moaned Gunten. "Send for a doctor! Oh, I'm dying!"

He leaned back on the seat in the porch, gasping for breath, his hard face lined with pain.

The schoolboys looked on in horror.

"Call Miss Meadows!" gasped Lawrence.

Chunky Todgers ran into the house to seek the schoolmistress.

"No can Missee Meadee!" exclaimed Yen Chin. "No goodee. Gunttee deadee in five minute. No mattee; onlee foreign tlash."

Gunten moaned.

"You mad young idiot!" breathed Bob Lawless. "Don't you know what you've done?"

"Yes; me killee Gunttee."

Miss Meadows came hastily out of the schoolhouse, followed by the horror-stricken Chunky.

Her face was pale.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the groaning Swiss.

"I'm poisoned!" muttered Gunten. "I'm dying! Oh, the awful pain!"

"Good heavens! What—"

"It was Yen Chin!" said Frank. "He— he must be mad! I thought he was playing some trick with Gunten's lemonade. And he says—he says he's put poison in it because Gunten scalded him!"

Yen Chin nodded.

"Gunttee nearly deadee," he remarked.

"Thrice more minute, and Gunttee quite deadee. You no suffee muchee painee, Gunttee."

"It cannot be possible!" said Miss Meadows, aghast. "I do not believe it! You are speaking falsely, Yen Chin. Tell me the truth. Have you really placed anything in Gunten's drink?"

"Yes, missee."

"What was it? Tell me the truth!"

Yen Chin hesitated.

His almond eyes were gloating upon Gunten's terror, but there was a glimmer in them that was more humorous than ferocious.

"Me puttee in powdee," he said at last.

"What kind of powder?"

"Powdee buyee at chemist in Thompson," confessed Yen Chin.

Miss Meadows breathed with relief.

"Then it is certainly not poison!" she exclaimed. "The chemist would not sell you poison. It must be a harmless powder!"

Yen Chin grinned.

"Allee light," he said calmly. "Takee one spoonee full, one dose. Takee two spoonee velly big dose. Takee thlee spoonee full, give lots of pain in tummee. Me give Gunttee thlee spoonee full. Gunttee no see. Gunttee velly big fool. Gunttee have painee, no die."

The Swiss sat upright on the bench.

The schoolboys stared blankly at the Chinese.

His chuckle was reassuring.

It was evidently a harmless medicinal powder he had given the Swiss, though painful inwardly if taken in overlarge doses.

Gunten almost forgot his pain in his rage as he realised that he had once more been the victim of the little Celestial's cunning.

"Feel better, Gunten?" grinned Bob Lawless.

Frank Richards gasped with relief.

Miss Meadows fixed a stern look upon Yen Chin.

"How dare you play such a trick, you wicked boy!" she exclaimed. "You have spoken falsely, too!"

"All Chinee tellee whoppee," said Yen Chin innocently. "Me playee tleekee on Gunttee because wicked Gunttee scaldee Chinee."

"That was an accident—was it not, Gunten?"

"Ow! Yes! Ow!"

"Gunttee tellee whoppee."

"There is nothing to be alarmed about," said Miss Meadows severely. "Yen Chin, I shall punish you. Come into my room!"

The Celestial ceased to grin as he followed Miss Meadows in.

There was a terrific yelling from within the schoolhouse for a few minutes, and then Yen Chin came out, doubled up, and still howling.

"My hat! Miss Meadows must have laid it on this time!" exclaimed Frank Richards. He clapped Yen Chin on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, kid! Why—what—"

Yen Chin suddenly undoubled, as if were, and looked up at him with a placid grin.

"Allee light!" he said cheerfully.

"Then what were you yelling about?" demanded Frank indignantly.

The astute Chinese chuckled.

"Yellee muchee, so Missee Meadee not hurtee poor little Chinee," he explained. "No hurtee, and no wantee be hurtee—savvy?"

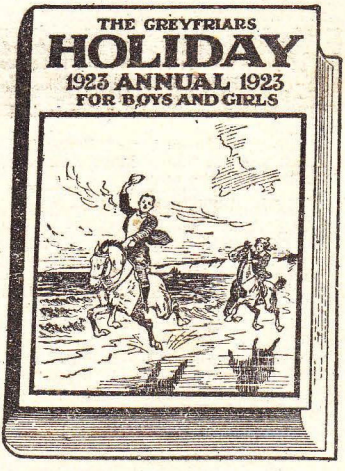
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

Frank Richards did not speak. He could only stare at the astute little rascal.

He felt that Yen Chin, the wily son of the Flowery Land, was too much for him!

THE END.

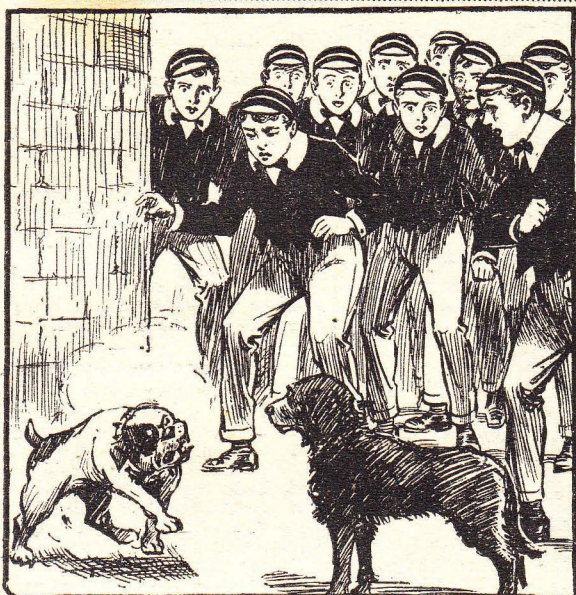
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ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

(There will be another grand long complete story of the Backwoods School next Tuesday, entitled, "A Chinese Puzzle!" Order early.)

A SPLENDID STORY TELLING HOW REDFERN'S NEW CHUM, TERRY, ARRIVES AT ST. JIM'S AND "MAKES GOOD."



FAITHFUL TO THE END!



A Splendid, Long, Complete tale of **TOM MERRY & CO.**, The Chums of St. Jim's.



:: By ::

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Redfern's New Chum.

"Do my aged eyes deceive me," murmured Monty Lowther, "or is this a wounded warrior coming along the road?"

Tom Merry and Manners followed their chum's gaze.

The Terrible Three were standing in the school gateway, awaiting the arrival of the postman.

A dusty dishevelled individual came into view. He limped painfully as he approached the school gates. Behind him trotted a big black dog of the retriever breed.

It was not until the dishevelled person drew quite near that Tom Merry & Co. recognised him. Then they fairly gasped.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "It's Reddy!"

"And he looks as if he's been through a mangle!" said Manners.

"He's a wounded warrior all right," remarked Monty Lowther. "His nose is swollen nearly double, and he'll be wanting a beefsteak for his right eye, I'm thinking!"

Dick Redfern of the New House tottered in at the school gates. He beckoned to the dog to follow, which it did obediently enough.

"Reddy!" gasped Tom Merry. "What on earth's happened? Have you been scrapping?"

"Oh, no! Not at all!" said Redfern ironically. "I've merely been for a pleasant country walk. That's how I came by this black eye and this beautiful nose!"

"Seriously, though, how did it happen, Reddy?" inquired Manners.

Redfern pointed to the dog.

"That's the innocent cause of all the trouble," he explained. "I was going along Rylcombe Lane, and I saw a hulking brute lashing this dog unmercifully with a belt. I told him to stop it, and he wouldn't. Then I tried to stop it, and snatched the leather strap he was using away from him, and he went for me. We fought for about ten minutes on end,

and it was a gruelling scrap, I can tell you!"

"And you got the better of him?" said Tom Merry.

"I left him lying on his back in the ditch," he said.

There was no conceit in Reddy's tone. It was merely a matter-of-fact statement.

"Well, if that's how you look after winning a fight, I hardly care to picture what the other chap looks like!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "You must have pretty well disfigured him!"

"I did," said Redfern simply.

"And what about the dog?" said Manners.

"I claimed him," said Reddy. "I wasn't going to leave him to the tender mercies of that brute."

"You're going to keep the animal?" asked Lowther.

"Certainly!"

"But where?"

"Oh, somewhere!" said Redfern vaguely.

The retriever, his tail wagging with pleasure, went up to Dick Redfern and licked the junior's hand.

"He seems fond of you," said Tom Merry.

"Yes. He's grateful at being rescued from that lout's clutches."

"What are you going to call him, Reddy?" inquired Manners.

"Oh, call him Alf!" said Monty Lowther carelessly.

"Nothing so common," said Redfern, with a grin. "I shall call him Terry. Come along, Terry!"

Redfern limped away in the direction of the New House. Terry followed close at heel.

A rather fine-looking dog was Terry, with his black shaggy coat, relieved in front by a patch of white. Although a big fellow, he was not yet out of the puppy stage, and was inclined to be lively, especially now that he had found a new master whom he felt sure would be kind to him. Terry continued to wag his tail, and to give joyous grunts of satisfaction.

Redfern's study-mates, Lawrence and

Owen, had quite a surprise when their chum came in.

Reddy explained the reason for his unkempt appearance. Then he introduced Terry.

"A new chum of mine," he explained. "Look after him, you fellows, while I go and get a bath."

Leaving Lawrence and Owen staring speechlessly after him, Reddy departed.

When he came back, having removed as many traces of his recent combat as possible, Reddy found that his chums were no longer speechless. In fact, they could not say enough.

"Reddy, you chump—"

"Reddy, you imbecile—"

"This brute you've adopted is a holy terror!"

"Look what he's done!"

Redfern glanced at the rug in front of the fireplace. The playful Terry had gnawed it and worried it until it was no longer recognisable as a rug.

The rug was not the only thing that had suffered either. Terry had fastened his fangs into a corner of the tablecloth, and given a violent tug. It was a quick way of clearing the table. The floor of the study was littered with fragments of crockery ware.

"Oh, crumbs!" muttered Redfern.

"This beast wants chaining up!" growled Lawrence. "See what he's done? He's smashed up the happy home!"

"He only did it in play," said Redfern, taking up the cudgel's on Terry's behalf.

"My hat! If this is what he does in play, I shouldn't like to see him do anything in earnest," said Owen.

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"We tried to, but he took no notice. He went merrily ahead."

"He's only a pup," said Redfern. "A bit playful at present, but he'll get sober in time. I'm going to train him."

"Then the sooner you take him in hand the better!" snapped Lawrence.

Terry was reclining on what was left of

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

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

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE FELLOW WHO FAILED!"



THE BURGLARS AT BAY!—A strange scene met the juniors' gaze. There were two men in the kitchen—powerfully-built individuals—who were obviously burglars. One man stood with his back to the dresser. He seemed terribly scared, and blood was flowing from his wrist. It was evident that Terry had already sprung at him several times. (See Chapter 3.)

the rug. Redfern stooped down and patted him.

"Good boy!" he said, almost affectionately.

"Why, you're encouraging him to go and do it again!" snorted Owen. "If you're determined to keep the dog, for goodness' sake go and tie him up in the woodshed!"

"Rats! Dogs ought to be allowed to run free," said Redfern. "How would you like to be trussed up on about a yard of rope?"

"You—you're going to let him run wild?" stammered Lawrence.

"Of course."

"Then I can see breakers ahead," Redfern laughed.

"Terry won't hurt anybody," he said. "As I say, he's a bit frisky at present, but he'll soon be as docile as a little lamb. By the way, have we got any bones in the cupboard?"

"Of course not!" said Owen. "Do you imagine we'd harbour a skeleton in our cupboard?"

"I didn't mean human bones, fathead! Is there a nice juicy bone, such as Herries feeds Towser with?"

"No, there isn't!" growled Lawrence. "If the brute wants bones, let him go and forage for 'em himself."

"Thanks! I will," said Redfern.

He opened the door, and Terry, eager to explore his new surroundings, bounded through the doorway in a flash. He raced along the corridors and out into the quad, picking up a scent as he went along.

It was unfortunate that at this precise

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.
NEXT TUESDAY!

moment Herries' bulldog should have been loose.

Terry encountered Towser in the middle of the quad, and it was a case of hatred at first sight.

Terry barked aggressively, and Towser gave an ominous growl.

The next moment a pitched battle was in progress.

Towser, being a member of the bulldog breed, was always eager for a scrap. And Terry, who hated bulldogs on account of their ugliness, determined to wipe up the ground with his adversary.

Sounds of yapping and snarling rent the air. The two dogs rolled over in a miniature cloud of dust, with Terry uppermost.

There was a sudden rush of feet, and a dozen juniors came rushing to the spot. Tom Merry & Co. were among them. So was Herries, the owner and trainer of Towser.

Herries was spluttering with rage.

It was during this scene of wild commotion that Mr. Ratcliff made his appearance. Tom Merry had been thinking of separating the animals, but now he left that pleasant job to Mr. Ratcliff!

The sour-visaged Housemaster of the New House was a stickler for law and order. Scenes of disturbance in the quadrangle were his pet abomination.

Mr. Ratcliff advanced towards the scene of the conflict, his gown flapping in the breeze.

"What is this—what is this?" he exclaimed harshly.

"Merely a little argument between a retriever and a bulldog, sir," murmured

Monty Lowther. "Don't be hard on them. Dogs will be dogs."

Mr. Ratcliff frowned.

"Take a hundred lines, Lowther, for impertinence!" he snapped.

"Oh crumbs!"

Mr. Ratcliff glowered at the group of juniors.

"Separate those animals!" he commanded.

Nobody moved.

"Do you hear me?" fumed Mr. Ratcliff. "Drag them apart!"

Still nobody stirred.

"Very well!" said the irate Housemaster. "Since you all appear to lack the necessary courage, I will separate these strife-making mongrels myself."

So saying, Mr. Ratcliff took a quick stride in the direction of the two dogs. And the onlookers watched the proceedings with breathless interest.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Reddy's Defiance.

TERRY was having the best of the fight when Mr. Ratcliff intervened.

Later Towser would have had Dick Redfern's dog at his mercy. But that moment was denied him, for a hand descended upon Terry's collar and clutched it tightly.

Towser turned and strolled leisurely away. Herries ran up to him and patted him soothingly, and led him away for a much-needed draught of cold water.

Meanwhile, the dog Terry, furious at having been balked of his prey, wrenched himself clear of Mr. Ratcliff's grasp. Then he made a sudden and unexpected spring at the Housemaster.

Mr. Ratcliff's back was turned when Terry sprang.

There was a terrible rending sound, as Terry's teeth tore at the Housemaster's gown and at the portion of trousering beneath.

Terry took a clean bite, and he came away with six square inches of material in his mouth. Fortunately for Mr. Ratcliff, the bite had not penetrated to his flesh. But the fact remained that it had caused him great inconvenience, to say the least, besides placing him in a most ludicrous position.

"Oh dear!" gasped the unhappy Housemaster. "This—this is terrible! Down, you brute—down!"

For Terry looked as if he was contemplating a further spring.

Tom Merry & Co. were rocking with merriment. They could not contain themselves.

Mr. Ratcliff, with a square cavity in his nether garments, presented a most comical appearance.

"Oh, what a lark!" sobbed Monty Lowther. "Terry evidently regards Housemasters as his natural enemies! Won't Ratty be ratty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He seems to be vergin' on an apoplectic fit," murmured Cardew.

Mr. Ratcliff was dancing up and down like a cannibal chief minus his war-paint. He was certainly living up to his nickname of "Ratty." He spluttered and raved and stormed, and he looked daggers at Terry, who was playing idly with the portions of material which he had appropriated.

Presently the Housemaster spun round upon the hilarious crowd.

"This is no laughing matter!" he snapped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How dare you snigger at my misfortune! How dare you, I say!" The

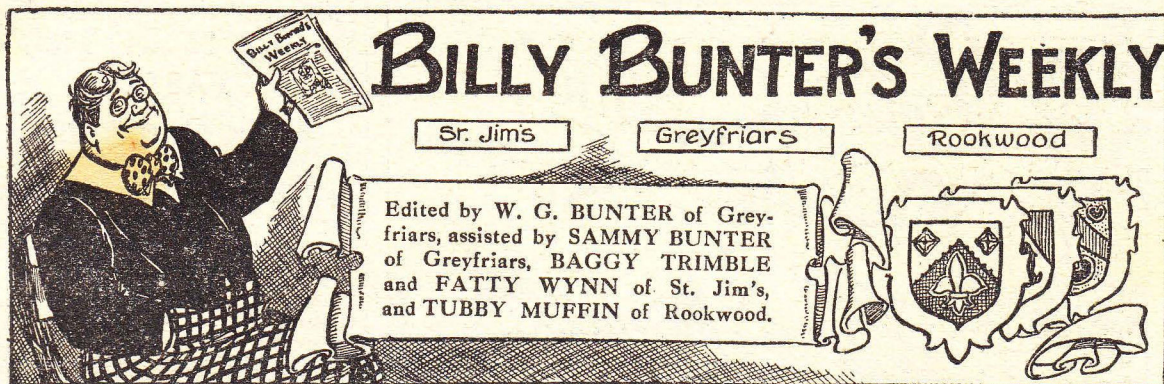
(Continued on page 17.)

NEXT LONG STORY OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"THE FELLOW WHO FAILED!"

A
::



IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

MY DEAR READERS,—We have already had a Special Cricket Number of my WEEKLY, and now I am producing a number dealing with sport in a more jeneral sense.

Kricket, swimming, boxing, running, sigh-cling—all these sports have a plaice in this issuew.

It is a well-known fact that our Sports Numbers are the most popular of all. Why is this? Bekawse of the usefuhl hints on kricket, etc., that I give. I am much better kwallified to write about sport than Wharton is. That is why a Sports Number of my WEEKLY goes down well, whereas a Sports Number of the "Greyfriars Herald" merely goes down wallop!

If you want advice konserning athleticks, konsult W. G. B.! If you want to learn how to score a sentury at kricket, watch W. G. B. performing at the nets! If you want to know how to swim the Chammel, fall in and follow me! If you would fane become a boxer or a runner, take your queue from the Remove's champion athlete—ME! And if you want to become a well-known trick sigh-clist, I shall be pleased to put you through your paces.

And what does my advice cost? A genny? Certainly not. A narf-crown? No, my chums. A threepenny peace? Not at all! It costs you nothing! I give it absolutely free and gratis. My name, instead of being Billy Bunter, ought to be Phil Anthroppist or Ben Evvolent.

Whatever you may think of this Sports Number, after you have perused it, I hearby declare that it is the finest number of **BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY** that has been published since last week!

Summer sports are all the rage just now. But I eggspect Wharton, with his usual bad management, will bring out his Summer Sports Number of the **HERALD** at Christmastide! Just like Wharton, the jumped-up jernalist!

I must now pack up—as the servant girl said when she was given notiss. I shall be in the limelight again next week, dear readers. Meenwile, I subscribe myself, as of yore,

Yours sinseerly,

YOUR EDITOR.

BILLY'S BIKE!

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

I say, you fellows, what a lark!
My pater sent to me
A crisp and rustling ten-pound note,
For me to spend, you see.
My face is beaming like the moon,
My heart is light and gay;
I'm feeling grand, you understand—
I bought a bike to-day!

The handle-bars are old and bent,
Like pancakes are the tyres;
Yet every fellow in the Form
My bicycle admires.
"Oh, where did Bunter get that grid?"
I heard Bob Cherry say.
He really envies me, poor kid—
I bought a bike to-day!

The lamps are broken, and the frame
Is twisted out of shape;
A big disaster on the road
I'm sure I sha'n't escape.
But though I fear an awful spill
Upon the King's Highway,
A merry soul is Uncle Bill—
I bought a bike to-day!

It hasn't got a saddle-bag,
It hasn't got a pump;
The antiquated thing's enough
To give a chap the hump!
And yet I madly dance and prance,
And shout "Hip, hip, hooray!"
I had ten quid, to get a grid—
I bought a bike to-day!

**SPREAD THE NEWS,
YOU CHAPS!**

There will be a Special Cadet Number of My Wonderful "**WEEKLY**" next week! Read all about the adventures of my Cadet Corps! A Laugh in Every Line.
W. G. B.

FUN AMONG THE FAGS!

By **BOB CHERRY.**

THE Annual Sports Meeting of the Greyfriars Juveniles took place on Saturday afternoon in the fags' Common-room. I was present in the capacity of "Greyfriars Herald" Special Reporter. There were many wild and exciting scenes.

The ten yards' race for infants over the age of two was won by George Tubb. The course was from one end of a form to the other. Tubb won by inches from Dicky Nugent, and he finished in a state of collapse. He told me afterwards that he intends to retire from long-distance racing!

The peashooting contest proved very popular. A cardboard cartoon of Mr. Twigg was suspended on a piece of string from the ceiling, and competitors had to pot at it. Young Paget, who got a bulls-eye every time on Mr. Twigg's nose, was declared the winner.

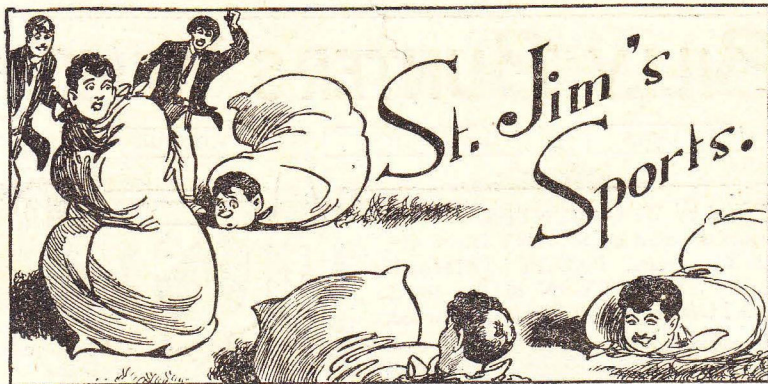
The hurdle race—leaping over desks, forms, etc.—was won by the nimble Dicky Nugent. Dicky bounced over the various obstacles like an indiarubber ball, and he proved an easy winner. The prize consisted of a penny slab of butterscotch.

There was a special eating contest, in which Sammy Bunter put everyone else to shame. One by one the competitors dropped out, and at the end of twenty minutes Sammy was the only one left, and he was still going strong. The reward, in this contest, was a severe attack of stomach-ache!

A Marathon race was to have followed the eating contest, but everyone felt too fat and full to complete. The event was, therefore, abandoned.

The prize-giving ceremony was conducted by Mrs. Mible, of the school tuckshop. Dicky Nugent had proved himself the champion athlete among the fags, and he received a special prize of a cricket-bat, which was six inches long, and two inches wide in the blade. Dicky made the following bright speech:

"I thank you, good and worthy dame! I'll always try to play the game. This bat I'll treasure and revere, Month after month, year after year. And when I score, alert and nimble, I'll always think of Mrs. Mible! Of that you may be jolly certain, So now we will ring down the curtain!"



Specially Compiled for "Billy Bunter's Weekly"

By **FATTY WYNN.**

Our St. Jim's Representative.

THE St. Jim's Summer Sports Carnival took place on Wednesday last. Many distinguished personages were present, including the Mayor of Wayland, Lord Eastwood, Marie Queen of Scots (alias Marie Rivers), Miss Ethel Cleveland, and Ephraim Taggles, O.B.E. (Old Buffer, Evidently).

I cannot describe the first race, as I was in the refreshment marquee when it was being run. It was the hundred yards, and I afterwards learned that Figgins won by a foot from Tom Merry. Good old Figgy! When it comes to sprinting, the New House can always show the School House a clean pair of heels!

The second event was the bun-and-tracele contest, where the competitors had to nibble buns which dangled on strings. Did Fatty Wynn miss this contest? No jolly fear! The prize went to the fellow who finished his bun first, and, although the beastly thing kept bobbing up and down on the string, I made short work of it, and proved an easy winner.

The sack-race was a scream from start to finish. Baggy Trimble took the lead, but in his eagerness he overbalanced and turned a complete somersault. Grundy of the Shell came tripping along in his sack, and he managed to reach the tape first. Needless to state, this was the only race that Grundy won.

The New House won the tug-of-war contest. Baggy Trimble was on the School House side, and I gladly lent my fourteen stone to the New House. It was a case of a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together; and you should have heard the cheering when we hauled the School House fellows over the line for the third time in succession! Figgins said I deserved a gold medal for the way I pulled. I should much prefer a rabbit-pie!

The mile proved a tremendous attraction, and the honours went to Talbot of the School House, who beat Dick Redfern by a short head. I wonder whether Talbot would have finished first if Marie Rivers had not been there to cheer him on? Ah!

There was a Marathon Race, but Marathons aren't in my line. I preferred to sit on the school wall and watch the finish. And what a finish it was! Tom Merry looked all over a winner, THE POPULAR.—No. 137.

but he stumbled and fell as he neared the tape, and Dick Redfern struggled past him and won the day. Another honour for the New House! But I am the first to congratulate Tom Merry on having run a fine race, and to condole with him on having just failed to last out.

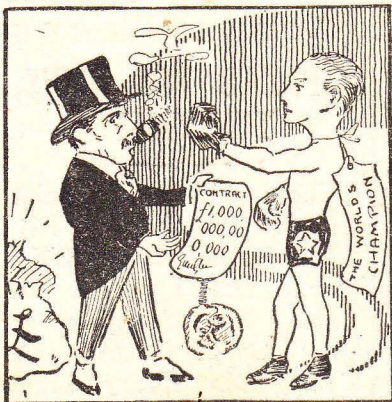
Of course, I mustn't forget to mention the Master's Race which took place. What a scream it was to see poor old Ratty panting along in the rear of Mr. Railton, and Selby coming up a good third! It was a two hundred yards' race, and several masters from each House competed. There wasn't much doubt about the winner from the very first. Mr. Railton got off from the line in fine style, and simply lost the other masters. Ratty gambled along like a little two-year-old, looking very dignified and red in the face. Selby, the master of the Third, almost forgot to start when the pistol went off, but he caught up with one or two of the others, and passed the tape a very breathless third. On the whole it was a race which was well worth looking at.

Altogether, the Sports proved a great success. And the celebration that came afterwards will live long in my memory. Plenty of good things to eat and drink, and good fellowship on every side. What more could a fellow want?

Here's to the next Sports Meeting!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.

By George Kerr.



DICK RUSSELL. The World's Champion Boxer.

GIANTS OF THE PAST!

By Mr. Victor Railton.

(House Master of St. Jim's.)

IF anyone were to ask me who was the finest sportsman at St. James' College to-day, I should answer, without fear or favour, Eric Kildare. Kildare shines in every branch of sport. He is a splendid cricketer, a clever footballer, and a good all-round man. Moreover, he has great qualities of generalship. His presence in a team acts as an inspiration. I have sometimes been asked whether Kildare is the finest sportsman the school has ever known.

I should hesitate to give a definite answer to this question, because this historic school of ours has produced many great giants in the past. Twenty years ago, when a boy named Stewart was captain of the school, he put up a wonderful record.

In Stewart's last year, before he went up to Cambridge, he won every single event at the Seniors' Sports Meeting. This is a record which is second to none. Just think of it! The hundred yards, the quarter-mile, the mile, the hurdles, the long jump, the high jump, the Marathon, and throwing the cricket ball—all won by one boy! Surely few can point to such an achievement as this!

It has been said, however, that Stewart did not have to contend with any stiff opposition. This fact rather lessens the merit of his extraordinary achievement.

A few years after Stewart left, another wonderful sportsman came along. This was a cricketer named Clifton.

In one season alone Clifton scored over a thousand runs and captured over a hundred wickets. He actually scored five centuries in five successive games! Clifton was the type of fellow who breaks a bowler's heart. His highest score, in that particular season, was 188 not out. What a sorry time the fieldsmen must have had!

Like many another bright star in the cricket firmament, Clifton fizzled out after he left school. Nothing more was heard of his cricketing exploits. It is certain he did not play for his 'Varsity, so we must reluctantly conclude that he went to pieces.

Coming to more recent years, the school produced a wonderful goalkeeper named Harper.

This fellow was a veritable wizard between the posts. High shots, low shots, swift shots, and curling shots, all came alike to him. During his last season here he only gave away five goals. Truly a wonderful goalie was Harper, and I am pleased to record that he has since played for that fine amateur team, the Corinthians.

There have been other giants of the past, but I have not sufficient space in which to record their achievements. There was Burke the boxer, and Ridsen the runner, and Harley-Cooke the crack rifleman.

As I remarked before, I should hesitate to say that our present skipper is the finest sportsman the school has ever known. But it is certain, nevertheless, that the name of Eric Kildare will be added to the list of illustrious names which have made St. James' College a power in the world of sport.

May the school produce many more Kildares! We can do with them.



Bunter Makes a Century!

By

TOM BROWN.

"THERE goes Mr. Bunter on the way to his study!" ejaculated Bob Cherry of the Remove. "Let's come and ask him if he'll umpire for us this afternoon."

"Good wheeze!" said Harry Wharton. "Come on!"

A plump and portly figure in gown and mortar-board was proceeding towards Mr. Wally Bunter's study.

The Famous Five dashed along the passage after the plump figure, but before they could reach their objective, Mr. Bunter had entered his study and closed the door.

Harry Wharton rapped on the panels.

"May we come in, sir?" he inquired.

"No, Wharton!" came the gruff reply. "I am very busy. What is it?"

Harry Wharton was somewhat taken aback by Mr. Bunter's unusual brusqueness.

"We—were wondering if you'd care to come and umpire for us this afternoon, sir," he said.

"I am sorry, Wharton, but I have too much work to do. Are you going to play a match?"

"No, sir; merely a practice game."

"Then I suggest you give up the idea of cricket, and go over to Courtfield to see my cousin Billy."

"What's Billy doing in Courtfield, sir?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Playing cricket. He is playing for Courtfield Crusaders."

"M-m-my hat!" stuttered Bob in astonishment.

The news that Billy Bunter was playing cricket—and for a crack team like Courtfield Crusaders—made the Famous Five gasp.

Had anyone but a Form-master given them the information, they would have disbelieved it. But they could not doubt the word of Mr. Wally Bunter.

"If Billy's really playing for the Crusaders, sir," said Nugent, "we'll go over and see the fun. It will be a sight for gods and men and little fishes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a snort from inside the study.

"Do not disparage my cousin William. He is a much better cricketer than you suppose."

The juniors in the passage exchanged mystified glances. It was not like Mr. Bunter to sing the praises of his plump cousin, who was without exception the worst cricketer in the Remove.

"If you are going to Courtfield, I should advise you to start right away," said Mr. Bunter. "I shouldn't like you to miss Billy's exhibition."

"We'll go at once, sir," said Wharton. And the Famous Five hurried away.

At the end of the passage, Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd and Mark Linley were waiting for them.

"Is Mr. Bunter going to umpire for us?" inquired Peter Todd.

"No. Cricket's off," said Johnny Bull. "We're going over to Courtfield to see Billy Bunter play for the Crusaders."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Which?"

"To see Billy Bunter play for the Crusaders," repeated Johnny Bull. "I know it sounds too amazing to be true, but it's a fact. Come along! Let's fetch our jiggers and bike over."

The eight juniors were soon speeding along the road to Courtfield.

The Crusaders had a picturesque little ground, just outside the town.

As the juniors entered by the gate, wheeling their bicycles, they beheld a plump youth in flannels walking out to the wickets.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Just going in, by Jove!" said Nugent.

"He's taken his spectacles off," remarked Harry Wharton.

"A very necessary precaution against fast bowling," said Mark Linley. "Just look at the score-board! Six wickets down for only 20 runs!"

"There will be a seventh wicket down before the game is many seconds older!" said Vernon-Smith, with a chuckle. "If Billy Bunter survives his first ball it will be a giddy miracle!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter had reached the wicket by this time. He took guard, and prepared to face the bowler.

"The first ball," said Hurree Singh, "will wreckfully upset the esteemed stumps!"

But the first ball did nothing of the sort. It was not given the chance. The batsman met it with the full face of the bat, and it went speeding away to the boundary.

"Well, hit, sir!" came a shout from the pavilion.



Bunter was playing really sound cricket. He knew when to hit, and when to leave the ball alone.

Bob Cherry rubbed his eyes.

"Am I seeing visions?" he muttered. Bob's chums were too staggered to reply. They could only conclude that that boundary hit had been a most amazing fluke.

Flukes, however, do not keep repeating themselves. And that boundary hit did.

Bunter was playing really sound cricket. He knew when to hit, and when to leave the ball alone. Some of his drives were magnificent. Presently he sent the ball soaring away, to alight on the roof of the little thatched pavilion.

The Famous Five could only stand and gape. They scarcely knew whether they were on their heads or their heels.

Billy Bunter had always been regarded as a hopeless duffer at cricket, and not without reason. Not even Billy's best pal—if he had one—could have accused him of being a good cricketer. Bunter's idea of batting was to shut his eyes and slog blindly. Sometimes he managed to hit the ball, but on more occasions it made a nasty mess of his wicket.

Yet here was Bunter, putting up a rattling good game for Courtfield Crusaders! He was collecting runs at a rapid rate, and the score rose merrily.

Within half an hour Bunter had made fifty off his own bat.

Bob Cherry turned to Harry Wharton.

"Take me by the hand, and lead me to yonder seat, Harry!" he murmured. "I sha'n't be able to walk without assistance. This"—Bob indicated the flannelled figure at the wicket—"this takes some getting used to. Here's Bunter chastising the bowling—

and it's not bad bowling, either. If it were Bolsover major, a fellow could understand it; but Bunter—Bunter, of all people! It licks creation!"

The juniors seated themselves in front of the pavilion, and gazed out across the playing-field with fascinated eyes. The figure of Bunter seemed to mesmerise them.

"Just look at him!" gasped Peter Todd. "Punishing the bowling without mercy, by Jove!"

"He'll make a century if he goes on like this!" said Vernon-Smith.

The runs continued to flow freely from Bunter's bat. Once he gave a hard chance to point, who failed to hold the catch. But apart from this blemish his innings was faultless.

"How many has Bunter made?" inquired Wharton of the scorer.

"Eighty," was the reply.

"My hat! Only twenty more wanted for his century!"

"This fairly beats the band!" murmured Bob Cherry, amazed. "I—I'm sure I'm dreaming, you fellows!"

"But we can't all be dreaming," said Mark Linley.

In the course of the next over Bunter hit two sixes and two fours.

There was a loud burst of cheering.

"He—he's completed his century!" stuttered Vernon-Smith.

And the Greyfriars juniors sat thunder-struck.

Courtfield Crusaders were eventually disposed of for 170, and Bunter's score was 110 not out.

As Bunter came off the pitch, Harry Wharton & Co. rushed on to it.

"Bravo, Billy!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, in his booming tones.

The retiring batsman stopped short.

"I'm not Billy!" was his startling comment.

"Eh?"

"Haven't you fellows learnt to distinguish me from my cousin yet?"

Harry Wharton & Co. were fairly flabbergasted. For the speaker was undoubtedly Mr. Wally Bunter!

And yet, only a short time before, they had seen Mr. Bunter at Greyfriars in gown and mortar-board!

Gradually it dawned upon their minds that this was another of Billy Bunter's deceptions.

Billy had dressed up in Wally's robes of authority, and he had sent the juniors to Courtfield to see the cricket match in which Wally was engaged.

Billy hoped that Harry Wharton & Co. would mistake Wally for him, and that on the strength of Wally's batting display he—Billy—would be given a place in the Remove eleven.

It was quite an ingenious wheeze—but it didn't come off!

When Mr. Wally Bunter heard of his cousin's hoax, he hurried back to Greyfriars and caught Billy red-handed in his study. Then he proceeded to address him—with a formidable cane!

"This isn't the first time you've disguised yourself as me," he said. "I've warned you often enough, but warnings are no use. This is the only effective way of dealing with you!"

Swish, swish!

"Yarooooooh!" roared the bogus Form-master.

And when Billy left his cousin's study shortly afterwards, deprived of gown and mortar-board, he looked as if he had just emerged from a mangle. He sought sympathy from the Famous Five, but he found it not. Harry Wharton & Co. had short shrift for the plump impostor of the Remove!

THE ROOKWOOD GOLFERS!

By TOMMY DOBB

(of Rookwood.)

"CARE for a game of golf, Tommy?" inquired Jimmy Silver, stopping me in the quad.

I stared at him. "Golf?" I echoed. "Why, you dummy, there are no facilities for golf at Rookwood!"

"That's where you're wrong. The Head's garden makes an excellent place for what they call clock golf. I've been round the course in three."

"What about clubs?" I asked. "The Head has very thoughtfully left his bag of clubs against his garden gate," chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Come along, Tommy! We'll have a golfing match. You'll represent the Modern side, and I'll be the Classical candidate."

"We've no right in the Head's garden!" I protested.

"Rats! Nobody will spot us, anyway."

We adjourned to the Head's garden. Jimmy Silver borrowed a club from Dr. Chisholm's bag, likewise a couple of golf balls. Then he constructed a little mound of earth and placed one of the balls on top of it.

"I'll start off," he said. "That greenhouse yonder is the bunker. We've got to clear it."

Jimmy Silver swung the club backwards and forwards a few times prior to making the stroke. Then he smote the ball with stunning force.

Unfortunately, the ball failed to rise clear of the ground. It rushed straight towards the greenhouse, and went through one of the panes of glass as clean as a bullet.

Crash!
"Now you've gone and done it, Jimmy!" I said, aghast.

"That's all right," was the cheerful reply. "Accidents will happen, even on the best regulated golf courses. Your turn, Tommy. Try and clear the bunker!"

I took the club from Jimmy Silver and prepared to drive.

I caught the ball hard and true. Away it went with the velocity of a sky-rocket. It cleared the greenhouse all right, but it did plenty of damage all the same. The beastly thing sailed clean through the drawing-room window of the Head's private house!

That did it, of course!
After a breathless interval, the Head himself appeared in awful majesty.

"Dodd! Silver!" he thundered. "What is the meaning of this? How dare you convert my garden into a golf-links? You are trespassers, both of you! Moreover, you have the temerity to borrow my golf-clubs without permission! This is monstrous!"

We had nothing to say, beyond a muttered word of apology, which failed to soothe the Head's wrath.

Four stinging cuts on each hand was our punishment. And if Jimmy Silver ever suggests that I should play clock golf with him again, I'll punch his Classical nose!

In addition to the kicking, I've got to pay for the damage to the Head's window, which means no pocket-money for a fortnight!

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

DEALING WITH THE INVADER!

(Continued from page 6.)

told them plainly I wouldn't have a hand in it."

"What! You told them you would not have a hand in what they did, and yet you did not know what they were going to do?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir; you've got it exactly!" said Bunter.

Mr. Quelch stared hard at the fat junior, and some of the Removites chuckled. Billy Bunter was an Ananias of the first water—as far as "whoppers" went he could beat the original Ananias hollow; but he was a very clumsy performer. He would roll out any number of fibs, but they never agreed with one another.

"How could you refuse to have a hand in what was intended, if you did not know what was intended, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"I refused because I'm such an orderly and obedient chap, sir," said Bunter. "I said no—I said you would be cross, sir, if we ragged the new study, and mucked it up with paint and things. That's how it was, sir."

"Then you knew what was intended?"

"Oh, no, sir!"
"You utterly stupid boy!" the exasperated Form-master exclaimed. "Cannot you see that you have admitted as much?"

"Oh, really, sir! I hadn't the faintest idea! In fact, I was fast asleep when they left the dormitory, sir. I said to Wharton—"

"What! You have said that you were fast asleep?"

"So I was, sir, and dreaming about home, and the field where I used to play when I was a dear little boy!" said Bunter sentimentally. But if he expected his sentiment to touch the hard heart of his Form-master, he was greatly mistaken.

"Yet you spoke to Wharton?"
"Of course I did, sir, and remonstrated with him—"

"How could you speak to Wharton if you were asleep?"

Mr. Quelch rapped out the question, and for a moment even Billy Bunter was staggered. He had caught himself, as usual, by telling too many falsehoods at once.

"I—I—I sometimes talk in my sleep, sir," he stammered at last. "That's how it was, sir. I was talking in my sleep."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors could not resist that yell of laughter, and even Mr. Quelch smiled for a moment at the utter absurdity of Bunter's statement.

"Bunter!"
"Yes, sir!"
"You will stand out here."

"But I—I didn't have anything to do with it, sir!" said Billy Bunter, in dismay. "I—I've already assured you of that, sir, on the word of a Bunter—"

"Come out here at once!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "If you tell me any more falsehoods, I shall punish you more severely than the others!"

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Billy Bunter. And he joined the rest of the Remove with a lugubrious face.

Mr. Quelch surveyed the Form sternly. "I suppose you understand," he exclaimed, "that this act was practically a defiance of authority—the authority of your headmaster?"

"We didn't mean it that way, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"Whether you meant it or not, that was what it was," said Mr. Quelch tartly. "Now kindly give me your reason for acting in this reprehensible manner?"

"We didn't want any rotten prefects—ahem—any prefects in our quarters, sir!" said the captain of the Remove.

"That is not a matter for you to decide, Wharton. The Head has already decided it. Now, to-morrow is a half-holiday. The Remove will be detained the whole afternoon, and will occupy the time in writing out Latin declensions."

"Oh!"
"And this trick will not succeed in its object," went on the Form-master sternly. "The object, I presume, was to render the new study unfit for habitation, and so put off the time of Walker's taking up his quarters there? In that you have succeeded—but the result will not, I think, please you. Walker will take up his residence in the Remove passage to-day and Study No. 1 will be assigned to him."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton involuntarily.
"Study No. 1 belongs now to two boys—Wharton and Nugent. Wharton will be put into No. 2 for the present, and Nugent into No. 7. Study No. 1 must be cleared out ready for Walker to take possession of that study until the new one is ready for him. Now return to your places."

With dismayed faces the Remove went back to their seats. They exchanged dismayed looks. Mr. Quelch had been one too many for them, after all; as Nugent groaned, he was a downy bird, and was not to be caught. The Removites had lost their night's rest for nothing.

There were glum faces in the Remove-room during the remainder of morning lessons. There were loud growls when the juniors came out of the Form-room at last.

"The downy old boulder!" growled Bulstrode. "We're three in No. 2 now—Hazel and Brownie and me. Four will be a crowd!"

"We're three in No. 7, without Bunter," grunted Peter Todd. "Nugent will be one too many."

"Fairly caught!" said Harry Wharton, breaking into a laugh. "It can't be helped—Quelch has been one too many for us this time. He is a very downy bird."

"Come and help us clear things out of No. 1, some of you," said Frank Nugent. "We've got it in the neck this time, and no mistake. But are we down-hearted?"

"NO!" roared the Remove.
As Harry Wharton said, Quelch had won the first round. But there were more rounds to come—and the Lower Fourth were not down-hearted.

THE END.

(Next Tuesday's grand, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled "The Haunted Study!" by Frank Richards. Order your copy now.)

Supplement IV.]

FAITHFUL TO THE END!

(Continued from page 12.)

infuriated Housemaster was quite beside himself with rage and mortification. "Take a thousand lines, Merry!"

"Oh, make it a billion!" murmured Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mr. Ratcliff was purple in the face. "To—to whom does this destructive bound belong?" he demanded, pointing to Terry.

There was no answer. "Who is the owner of this mongrel which has mutilated me?" persisted Mr. Ratcliff.

Still no answer. "I am determined to get a satisfactory reply to my question!" thundered the Housemaster. "For the third and last time, who is the owner of this depraved creature?"

"I am, sir!" came a quiet voice. And Dick Redfern calmly confronted Mr. Ratcliff.

"You!" snarled the angry Housemaster. "Who gave you permission to keep a dog, Redfern?"

"I did, sir."
"You gave yourself permission? This is impertinence—unparalleled impertinence!"

"There's no rule against a fellow keeping a dog, sir—"

"Then I will speedily introduce such a rule!" said Mr. Ratcliff. "You will dispose of this animal at once!"

"How, sir?"
"It matters nothing to me how you do it, so long as it is done. I suggest you have the beast destroyed."

There was a loud murmur of protest from the crowd.

"Shame!"
Mr. Ratcliff frowned.

"Be silent!" he commanded. "There is a chemist in Wayland, Redfern, who will exterminate this animal by a painless process. It is far too rabid a creature to be allowed to live."

Reddy's eyes gleamed. "I shouldn't dream of having my dog destroyed, sir!" he said in ringing tones of indignation.

"Then you must dispose of it to someone outside the school. The brute is a positive menace to the safety of the community. It has already done grievous damage to my clothing!"

"Then you must have annoyed it in some way, sir," said Redfern. "It wouldn't have attacked you without provocation."

"Enough!" said Mr. Ratcliff sternly. "I will give you two hours in which to remove this dog from the school premises, Redfern! Do not dare to defy me!"

With this Mr. Ratcliff stalked hastily away in the direction of the New House in order to change his ventilated attire.

Redfern glared after the Housemaster's retreating figure.

"If Ratty thinks I'm going to get rid of Terry he's jolly well mistaken!" he said.

"But you'll have to, dear man!" drawled Cardew. "The fiat has gone forth, an' Ratty's commands are like the laws of the Medes an' Persians."

Redfern's jaw was firmly set. "I'm sticking to Terry, at all costs," he said.

The dog seemed to understand the drift of the conversation, for he wagged

his tail vigorously and uttered a bark of approval.

There was a look of devotion in the canine eyes which were upturned to Dick Redfern. If only Terry could have spoken, he would have said:

"I'd go through fire and water for you, my master!"

Redfern patted the dog's head. "Let's come and find you a bone, old chap," he said. "You must be feeling pretty peckish by now."

"He's had a good feed off Towser," said Monty Lowther. "I saw him bite a lump out of Towsy's ear."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Herries will have to put Towser under police protection, or it will be getting slaughtered," said Tom Merry.

"Terry's a rare pugilist, and no mistake!"
"He's got the makings of a real fine dog if I train him properly," said Redfern. "Come along, Terry!"

The retriever followed his master into the school kitchen. The cook was there, making apple-dumplings. She smiled genially at Redfern, whom she liked, and she readily complied with his request for a bone.

Terry stretched himself out on the mat with his prize, and his jaws were soon champing contentedly.

"Which that's a werry nice dog, Master Redfern," said the cook. "He's a noble critter. Does he belong to you?"
Reddy nodded.

"He's had notice to quit, from Mr. Ratcliff," he said. "Ratty loathes animals. He's given me two hours to get Terry shunted off the premises."

"What a shame!" said the kind-hearted cook. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Terry's going to stay," said Redfern grimly. "The problem is—where can I put him so that he'll be out of Ratty's way?"

"He could stay here for the night if he was tied up," said the cook. "I've got a big basket and some sacks and straw."

"You're one of the best, cook!" said Reddy gratefully.

Aided and abetted by the good-hearted dame, he made Terry comfortable in the school kitchen. It was highly improbable,

Reddy reflected, that Mr. Ratcliff would get to know anything about it.

Terry settled down in his basket, and gave himself up to the pleasant diversion of bone-crunching.

Redfern bade the dog au revoir, and promised to come and see him in the morning.

"It will be rather useful having a dog in the kitchen, in case of midnight marauders," Reddy told the cook. And she agreed.

It was very unfortunate for Dick Redfern that Mr. Ratcliff happened to visit the school kitchen late that night.

The Housemaster, attired in pyjamas, dressing-gown, and carpet slippers, set forth on one of his nocturnal prowls. He shuffled stealthily into the kitchen, half-hoping to discover some youthful raider there.

Baggy Trimble of the Fourth had been known to raid the kitchen on more than one occasion. It was quite possible, thought Mr. Ratcliff, that he might find Trimble here now.

With this thought in his mind, the Housemaster deliberately refrained from switching on the light. He heard a creaking sound, which confirmed his suspicions.

"Ha, ha!" he reflected. "I shall catch the young rascal red-handed!"

But the only thing that Mr. Horace Ratcliff caught was a painful nip in the calf.

Terry had lain comparatively still until Mr. Ratcliff shuffled past him. Then he sprang from his basket and committed the offence already described. It was a pardonable offence, for how was Terry to know that the intruder was not a burglar?

Mr. Ratcliff emitted a fiendish yell and sprang clear. He came into violent contact with the kitchen table, striking his funny-bone with terrific force against the solid wood.

"Yoooooop!"
Another fiendish yell rang out. Mr. Ratcliff was in the wars just lately with a vengeance! It must have been his unlucky day.

"That—that vindictive brute is still here!" spluttered the Housemaster. "Redfern has set my express commands at defiance! He shall suffer for this!"

Mr. Ratcliff would dearly have loved to wreak his vengeance on Terry. But, like most bullies, he was afraid. Terry would not have tamely submitted to chastisement. Mr. Ratcliff wisely decided to give the dog a wide berth.

He groped his way out of the kitchen and went fuming to his own quarters. And the outlook, so far as Dick Redfern was concerned, was decidedly stormy.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
How Terry Departed.**

SHORTLY after rising-bell next morning, Monteith of the Sixth looked into the Fourth Form dormitory.

"Redfern here?" he inquired. "Oh, yes, there you are! Mr. Ratcliff wants to see you in his study before breakfast."

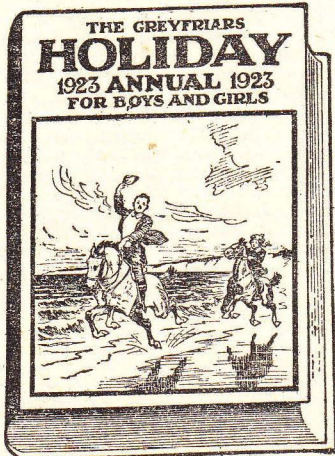
Redfern gave a start. Was it possible that the Housemaster had discovered that Terry was still on the premises? That seemed the only possible explanation of this sudden summons.

Reddy completed his toilet in an apprehensive frame of mind. But he did not shrink from the coming ordeal. He

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE FELLOW WHO FAILED!"

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proceeded straight to Mr. Ratcliff's study.

The Housemaster, stern and majestic, stood before the fireplace.

"You sent for me, sir?" muttered Redfern.

"I did! Late last night I made the astounding discovery that your dog was still on the premises."

Redfern said nothing. There seemed to be nothing to say.

"The brute bit me!" said Mr. Ratcliff, stooping down and tenderly caressing his calf. "I might have got hydrophobia!"

"I'm sorry, sir!"

"Your sorrow, Redfern, does not impress me in the least! For setting my orders at defiance, I shall cane you severely!"

Redfern held out his hand without waiting to be told. And Mr. Ratcliff, picking up a cane, administered six stinging cuts. Reddy bore them without a murmur. They were cruel cuts, and the other palm received six of them as well.

"There!" panted Mr. Ratcliff, when he had finished. "Perhaps that will be a lesson to you to obey my orders in future. You will remove that beast from the school premises at once, and if you continue to defy me I shall place the full facts before the headmaster."

Redfern did not stop to plead or argue. He realised the futility of so doing. With clenched hands and gleaming eyes, he turned and strode out of the study.

He made his way to the school kitchen. Terry capered joyously on his approach.

Redfern looked wistfully down at the dog.

"It's all up, old chap!" he muttered. "I don't blame you for taking a bit out of Ratty's calf. It was a noble deed. But it's made Ratty rather upset!"

"Woof!" said Terry.

"Ratty insists on my getting rid of you," Redfern continued, fondling the dog's ears. "He threatens me with all sorts of pains and penalties if I disobey him. What are we going to do about it?"

Terry looked up pleadingly into his master's face. His expression said as plainly as words: "Don't get rid of me! Let me stay! I'll be as good as gold if only I can stay with you!"

Dick Redfern interpreted the dog's look of pleading.

"You sha'n't go, Terry!" he muttered, almost fiercely. "I'll keep you here, dashed if I won't!"

Whereupon Terry wagged his tail, tremendously pleased.

Redfern saw to Terry's breakfast. Then he strolled out into the quad.

He had made up his mind to continue to defy Mr. Ratcliff. But he knew that such defiance could not last long. If Terry were not disposed of that day, the Head would get to know about it, and Reddy dare not disobey Dr. Holmes.

"I'm afraid Terry hasn't got much longer at St. Jim's," murmured Redfern. "He'll be kicked out at any moment. Seems a shame that a fellow can't keep a dog if he wants to! There's only one thing for it. I shall have to fix Terry up somewhere in the village. I'll find a nice home for him, and go and see him on half-holidays."

All that day Terry remained in the school kitchen, and Dick Redfern was on tenterhooks lest Mr. Ratcliff should discover that the dog was still on the premises. Fortunately, however, Mr. Ratcliff did not go near the kitchen that day.

Redfern bade his retriever good-night THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE FELLOW WHO FAILED!"

as usual, and he had an instinctive feeling, as he did so, that this would be Terry's last night at St. Jim's.

"So long, old fellow," he said. "See you in the morning!"

"Woof-woof!" said Terry, which, being interpreted, meant "Good-night!"

Boom!

The last stroke of twelve died away on the night air.

Tom Merry sat up in his bed in the Shell dormitory and listened. He fancied he could hear the muffled barking of a dog.

The sound grew louder. Yes, it was undoubtedly a dog barking—raising a midnight alarm.

Tom Merry lost no time in rousing his chums. He had Manners and Lowther and Talbot out of bed inside a minute.

"There's something wrong downstairs," said the captain of the Shell. "That's Terry barking. Let's go and investigate!"

The four juniors, scantily attired, dashed out of the dormitory and plunged down the dark staircase.

Terry continued to bark, and they were guided by the sound to the school kitchen.

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Tom Merry led the way into the domestic regions, switching on his electric torch as he did so.

It was a strange scene that met the juniors' gaze.

There were two men in the kitchen—powerfully-built, swarthy-faced individuals, who were obviously burglars.

One of the men stood with his back to the dresser. He seemed terribly scared, and blood was flowing from his wrist. It was evident that Terry had already sprung at him several times.

The other man had been dodging the dog round the kitchen. He carried a revolver, and before Tom Merry & Co. had realised his intentions, he fired—not at the intruders, but at the big retriever on the floor.

With a low moan of pain, Terry rolled over, twitched a little, and lay still.

"You cur! You dastardly cur!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

And in an instant the revolver was wrested from the man's grasp.

Then followed a wild and whirling battle.

The odds were four against two, but the St. Jim's juniors had a couple of powerful ruffians to contend with. They

overpowered them eventually, but only after a desperate struggle.

Monty Lowther procured a length of rope, and the midnight marauders were trussed up on the floor.

Meanwhile, the news that something was amiss below stairs had spread through the school.

Seniors and juniors, in night attire, came flocking into the school kitchen. And presently Mr. Railton appeared on the scene.

"What does this mean, Merry?" cried the Housemaster in astonishment.

"It means, sir, that these rotters were on the point of raiding the school. They came here into the kitchen first, to discuss their plan of campaign."

"And they've left their plans on the table," said Talbot.

There was a grubby-looking notebook lying on the kitchen table. Mr. Railton examined it, and saw that a wholesale burglary had been contemplated—a burglary which would have involved the loss of all the school valuables.

"You have done exceedingly well to capture these scoundrels, my boys!" said the Housemaster.

"It's Terry that deserves the praise, sir," said Monty Lowther. "If he hadn't given the warning, and kept these brutes at bay until we arrived, they'd have carried the burglary through without a hitch."

Mr. Railton glanced at Terry's prostrate form.

"Why," he ejaculated in tones of horror, "the poor creature has been shot!"

There was a loud, fierce murmur of indignation from the assembled throng. Dick Redfern pushed his way through a cordon of fellows and dropped on his knee beside the faithful Terry.

"Dead!" he muttered. And his voice was strangely husky. "Perhaps Mr. Ratcliff will be satisfied now!" he added bitterly.

Mr. Railton despatched Monteith to telephone for the police, and within half an hour the two burly captives had been taken into custody.

Next morning, the loyal Terry was laid to rest at the back of the cricket field. A simple wooden cross marked the spot, and it bore an equally simple inscription:

"TERRY,
August 15th, 1922.
Faithful Unto Death."

THE END.

(There will be another splendid, long complete story, dealing with the adventures of Tom Merry & Co., the famous chums of St. Jim's, entitled "The Fellow Who Failed!" by Martin Clifford, in next week's grand bumper issue. Order your copy of the POPULAR well in advance, to avoid disappointment next week! Meanwhile, buy a copy of our grand Wednesday companion paper, the "Gem" Library, and read a further long complete story of the St. Jim's chums' adventures. This week's story will be entitled "The Return of the Runaway!" by Martin Clifford. Don't forget that the "Holiday Annual" will make its appearance on the First of September, and if you want to make sure of your copy of this famous Story Book for Boys and Girls, go to your newsagents at once and get him to save you one.)

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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Something Like a Stunt!

"I've got an idea!"
Arthur Edward Lovell made that announcement with due impression. The Fistical Four were seated outside a tent, in the school meadow at Rookwood.

Long lines of white tents were close at hand.

From the distance came the clink of tools, where workmen were busy upon the old buildings of Rookwood, which were undergoing extensive repairs and alterations.

Rookwood School was under canvas for the present, and classes were held in the open air. Fortunately the weather was perfect.

That is to say, it was fortunate from the point of view of the Head and his staff.

Rookwooders generally did not consider it so very fortunate, as a few heavy showers would have knocked lessons on the head, and allowed them to go about more important affairs.

Bright weather naturally made the juniors feel inclined to give classes a wide berth, and ramble by wood and river, and that desire was all the keener now that they were not shut up in the accustomed class-rooms.

Tubby Muffin, indeed, had fallen into the habit of watching the sky like a professional astronomer, and he asked Jimmy Silver whether they could afford to buy a barometer for the tent.

Tubby's opinion was that the weather was simply exasperating.

If you were going up the river you could be sure it would rain, but when it was a question of classes the sky retained an unbroken smiling serenity.

The Fistical Four were resting in the grass as they waited for afternoon classes, but they were not thinking of the valuable instruction they were going to receive from Mr. Bootles that afternoon.

They were thinking of a golden river rippling under green branches.

And then Arthur Edward Lovell, whose brow had been corrugated for some time with a deep wrinkle of thought, announced that he had an idea.

His chums did not look very hopeful. Arthur Edward's ideas were not, generally, of the most brilliant kind.

Still, they were willing to give him a hearing.

Any fellow who could think of a wheeze for getting off lessons that afternoon would deserve well of his country.

The juniors considered that that was work of national importance.

"Go it!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly.

"It's time you had an idea, old scout! I remember you had one last term, too."

"If you're going to be a funny idiot, Jimmy Silver—" began Lovell.

"My dear man, one funny idiot's enough in a family of four and I'm not going to wedge in as your rival!" said Jimmy. "Get on with the idea!"

"We don't want classes this afternoon," said Lovell.

"Hear, hear!" assented Raby and Newcombe, with great heartiness.

"Is that the idea?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"No!" roared Lovell. "That's not the

idea, you chump! I was pointing that out to begin with. Look at the sky! Not a dashed cloud anywhere! The weather's keeping simply perfect now we want rain!"

"Well, a run up the river wouldn't be very ripping in the rain!" said Newcombe. "I'd give a week's pocket-money for a shower just bad enough to break up classes for the day!"

"That's what I'm thinking of," said Lovell.

"Suppose it rains?"

"It won't!"

"But suppose it does?"

Jimmy Silver sat upright, and stared at Arthur Edward.

"That the idea?" he asked. "We're to suppose it rains, when we know it won't!"

"If you call that an idea, Lovell, I can only say you're easily satisfied!"

"If you'd use your ears a little more and your lower jaw a little less, a fellow would have a chance to explain!" said Lovell crossly.

"My idea is for it to rain this afternoon—not very bad, but bad enough to break up the class."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Surprised you—eh?" grinned Lovell.

"Well, that's the idea. What do you think of it?"

"Think of it!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "I think we'd better have a whip-round in the Classical Fourth and buy you a strait-jacket, Lovell. Do you think you can produce rain by pressing a button?"

"Not by pressing a button, fathead! Can't you let a fellow explain?" howled Lovell.

"Now, old Bootles is taking up in about ten minutes from now. The Fourth Form gathers yonder, by the big oak—"

"What the dickens—"

"Old Bootles is short-sighted—"

"We know that."

"He's a bit of an ass, too—"

"There's chaps in his Form who can beat him in that line, though."

"Oh, dry up a minute, Jimmy! Now, the gardener—"

"The gardener?" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, the Head's gardener—"

"You were talking about Bootles, weren't you?"

"Yes, ass! Now, the Head's gardener—"

"Keep to the point."

"I'm keeping to the point!" shrieked Lovell. "Give your jaw a rest. I tell you! You'll wear it out at this rate! The Head's gardener has a big garden-syringe—you've seen him using it. Now, my idea is to bag it. It's kept in the tool-shed, and easy enough to bag."

"What on earth for?"

"A chap fills the syringe with water—it holds about a gallon!" said Lovell impressively. "He climbs into the oak—"

"Does he?"

"Yes, he does. The foliage hides him from sight. As soon as class has fairly started he sends a shower over Bootles."

"Oh, Christopher Columbus!"

"Bootles thinks it's raining—"

"Great pip!"

"Dismisses the class, and there you are!" said Lovell triumphantly.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcombe blinked at Lovell.

That was Arthur Edward's idea!

"Well, my hat!" said Raby. "Easy as falling off a form," said Lovell, with great satisfaction. "Old Bootles always keeps in the shade of the tree, so he will be within easy range of the squirt. He's horribly afraid of rain, because he's got rheumatism or lumbago, or something. He's bound to dismiss the class, and make tracks for cover."

Jimmy Silver reflected.

Arthur Edward's idea certainly was startling.

It was true that Mr. Bootles was a bit of an ass, but it was a great question whether he was sufficiently asinine to be spoofed by such a scheme.

Lovell had no doubts. But, then, it was Lovell's idea, and he was prejudiced in favour of it.

"Don't you think it would work?" demanded Lovell warmly.

"Well, it might," admitted Jimmy Silver cautiously. "If it did it would be a corker. But—"

"Don't start butting!" said Lovell.

"Let's get the syringe and fill it."

"But who's going to be in the tree?" asked Raby. "Every chap in the Fourth will have to turn up for lessons."

Lovell paused.

That consideration, obvious as it was, had apparently not yet occurred to him.

"Well, somebody will have to do it, of course," he said. "Some chap will have to cut classes, and chance it. Jimmy, frinstance—"

"My dear man, it's your scheme, and you can work it. I'm not going to bag your scheme over your head," said Jimmy Silver.

"Buzz off and get the syringe, and get into the tree before Bootles happens along. There's a chance in a million that it may work, and this afternoon is too gorgeous to be wasted on lessons, if it can be helped."

"Newcome's rather a nimble chap at climbing," remarked Lovell, in a casual sort of way.

"Not nimble enough to climb a tree when it's time for lessons!" grinned Newcome.

"What about you, Raby?"

"Nothing about me, old chap," said Raby.

"I don't think of these brilliant ideas, and they're too much for me to deal with."

"It's up to you, Lovell!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

Lovell grunted.

"Well, I'll do it," he said. "It will work, I know that. You're not the only pebble on the beach. Jimmy, when it comes to thinking of things! I'll jolly well get that syringe and well see!"

And Arthur Edward Lovell detached himself from the grass and hurried away.

His three chums grinned.

Cutting classes, without a good excuse to give, was rather a serious matter, and projecting a shower of water over a Form-master's head was still more serious.

Still, the weather was so glorious that day that it had to be agreed that it was worth a little risk to get a holiday.

The scheme might possibly be a success. It depended on the extent to which Mr. Bootles might be relied upon to be asinine.

And Lovell's chums agreed that it was

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"THE PRICE OF HONOUR!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS,
By OWEN CONQUEST.

sir," said Carthew. "Lovell hid himself in the tree, and drenched Mr. Bootles with water during lessons, and the others planned it with him."

The Head uttered an exclamation. "Is it possible?" "Mr. Bootles requests that a very severe punishment may be administered, sir," said Carthew.

"Quite so! Kindly hand me my cane, Carthew."

Carthew did that promptly and willingly. He would have preferred to see the Fistical Four flogged; but the Head's expression showed that they were not to escape lightly.

The business-like way in which Dr. Chisholm gripped the cane showed that also. He was evidently getting ready for a really athletic performance.

In turn, the Fistical Four underwent the infliction, which came to six for each of them, and each of the six was a real "twister."

By the time the infliction was over they wished it had been a flogging, instead.

The Head did not run the risk of spoiling the child by sparing the rod.

"You may go!" snapped the Head. The chums of the Fourth went.

They fairly limped back to the Fourth Form, with pale faces, squeezing their hands with almost frantic energy.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Raby. "You idiot, Lovell!"

"You-ow!" answered Lovell. "It was a good idea—"

"Fathead— Yow-wow!"

"You get another idea into your silly head, Lovell, and we'll scalp you and boil you in oil!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"It was a good idea!" howled Lovell, "Nothing would have happened, anyhow, if that cad Carthew hadn't spied me out!"

"Yow-wow-wow!"

"Wow-wow!"

"Oh, dear!"

With mumbles and moans of deep suffering, the unhappy victims of Lovell's brilliant idea returned to their Form.

Mr. Bootles eyed them sternly as they came up.

"Silver!" he rapped. "Ow! Oh! Ow!"

"What?"

"I—I mean yes, sir! Yow!"

"I trust this will be a lesson to you, Silver?"

"Oh, dear! Certainly, sir! Ow!"

"You may go to your places," said Mr. Bootles, a little more kindly, for he saw that the Fistical Four were suffering severely.

Jimmy Silver & Co. went to their places in the lowest possible spirits.

They had wanted that afternoon off because it was so glorious; but it was glorious to them no longer.

It was a long-drawn-out misery till lessons were over.

The Head had laid it on with a severity he considered was called for in the circumstances; but his unhappy victims considered that he had done his duty not wisely but too well.

When the Fourth Form were dismissed at last, Jimmy Silver & Co. were still sulking, and they only groaned in answer to condoling remarks from Erroll and Mornin' and Tommy Dodd.

"You'll get over it," said Conroy comfortingly.

Groan!

"Is it very bad?" asked Flynn.

Groan!

"My hat! What a gang of dismal dum-dums!" said Peele. "Travel out of hearing, dear boys, if you're goin' to kick up that row!"

"Yaas, do, there's good chaps!" said Townsend.

And Jimmy Silver & Co. were too dispirited even to bump Peele and Townsend on the grass.

Like great Julius Cæsar of old, they had fallen low, and none were so poor as to do them reverence.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Reprisals!

"WHAT about reprisals, Jimmy?" Tubby Muffin asked that question.

It was after tea, and the Fistical Four were feeling a little better, though still sore and not sweet-tempered.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE PRICE OF HONOUR!"

Tubby Muffin cornered them in the quadrangle, and asked that question with a very serious blink at the suffering four.

"Eh! What are you burbling about?" grunted Jimmy.

"Reprisals," said Tubby. "I believe in reprisals. You fellows have been through it, haven't you?"

"Feels like it," mumbled Raby.

"Well, what about getting your own back?"

"Fathead! Bootles was right enough to send us to the Head, after he'd been swamped with water."

"I don't mean Bootles," said Tubby. "That cad Carthew, you know. He ought to be made to sit up."

"Blow him!"

"You know, Carthew digs in a tent now, same as the rest of us," said Tubby. "He shares a tent with two other seniors—"

Jones major and Lonsdale. Of course, he keeps his things there. Well, what about raiding his things? Easy enough to get at them in a tent, especially after dark."

Jimmy shook his head.

"No good ragging his clothes and things; there would be a row," he answered. "Think of a better one, Tubby."

"I wasn't thinking of his clobber, you ass. I was thinking of his grub!"

"Grub! You fat duffer, I might have guessed that! I wonder if there's a minute of the day when you're not thinking about somebody's grub?"

"Well, of course, I mean to punish Carthew—not because of the grub. I don't care much for grub, as you know!"

"Oh, great pip!"

"But Carthew had a hamper to-day," continued Tubby, his eyes glistening. "It's in his tent now. I've had an eye on it."

"You needn't tell us that!" growled Lovell.

"You raid the hamper after dark, and—and I'll put it somewhere! I'll take all the risk of disposing of it, if you get it away from Carthew's tent!"

"I dare say you would!" snapped Jimmy Silver. "So that's your idea of reprisals, is it? We're to raid Carthew's hamper for you to gorge! Turn round!"

"Eh! What for?"

"So that I can kick you!"

"Look here—"

"All together!" said Jimmy Silver, drawing back his foot.

Tubby Muffin beat a strategic retreat without waiting for four boots to be planted on his podgy person.

The Fistical Four continued to rub their hands, and to make remarks about Carthew, and things generally, in a dismal frame of mind.

But Tubby Muffin did not relinquish his idea.

As the dusk deepened he lurked among the tents, keeping watch on Carthew's quarters, waiting for the tent to be left vacant.

Jones major and Lonsdale were in Bulkeley's tent, he knew, and he did not suppose that Carthew would remain in his tent by himself.

He was right. After a time Carthew strolled away, and Tubby crept cautiously to the tent he had quitted and tiptoed in.

It was dark in the tent, but the fat Classical knew where the hamper was, and in a minute or less his fat fingers were upon it.

He was feeling over the fastenings, when there were footsteps outside the opening of the tent, and he stopped suddenly.

"No light here," said a voice—the voice of Frampton of the Modern Sixth.

Tubby Muffin shivered.

Carthew had not gone, after all. He had simply called on Frampton, and returned with him, and they were both about to enter the tent.

"I've got some matches, I think," said Carthew.

Tubby trembled.

The two seniors had entered the tent now, and were standing within a few feet of the unhappy Tubby, while Carthew fumbled in his pocket for matches.

"I suppose it's safe here, Carthew," said Frampton, speaking in a low tone.

Carthew laughed contemptuously.

"Safe enough! Why not?"

"Well, if anybody happened to look into the tent, and saw cards goin' on—"

"Why should anybody? Besides, we could douse the gas in a second if we heard anyone comin'."

Scratch!

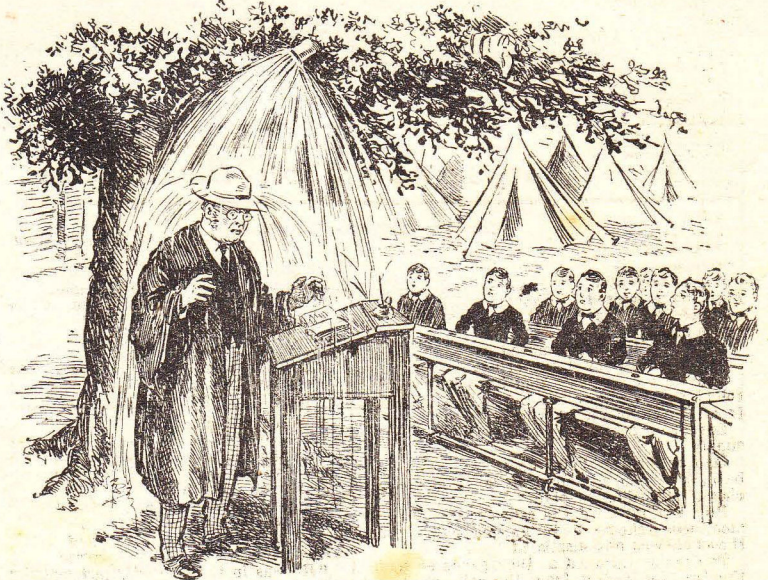
Carthew's match flared up.

It glimmered on the fat, scared face of Tubby Muffin.

"What—wh—" stuttered Frampton, startled by the fat face suddenly glimmering out of the darkness.

Tubby Muffin made a desperate rush.

He dodged panting out of the tent, and bolted for the Fourth-Form quarters, stumbling over several tent-ropes in his progress.



RAIN TO ORDER!—"Remain where you are," snapped Mr. Bootles, "it is simply a momentary shower!" Swoosh! It was more than a shower that smote him then—it was a regular deluge. Lovell had discharged the whole contents of the big garden syringe upon the devoted head of his form-master from the tree above! (See Chapter 2.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

"Who—who was that?" gasped Frampton. "Some junior—"
 "Muffin, I believe!" said Carthew between his teeth.
 "Do you think he heard—"
 "Of course he did! I'll skin him! I'll—I'll—"
 "Better let him alone now, if he heard what we were saying," said Frampton dryly. "He might talk."
 "Oh, rot! Nobody would believe him!"
 "I'd give him a rest, all the same, I think. Least said, soonest mended. Look here, you'd better come over to my tent, Carthew, after this!"
 "Oh, all right!"

The two seniors quitted the tent and moved away to the Modern quarters.

The fact that Rookwood School was under canvas, and that it was a little more risky to enjoy the delights of banker and nab, did not make any difference to the black sheep of the Sixth.

They did not intend to make any change in their pleasant little customs. But they realised that it was necessary to be more than usually cautious.

In Frampton's tent they found Catesby, a bird of the same feather, and the tent-flap was carefully fastened down before the cards and the cigarettes were produced.

The three young rascals were quite on the alert while they were enjoying their "little game."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Uncle James Has an Idea.

"O H dear!"
 Tubby Muffin gasped breathlessly as he rolled into the tent he shared with the Fistical Four and Dick Van Ryn.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were getting their sleeping-quarters ready, as it was close on junior bed-time.

Tubby collapsed on a box and gasped for breath, and the Co. gave him inquiring looks. "You've been after Carthew's hamper, you fat burglar!" growled Lovell.

"Oh! Oh dear!"
 "I hope he jolly well larruped you!" said Raby charitably.

"Well, he didn't!" grunted Tubby. "I say, they're awful beasts! They'd have mopped me up if they'd caught me! I say, Jimmy, if you care to raid that hamper now—"
 "Scat!"

"It's quite safe!" said Tubby eagerly. "Jones and Lonsdale are with Bulkeley, and Carthew's gone over to the Modern side to play cards in Frampton's tent."
 "What?"

"Rotters, ain't they?" said Tubby indignantly. "If I was a sneak I'd jolly well tell Mr. Bootles about what they're doing."

"How do you know what they're doing?" demanded Jimmy.

"I heard 'em talking. They didn't see me in the dark till that beast Carthew struck a match!" grinned Tubby. "Ain't they a precious set! And Carthew's a prefect, too! Precious prefect—I don't think!"

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

"You're sure of this, fathead?" he asked.

"Yes; of course! I heard—"

"What did you hear, then?"

Tubby Muffin breathlessly explained.

The captain of the Fourth listened very attentively, with a thoughtful frown upon his brow.

"So, you see, it's safe enough to raid the hamper after lights-out," said Tubby, in conclusion. "The Sixth don't go to bed before half-past ten, so Carthew won't be back. What do you think, Jimmy?"

"I think I'll scrag you if you say another word about the hamper!" growled Jimmy Silver in exasperation.

"But—but I thought—"

"Oh, dry up!"

"What have you got in your noddle, Jimmy?" asked Van Ryn, the South African junior, with a curious look at the captain of the Fourth.

"I've got it!" answered Jimmy, with a chuckle. "This is where we make Carthew sorry," he spoke! "We've got him on the hip!"

"Blessed if I see how!" said Newcome.

"Haven't you heard Tubby's chin-music—Carthew's gambling with Catesby and Frampton in their tent on the Modern side?"

"No business of ours."

"Quite so. But suppose Mr. Bootles dropped in on them?"

"Jimmy!" exclaimed the Co. in chorus.

"Listen! If those cads heard Bootles outside the tent, they'd put out their lights at once, wouldn't they, so that he couldn't see their game?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then they wouldn't see Bootles."

"They wouldn't, naturally. But what the dickens—"

"So it's only necessary to have Bootles' voice, and not Bootles himself," said Jimmy. "Do you see?"

"Wandering in your mind?" asked Lovell.

"Are you going to ask Bootles to lend you his voice?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you've got the brain of a Hun!" said Jimmy. "Think a bit! Haven't you ever noticed the unearthly squeak that Bootles calls a voice? Anybody could imitate it a treat."

"Oh!"

"Dutchy's practised that sort of thing, being a blessed ventriloquist," he said. "This isn't a case of ventriloquism, though. All we want is a chap to imitate Bootles' squeak."

I could do it myself all right, but Dutchy can do it better."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Van Ryn. "That's the idea," said Jimmy. "We get round Frampton's tent, and Dutchy turns on Bootles' voice, and you can guess how those cads will shiver. It would mean the sack for the lot of them if the Head knew their game. They'll be scared right out of their wits—such as they are!"

"Good! We'll do it!"
 No time was wasted. The Fistical Four and their Africander comrade dressed in the dark, and crept out under the tent.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

"Done" in the Dark.

"Y OUR deal, Catesby!"
 "Got a match?"
 "Here you are! Use the candle—matches are short."

Carthew, Frampton, and Catesby were enjoying themselves after their own fashion in Rupert Frampton's tent.

An upturned box served as a card-table, and they sat round it on camp-stools, by the light of a candle.

They preferred a candle for illumination, as it could be extinguished instantly in case of need.

Not that there was much likelihood of interruption.

Frampton and Catesby were prefects of the Modern side, and Carthew was a Classical prefect. Like Cæsar's wife, they were above suspicion.

Still, they did not forget caution.

As prefects they were not likely to be suspected, but as prefects they would suffer unsparing punishment if they were discovered in delinquency.

The "order of the book" was sure and certain if the Head learned of the sportive proceedings in Frampton's tent.

Stephen Catesby lighted a fresh cigarette at the candle, and then proceeded to deal the cards.

Catesby was looking in rather high feather. He had been winning, and Frampton and Carthew were looking much less satisfied.

Losses at gambling did not conduce to good temper or friendly feeling.

Carthew gave a sudden start, as the Modern senior was dealing the cards, and his eyes turned uneasily towards the tent-flap.

"Is that somebody outside?" he asked.

"Only some fellow goin' to his tent," said Frampton. "Knowes very likely; he's in the next."

"Manders isn't likely to come along?"
 "My dear man, Mr. Manders wouldn't believe this if he saw it!" chuckled Frampton. "He would take it as an optical illusion."

Carthew laughed.

But his laugh died away the next moment. The tent-flap was shaken from without, and a sharp, squeaky voice was heard.

"Bless my soul! What—what! Is it possible?"

Carthew started to his feet.

"Mr. Bootles!" he breathed.

Catesby left off dealing the cards, and made a scrambling clutch to gather them up again.

"The flap was shaking."
 "Bless my soul! Let me in at once, Frampton! I understand that a Classical prefect is here; and I can smell smoke—tobacco-smoke! What—what! Shocking! Unheard of! Dr. Chisholm shall hear of this!"

Frampton blew out the candle.

Darkness wrapped up the sportive scene.

At any instant the flap might open, and Mr. Bootles, certainly, could not be allowed to see what was going on.

Cards and money and cigarette-smoke would have given the game away too completely.

In the darkness Catesby was still gathering up cards with frantic energy and haste, but he was not at all sure that he had them all.

"Do you hear me, Frampton?"

"Ye-es, sir!" gasped Frampton.

"Let me in!"

There was no help for it.

Frampton unfastened the flap. He thanked his good fortune that it was not yet time for the moon to rise, and outside it was almost as black as within the tent.

"Bless my soul!" went on the squeaky voice, as the flap fell aside. "I can distinctly smell smoke! What have you put the light out for?"

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N O W O N S A L E.

THE POPULAR.—No. 137.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE PRICE OF HONOUR!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

"It—it fell over, sir."
 "What, your lamp? I did not hear it fall!"
 "It—it was a candle, sir."
 "Frampton! Have you been so utterly reckless as to allow a candle to fall over, at the risk of setting fire to the whole place?"
 "I—I put it out instantly, sir. I—I put my foot on it!"

The newcomer had stepped inside the tent, but he had allowed the flap to fall in place behind him, shutting out whatever glimmer there might have been to relieve the darkness.

If Mr. Bootles wanted to see what was going on that was rather careless of him; but the three gamblers were thankful enough for his carelessness.

They could not see Mr. Bootles—not even the vaguest outline of him—and that gave them the comforting assurance that he could not see them.

In the blackness, Catesby was almost hysterically counting the pack of cards, to make sure that none were scattered on the floor to be seen as soon as there was a light.

Any one out of the fifty-two would have been sufficient.

"Strike a match at once, Frampton!"
 Frampton was not likely to obey that order.

He was feeling over the box, to make sure that the loose money was all collected up.

"Do you hear me, Frampton?"
 "I—I haven't any matches, sir! I—I'm looking for some."

"Have you any matches, Catesby?"
 "Nunno, sir!"

Catesby ground his teeth with fury. He had had to answer Mr. Bootles, and he had lost count of the cards he was counting in the dark.

He had had to begin from the beginning.
 "Carthew! You are here, Carthew?"
 "Ye-es, sir."

"What are you doing here, Carthew?"
 "I—I dropped in for a chat with Frampton, sir. He—he's been telling me about botany, sir."

"Botany?"
 "Yes, sir. I—I'm interested in botany."
 "I am very glad, Carthew, to find you interested in so harmless a subject. I trust, Carthew, that your statement is correct."

"Oh, sir!"
 "But I can distinctly smell tobacco-smoke."
 "That—that's the candle, sir. It—it fell on some—some brown paper, and—and scorched it."

"Bless my soul! The smell appears to me to be quite different. Carthew, procure a light at once!"

"I—I'm feeling for some matches, sir."
 "It is very extraordinary that not one of you has any matches. However, perhaps I have a box myself."

There was a sound of fumbling.
 The three black sheep were almost sick with apprehension.

What had caused Mr. Bootles to pay that sudden and suspicious visit was a mystery, and Carthew wondered whether Tubby Muffin had been talking.

A chance visit they would have been prepared for, but this sudden and suspicious invasion of the tent quite took them by surprise.

"Fifty-one!" breathed Catesby.
 "Eh! What did you say?" exclaimed the squeaky voice of the Form-master.

"N-n-nothing, sir."

But Carthew and Frampton understood. Catesby had fiddled fifty-one of the cards, and the other one was lying somewhere in the gloom, to be revealed as soon as there was a light.

"Bless my soul! Where are those matches?" It was an irritated murmur.
 "Can I have omitted to place the box in my pocket? Dear me!"

Carthew & Co. devoutly hoped that Mr. Bootles had omitted to place the box of matches in his pocket.

Otherwise, their only chance was to get a foot on the missing card, and cover it up before Mr. Bootles could see it when a match was struck.

"Bless my soul! I do not appear to have any matches. Are you sure, Carthew, that you have no matches?"

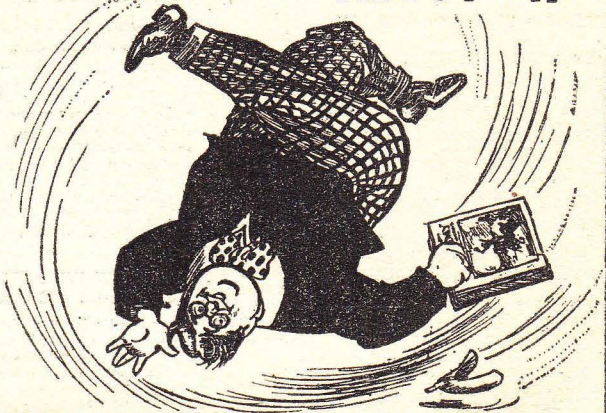
"Quite sure, sir! Oh, quite sure!"
 Really, this appears very suspicious to me! It is extraordinary, to say the least of it, and looks as if there is something in this tent you do not desire me to see."

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"THE PRICE OF HONOUR!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
BY OWEN CONQUEST.

LOOK SLIPPY ABOUT IT—



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"Shall I fetch some matches, sir?" asked Frampton. "Or perhaps you would step into Knowles' tent and ask for a light, sir. It would only take you a minute."

The three young rascals waited breathlessly for the answer.

If the unwelcome visitor would only depart for one minute that would be enough, by Carthew's flash-lamp, to clear away the last guilty traces.

"What? What? A good suggestion! Quite so! However, I will remain here, while you go to Knowles' tent, Carthew. Ask Knowles to step here and bring a lamp."

"Oh!"
 "Go at once, Carthew!"
 "Oh dear!"

"What—what did you say, Carthew? Go at once, and I will come with you!" said the voice of the unseen visitor. "Come! Precede me from the tent, Carthew."

"Oh, what luck!" breathed Frampton.
 The three seniors had not dared to hope that Mr. Bootles would quit the tent and leave them free from observation before a light was brought.

They felt quite thankful to him at that moment.
 Carthew stepped out of the tent into the darkness.

The next moment he uttered a fiendish yell. Four dim figures started up in the gloom, and four pillows swept through the air and smote Mark Carthew all at once.

The bully of the Sixth went staggering.
 Biff, biff, biff, biff!
 Carthew, howling with surprise and wrath, rolled on the ground, the pillows smiting him mercilessly as he rolled.

He was taken so utterly by surprise that he could do nothing but gasp and stutter and howl.

"Bless my soul! What is that noise? Carthew, what tricks are you playing?"
 "Yaroooh! Oh! My hat! Help! Yooooop!"
 Biff, biff, biff!

The four dim figures vanished into the darkness, with a soft sound of chuckling, and a fifth figure scudded after them.

Carthew sat up, dazedly. Frampton and Catesby peered out of the tent, in utter wonder.

"What the—"
 "Ow! Oh! Ah!" Carthew staggered to his feet. "Mr. Bootles, I have been assaulted! I—I—I—Ow! Where is he? Mr. Bootles? Are you here, sir?"

There was no reply.
 Evidently Mr. Bootles was no longer on the scene—if he had been on the scene at all!

"He's gone!" gasped Catesby.
 "Gone?" stammered Frampton. "Look for that blessed card, quick; he may have gone for the Head!"

"Oh crumbs!"
 At that horrifying suggestion Carthew forgot even the pillow he had received, severe as it had been.

The three seniors hurried into the tent, closed the flap, and by the light of a flash-lamp they quickly had the place in good order, waving newspapers to drive off the remnant of the smoke.

In a few minutes all was ready for inspection—if Mr. Bootles returned with the Head!

But Mr. Bootles did not return with the Head—he did not return at all, and Carthew & Co. were left utterly bewildered.

They would have been enlightened if they could have heard the chorus of chuckling voices in Jimmy Silver's tent on the Classical side.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Arthur Edward Lovell. "What a lark! They—they thought it was Bootles all the time! They'll be expecting him back! Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Fourth chuckled themselves to sleep, what time Carthew & Co. were wondering uneasily whether they were to hear anything further of the affair on the morrow.

On the morrow, however, they heard nothing of it; and when they saw Mr. Bootles he looked quite unconscious, and made no allusion whatever to the incident.

The trio were puzzled, but relieved.
 Jimmy Silver's only regret was that he could not tell Carthew the real identity of "Mr. Bootles"; but it was a case in which a still tongue showed a wise head.

THE END.

(Next Tuesday's long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. will be entitled "The Price of Honour!" by Owen Conquest. There is also a splendid long complete story of the juniors of Rookwood School in this week's issue of the "Boys' Friend," now on sale. Go to your newsagent now and buy a copy of our Monday Companion Paper, and at the same time place an order for next week's issue of the POPULAR.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

A SUPERB PROGRAMME OF STORIES.

There is no doubt of the increasing popularity of the "Popular" in all parts of the world, and the fact that the editorial office has lately been flooded out with thousands of letters from appreciative readers, only goes to strengthen the universal opinion that our wonderful story paper is just what is wanted. At home, abroad, and even in places where there is little civilisation, the "Popular" has made itself known, emulating the celebrated gentleman who came, saw, and conquered.

Our motto is "A Great Programme—and a better one next week," and we stick to that like glue.

For this coming winter I have gone to great trouble to get out some new "good things" for my many reader-chums. The nature of these treats I shall not disclose now, but I can assure you that before long there will be some splendid surprises in the old "Pop." There is a little motto you all know, which is "Be prepared"—it is the motto of the Boy Scouts. It is a good one for "Popular" readers, too. "Be prepared" for some wonderful features—and you can only do that by placing a standing order with your newsagents to deliver or save for you the "Popular" every week.

I can only say that you will not regret it afterwards, if you take this little warning—or rather—advice of mine.

FOR NEXT TUESDAY!

I will now tell you something about the wonderful programme of stories I have in

preparation for you next week, a programme which is even above the "Popular's" usual high standard. There will be four long complete school tales, which are, as usual, the outstanding features of the "Pop." But next week the stories are, if anything, more fascinating than usual. The first splendid school story will deal with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous chums of Greyfriars, entitled

"THE HAUNTED STUDY!" By Frank Richards.

In this story we hear more of the war which has been declared between the Removees and Walker, the prefect in charge of the Remove passage. The hostile prefect is quite a fixture in the passage, and the exasperated and indignant juniors are kept under a very watchful eye. But an unexpected and amazing incident happens in the prefect's study in the small hours of the morning, which upsets plans somewhat.

The second grand long complete story will be of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, under the title of

"THE FELLOW WHO FAILED!" By Martin Clifford.

Like the silly ass he is, Grundy of the Shell still thinks that he can lick Tom Merry & Co. at cricket. He has tried many times to show St. Jim's what a wonderful cricketer he really is, but on every occasion he has failed dismally. This time, when Grundy challenges Tom Merry to a cricket match, he employs the aid of a "pro," but you know the old saying, "The best laid plans of mice and men—"

There will be another magnificent long complete story, dealing with the schooldays of Frank Richards in the backwoods of Canada entitled

"THE CHINESE PUZZLE!" By Martin Clifford.

Yen Chin is again to the fore in this wonderful story of the chums of Cedar Creek School. To the fellows the little Celestial is

a baffling puzzle. He invites the chums home to a Chinese feast, which turns out to be one of his little japes. They are quite harmless jokes, but none the less exasperating to Frank Richards & Co.

The fourth grand long complete story deals with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School. The story is entitled

"THE PRICE OF HONOUR!" By Owen Conquest.

For some time Algy Silver of the Third Form has kept strictly on the straight path, and it is a decidedly nasty shock for Jimmy Silver when his young cousin breaks out again and appears to go back to his former ways. Jimmy sees trouble ahead for the reckless fag, and to save him from it, Jimmy takes it upon himself to pay the price demanded to save his cousin's honour.

Included in the grand programme will be another instalment of our thrilling and amazing serial of adventure, "The Pearl Poachers," by Sidney Drew, and the usual four-page supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," to be found in the centre of the pages, which will be better than ever.

There will be another part of our Great Holiday Competition, in which big money prizes are being offered, included in the programme, which will make the "Popular" the finest value-for-money paper in the market.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

This week I am not able to tell you much about the wonderful Story Book which will make its appearance on September 1st, as I have very little space left, but I will say this—that there is a greater demand for this year's "Annual" than for the previous year's. So that the only way of making sure of your copy of the "Annual" is by ordering a copy now.

Your Editor.

WHERE ARE THESE BAGS BOUND FOR? NEW AND NOVEL COMPETITION.

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SECOND PRIZE, £5!
THIRD PRIZE, £2 10s.!
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WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. On this page you will find six picture-puzzles. Each one contains a label which a careless porter has damaged, and you are invited to write, in the space provided under the picture, the full name of the place originally on the label.

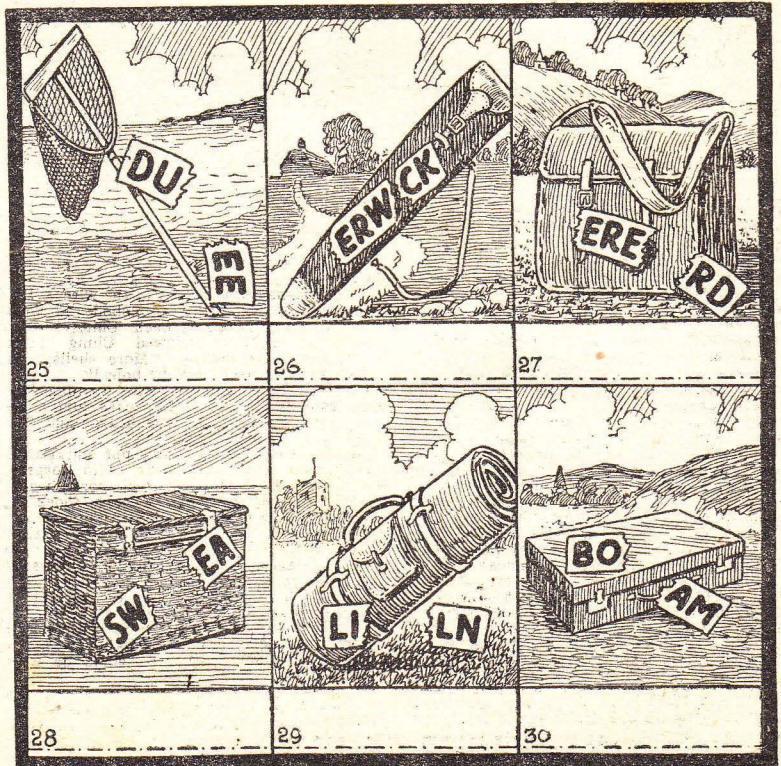
DO NOT SEND IN YOUR SOLUTIONS YET. There will be six sets in all, and when the sixth and last set appears you will be told when and where you are to send your sets.

The FIRST PRIZE of £10 will be awarded to the reader who succeeds in sending a set of solutions exactly the same, or nearest to, the set now in the Editor's possession. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

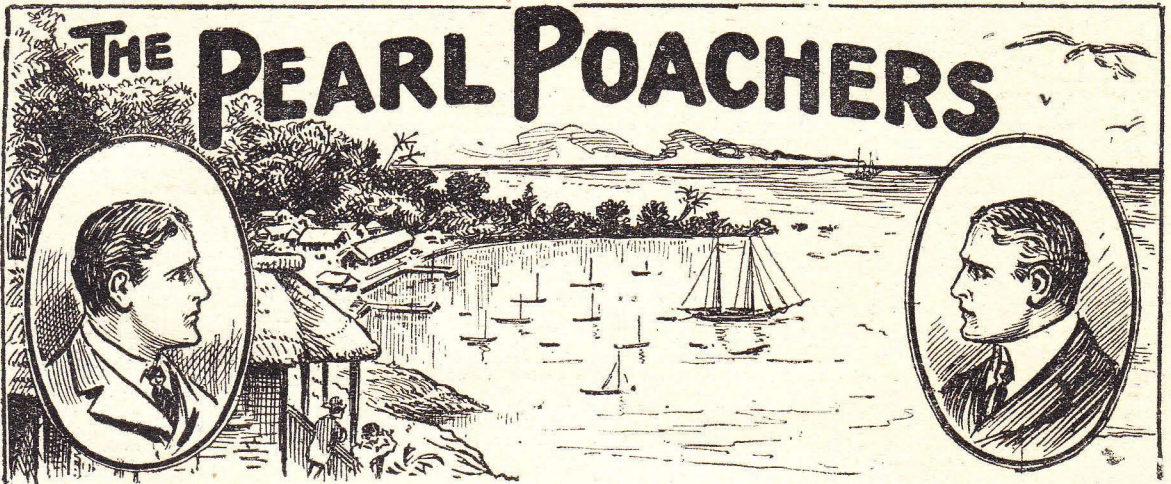
It must be distinctly understood that the Editor's decision is final in all matters concerning this contest, and entries will only be accepted on this condition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are NOT eligible to compete.
THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

Fifth Set.



A WONDERFUL STORY THAT IS MAKING A GREAT SENSATION! A BATTLE OF WITS BETWEEN FERRERS LORD AND THE MYSTERIOUS PEARL RAIDER!



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 successful. Ferrers Lord is kidnapped; then Blaise sets sail on the Lord of the Deep.

Harper Blaise comes to the conclusion

that Rupert Thurston is a dangerous man, so he drugs him one day.

Soon after Ferrers Lord's yacht leaves the station Ching Lung arrives, with Hal Honour and Gan Waga, in the prince's yacht. They hear of Donelan's daring scheme, and take him a prisoner. After a skirmish with the mysterious raider, in which they are torpedooed, they discover Ferrers Lord marooned on an island. Owing to the condition of the yacht, Ching Lung & Co. cannot leave the lagoon.

The Chinese crew refuse to remain on board the stranded yacht, and whilst they are on the shore of the island, building dugouts, a shower of deadly "hopper" shells are fired by Sharkfin Billy from the raider amongst them.

(Now read on.)

Ferrers Lord Gives Up the Boats!

IF Sharkfin Billy could have seen the effect of his "hoppers," that one-eyed adventurer would have laughed gleefully. The Chinks objected strongly to shells of any description. The other shells had merely come over, dumped, and exploded, or failed to explode, as the case might be. What damage they did had been confined to a moderately small area. Besides, they only arrived one at a time, not in a shower. They did not bounce all over the place, as if endowed with vision and reasoning powers, searching the entrance of a dugout into which to pop and let off their spite and venom.

The Chinks had no desire for a second edition of these lively and destructive projectiles. The cry had gone up to rush the yacht, seize the boats, and escape from that perilous little island. They took to the water like scared rats. A few shots were fired from the men who had rifles, but as they could not swim easily with rifles, and the terror behind them filled them with panic, they flung their heavy weapons away and drew their knives.

Ferrers Lord, Barry O'Rooney, and Ching Lung armed themselves with heavy sticks, keeping their automatics in reserve, for they hoped that matters were not absolutely desperate as yet, and they had no desire to kill any member of the frantic mob. Only three of the mutineers gained the upper-deck. Hal Honour's fist sent one of them rolling senseless into the scuppers, and Barry O'Rooney, the fire of battle in his eye and a veil of defiance on his lips, twirled his cudgel like a real blackthorn, and accounted for the two others with two clean taps on the head.

The live wire stopped the rest. There was plenty of "juice" in it, as the engineer called the powerful current—not enough to stun or kill, but ample for the man who came in contact with the wire to wish with all his heart that he had not been so meddlesome.

"Battledores and shuttlecocks, Chingy!" grinned Gan Waga, as the shrieking mutineers went toppling back into the sea. "Yo' old Chinks the shuttlecocks, Chingy. Hal must have put some hotness stuff in the wires. Ho, ho, ho, ho! I never see nobody in such hurries! They all going back, Chingy!"

"Coming over!" bellowed Ching Lung through the megaphone. "More shells, you yellow rats, so back to your holes!"

No shells appeared, but the warning had been enough to those who heard him. The mutineers scrambled up the beach, and fled to their shelters.

"Quick work, bedad, and not unsatisfactory!" said Barry O'Rooney. "No corpses, but three prisoners, all wit sore heads. There's nothing loike an electric shock to make a man jump and taffer when he's not lookin' for us! And phwat's the next article on the list. Oi'd loike to know?"

The clattering roar of engines suggested that the raider was taking her departure. They saw her wake frothing at the end of the channel as she rushed past.

"I can't say what the next article will be, but I hope it will be a little peace and quiet," said Ching Lung. "I could do with a rest, Barry."

"And we're not likely to get ut fill we let those canary-faced rogues have the boats," growled Barry. "Ut stroikes me loike this, sor—that av we don't—"

Suddenly Barry remembered that he was not there to give advice or to offer his opinions unasked, so he checked himself and turned away. The engineer had also turned away, and gone back to his work, for it took very little sleep to restore Hal Honour's energies. Barry could not quite fathom the affair, so, with great dignity, as the possessor of a loftier mind, Gan Waga explained it to him.

"We not let the silliness old Chinkies have the boats," he said, "and yo' gotted so much wind in yo' heads yo' not see why, so I tell yo', old scout!"

"Will you, bedad?" said Barry O'Rooney, with a glance of scorn. "Phwat d'ye mane, yo'll tell me? And who towid you, you fat gasometer?"

"Nobody, only my brainses," said the Eskimo. "I got iotes of brainses, old ducks. Yo' think if we give the Chinkies the boats it save troubles, Hunk? Yo' not gotted the stuff inside yo' head I gotted inside mine, Barry—nothing likes it, old thing. Ifs yo' had, yo'd know betterer."

"Bedad, av Oi had Oi'd jump slap over the side and offer meself as a chape supper to the sharks!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Sure, Oi'm a patient and peaceful man, or Oi wouldn't be listhening to such balderdash from a snub-nosed haytlen, so get on wid the rubbish and let me laugh!"

"It because Sharkfin Billy not try to boards the yacht with all the Chinkies here," said Gan Waga triumphantly. "They too many fo' Sharkfin Billy."

Barry O'Rooney's mouth worked, and he clenched his fist as if to reward the Eskimo with a tap on his snub nose for imparting this priceless information. However, his presence was required elsewhere, for two of the Chinamen were recovering, and sitting up. The third prisoner came round more slowly, and with a good deal of reluctance. O'Rooney, who despised them for their cowardice, helped the prince to repair and bandage their broken heads. Ching Lung talked to them for some time, and then took them ashore, a proceeding which added to Prout's ire, for he was perfectly convinced that they were capable of swimming the short distance.

And yet, as he thought it over and smoked his pipe, there seemed to be some common-sense in Gan Waga's explanation, though very little of it. If Sharkfin Billy wanted to loot the yacht, he would not shell it, and it was certain that he was greatly outnumbered if the Chinks would only put up a fight.

"But, bedad, they won't! Ut's as sure as

THE POPULAR.—No. 187.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE HAUNTED STUDY!"

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

there's a moon up there in the sky. Not such a good fight as a tame rabbit would put up agen a bulldog!" he muttered. "That blackguard has frightened them to jelly as ut is. Fought? A lovely guinea-pig would fight them off their legs in three rounds, bad luck to them!"

Still, they had to be thankful to Sharkfin Billy for doing nothing further, and after a time they turned in again, leaving the engineer at work and Ferrers Lord on watch. The morning breeze cleared the air of the stench of the raider's abominable shells that had lingered there for hours. Waving a white rag, a Chinaman crawled out of one of the dugouts. Ching Lung was becoming hopeful again—or trying to persuade himself that he was—and told the man through the megaphone that he could swim aboard.

Ferrers Lord turned away as the man reached the deck, but a few minutes later the prince called out to him and asked him to return.

The Chinaman was squatting on the deck in a pool of water, and the hot sun made his soaked blouse steam.

"He tells me that three men are dead, and others very sick and likely to die," said the prince. "He says that the small shells contained poison-gas. The dead men and the sick ones show no wounds from splinters. They want us to give them the boats before more poison-gas comes and murders them all."

Ferrers Lord smiled one of his quiet smiles. "So that is the lie our wet friend brings with him," he said. "There was no poison-gas in the shells, Ching. The smell was atrocious admittedly, but most Chinks are accustomed to what a European would consider abominable odours, and they have strong stomachs. If there is any truth in this fellow's story, it was not poison-gas that killed his comrades. I had more than one whiff of the stuff. There was plenty of sulphur in it, but not enough to suffocate a kitten."

He looked down at the man, and spoke in Chinese.

"What is this foolish tale or cunning lie you bring to us of men being slain and turned sick by poison-gas?" he asked sternly. "If it were the truth, it would be only justice, for mutineers and cowards deserve to die. But bring no such tales of folly and cunning to me, for his greatness and I know that there was no deadly gas in the shells that were fired last night. If these men are dead, they have died of fear, and it is fear that has sickened the others. And if they die, what matters it to his greatness or to me, except to regret that they have escaped the headsman's axe and the hangman's rope! And yet you come to us with this folly of lies!"

"Don't be quite so rough with the chap, chief," said the prince. "He's the native doctor, and not such a bad sort, though nervy, like the rest. I think he'd have got most of them to come back to us, but that shell arrived at the worst possible moment for us, and put the wind up again. There must be some truth in this."

"And I presume he wishes to prove the truth of it by you inspecting the victims with your own eyes? Is that the proposal he has put before you?"

"What else could he do if we chose to disbelieve it? They have the miserable evidence over there in the dugouts. Why should he tell such an absurd lie?"

"My dear Ching, I am on delicate ground again," said Ferrers Lord. "These are your people, and you want to think the best of them up to the very last, and I assure you I am not trying to think the worst of them. You must understand that if you are giving me any authority here, I am far too fond of you to permit this. I would rather give them the boats than allow you to set foot on the island and enter a dugout alone, and it would weaken our little garrison too much to accompany you myself, or to send O'Rooney or Honour with you. It would be much better to give them the boats at once than to have to exchange them for you later on."

"Oh, that is preposterous, Chief!" cried the prince. "Not one of them, however badly they have acted, would dare to lay a finger on me or make me a prisoner!"

"I don't intend to offer them any such opportunity!" said the millionaire quickly. "Abject fear will make men do the most unexpected things. Self-preservation is the

greatest of all human forces, and a beggar will gladly save his neck at the expense of a king's when the time comes. I am only speaking generally, for history is full of noble exceptions, but it is too risky to trust to their loyalty and their respect for your high position. There is another way, but a gruesome one."

Again he looked down at the messenger. "Bring out your dead," he went on. "One of them will be enough. Carry him down to the beach, and then back to your kennels and burrows. I will come along and learn what truth there is in this strange tale of poison-gas, for I understand."

As Ferrers Lord had stated, it was rather a gruesome method. Two men carried the body down to the edge of the sparkling blue water, and covered it with a cloth. They had no plank or stretcher, and as they carried it by head and feet the corpse seemed perfectly rigid.

The millionaire went alone. Before leaving the boat he fastened a white gauze mask over the lower portion of his face, and pulled on a pair of indiarubber gloves. Ching Lung gave a slight shudder.

"Bedad, poison-gas is mighty rotten stuff, Hal!" said Barry O'Rooney to the engineer. "O'm thinking the Chafe suspects something that may be worse, bhoy!"

In the burning sunlight they watched the masked gloved figure approach the body and draw back the cloth.

Suddenly he faced the dugout, and shouted. The messenger came out, and Ferrers Lord walked up the beach to meet him. They spoke together quickly, and the messenger salaamed to the ground, and retreated, while Ferrers Lord paced up and down the beach, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him. A burying-party, carrying picks and shovels, emerged from the dugouts.

Still, from the deck of the yacht, they saw the millionaire pacing the beach while the grave was being dug. He inspected it, and apparently was not satisfied with its depth, for he seemed to be ordering them to dig deeper still.

Ching Lung, Honour, and O'Rooney grasped their rifles in readiness, but they saw no suspicious movement or attempt to molest Ferrers Lord. At last he pulled back to the yacht, and mounted slowly to the deck.

"I have given them the boats, gentlemen," he said, as he dropped the mask and gloves overboard. "They may as well go, as die like flies on a frosty night?"

"But what is it, chief?" asked Ching Lung. "What has killed and is killing them—poison-gas, shell-splinters, or some deadly disease?"

The millionaire shook his head. The Chinese are the queerest race on earth, and seem to be able to die at any time when they decide that life is no longer worth living, without committing suicide by poison or any lethal weapon. But Ferrers Lord did not choose to mention this extraordinary trait to Prince Ching Lung.

"It was not gas in the case of the man I looked at, and I could see no wound," he answered. "The only conclusion I can arrive at is that he died of disease. If it is a disease, it is unknown to me and highly contagious. There are four other cases, I hear. If they are going to sicken and die at this rate, I thought we had better let them have the boats, and give them a chance. If we must remain here we do not want to live beside a charnel-house. Sharkfin Billy's doubtful company is preferable to that!"

The engineer shrugged his shoulders. This had put an end to the scanty hopes he had of ever floating the launch, so he went back to his work without a word.

Ching Lung did not witness the crowded boats put off from the yacht. Daisy piloted the leading one. The black was anxious to get back to his wife and youngsters on the reef, and, as he was little use as a fighting-man and as they had no immediate need of a pilot, Ferrers Lord raised no objection. The other blacks elected to stay.

The Blue Atoll.

TO all appearances, Sharkfin Billy had deserted them, for during the next three days no shell was fired and the clatter of the raider's engines remained unheard.

All did their utmost to help the engineer. The work went on steadily, and was nearly done. The moon was waning, and the nights were darker. Of course, the detection of the

crew had ruined everything. Ferrers Lord felt that he would have to do something that he hated to do if they were lucky enough to elude Billy and his desperadoes. The millionaire loathed to ask help from anyone, for he was the most self-reliant man in the world. All his huge ventures had hitherto been carried to success by his efforts and those of the faithful friends he had gathered round him. The millionaire was sure that he had read Harper Blaise's gigantic scheme through from the first letter to the last, and that he must look elsewhere for aid in order to prevent an enormous crime and a great disaster. He spoke about it to Ching Lung.

"It's a pity," he said—"a great pity, Ching, but the Lord of the Deep should have left the island now if that impudent rogue has won through without an accident."

"I still have it in my mind that it can't be possible, Chief," said the prince. "I give in to you always, and I try to think that it is possible, but my intelligence won't have it."

"Is Honour of your opinion? Have you ever asked him?"

"Lots of times," answered the prince, "but you might as well have asked a tailor's dummy or a brick wall. Honestly, I don't think he did believe it at first, but agreed with me that no man on earth could pull off such a bluff. Probably he has changed his mind since he has heard your opinion, and now he shares it. I know that sounds rather dubious, the clumsy way I put it, but it's really a compliment to you, for if you've convinced Hal, you've convinced one of the brainiest men on earth."

"And now we come to another matter," said the millionaire, opening a gold cigarette-case presented to him by the prince. "Honour tells me the launch will be ready to-night. Our friend Billy has been good to us for reasons only known to himself, and I hope he will retain this unexpected patch of good character until we can slip away. It is a dangerous experiment to go cruising off in the dark in these waters, but my one-eyed acquaintance is still more dangerous."

Ching Lung nodded. "Yes, we may go aground, and meet Billy later on into the bargain, which will be cheerful for Billy and bad for us," he said. "It's strange that he hasn't called before, for surely he must know that we are alone, and cannot fight him with a dog's chance of beating him off. I wonder if that gunboat has been pulled off the reef?"

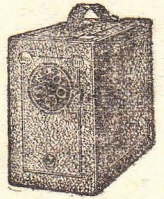
"It may be that, Ching. In that case, no doubt he has his orders from Blaise to get in amongst the islands out of range of pursuit, and wait there safely for a message from the Lord of the Deep. I think it's more probable that his engines have broken down, and that he is putting them right. That would be a lucky thing for us in several ways. The refloating of the gunboat would also be lucky, though we had better pin no hopes to that, for I believe she was very fast. We are imitative animals, Ching. Were I confident the raider had broken down, I'd like to take almost as big a chance as Harper Blaise has taken, and attack her with our little launch. We might catch them asleep, my friend, just as Blaise and Bruce Donelan caught me napping."

Ching Lung's eyes sparkled. "We'd be with you all the time, Chief, though that would be a gambler's last chance," he said; "but it's not ourselves we're risking. There's the honour of the Lord of the Deep, if Blaise can be the blood-thirsty rogue you think him, and intends to take the gold off the yacht and then torpedo her and sink her in deep water without a trace."

"Don't think I'd gamble to that extent, for I only gamble, Ching, when I have counted the odds against me very carefully," said the millionaire. "If we cannot save the Lord of the Deep without help, we must obtain help. Time is still in our favour. If we can escape, and gain the reef, the Lord of the Deep will not be torpedoed. Later on I hope we shall do a little aeroplane work in this district to the consternation of Sharkfin Billy and a few others of his kidney. After all, we shall only be saving the yacht at the expense of a little self-pride, and that may be good for us; but I had hoped to settle the whole thing without asking a single outsider to lend a hand."

(Do not miss the next thrilling instalment of our powerful serial of adventure in next week's issue.)

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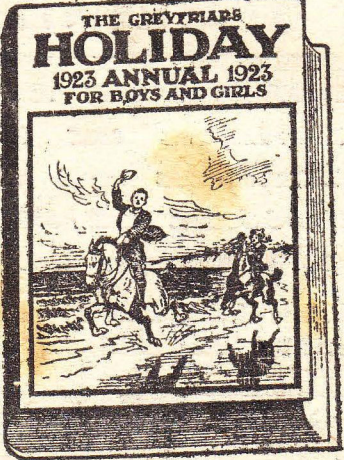


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